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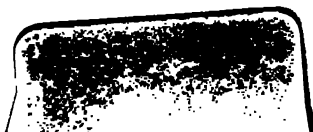
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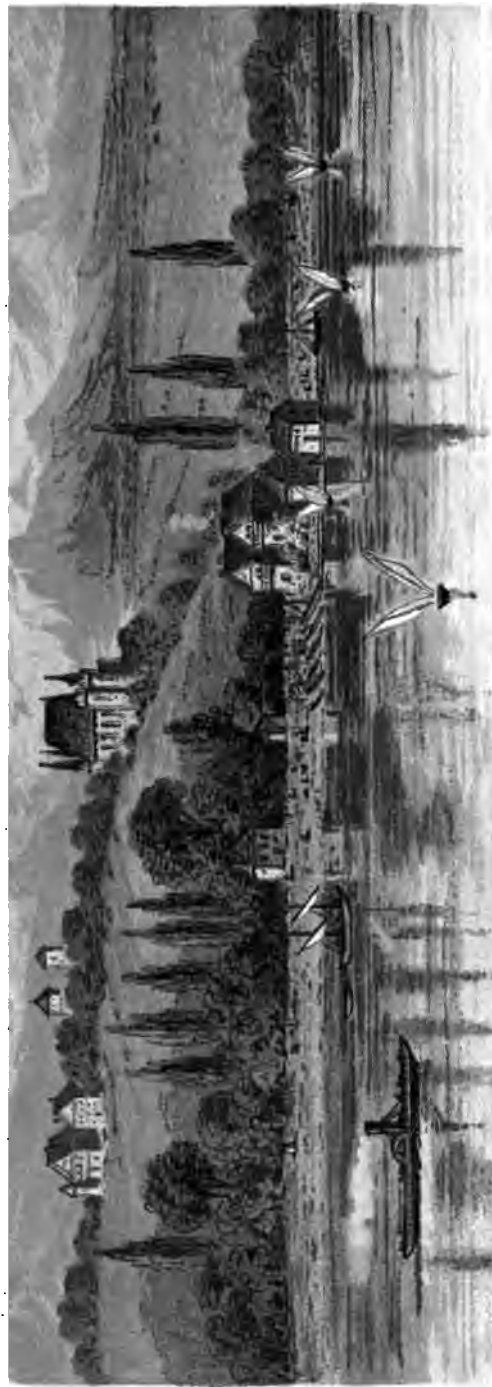
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THE
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THE CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

“My days are swifter than a post.” (Job. ix. 25.)

Time speeds away—away—away :	And sweeps from our distracted breast
Another hour—another day—	The friends that loved, the friends that
Another month—another year—	bless'd :
Drop from us like the leaflets sere ;	And leaves us weeping on the shore,
Drop like the life-blood from our	To which they can return no more.
hearts ;	
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs ;	Time speeds away—away—away :
The tresses from the temples fall,	No eagle through the skies of day,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.	No wind along the hills can flee,
	So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Time speeds away—away—away,	Like fiery steed, from stage to stage,
Like torrent in a stormy day ;	He bears us on from youth to age ;
He undermines the stately tower,	Then plunges in the solemn sea
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower ;	Of fathomless Eternity.

Knox.

JOHN FLETCHER.

BY THE REV. JOHN KIRK.

THE Engraving which forms the Frontispiece to the present number of our *Miscellany*, represents a view of the beautiful little town of Nyon, in the Pays de Vaud, Switzerland. It stands on the shore of Lake Lemman, about twelve miles north-east of Geneva, and is noted chiefly for its noble old castle, and its fine porcelain. Here, on the twelfth of September, 1729, was born of a respectable Bernese family, descended from a noble house in Savoy, a man of rare talents and rarer virtue ; one of whom it has been said, “No age or country has produced a man of more fervent piety, or more perfect charity ; and no church has ever possessed a more apostolic minister.”*

This was JOHN FLETCHER, so well-known in the religious world as the saintly Vicar of Madeley. His boyhood was distinguished by great vivacity of spirits, correct morals, devoted application to study, great proficiency in learning, and a sacred regard for religion. When he had finished the usual course of study at the University of Geneva, his parents strongly wished him to become a clergyman ; and “as far as nature can furnish a man for offices of a sacred kind, perhaps

* *Southey's Life of Wesley*, ii. 239.

there never was a person better qualified to sustain the character of a minister of Jesus Christ. His disposition and habits, his sentiments and studies, his reverential awe of God, his insatiable thirst after truth, and his uncommon abhorrence of vice, gave his friends abundant reason to apprehend that he was marked, at an early age, for the service of the church."* Contrary, however, to all expectation, he gave up his own long-cherished intention, and frustrated the design of his family by refusing to enter into orders. "Upon serious reflection," he says, "feeling that I was unequal to so great a burden, and disgusted by the necessity I was under to subscribe the doctrine of predestination, I yielded to the desire of those of my friends who would have me go into the army."†

Unable to obtain the consent of his parents to seek preferment in the army, he left home and went to Lisbon, where he obtained a commission in the service of the King of Portugal, and was ordered to Brazil. But a "lucky accident," as Southey calls it,—a providential interposition as we regard it,—frustrated all his well-laid schemes. The morning on which the ship was ready to sail, the servant let the tea-kettle fall, and so badly scalded his leg, that he was confined to his bed for a considerable time. This "lucky accident" not only "saved him from a situation where his fine intellect would have been lost, and his philanthropic piety would have had no room to display itself," but in all probability, from a watery grave, as the ship was never heard of after leaving port.

Fletcher returned home and obtained a commission in the Dutch service; but just as he set out for Flanders, peace was declared, and his uncle, upon whom his hopes of preferment in the army depended, died. His prospects blighted in his own country, he gave up all thoughts of soldiership, and resolved to visit England. After perfecting himself in his knowledge of the English tongue, he obtained a situation as tutor to the two sons of Mr. Hill, a wealthy gentleman in Shropshire, and a Member of Parliament.

While resident in this family, Fletcher became awakened to a consciousness that he was destitute of the true inward experience of religion. "Sir," said one of the servants to him, while he was copying music on a Sabbath evening, "I am sorry to see you so employed on the Lord's day." He felt the reproof was just, became a strict observer of the Sabbath, and began to pay more earnest attention to religious duties. So serious did he become, and so anxious to converse about spiritual religion, that Mrs. Hill declared she should not wonder if he turned Methodist some day. "Methodist, madam," he exclaimed, "pray what is that?" "Why, the Methodists are

* Gill's Notes to the *Portrait of St. Paul*.

† Letter to Wesley. This passage is of importance, as showing that those theological opinions which he afterwards defended with so much argument and eloquence were formed in comparatively early life.

people who do nothing but pray; they are praying all day and all night," replied Mrs. Hill. "Are they?" said Fletcher: "then, by the help of God, I will find them out, if they are above ground." He did find them out, cast in his lot with their community, and rejoiced that he was counted worthy to bear their name.

Then came some terrible mental struggles and agonizing soul-conflicts. He fasted, prayed, sat up whole nights, lived on a few vegetables, or milk-and-water and dry bread. At last, in January 1755, one day as he was in earnest prayer, lying prostrate on his face before the Lord, he had a view, by faith, of our Saviour hanging and bleeding on the cross; and, at the same time, these words were applied with power to his heart:—

"Seized by the rage of sinful men,
I see Christ bound, and bruised, and slain;
'Tis done, the Martyr dies:
His life, to ransom ours, is given;
And, lo! the fiercest wrath of Heaven
Consumes the sacrifice.

"He suffered both from men and God;
He bore the universal load
Of guilt and misery!
He suffers to reverse our doom,
And, lo! my Lord is here become
The Bread of Life to me!"

His thoughts were now turned once more to that holy calling from which he had shrunk on completing his University course, and on the thirteenth of March, 1757, he was ordained in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by the Bishop of Bangor. He immediately went to the Methodist Chapel in West-street, and assisted Wesley in administering the Lord's Supper. "How wonderful are the ways of God;" writes Wesley in his journal: "When my bodily strength failed, and none in England were able and willing to assist me, He sent me help from the mountains of Switzerland, and an help-meet for me in every respect. Where could I have found such another?"

In a few weeks Fletcher delivered his first sermon, and continued to preach in various places, without any settled charge, until 1760, when he was presented to the living of Madeley, whose Vicar he had frequently assisted. He entered upon his duty with a zeal proportioned to the arduous service to which he had consecrated all his powers. He distributed alms with a liberal hand, setting apart for this object the whole rent of his small patrimonial estate in the Pays de Vaud, and drawing so largely upon the regular income of his parish, as to leave him almost destitute of wardrobe and of furniture. Because some of his remoter parishioners excused themselves for non-attendance at the morning services, by pleading that they did not wake early enough to get their families ready, he set out on the Sunday morning at five o'clock, with a bell in his hand, to rouse the slumberers and rob them of *this* frivolous excuse. His preaching was

with power, and his attention to the sick, and to all who needed his aid, was unremitting. At their wild revels and riotous meetings, in which so many of the rude parishioners delighted, especially on the Sabbath, he was frequently seen reproving them for their wickedness, and tenderly entreating them to repent and turn themselves, lest iniquity should prove their ruin. Many were provoked at his interference, and plots were laid to do him grievous bodily harm ; but he soon won upon the affections of his rude and brutal charge. A thorough reformation took place ; many were converted to God, and his church became the centre of attraction, to which, from many miles round, eager worshippers flocked, that they might hear words whereby they might be saved. He found the populous village a wilderness of thorns and briers, and he left it a garden of the Lord.

Would our limits allow, we might dwell upon the various afflictions which compelled him to become a wanderer in search of health, and from some of which he was restored as if by miracle ; upon his happy marriage with Mary Bosanquet, a woman perfectly suited to him in age, temper, piety, and talents ; and of whom he said, "She sweetly helps me to drink the dregs of life, and to carry with care the daily cross ;" upon his remarkable prayerfulness, making the very walls of his closet damp by his intense breathings after God, and bringing down upon himself and others such a blessing that there was scarcely room to receive it ; upon his meekness, holiness, faith, love, self-denial, and other graces of the Spirit, which shone forth in his daily life with surpassing effulgence ; upon the pre-eminent services he rendered to Wesley in his efforts to spread Scriptural holiness through the land ; upon his masterly powers of controversy, with which he encountered error with a reasoning so acute and clear, a temper so beautiful and loving, and an eloquence and success rarely, if ever, equalled in the history of theological polemics ; and upon his childlike submission to his Father's will in the manifold weaknesses of the flesh by which he was oppressed, and which enabled him to write, "I keep in my sentry-box till Providence remove me : my situation is quite suited to my strength. I may do as much or as little as I please, according to my weakness. And I have an advantage, which I can have nowhere else in such a degree ; my little field of action is just at my door, so that, if I happen to overdo myself, I have but a step from my pulpit to my bed, and from my bed to my grave. If I had a body full of vigour, and a purse full of money, I should like well enough to travel about as Mr. Wesley does ; but, as Providence does not call me to it, I readily submit. *The snail does best in its shell.*"

If, however, we are compelled to pass over all these attractive topics, his last service of ministry, and the scenes which followed, must not be withheld from our readers. He had taken cold, and was very weak and feverish ; but none could prevail upon him to remain at home, or have any help for the Sunday service. He soon grew pale, faltered in speech, and hardly kept himself from fainting. Every eye was

riveted upon him; deep solicitude sat upon every face; and suppressed murmurs of distress ran through the congregation. His wife pressed through the crowd to the pulpit, and entreated him to desist; but he mildly declined. Struggling against an almost insupportable languor, he continued the service, and preached with remarkable earnestness and power. After the sermon he walked to the communion-table, saying, "I am going to throw myself beneath the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy-seat!" "Here the same distressing scene was renewed, with additional solemnity. The people were deeply affected, while they beheld him offering up the last languid remains of a life that had been lavishly spent in their service. Groans and tears were on every side. He was exhausted again and again; but his spiritual vigour triumphed over his bodily weakness. After several times sinking on the Sacramental table, he still resumed his sacred work, and cheerfully distributed, with his dying hand, the love-memorials of his dying Lord."

In the course of this concluding office "he gave out several hymns, and delivered many affectionate exhortations to his people; calling upon them to celebrate the mercy of God in short songs of adoration and praise. And now, having struggled through a service of near four hours' continuance, he was supported, with blessings in his mouth, from the altar to his chamber, where he lay for some time in a swoon, and from whence he never walked into the world again." The whole village wore an air of consternation and sadness. Hasty messengers passed to and fro, with anxious inquiries and confused reports, and the members of every family sat in silence that day, awaiting, with trembling expectation, the issue of every hour. But he lingered on a whole week, speaking of heavenly consolation and "boundless mercy." A few hours before his departure, "roused, as it were, with the shouts of angels, and kindled into rapture with visions of glory, he broke into a song of holy triumph, which began and ended with the praises of God's unfathomable love." Then came the final prostration; he sank into unconsciousness, and sweetly slept away to the rest of heaven, about thirty-five minutes before ten on Sunday night, the fourteenth of August, 1785; in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

"I was intimately acquainted with him," says John Wesley, "for above thirty years. I conversed with him morning, noon, and night, without the least reserve, during a journey of many hundred miles; and in all that time, I never heard him speak one improper word, nor saw him do an improper action. Many exemplary men have I known, holy in heart and life, within four-score years; but one equal to him have I not known; one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God. So unblamable a character in every respect, I have not found either in Europe or America; and I scarce expect to find another such on this side of eternity." "A pattern of all holiness, scarce to be paralleled in a century!"

WESTMINSTER HALL.

If the readers of the *Christian Miscellany* are interested in the history of that great country in which their lot is cast, the sight of Westminster Hall will suggest matter for lively reflection. For centuries past the homestead of English law has been underneath its magnificent roof. Here a long line of monarchs, amid gorgeous scenes, have uttered their coronation vows, and revelled in their coronation festivals. Here, in stirring periods of English history, one monarch was condemned to the scaffold, and another was deprived of his crown. State trials, upon which the eyes of a world have been fixed, have been held here. The character of the persons concerned, and the personal and national interests involved, have given to these trials a special interest to the patriot and the Christian. Here, before the Court of the Lord High Steward of England, was arraigned the fourth Duke of Norfolk, on a charge of attempting to marry the Queen of Scots, and trying to overthrow the power of Elizabeth. The Earl of Essex, one of the most prominent men of his day, was tried here too; and later times have witnessed the sympathies of a nation gathered about it in the celebrated trials of Warren Hastings and of Lord Melville.

But Westminster Hall is an object of interest from other considerations than those associated with the past. It is the head and fountain of those judicial institutions under which England has risen to her present greatness. These institutions were originated at a far-distant time, when the British people were rude and uncultivated, and when all the circumstances of the country were widely different from those of the present day. Notwithstanding the apparent anomalies of many of our laws and venerable institutions, they are the model of the legal forms and judicial administration which prevail throughout the British empire. Our Saxon and Norman ancestors adopted many of these forms simply from the instinct of their nature to meet the emergencies of the times in which they lived; but, unconsciously to themselves, they planted the germ of that great tree which has slowly grown up, until its branches spread from pole to pole, and round every meridian of the globe, and beneath whose shadow a thousand millions of people repose in the enjoyment of their personal and civil rights. God is in the history of England's past; and the sentiment once uttered by a leading statesman of the day, is worthy of universal and hearty adoption, that "the history of England will never be written until the doctrine of Divine interposition and guidance be fully recognized from the commencement through every stage of her marvellous career."

In Westminster Hall are many Law Courts,—such as the "Court of King's Bench," the "Common Pleas," the "Exchequer," &c.; but the most important and interesting is that of the "High Court of Chancery," presided over by the Lord High Chancellor of England. He knows little of men and things who does not take a deep interest



in the contemplation of this Court and its presiding power. There is much romance in its history. For centuries it has played a momentous part in the world's drama. In this hard, mercantile, and self-seeking age, a tendency is betrayed, by not a few, to take views far too narrow of God's government of the world. To view the Divine administration only from our own stand-point, is like seeking to understand a vast and complex piece of machinery by a simple study of some one of its many wheels or cylinders. Let it ever be borne in mind that history, the life of nations, is made up of an aggregate of powers, in which theologians, men of science, literati, lawyers, statesmen, and social reformers, all act their distinct and different parts. Presiding in the High Court of Chancery, have been men whose career furnishes a distinct class of proofs that, in the accomplishment of His purposes, God raises up one and sets down another, and makes all men, from the least to the greatest, to praise Him.

A Lord Chancellor, simply viewed as such, is an awe-inspiring being. Many persons would travel miles to look at one. As he appears in his robe of office, what *reneration* he inspires! The robe hides the man.

There may be superlative excellencies or hideous defects, but you cannot usually see them. They are hidden amid the conventional equipments, "the pomp and circumstance" of outward dignity. Lord Chancellors have, however, a human as well as an official life; and a thousand anecdotes prove them to be possessed of the same passions, weaknesses, and peculiarities as the humblest of their fellows. Some time since, the late Lord Campbell invested an apparently dry subject with a fascination rivalling that of the most splendid productions of a Macaulay. In those biographies are lessons of the deepest moment to the young men of the present age. In them we also see those great men in their every-day life, in ordinary circumstances, as members of one world-wide family, and subject to the same rules of conduct in the routine of existence with ourselves. We can forgive even the fulsome vanity and the talkativeness of Boswell, for the view of the genuine inner life he has given us of Johnson. We confess to a preference for that sort of biography which presents a man, not only as he occupies and fulfils the duties of some important office or vocation, but as he appears in his daily habits, acting on certain principles, struggling with and overcoming successive difficulties, working his way up to greatness, and at the same time sustaining the character of a free and generous friend, or a happy husband and father.

What is a Chancellor? At present a considerable number of personages exist bearing that name. We have the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who presides in the court of that name, and takes care of the interests of the Crown; the Chancellor of a University seals the diplomas, or letters of degrees, given in it. We have also Chancellors of our Cathedrals, and a Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Originally a Chancellor was a simple notary, or scribe. The primary meaning of *Cancellarius*, or "Chancellor," is one who is stationed at the lattice-work of a window, or a doorway, to introduce visitors, &c. Behind the lattice he also took the notes of passing circumstances, without inconvenience from the pressing crowd. In process of time the *Cancellarius* rose in importance; and, under the emperors, was invested with several judicial powers, and afterwards with the overlooking of all the imperial officers. The office passed into the Romish church, and to the present day every bishop has his "Chancellor." The modern kingdoms of Europe were founded upon the ruins of the Roman empire; and every state preserved its Chancellor, with various degrees of power and importance. In all cases, however, he appears to have had the supervision of charters, letters, and State documents; and when seals came into use, he had charge of the State seals.

A Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain is created by simply delivering into his custody the King's great seal, and without writ of any kind he becomes the highest officer in the state. He is, by virtue of his office, a member of the Privy Council, and all the justices of the peace through the kingdom are appointed by him. All "infants," idiots, and lunatics are under his guardianship. He is superior to all tem-

poral and spiritual lords, except the royal family and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The High Court of Chancery is named after the judge who presides there; and its decisions have settled the present and future destinies of thousands of institutions, communities, and families.

Considering the weighty interests that have been contested in its area, the lives of its chief judges furnish a remarkable chapter in past English history. They are a necessary study not merely for the historian, but for the Christian philosopher. We may occasionally furnish our readers with some anecdotal illustrations of the lives of these great officials.

Chester.

J. F. M.

THE INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

EVERY act of our Redeemer is important; His intercession peculiarly so. It is a crowning act, without which all He has done would be lost to us.

In an act of intercession there are three parties concerned: the party with whom intercession is made; the party for whom it is made; and the intercessor. In this case, the party with whom intercession is made is God the Father, the Creator, Preserver, and Sovereign Ruler of men. The whole Trinity is included. The Father is of none; the Son is begotten of the Father; the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son. As the Father takes priority in the order of the Three, so with Him, especially, is the intercession made. The party for whom intercession is made is all mankind; for Christ has died for all. So He intercedes for the heathen; (Ps. ii. 8;) for transgressors, (Isai. liii. 12,) as exemplified in the parable of the barren fig-tree; (Luke xiii. 6, &c. ;) but specially for believers; (John xvii. 19; Heb. vii. 25; 1 John ii. 1.) The Intercessor is Christ. To this He is specially appointed by the Father, as our High Priest. (Heb. v. 5, 6.) For this He was qualified by the anointing of the Holy Ghost. (See Luke iv. 18; Isai. lxi. 1; Ps. ii. 7; Matt. iii. 16.) *As man He prays;*

but the indwelling of the Godhead in His humanity gives weight and efficacy to His intercession. His intercession is grounded on His sacrifice on the cross. This is expiatory. His intercession is presentatory. The former was on earth; the latter is carried on in heaven. The former was an act of deepest humiliation; the latter is one of exaltation, now that He is "crowned with glory and honour." The former procures the blessings of the new and better covenant for us; the latter secures them unto us.

The high priest, under the law, was a type of Christ; and light may be thrown on our Lord's intercession by referring to the ceremonies to be observed by Aaron on the great Day of Atonement. Once a year, on the day appointed, which took place on the tenth of Tisri, answering to our September, he put on his holy garments, (Lev. xvi. 4,) entering alone, "not without blood," into the holy of holies, to burn incense, and sprinkle on the mercy-seat, and then seven times before the mercy-seat, the blood of the bullock and ram which he had slain; thus making atonement for the sins of the people. (Heb. ix. 7.) So Christ has entered not into "the holy place made with hands," but into heaven: not "by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood," once shed, "having obtained eternal redemp-

tion for us." (Heb. ix. 11, 12.) There "He appears in the presence of God for us." (Heb. ix. 24.) This appearance is in His human nature. In this He suffered and died; and in this He rose from the dead and ascended to heaven. In this nature He became our second covenant head; and by His obedience unto death, even the death of the cross, He has removed the curse which fell on mankind in consequence of the original transgression. "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and," as the Mediator and Intercessor of our race, "given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." (Phil. ii. 9—11.) Thus, seated at God's right hand, He is "the Lamb in the midst of the throne," (Rev. vii. 17,) which is hereby rendered "the throne of grace." (Heb. iv. 16.) He is our Advocate; (1 John ii. 1;) our Counsellor; (Isai. ix. 6;) our Forerunner; (Heb. vi. 20;) our Surety. (Heb. vii. 22.)

As our Intercessor in heaven, Christ "offers Himself," His meritorious sufferings, "to God," as the satisfaction to Divine justice for human guilt, and as the price of our pardon and final salvation. The intercession is on the ground of a sacrifice. This sacrifice is His own blood. This is "the blood of sprinkling." (Heb. xii. 24.) With His blood He sprinkles heaven and earth, the holy, the "most holy," and the body, the soul, the dwelling and substance of the believer. This blood "speaks," and its voice fills the universe. The sprinkling of Christ's blood renders earth the abode of mercy, and heaven the seat of glory. It proclaims grace to sinners, victory and glory to persevering saints,

who overcome by the word of their testimony.

Another feature of His intercession is His gracious willing and claiming, in virtue of His passion, all the benefits of redemption for mankind. "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me." (John xvii. 24.) He wills and claims; He speaks with authority. His intercession is not now carried on by entreaty, reasoning, soliciting, or by acts of humiliation or prostration, as when, on earth, "He poured out His soul with strong cries and tears;" but it is a glorious and heavenly act, comporting with the dignity of Him who is the "brightness of the Father's glory;" "the firstborn of every creature," and "head over all things to His church:" claiming as His, by right of purchase, the blessings of the new covenant of human redemption. Whether this intercession is vocal or not, we know not; for heaven differs from earth, and our ideas of the invisible state are very imperfect. It is enough for us to know that the will of our Intercessor is efficiently made known before the throne of our Heavenly Father.

The high priest under the law bore on his shoulders the precious stones, one on each shoulder, on which were engraven the names of the children of Israel. He had also on his breast "the breastplate of judgment," with the names of the twelve tribes upon it. When he appeared before God, and God looked on His high priest, He looked upon the tribes of Israel thus presented before Him. So Jesus, our High Priest, presents His people before the throne of God; and the Father, well pleased with them, in His well-beloved Son, admits them to His favour, adopts them into His family, and makes them heirs of the king-

dom of heaven. Believers live in Christ; they die in Christ; after death they sleep in Christ; and when Christ shall appear, at the last great day, they also shall appear with Him in glory. Thus joined unto Christ by covenant union, "He ever liveth to make intercession for them." He keeps His Israel, and neither slumbers nor sleeps. "For who," saith the Apostle, "shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. viii. 35, 37—39.)

It is Christ, also, who, as our Intercessor, by His merits, and merciful mediation as our High Priest, gives efficacy to the prayers of His people. A representation of this is given in Rev. viii. 3, 4: "And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand." This description corresponds precisely with the high priest's office, under the law, in burning incense on the golden altar; (Exod. xxx. 1, &c.;) and is a just representation of the office and work of Christ, interceding on our behalf. The prayers and offerings of the holiest of men, weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, are found wanting; but when offered up *through faith in Christ*,

they are accepted of God, and meet their reward. The words, "through Jesus Christ our Lord," with which prayer is generally concluded, are important in their meaning. They are a recognition that prayer can only be acceptable through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." (John xvi. 24.) "And whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do.... If ye shall ask any thing in My name, I will do it." (John xiv. 13, 14.)

It is our Intercessor, moreover, who maintains our right, and justifies His elect—that is, all true believers—against all false accusations brought against them by Satan or the world.* Of this we have a striking example in the case of Job. Satan sought the ruin of God's servant, and was permitted to proceed far in proving him; but Job, sustained by faith in his living Redeemer, his Mediator, and Intercessor, sinned not. He rose above his trial, and triumphed. "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me." (Job xix. 25—27.) This is remarkable as a case of

* "Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also *maketh intercession* for us." (Rom. viii. 33, 34.) "'It is God that justifieth,' acquits them from condemnation, and accounts them righteous; and His power and authority are supreme over all creatures. He can and will answer all objections against them, and pronounce them absolved now, and at the day of final judgment."—BENSON.

patriarchal faith in the Incarnation of Christ as the world's Redeemer, and also of the resurrection of the body. Another case of Satanic resistance is recorded in Zech. iii. 1, &c. It was to hinder and thwart the servants of God in their labours to restore the temple, its services and Jewish worship, and consequently ruin the sinful people represented by Joshua, that Satan stood as "his adversary." But "the Angel of the Lord"—the Angel Jehovah, the Intercessor, before whom Joshua was standing—rebukes the "adversary," orders the "filthy garments" to be removed, and causes "the iniquity to pass away." Joshua is invested with his office as God's high priest, and Israel is saved. To the same effect are the words of Christ to the Apostle Peter. "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." (Luke xxii. 31, 32.) The malicious subtilty of Satan succeeded, to a certain extent; but the Intercessor's prayer saved Peter from final ruin. It is this Apostle who wrote the earnest caution, "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." (1 Peter v. 8.) "Satan his thousand arts essays." Though "*archangel ruined*," he has vast knowledge and vast power, and is incessant in his attacks; but our Intercessor watches over us with equal constancy, aids us in our conflicts with the powers of darkness, and will "bruise Satan under our feet shortly."

And, lastly, it is by His intercession that our Lord Jesus Christ secures for His followers the kingdom of heaven. The right to this kingdom He obtained by purchase and merit, as it is said: "We see Jesus....crowned with glory and honour." (Heb. ii. 9.) He took

possession of the kingdom for us when He ascended into heaven. "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive: Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." (Ps. lxxviii. 18.) To this, also, the words of the prophet Daniel refer: "I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought Him near before Him. And there was given Him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve Him: His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." (Dan. vii. 13, 14.) Having ascended and taken possession of the kingdom, He has prepared a place for His followers. (John xiv. 2.) To them He has also appointed a kingdom. "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me." (Luke xxii. 29.) At His coming again to judge the world in righteousness, He will gather together His saints; (Ps. l. 5;) award them "the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world, (Matt. xxv. 34,) which they shall "possess for ever, even for ever and ever." (Dan. vii. 18.)

How much cause have the people of God, then, for encouragement! The intercession of Christ is the Church's guarantee for its extension and perpetuity. The Church of our Lord Jesus Christ is no human fabric reared by man's "power and might." It is founded on the immutable decrees of the everlasting God. And our great Intercessor is in heaven, before the throne, to secure their accomplishment through all earthly mutations, and bring about their universal and final triumph. "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord,

as the waters cover the sea." (Hab. ii. 14.)

The intercession of Christ should inspire the believer with confidence under every trial, because Christ "ever liveth, to make intercession" for him. To the unconverted it furnishes a ground of hope. He wills not the sinner's death. Judgment is suspended, and mercy offered to him, because the Intercessor pleads for him. Let him make haste, and delay not, to "turn away from his wickedness," taking warning from this alarming sentence, showing that even His intercession has its limits for the impenitent: "If it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that Thou shalt cut it down." (Luke xiii. 9.)

B.

PERMANENCY OF ORIENTAL USAGES.*

HERE I am, in a delightful chamber of Sir H. Montgomery's, waiting for my early cup of tea, after a most pleasant march of nearly three hours through a beautiful country; the rice-fields waving with their green mass of blade-grass, every field soaked and floated. Literally they "sow amidst many waters," "cast their bread (corn) upon them," "water them with their foot," which removes the petty embankment when they let in the stream; whilst "the sending out thither the feet of the ox and the ass" is perpetually seen. The language of Scripture is, indeed, continually illustrated here. The "taking off the shoe," when you enter a house, as a token of respect, is the invariable practice. The long, ceremonious mode of "salutation;" the women not carrying their children, but "bearing them on their sides," for they all ride on the mother's hip;

the presents offered when any one approaches you; the sending on, as Abigail did to David, food to refresh travellers on their march; the living in tents; the patriarchal multitude accompanying any person of station; the indispensable blessings of the former and latter rains; the iron stiles or pens, and the reed books, are only a few examples out of thousands.

As the bearers were changing at one this morning, the old usage of girding up the loins, so often spoken of in Scripture, struck me. Before they start, each assists his fellow in binding their long girdles as tight around the loins as they can well do; they then tuck up their long flowing garments into the girdle, and are thus strengthened on the one hand and unembarrassed on the other, to run what is really a race,—five miles the hour, with a heavy palanquin; six bearing at once. The Scripture custom, again, of the females, with their water-pots on their heads, going forth in the morning, is seen perpetually; only that the daughters of kings and patriarchs now leave the toil to the humble classes. The painting the face like Jezebel is also common. It is a sort of yellow ochre, which is fairly daubed over the whole face, and gives the appearance of a newly-painted sign-post, glistening in the sun. The covering the mouth, also, when addressing a superior, strikes you; they constantly hold the end of their robes in one hand; and, as they speak, cover their mouths with their involved hand. The bringing a present with them when they approach you is so universal as scarcely to excite your notice. The immense wells, so deep that oxen are employed to extract and let down the buckets, and the low parapet-walls around them, and the people sitting on the wells, as Jesus at Jacob's well, and the women assembling at these wells to con-

* From Bishop Wilson's *Letters addressed to his Family during the first nine years of his Indian Episcopate*.

verse together, are familiar scenes. Nothing, also, strikes me more than the perpetual disputes and battles now, as of old, about these wells. Again, most strange are the Oriental notions of marriage; the utter disregard of the young people's choice, and the purchase, or dowry, by which the bride is obtained. The parents do most literally give their daughters, without asking their consent, to the sons of their neighbours, and take in return the daughters of their neighbours for their sons. The Canticles in all its scenes, and Ps. xlv., are acted over in the East every day. The Scripture metaphor of the "church's peace flowing as a river" is literally seen here. So the rain being described as "dropping fatness." Its falling "on one city, and not falling on another city;" and the inhabitants of several places crowding to the fortunate spot, is seen every year. The collectors, zemindars, ryots, watch for the falling blessing, and envy the fields where the showers fall. The lands here present the same aspect as Moses refers to three thousand years since; every kind of grain is sown in the same field, in the vain hope that if one fails another may succeed. European skill is banishing this erroneous system; but when Moses forbids the practice, only a Divine inspiration could have carried him thirty centuries forward in agricultural science. The religious and typical lessons couched under his prohibition are a further proof of Divine prophecy. The marks of caste on the forehead, alluded to in Ezekiel ix., are entirely according to the practice now prevailing. The devoted idolater carries the symbol of his horrid deity on his front. Princes, also, write by their chief scribe or recorder; often because they cannot write themselves.

IN THE BETTER LAND.

LAND of rest for pilgrims weary,
Bright thy lovely mansions rise;
Days are never dark and dreary
In the land beyond the skies.

"Sons of God," departed thither,
Live amid perpetual bloom;
Not a single leaf can wither
In the land without a tomb.

To the Tree of Life invited,
They partake immortal cheer;
Feast on fruits by sin unblighted
In the land without a tear.

There they meet, and never, never,
Speak the parting word, "Good-bye;"
All are friends, and friends for ever,
In the land without a sigh.

Night's broad wing is not extended,
Yet all care and labour cease;
And the weary rest defended
In the land where all is peace.

Rest by conflicts is unbroken,
All is harmony above;
Unkind words are never spoken
In the land where all is love.

Everlasting their enjoyment,
Godlike bliss without alloy,
Endless praise is their employment
In the land where all is joy.

Father! let thy Holy Spirit
Guide us while on earth we roam;
And at last may we inherit
In that better land, a home.

H. S.

A CHAPTER IN THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

THERE is a thrilling interest connected with the history of the growth and noble daring of such a spirit as that of Luther. The rapid progress of the theology of Geneva, in Scotland, under the auspices of Knox and his fellow-spirits, and the magnificent spectacle of the gradual awakening to spiritual life of the German States, furnish us with narratives as remarkable as their effects have proved beneficent; but in



England there is no such interest attached to the growth and spread of the Reformation. The principal actors were men of ordinary attainments, and of no brilliant qualities. Though some of them possessed the noble courage of Luther, and others the untiring energy and zeal of Zwingli, and the prudence and wisdom of Melancthon, yet we cannot forget that the English Reformation of the sixteenth century owed its origin in no small measure, under God, to the unbridled passions of an English monarch, and the embarrassed circumstances of the then reigning Pope. There is, however, one point of special interest in the Reformation of England; and that is, it is all our own. It is our own in the impulsiveness, as well as the selfishness, of its motives; in its exhibition of the national impatience of foreign control; and as an instance of the unceasing

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goodness of Providence towards this country.

The labours of the illustrious Wickliff had produced an astonishing effect on the nation at large. Not only had his thundering voice declared "the evil deeds of the friars" to the lower and middle-classes alone, but his powerful reasonings, and convincing exposure of the corruption of the Roman church, had reached the throne, and found an approving auditor in one of the princes of the blood. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, whether from motives of political expediency, or from sincere conviction, defended Wickliff from all the attacks of his foes, and secured to him an uninterrupted retirement during his latter days. Nor was the literature of the age uninfluenced by the new doctrines; for it is supposed that the frequent intercourse of Wickliff with

B

Geoffrey Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," resulted in the conversion of the poet to the opinions of his friend. And though Wickliff's bones, says Fuller, had been burned, and the ashes thrown into the Swift, a river which flows by Lutterworth, and by the Swift carried into the Avon, and by the Avon into the Severn, and by the Severn into the sea,—a figure, in truth, of the spread of his doctrines,—yet the Bible truths which he had given to the people of England in their own language perished not with him, but raised up many noble confessors and martyrs during the period which elapsed between Henry V. and Henry VIII. Nevertheless the rude hand of persecution had greatly repressed the Lollards, had thinned their ranks, and compelled them to have recourse to concealment. The majority of the people were decidedly Roman Catholic, and appeared opposed to the new doctrines, with which increasing intercourse with Germany frequently brought them into contact.

Such was the state of the kingdom when Henry VIII. ascended the throne. Young and popular, he was also the zealous champion of the church; and when Luther's answer to his book on the seven sacraments appeared, personal pique was added to religious antagonism; and Henry appeared but little likely to tolerate Protestantism. But, though England seemed bound as securely as ever under the Papal yoke, and though her young monarch was to all appearance firm in his allegiance to the "ancient religion," God, whose ways are indeed not as our ways, had prepared a path for the entrance of a purer faith, and had resolved to turn even Henry's vices to His own glory.

Thus began that glorious Reformation, in which Thomas Cranmer bore so prominent a part. He was born at Aslacton, in Nottinghamshire, on the second of July, 1489; but we know very little of his early years. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Cambridge, and spent eight years there, chiefly in the study of scholastic philosophy, the works of Erasmus, and other eminent authors. In the year 1519 the fame of Martin Luther led him to study the Scriptures with greater energy and attention; and when

in after life he held an important office in the University, he rendered great service to the Reformation, through having himself felt the truth and sacred character of the Bible.

In 1524, Cardinal Wolsey offered him a fellowship which he had founded in the University of Oxford; but Cranmer refused to leave the friendly solitudes of his Alma Mater, endeared to him, as they must have been, by so many attachments of association, and hopes of congenial employment. Soon after this he was elected Examiner of Theology, and whilst he filled that office, refused to admit any one to priests' orders who did not possess a thorough knowledge of the Holy Scripture. While residing at the mansion of a gentleman named Cressy, engaged in the tutorship of his two sons, Cranmer was introduced to King Henry VIII., and here laid the foundation of his future greatness. Some time after this Cranmer was sent by the king to the house of Anne Boleyn's father, to compose a work in justification of his intended divorce from Catharine of Aragon. Henry had married Catharine on his brother Arthur's decease, (whose widow she was,) through the policy of his father, Henry VII., who wished to retain her immense dowry; and now, having become tired of her, and being possessed with a strong passion for Anne Boleyn, one of her maids of honour, Henry desired a divorce. The Pope, however, was in mortal fear of the vengeance of the Emperor Charles V., who was Catharine's nephew, should he consent to Henry's wishes, and thus he wavered from one side to the other; fearing, if he decided for the divorce, the dire vengeance of the Emperor, and foreseeing if he went contrary to Henry's desires, the loss of England to the Holy See. At last, at Cranmer's suggestion, Henry determined to get the opinions of all the Universities of Europe on the validity of his marriage, and Cranmer himself was deputed to conduct the negotiations. Having completed his treatise he returned to Cambridge for the opinion of the University, which, after some hesitation, was given in accordance with the king's wishes; and in this decision the University of Oxford

concurrent. Cranmer's two leading propositions on which he based the theory that Henry's marriage with Catharine was unlawful, were,—first, that it is not lawful for a man to marry his brother's widow; and, secondly, that the Pope has no authority to dispense with Scripture. To these propositions the French and Italian Universities assented, and while the German Reformers agreed heartily to the second, they were not entirely unanimous with regard to the first. After protracted negotiations with the Pope and the Emperor, which all resulted in nothing, Henry became weary of waiting, and after making Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury, and obtaining his formal sanction of divorce, he boldly bade defiance to the threats of Rome, and married Anne Boleyn without further delay.

The result of Cranmer's intercourse with the reformed divines of Germany, was his marriage with a niece of Osiander, the pastor of Nuremberg; a union which, if it contributed to his happiness in some respects, yet afterwards involved him in much perplexity. When Pope Clement heard of Henry's marriage, he threatened England with excommunication unless submission was at once made. But Henry was fully resolved to brave the storm which awaited him, and the Pope, incensed by repeated insults, launched forth the once dreaded sentence, clothed with all the thunders of the Vatican, on the 23d of March, 1534. By this act England, so long the richest province of the many lands which bowed beneath the sway of St. Peter, was delivered from the tyranny of Antichrist; and never since, except in the brief reign of Mary, and when James Stuart, in his bigotry and obstinacy, tried to force on us the Romish superstitions, has this country come beneath the Papal yoke. We are proud of the many glorious victories which have crowned our arms by sea and land in times gone by, and of the many illustrious men whose talents and virtues confer a lustre on the name of Englishmen, but above all ought we to be thankful for that providential interposition which destroyed the rule of Antichrist in this happy country, and delivered our art, our science, our commerce,

and our religion from the chains of superstition, and the fetters of bigotry. Chiefly by the arguments of Cranmer the parliament was induced to renounce the Pope's supremacy, and declare the king "head of the Church." He also persuaded convocation to petition the king for the translation of the Bible "into the vulgar English." A translation was accordingly made, the one called *Matthew's Bible*. Stimulated by the opposition of the clergy to his supremacy, Henry appointed a commission to inquire into the amount of property in their hands, and the report presented by Cromwell, its president, revealed such a prospect to the cupidity of the king, as strengthened his opposition to the Pope in a remarkable degree, and sealed the fate of the monastic foundations. Cranmer's rapid elevation and commanding position raised many enemies against him, and during one of the last years of Henry's reign, the privy council requested that the Archbishop might be sent to the Tower on a charge of violating "the six articles" which were enacted in 1539. The king, however, soon rejected the accusation, and declared Cranmer "as faithful a servant as any monarch had ever possessed."

Edward VI. was a Reformer in practice as well as doctrine, but his early death, and the sudden change on Queen Mary's accession, prevented the completion of Cranmer's plans with regard to the church.

In Edward's short reign the spirit of persecution was unhappily manifested by the reformed party, and Cranmer was generally believed to be the most uncompromising of the Protestant chiefs, towards those who differed from him. It is certain that he was one of the principal movers in the burning of two persons; one for "heretical" opinions, and the other for denying the Divinity of Christ. Of all the acts of his chequered career, this is the one which has exposed him to the most obloquy. He was of an impulsive and undecided character, which often prompted him to unworthy actions, and in the closing scene of life, sullied the consistency of his religious profession.

The accession of Mary, in 1553, put

a sudden stop to Cranmer's schemes of Church reformation. Foreseeing the approaching storm, he advised all Protestants who could to leave the kingdom; but he himself nobly resolved not to desert his post. For a short time he was allowed to remain at liberty; but on the 13th of November, 1553, he was committed to the Tower on the charges of heresy and high treason. The Queen regarded Cranmer as the author of her unhappy mother's disgrace and misfortunes, and of all her own troubles, and resolved to have complete revenge. A special commission was appointed to try Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, and dispute with them on their "doctrinal errors." The Reformers were sentenced as heretics, and sent to prison; and Cardinal Pole was immediately consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury. After a tedious incarceration of eighteen months, Latimer and Ridley were led to the stake at Oxford. There is no need for us to dwell upon the death scene; its saddened and yet triumphant memory is engraved on the hearts of all Protestant Englishmen. The two martyrs are written down among those who have "resisted unto blood, striving against sin."

It is not too much to say that to the heroic spirit which animated the souls of Latimer and Ridley, England owes, under God, the freedom, which every one in this favoured land this day rejoices in, of worshipping God according to his conscience. It is the same stern love of truth and liberty which has gained for us the most enviable and honoured position among the nations of the world, and which, in the words of one of the two noble martyrs himself, has "lighted such a candle," to bless the entire circle of the nations, "as shall never, never be put out."

Cranmer was still spared, for his cruel foes hoped to work upon his timid and fearful mind, and bring the disgrace of his fall upon the Protestant religion. He was constantly visited by priests sent specially to influence his hopes and fears, by promises and threats alternately. They held out false prospects of life, and renewed honours, if he would but sign a slight modification of his opinions; and, after much persuasion, in an evil hour, he

signed his ignoble recantation. But the Queen was still determined on his death; and now that his heartless tormentors had taken away his peace of mind,—that last and best refuge from despair,—they violated those promises which had extorted from him a change of opinion. On the 21st of March, 1556, Cranmer was led to St. Mary's Church, Oxford; where a sermon was preached, giving the reasons for the execution of the sentence upon him. He then spoke a few words to the people; and, contrary to the expectations of the Romish party, deplored most deeply the sin and folly of his recantation, and declared that the hand which had signed it should first receive punishment. He was hurried to the stake. As soon as the flames began to envelop his body, he thrust his right hand into the midst of them, exclaiming, with deep contrition and distress, "O this unworthy right hand!" In the awful moment, while the fire was gradually burning out the last feeble remains of life, he behaved with the greatest composure and fortitude. With his dying breath he cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

We would not for a moment condemn too harshly the momentary weakness manifested by such a man. Whatever were his faults, whatever his infirmities, he was, without doubt, a sincere Christian, and a powerful promoter of the revival of Gospel truth brought about by the Reformation. Though not in the very first rank of extraordinary men, nor a man of exalted virtues, yet Thomas Cranmer is a name which will never be mentioned in our history without respect, and even admiration.

Cambridge.

F. T. P.

A REPROOF WISELY GIVEN.

THE freedom which Locke would take with men of rank, had something in it very suitable to his character. One day, three or four lords having met at Lord Ashley's, when Locke was present, cards were introduced, almost before any conversation had passed. Locke looked on for some time while they were at play,

and then, taking his pocket-book, began to write with great attention. At length, one of the company had the curiosity to ask him what he was writing. "My lord," said he, "I am endeavouring to profit, as far as I am able, in your company; for, having waited with impatience for the honour of being in an assembly of the greatest geniuses of the age, and having at length obtained this good fortune, I thought that I could not do better than write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what has been said for this hour or two." There was no occasion to read much of what had been written. The noblemen, immediately quitting their play, entered into rational conversation, and spent the rest of the day in a manner more suitable to their character.

THE HOMELESS POOR OF OUR LARGE TOWNS.

It is a sad thing to reflect that in our great towns and cities, with their munificent charitable institutions, their pomp and grandeur, there are many who are houseless and homeless, many who are literally starving. Poor, crouching things, huddling in their rags and filth upon our door-steps, seeking the shelter of a portico, or the shadow of a buttress, as a place of repose for the night; mothers with infants at their breasts, in whom they vainly strive to keep warmth and life; children of both sexes, perhaps parentless as well as homeless, craving only a hiding-place—hopeless of warmth or comfort—wherein to sleep. We cannot, we must not, shut our eyes to these things. They are, alas! too true and too sorrowful. "Death from starvation," is, we are sorry to say, not by any means an uncommon announcement at the head of a paragraph in our morning papers. "*Death from starvation!*" Do any of us ever pause to think of the fearful suffering comprised in this sentence; of the lingering torture which precedes and finally consummates the horror?

The season has returned when cold days and colder nights are upon us. We who are comfortably housed, clothed, and

fed, may care personally little for this. An extra coat or shawl, an extra blanket, a little more coal, makes us independent, in a degree, of the inclemency of the season. But what of those who have neither coat, shawl, nor blanket? What of those who have neither home nor shelter? whose abode during the whole of the dread winter must be the street? whose life is a brief lingering in suffering and privation, leading surely, and far too swiftly, to the grave. We appeal to our readers that their hearts and their purses may be again opened in reply to the calls which at this season are made upon them. Let their voices and their influence be raised, until it becomes an impossibility that any fellow-creature should starve and die in our streets. We appeal for those who have no other means of making their cases heard. They are of our own "blood," of our own kindred. Let us see that they have other pillows than stones, other couches than door-steps, and other hopes than starvation and death.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

Penseroso. WELL met, my friend; though, truly, had it been any one but yourself, I should hardly have said, "Well met."

Lycidas. How so? I thought you were wont to be civil to everybody.

P. So I trust I am. But it is something more than civility to bid an indifferent person welcome to this seclusion. This wooded promontory and that blue sea are, in my mind, worth more than a king's pleasure-grounds. I hope it is a pardonable selfishness which makes me feel the approach of most persons an intrusion.

L. Well, I am glad that I am not an intruder here. But, pray, what are you doing? Not shooting or fishing, I dare say.

P. No, indeed. I was only musing.

L. So I should have thought, from your "even step and musing gait." But now that your sanctuary is invaded, you may dismiss the cherub contemplation. Sit down on this seat, and converse with me.

P. Yes, in case you have not already talked enough for this week.

L. I expect I have said enough, perhaps too much; but, after all, I am more serious than you may think, my Penseroso. At any rate, I am a little better than our friend Allegro. He *does* talk too much, bright and genial though he be.—But what a charming place you have here! You must find contemplation easy work in so delightful a retreat. You were musing, you say. I hope you can give a better account of your thoughts than could the clever old poet and critic, who said of himself,—

“Musing, as wont, on this and that,
Such trifles, as I know not what.”

P. I hope so too. My thoughts, Lycidas, were sombre, yet not unpleasant. I was thinking of the day when this woody hill must be burned with fire, and yon blue waters be dried up.

L. Of the day of judgment?

P. Yes; of *that day*, as Paul calls it.

L. So he does, without specifying what day: and, shall I own it, I have more than once thought the expression ungrammatical.

P. My dear Lycidas, beware of the pedantry of correctness. St. John, speaking of the Lord, says “He” or “Him” without troubling himself about the proximity of the noun, or, perhaps, whether there be any noun at all. He needs no excuse; for he is not speaking of you or me. And Paul needs no excuse; for he is speaking of the only day which in the history of every man, and of the whole world, is worthy of being called *that day*. Excuse my lecture: you have brought it upon yourself.

L. Well, critics must mind, I suppose, how they criticize. But, to be serious. Of course it is a very proper thing to have a creed; but, profession, creed, orthodoxy apart, do you, in downright earnest, believe in a coming judgment?

P. I do indeed. It is a strong point in my creed; but it is something more. I have not to look over my creed to find in it that article; but the belief, the conviction of the coming of that grand and solemn day, lies deep in my very soul. It is part of my nature to

believe that I must some day give an account of myself.

L. I am unable, I regret to own it, to say so much for myself. Not that I deny, or even doubt, a day of reckoning; but I am afraid the subject has not so deeply impressed me as it has yourself. Truly nature does not seem to preach her own dissolution. Look at those flowing and ebbing waters, at the sun blazing in the skies, and our own safe and sylvan retreat. How little sign of the consummation!

P. Yet, sign or no sign, it will come.

L. But where? but when?

P. The question “where” hardly enters my mind. As to the time, it cannot, I believe, be just at hand.

L. Your reason, Penseroso?

P. The statement in the Book.

L. Excuse me: I think the Book says, “Behold, I come quickly!”

P. Quickly indeed, in the view of Heaven. Quickly, O how quickly, since eternity is to follow! But not very quickly, in the speech of us mortals, of us time-killers, who creep, creep through a few scores of years to the grave. Yet even mortals whose eye of faith is strong, and who walk in view of eternity, might subscribe to the words of the fine and fiery poet:—

“Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

“The arrow is flown; The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity’s here.”

L. You have not yet brought any text of Scripture to show that, literally, and in our manner of thinking and feeling, the great day is not at hand.

P. There is the chapter in the Revelation which tells us that Satan must previously have been bound a thousand years, and afterwards loosed for a season. But what matters a little time, a few thousands, or a few hundreds of thousands, of years? The day will come. That restless mower, old Father Time, will still ply the scythe whose edge never grows dull. The eating and drinking, the sleeping and waking, the rejoicing and sorrowing, and the thousand nothings that are done under the sun,

must all be got through, and everything leave us nearer to the trumpet's blast than it found us.

L. Should you think, Penseroso, that there will be any sign of the Lord's coming?

P. Possibly. There may be more of prophecy, of obscure intimation, in Divine Providence, than we think. Whether the sign, if any, will be much heeded, is another question.

L. Well, let us suppose that the time was come; that the last man living had died——

P. Excuse me: the human race will not die out in that way. Some will be "changed." Their "mortal," without actual death, will put on "immortality," and their "corruptible" put on "incorruption."

L. Poor, helpless death! This king of terrors then will be disarmed and deposed at last.

P. Why, no. Say, rather, ignored, swallowed up in victory.

L. With what do you mark the commencement of the day?

P. With the shout, the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God.

L. A solemn beginning! And where would you fix the close?

P. Perhaps at the departure of the wicked into hell, though some events may still have to transpire before the righteous sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

L. Must I venture to ask how long you suppose the day will last?

P. I flatter myself, Lycidas, that I am not weak enough to have even an opinion as to the duration of "that day." Yet, if it be lawful to form a conjecture, I should say that for our own sakes the judging of the world "in righteousness" will, probably, take much time; unless, indeed, our faculties be wonderfully enlarged.

L. How the subject grows on one! Yet I must go. Need anything hinder us, Penseroso, from resuming our conversation? I feel as if it were far from being finished. Grand, solemn, terrible as is the subject, it begins strangely to interest me!

P. I am glad to hear it. With or without you, I shall be haunting this

quiet grove to-morrow, and about this time.

L. With me, I do believe.

P. You are here first to-day, Lycidas.

L. So it seems. The wish to resume our conversation, the beauty of the place, the splendour of the day, all drew me in this direction. I was thinking before you came, how it was that the ancients did not in their writings show a greater love of nature.

P. They were less sentimental than the moderns; but not quite blind to the charms of the world around them. Find anything in our modern authors better than this burst of the great Roman poet:—

"Give me the ways of wand'ring stars to know;
The depths of heaven above, and earth below.
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again.
What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
But if my heavy blood restrain the flight
Of my free soul, aspiring to the height
Of nature and unclouded fields of light, }
My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life.—
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.

Or lift me high to Iliacus' hilly crown;
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down;
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race."

L. Very fine, for a heathen. Here is the place where we sat yesterday. After I had left you, as I was full of the subject on which we had been talking, I mentioned to good old Severus what you said,—that the day of judgment might be of long duration. You cannot think how savagely he replied: "It would be well for Penseroso if he kept himself to what is revealed." He quite vexed me.

P. There is a good deal of that peevish wisdom in Severus.

L. *Peevish wisdom?* Is wisdom ever peevish?

P. No, never when she is herself; but she can hardly dwell with Severus without getting a little soured. He seems to think it a mark of virtue to scowl.

L. After all, he is a good soul. But, to return to yesterday's subject,—what will follow the shout, the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God?

P. The resurrection of the dead, the change of the living.

L. A sudden change, I wonder, or a gradual?

P. No need to wonder. Paul is very explicit. The change will be effected "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." Ah! Lycidas, what will be our feelings as we rise from the tomb?

L. Not those, I trust, imagined by the poet:—

"Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave!
Ah, cruel death! that would no longer save,
But grudged me even that narrow, dark abode,
And thrust me out into the wrath of God!"

P. For my part, I look forward with sober confidence.

L. Well you may. If *you* are not safe, we may all despair. You are as good as Dalrymple, whose life, says Burns, was like the "new-driven snow."

P. I try to keep "a conscience void of offence;" but, friend Lycidas, I cannot stand on any foundation of my own laying. I feel as if "the everlasting Rock were cleft to take me in." Thus I feel, and ever have done, since I first knew that "my Redeemer liveth." But, be the voice of the archangel welcome or unwelcome, we rise or are changed, and the world awakes at last!

L. And what a mighty number the grave must send forth!

P. Mighty indeed, since for ages every day sweeps away its thousands, or its tens of thousands.

L. Any means, Penserose, of forming a tolerable estimate?

P. Tell me how often death hurls his dart, and I will tell you how many the Prince of Life raises from the dead.

L. We must ask the poet to count or describe the multitudes.

P. Alas! poor poet. How is he to tell of tribes unknown or forgotten? How is he to sum the people of cities yet unbuild, of generations not yet born?

L. We may call it, at all events, "a countless host."

P. More than countless; for the number which "no man can number" is

only a part of the great aggregate. But, be the thousands or the myriads of millions more or fewer, you have mankind assembled at last. Once in eternity, we meet the great family,—in its scores or hundreds of generations, in its thousands of branches, and in its thousands of millions of individuals,—men and women who once were flesh and blood, who hoped and feared, and laughed and wept, and

"Suffer'd human life, and died."

L. When the day arrives, shall you and I, Penserose, see each other in the throng?

P. The event must tell. But it will not long be a throng. A mighty hand will divide the multitude into two hosts; and, it may be, marshal each host into the most exact order.

L. I can well believe that you have thought these things over before now. I feel as if I were playing the part of pupil. Allow me to ask, Penserose, whether you think there will be much solemnity and much pomp?

P. Much of both, beyond a doubt. Indeed, we hardly need an assurance from revelation that there will be awful solemnity. Of glory we have less right to speak without Scripture. But it is revealed that there will be much glory.

L. Whence, then, the pomp, the glory?

P. The saints, if nothing else, would make the occasion glorious. For their "corruptible" has now put on "incorruption;" their "mortal" is clothed with "immortality;" their body, sown in weakness, in corruption, in dishonour, has been raised in power, in incorruption, in glory; their "natural body" has become a "spiritual body;" and already, perhaps, shines like the sun in the firmament. Moreover, these saints, these sons of glory, are a numerous host, since now, by the great Reconciler between God and man, and man and man, the whole church in all ages and in all nations is gathered together. Can any scene in which these heirs of God may figure be wanting in glory?

L. Indeed it cannot. But will not angels also contribute their splendours?

P. They will all be there; and all, from Gabriel or from Michael down-

wards, will be glorious. By their very titles, thrones and dominions ought to shine. Whether the "elect angels" or the saints be the more numerous, they or the saints the more glorious, I will not pretend to decide; but the assembly must be bright indeed in which "saints and angels join."

L. Can anything else enhance the splendours of the day?

P. Rather, ask whether we have yet seen anything of its true magnificence. The Master will be there, in His Father's glory, and in His own.

L. Enough said. I should have thought that the dazzling files of saints and angels would have been splendour enough; but I see that Heaven will crown "that day"—*THAT DAY*—with the glory of the Son of Man, and of the great Sire Himself. What a feeble word is "glory" to express the truth!

P. Be that as it may, when we see the tribunal so august, so sublime, we shall not hope for an appeal to any higher court; shall not carry our case even to the Father; for it is the Father Himself who has "committed judgment"—final, irreversible judgment—"to the Son;" who, even as man, will "judge the world in righteousness."

L. Then God has, indeed, "highly exalted Him."

P. Yes. Worthily to judge the world, what does it imply? Worthily to *conceive* so stupendous a transaction, must imply faculties for which you and I in this world may hope in vain. Can any few tears we may shed sufficiently bewail the lost? Can any sympathy we may feel realize the bliss of the righteous? Can our weak minds remain unshattered under the dazzling glory, or our poor hearts continue to beat, if once the tremendous truth were realized? What we are unable to conceive, He is worthy to execute. "Highly exalted" must He be who is able, who is worthy, to sit upon the great white throne.

L. Will any, then, doubt the Deity of our Lord?

P. No. Yet excuse my reminding you that it is the *Man* Christ who is exalted, (for Deity is above exaltation,) and who, by and by, as man, will "be subject" to the Father, who shall

have "put all things under Him, that God may be all in all." But, Lycidas, let us leave our theme here. The end of life is not thought, but action.

L. Agreed, provided that we look at these things once more.

P. All being well. Adieu.

L. A short farewell, till I see you again.

(*To be continued.*)

NEXT SABBATH.

It may never come. To some persons it will never come. If it should come to you, how do you anticipate spending it? for pleasure or for profit, in the service of self and the world, or in the service of God? Every man should have purpose and fixed habits, not only through the week but also on the Sabbath, which has its appropriate duties. How many make their careful calculations for the week, and leave the Sabbath to chance! They have no plan about it. The first they economize well, the second they thoughtlessly squander. Upon the one may depend temporal interests, upon the other their eternal condition. Then do not leave the latter to accident. Let not another Sabbath be wasted. If you are forty years old, almost six years of Sabbaths have gone; and the man of seventy has had ten. If all these were improved, what would be the result? The Jews termed the Sabbath the "day of light;" the Africans, "the day of silence;" the Greek Indians, "the praying day;" the early Christians, "the queen of days:" all significant. It is "the Lord's day," the "day of rest." How will you spend the next?

INCOME FOR CHRIST.

I AM not to say how much you must give. The Bible does not say. It says, "Give good measure, pressed down, running over;" "Give, not grudgingly;" "God loveth a cheerful giver;" "Let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him;" "Freely ye have received, freely give;" "He that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully." But after all it is left to your conscience to say how much each one is to give. But

the point I wish to urge is, that every one have a drawer or a box for money devoted solely to charity. Whenever you have money coming in, whether it be from Bank stock, from shipping, or from trading, from the farm, or from the eggs you sell, ask at once, conscientiously, how much of that belongs to Christ? Whatever it be, at once put it in His box! There now! It is no longer yours: don't touch it, any more than you would borrow bread from the communion-table, till the time comes to hand it over to His cause. You will find it easy to give, after you have once begun to put in the box. This plan I have tried with great success. It cultivates the conscience, it cherishes self-denial, and it enables you to give without grudging. And unless you do this, or something like it, you will be surprised, on accurate calculation, to find how little you really do give in the course of the year! I once knew a man who wanted and tried to be a good, conscientious Christian, and who came to his minister to remonstrate sharply that "collections were made so frequently." His minister heard him very quietly, and then said, "Mr. Smith, will you now just put down on paper the sums you have contributed in the last year?"

"Certainly, Sir. Please to put down as I call them over."

So he began. To Foreign Missions, one shilling; to Home Missions, Bible, Tract, &c., one shilling each; and the whole amount was just six shillings! The man was amazed, for he felt before as if he had given about all that came from his church. I must insist upon it that every man will greatly over-estimate his charities, as he does all his good deeds, unless he keep an accurate account of them. Laying aside stately, or whenever you have money coming in, and doing this conscientiously, will make it all plain and easy. The charity case comes round, (you wonder, perhaps, how it comes so soon,) and you have not then to contrive how to raise the money, nor how little it will do to give. The money is ready in the box. Hand it over freely, and trust that the box will be filled again. But be sure you put into the box till you *feel* it: feel that you must go without this or that; feel that it is really a sacrifice. "With

such sacrifices" as cost us self-denial, "God is well pleased." None others are sacrifices.—*Dr. Todd.*

CLIMB UPWARD.

CLIMB upward, child of mortal birth,
Leave the encircling mists below;
View not through these the toys of earth,
Survey them from the mountain's brow.

The palaces and halls of state,
The jewell'd crowns and sceptres fair,
See! how they dwindle, how they fade,
Discern'd in the pure mountain air.

See how the giddy crowds press on
To catch the bubbles floating by;
Madly they rush; a prize is won!
It bursts; they gaze, despair, and die.

A hazy dimness veils their sight,
Inverted phantoms round appear;
Their joy is grief, their day is night,
Their bliss is woe, their hope is fear.

O child of earth, gaze upward now,
Far o'er the silvery orbs of light;
Hail the bright rays that downward flow
Unsullied from the fount of light:

And in their sweet effulgence clear,
A glorious spectacle descry;
Hear things unheard by mortal ear,
View things unseen by mortal eye.

Catch glimpses of a pearly gate,
Of streets by glittering seraphs trod;
Of heights where veil'd archangels wait
Adoringly before their God.

God made Man, the incarnate One!
His mystic prints, O mortal, see:
Those wounds for thee such joys have won,
They purchased all this heaven for thee.

Climb upward! for this noble race
To thee are powers ethereal given,—
Powers to urge through all time, all space,
And scale the highest wall of heaven.

Climb upward, then; scorn to receive
Thy spirit's dower below the sky:
Climb upward, and consent to live;
Or grovel here, thou worm, and die.
C. H.

PECULIAR MINISTERS.

"We want a peculiar man at our place." Yes, and in the next town the people want a "peculiar" man also. There is a growing demand everywhere for *peculiar* ministers. Even the older churches, that have had the reputation of being staid, and not carried about by every wind, have caught the idea. They have found out that they must have a "peculiar man" for their young people. And tastes have become so various that it does require a singular man to meet them all.

But what is to be done with ministers who are not peculiar; men of common sense, sound judgment, and sound learning; sober, prudent, pious men; men who are able to teach others, and are suited to be wise counsellors; whose character and influence are unequivocal? We are aware that an eccentric man, who is given to saying odd and strange things, is more amusing and attractive to the young: and that common sense and refined taste are not commodities that secure great *clat* in the world. But ought it not to be considered whether the influence of the former is equally salutary, and as well suited to secure the salvation of souls? Doubtless God has called ninety-nine sober-minded men to preach the Gospel, where he has called one "peculiar man." If so, it is by their instrumentality in the main that the cause of Christ is to be carried on, and sinners saved; peculiar ministers being the exception, and not the rule.

Did not good sense and eminent fitness in things characterize our Saviour and the religion He taught, rather than peculiarity and eccentricity? Would not the churches of Christ show more dignity, and exert a more salutary and saving influence, by educating the young to pay greater deference to the ordinary and divinely-appointed means of grace, than by attempting to gratify their desire for novelty and entertainment? A desire which the more it is fed, the less it is satisfied. Though the young might be less highly pleased, would they not be more contented? Though fewer were attracted by human means, would not more be drawn by the *Spirit's* power? *We do not object to peculiar ministers*

in their places; but do protest against a growing depreciation of, and discontent with, the ordinary ministry of the word as God has appointed it; a depreciation and discontent which have been greatly fostered by the novel-reading and popular excitements of the day, and which are sadly affecting the stability and spiritual usefulness of the churches.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE UNSEEN SAVIOUR.

VERY often has the weary disciple sat down by the rough wayside of life, and longed for a sight of his blessed Lord! Often has he ardently desired a view of his Saviour, like that which the disciples had when they saw their Master in the flesh. Often has he wished that he had heard that Voice which "spake as never man spake;" seen that countenance whose every look was love, and witnessed that power which wrought as only God could work. He imagines that to have seen Jesus thus; to have stood in His presence; to have gazed on His face; to have attended Him in His ministry on earth, would have aided him not a little in believing in Him.

There are times when we covet this privilege of the first disciples. It is a natural feeling, and we like to indulge it. We ought not to forget, however, the fact that Christ was never fully realized by any of His disciples as their Saviour until after His departure from among them. There were drawbacks even in the privilege of companionship with Him on earth. Sight gives at best but a partial knowledge: it reveals only what is external, and necessarily leaves to other faculties that which is inner and spiritual. We do not see character; we can only infer it. And so it was that when the disciples looked upon Jesus "in the flesh," they could not gain an adequate idea of the blessed One. They had to pass from the human to the Divine; from what they saw, to what they could not see; and this was never fully done by any of them. It was not until He was absent in the body, and present only in Spirit, that His disciples learnt His whole name. Not until Pentecost had come, and the

were placed under the more spiritual dispensation of the Spirit, did they rise up to the full appreciation of His character as the incarnate Son of God; the Divine and human Redeemer—"over all, God blessed for ever." Then, and only then, they saw no longer as "through a glass, darkly," but, as it were, "face to face."

So that, fellow-disciple, longing for a view of thy Saviour, our circumstances for realizing Christ as our Helper, and "all in all," are even better than those of the disciples themselves. We are amply compensated for the want of a vision of Him on earth by the vision which, by faith, we have of Him from heaven. We have Him in His holy word, where we may see Him, and figure Him to ourselves in love and joy, as our hearts believe on Him unto righteousness. There He is revealed to us in His Godhead, in His Divine attributes, and in His human sympathies. We consider Him as our elder Brother, our Redeeming Kinsman, our gracious Friend, our Advocate with the Father, and our way to the Father; as our "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." By studying Him there with a believing heart, and willing mind, we find Him more and more disclosed to us.

Here we recognize the supreme importance of faith. Only when faith realizes Jesus as our Saviour can our hearts go out in love after Him. Faith reveals Him to us as emptying Himself to replenish us; as assuming our nature that He might ransom and restore it; as bearing our sins, that we might be made righteous in Him; as enduring the cross, despising the shame, that we might live and reign with Him for ever. In every look of His countenance, in every deed of His life, in every word of His Gospel, in every provision of His grace, faith reveals His love to us. To see this love, is to feel love kindled in ourselves. This love is the Christian's actuating principle; overcoming all opposition, bringing everything beneath its sway. It makes it easy to give himself to Him who gave Himself that He might kindle it. "We love Him because He first loved us." When we feel this, we are

ready to do everything, and to dare anything, for Jesus. Love sees Him as if still on earth: sees Him poor, and in need of help; in sorrow, and in need of comfort. Love still breaks on His head the box of precious spikenard; still weaves for Him the seamless robe. Love still bears His cross, and weeps over His woes.

Thus have we Christ with us now. We walk with Him, commune with Him, and rejoice in His spiritual presence. Faith enables us to apprehend Him as a Saviour; so that we see His hands, and His side, and His feet. We hear His peace-speaking voice telling us we are His! We listen, we look, and a voice within assures us that we are "passed from death unto life;" that He is ours, and that we are His!

But after all, "we shall see Him as He is." There is an open vision of Him in heaven which all His lovers shall enjoy. They shall see Him "face to face."

Believer in Christ, murmur not over your present absence from the Lord. Remember His prayer. Soon you will gaze upon your exalted Saviour, and behold "the King in His beauty." Abide His time, and ere long thou shalt "see Him as He is," and be presented by Him blameless before the Father with exceeding joy; and receive at His hands, if faithful to His example and word, a crown, a sceptre, and a throne!

W.

THE SACRED TREE OF THE ASSYRIANS.

AN emblem found in such frequent connexion with the symbol of Asshur as to warrant the belief that it was attached in a special way to his worship, is the sacred or symbolical tree. Like the winged circle, this emblem has various forms. The simplest consists of a short pillar springing from a single pair of rams' horns, and surmounted by a capital composed of two pairs of rams' horns, separated by one, two, or three horizontal bands; above which there is, first, a scroll resembling that which commonly surmounts the winged circle; and then a flower, very much like the "honeysuckle ornament" of the Greeks. More ad-

vanced specimens show the pillar elongated, with a capital in the middle in addition to the capital at the top; while the blossom above the upper capital, and generally the stem likewise, throw out a number of similar smaller blossoms, which are sometimes replaced by fir-cones or pomegranates. Where the tree is most elaborately portrayed, we see besides the stem and blossom a complicated network of branches; which, after interlacing with one another, form a sort of arch, surrounding the tree itself as with a frame. It is a subject of curious speculation whether this sacred tree does not stand connected with the *Ashêrah* of the Phœnicians, which was certainly not a "grove" in the sense in which we commonly understand the word. The *Ashêrah*, which the Jews adopted from the idolatrous nations with whom they came in contact, was an artificial structure, originally of wood, but in the later times probably of metal, capable of being "set" in the temple at Jerusalem by one king, and "brought out" by another. It was a structure for which "hangings" could be made to cover and protect it, while at the same time it was so far like a tree that it could be properly said to be "cut down," rather than "broken," or otherwise demolished. The name itself seems to imply something which stood straight up; and the conjecture is reasonable that its essential element was "the straight stem of a tree," though whether the idea connected with the emblem was of the same nature with that which underlay some of the rites of the Greeks is, to say the least, extremely uncertain. We have no distinct evidence that the Assyrian sacred tree was a real tangible object; it may have been, as Mr. Layard supposes, a mere type. But it is, perhaps, on the whole, more likely to have been an actual object; in which case we cannot but suspect that it stood in the Assyrian system in much the same position as the *Ashêrah* in the Phœnician, being connected with the worship of what was regarded as the supreme god, and having a symbolic character, though of what exact kind it may not be easy to determine.—*Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies.*

POST-OFFICE SAVINGS' BANKS.

OFFICIAL returns have been prepared, exhibiting the successful establishment and progress of the Post-Office Savings' Banks, which have now been opened in every important town and district in the United Kingdom. On the 31st of March last the progress made was as follows:—In England the sums actually standing to the credit of the depositors' accounts amounted to £3,700,176 4s. 6d.; in Wales to £121,029 13s. 4d.; in Scotland to £107,931 12s. 8d.; and in Ireland to £160,756 4s. 4d.; while in the Islands (Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and the Isle of Man) the amount was £7,598 6s. 4d., presenting a total of £4,097,492 1s. 2d. In England, 403,560 accounts have been opened, 76,214 of which have been since closed, leaving 327,346 existing accounts. The total amount of deposits was £5,352,250 10s. 9d.; the withdrawals amounted to £1,652,074 6s. 3d. The greatest amount was for Middlesex, which had, on the 31st of March, £741,383 9s. 1d.; Warwick comes second, with £526,098 10s. 8d., and relatively a much smaller number of depositors; Surrey had the next largest amount, £277,599 4s. 3d.; Kent next, with a nearly equal sum. After which, Lancaster, and the following counties: Staffordshire, Southampton, Essex, and Yorkshire. In Scotland the counties contributing most were, Forfarshire, £12,360; Lanarkshire, £11,287 13s. 4d.; Edinburgh, £9,377 6s. 1d.; Aberdeen, £9,377 0s. 8d.; Ayrshire, £9,143 9s. 3d. In Ireland, Dublin had £31,756 6s. 1d.; Cork, £14,484 7s.; and Antrim, £12,889 9s. In Wales, Glamorganshire banked the largest sum, and next in rotation, Merionethshire, Carnarvon, and Carmarthen. The Isle of Man saved the largest amount of all the islands, Alderney next, then Jersey and Guernsey.

THE CASKET OF PROMISES.

WHEN a pious old slave on a Virginia plantation was asked why he was always so sunny-hearted and cheerful under his hard lot, he replied:—

"Ah, massa! I always lays myself flat down on de promises, and den I pray straight up to my heavenly Father."

The solvency of a bank or of a government gives the value to its notes. So it is the everlasting faithfulness of God that makes a Bible promise "exceeding great and precious." Human promises are often worthless. Many a broken promise has left a broken heart. But since the world was made, God has never broken a single promise made to one of His trusting children. He "is not a man that He should lie." When God promises pardon to a believing penitent here, and glory hereafter, He does it in the full view of all the risks that we can possibly encounter. When He promises to take

care of His children, He knows perfectly well how much it will cost Him to maintain so vast and necessitous a family.

Men often repent of their promises. In haste they make them, to repent at leisure. In the glow of to-day's love, or in the flush of to-day's strength, they pass their word, which becomes worthless as rags when the love has cooled, or the ability has run to water. But who ever heard of God repenting of a promise? Every one of them is, "Yea" in Christ, and "Amen" in Him, to "the glory of God."

Memorials of the Departed.

ANNIE CURNOCK was born at Warwick, in the Leamington Circuit, November 12th, 1848. From her childhood she was naturally of a serious and thoughtful turn of mind, always showing a preference for good people and good books. Although her acquirements were quite equal to those of children of her own age, yet she often grieved because she seemed to know so little, and to have made such slow progress in learning. In the early part of the year 1863, she was led earnestly to seek a clear and satisfactory assurance of the forgiveness of her sins. One Sunday evening, in a prayer-meeting after the public service at Bilston, while earnestly engaged in prayer, she was enabled to cast her soul upon the mercy of God, through the merits of her Saviour; and pressing her Bible to her breast, made glad all around her, as she testified that there and then her sins were forgiven, and her soul made happy in Christ her Saviour. From that time forward her conduct was marked by the most careful consistency; she neither allowed in herself the neglect of any known duty, nor the commission of any act that she knew would be displeasing to the Saviour. At that time her health was good, and she had every prospect of spending many years in the smile and service of Christ. She had previously been engaged as a

Sunday-school teacher, but it soon became evident that, now enjoying for herself the blessings of personal religion, she felt a deeper interest in the school and the scholars. While those who knew her rejoiced to witness the change wrought in her, and the grace of God given to her, they little thought that the great work of conversion was so soon to be followed by fatal disease in the form of consumption. Her state of health soon rendered it advisable that a change of air should be tried; but during a month spent in the country, unfavourable symptoms developed themselves so rapidly, that upon her return, eminent physicians held out but little hope of her recovery. Upon being told that appearances were against her restoration, she received the intelligence without alarm or distress, and calmly left herself in the hands of God. For many weeks she was confined to bed. As long as her strength permitted, she spent much of her time in reading; making a practice of translating a chapter from her French Bible into English every morning. As her weakness increased, this was discontinued; and the Bible and hymn-book, with her daily text-book, became her constant companions. When in health she had been timid in speaking of her religious state; and in the class-meeting always expressed her-

self in the most simple and humble manner. But as the realities of another world seemed to come nigher, strength to speak of herself, and to witness for Christ, was graciously given her. When asked if she thought she should be raised up again, she replied, "I have only two reasons for wishing to live: one, that I might live in a different way from that in which I have lived; and the other, that I might be useful." She was harassed and perplexed with doubts respecting the resurrection of the body; but the prayerful reading of 1 Cor. xv., and John xiv., removed all her doubts, and enabled her calmly to rest in Christ. She expressed her full resignation to the will of God, and spoke of fulness of the Saviour's love; her pleasant countenance, and joyous smile, being remarked by all who visited her. Her sufferings were often most severe. She constantly, however, gave proof that "the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." On the Thursday before her death, she was exceedingly ill, but she could cheerfully say,—

"When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast."

She spoke to all who came into her room, and urged her brothers and sisters to give their hearts to God, and meet her in heaven. To a friend who visited her, she said, "I feel that it is all for the best that God is going to take me. I sometimes think that if He were to spare me, I am such a timid Christian, that I should be afraid to confess Christ." The last Sunday of her life was one of distressing pain; but there was no murmur or complaining. When reminded that she was spared to see another beautiful Sabbath, she replied, "Yes, waiting God's time." To two young friends who called after the morning service, addressing each by name, she said, "I cannot speak much; I shall never see you again; but meet me in heaven." On the evening of that day, referring to the singing which she could hear in the adjoining chapel, she said that she "had often grieved on that bed, because she had not more fully prized the privileges of the sanctuary when in health and able to enjoy them;

and could she again have the opportunity, how differently she would value them." On seeing one of her sisters looking at her, she remarked, that they seemed to wonder that she did not weep, "But," she said, "I cannot weep; it seems as if God had taken all my tears away." On the Monday afternoon she experienced a great change, and for several hours every moment seemed to say that the mortal strife was ended; but still she lingered, and when the couplet was quoted,—

"Angels beckon me away;"

she caught it up, and exclaimed,—

"And Jesus bids me come."

"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and take me to Thyself." The whole of that night was spent by her friends in watching, and by herself in waiting for the great event. To the surprise of all she continued through the next day and night. She had been previously asked to lift her hand when in "the valley of death," if unable to speak. She recollected this, and when the powers of language had well-nigh failed, she again and again raised her hand in triumph. When prayer was offered, she responded with evident feeling. The end now seemed very near. Her eyes were fixed, and both hands raised, when, with a great effort, as well as she could articulate, she said, "I have all along been afraid of a terrible conflict at last, but all my doubts and fears are gone. 'Thanks be to God, which hath given me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Victory, victory. Hallelujah! 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' Follow me; all follow me." Her eyes appeared to be opening upon "the land that is afar off," when she said in broken accents,—

"Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love."

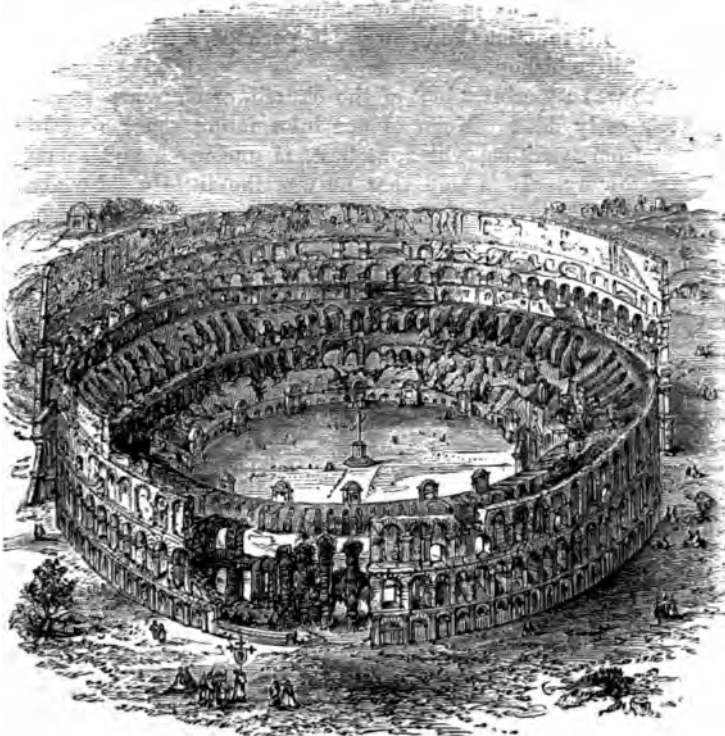
And her tongue became for ever silent on earth. In three or four minutes her hands gently sunk, as if in token that the spirit had fled; a lamb to be for ever folded in the Good Shepherd's arms. She exchanged mortality for life, November 25th, 1863, aged fifteen years; and sleeps in the ministers' vault in the cemetery at Wolverhampton. C.

ANNIE MARIA BURDON was born at Cleadon, near Sunderland, on the 19th of September, 1846. Her grandparents on both sides were prominently and most usefully connected with Methodism for a great number of years. One of the four, Mrs. Robert Frank, formerly of Fryup, now of Darlington, still survives; and is waiting for her Master's call, in the spirit of the Psalmist, when he said, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee." Annie had the advantage of truly godly parents. Their counsels, prayers, and example united to impress her, very early in life, with the fear of God. Amiability, sympathy, and benevolence were leading features in her character. Happily, too, for her, she practically acknowledged the claims of the Saviour when little more than eleven years of age. She was converted to God under the ministry of the Rev. Charles Rawlings, November 3d, 1857; and became a member of the Methodist church, with which she remained united until her death. She was remarkably conscientious in her private duties, having stated times for reading the Scriptures, and for prayer. A similar exactness was carried out in all her affairs. Her physical frame was delicate from her childhood. In the year 1861, her strength became so far impaired that her medical attendant recommended the family to remove to Newcastle, in order to escape the strong sea-air to which she was exposed in Cleadon. For some time her health was considerably improved; but, in the autumn of 1863, symptoms of consumption made their appearance. The advance of this disease upon so delicate a frame was very rapid. Her habits were thoughtful and studious, and during her affliction she took great delight in reading. A book kindly lent to her by a friend, entitled, *Leaning on the Beloved*, was made a great blessing to her. She also welcomed, and expressed herself as much profited by, the frequent visits of one of the ministers of the Circuit. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered during one of these visits,

which was rendered memorable by the manifested presence of the Saviour, and the earnest of heaven which was then enjoyed. Her natural diffidence was so great, that it required quite an effort for her to speak of the state of her soul to others. During her affliction she was sometimes oppressed with the thought that she had not done more to testify her love to Christ; but as she neared the end of life's journey, her Saviour became increasingly precious to her. On the morning of the day on which she died, she said, very emphatically, "Jesus is with me: I am happy now!" A near neighbour, and very kind friend, had often expressed her confidence that God would manifest Himself more clearly to her before her departure. This confidence God in mercy honoured, in such a manner as greatly to comfort the hearts of many sorrowing ones. Around the dying bed of this young disciple were assembled the friend in question; parents who tenderly loved her, and who had watched over her with unremitting care; beloved sisters who anticipated her wants, and who, when in feebleness extreme, sought to relieve her suffering. During the final struggle between life and death, she rose up, as if with supernatural strength, and said, "Jesus is with me! Jesus is with me!" At her request, two verses of the hymn, "Rock of Ages," were sung. She said, "Is there not more? Sing it all: shout, and sing!" While her friends were singing the last verse,—

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death," &c.,

her moving lips showed that, to the utmost of her power, she was joining in the exercise. In a few moments she fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a sigh, in the eighteenth year of her age. At half-past ten o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday, 1864, while the various congregations of God's people were just commencing their public devotions, she entered, through the merit and mercy of our great Restorer, into her heavenly rest. P. F.



(Remains of the Colosseum.)

IGNATIUS.

THE city of Antioch was anciently the capital of Syria. It has been also celebrated as the seat of Roman government in the East; as the place where the disciples of Jesus were "first called Christians;" and as the scene of the labours of Ignatius, one of the "Apostolic Fathers,"—a bishop, a writer, and a martyr.

The kind of episcopacy which obtained in the early Christian churches has given rise to much controversy. Presbyterians hold that bishops and presbyters were the same in apostolic times; that these are two names for one order of ministers. Episcopalians contend that there were two orders of ministers in the church, and that the bishops were superior to the presbyters. This is not the place to enter into this vexed question; but it may be said, in passing, that, confining the controversy to the New-Testament Scriptures, the Presbyterians appear to have the best of the argument; but, in appealing to the "Fathers," the Episcopalians are strong.

With regard to Ignatius, it would be easy to show from his own writings that the diocesan episcopacy of the Romish Church—or even of the Anglican—gives by no means a fair representation of the office

which he sustained as bishop of Antioch. A Methodist "superintendent," in his functions and powers, is, perhaps, a truer reproduction of this primitive bishop.

Ignatius was superintendent of the church, or churches, at Antioch at a very early date. Much of our information concerning him is gathered from tradition, which, at best, is uncertain, and sometimes self-contradictory. It is said that he was the little child whom the Saviour set in the midst of the disciples when He said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God." No doubt that "little child," if he lived to be a man, had a history of some kind; and it is scarcely wonderful that minds of a certain class should seek to trace the course of one invested with an interest so singular. But although Metaphrastes, Nicephorus, and other writers, give currency to the tradition, yet the more reliable authority of Chrysostom affirms that Ignatius never saw our Saviour at all.

Although he lived in the times of the Apostles, there is no mention made of him in the New Testament. He is said to have been familiar with Peter and Paul; while other, and perhaps better, accounts represent him as a disciple of John. The church at Antioch, with which he was connected, was one of the most important in the East, and was the first planted amongst the Gentiles. The names of some of its first teachers we know were "Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch, and Saul." At what time Ignatius became connected with it cannot be definitely ascertained; but probably it was about the year A.D. 67. He was the second bishop of Antioch; and by some is spoken of as having been for a time co-superintendent with the first—probably, Evodius—in the government of the church. Little is known of his acts during his ministry of forty years in that populous city. It is recorded of him, by a later writer, that he introduced antiphonal singing in praise of the Holy Trinity into the church, in consequence of a vision which he is alleged to have had, in which he heard the angels celebrating in alternate hymns the glory of the Godhead. That he had such a vision is not at all certain; and for the lesson which he is said to have learned from it, it was scarcely necessary. The suggestion which he is said to have taken from a vision of his own, might be had from the vision of Isaiah, with which, of course, Ignatius must have been familiar. The song of the seraphim, as heard by the prophet, was triple in its ascription of praise to God, and antiphonal in its expression: "*And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory.*"

Ignatius is known to us as a writer of seven Epistles. The whole of these were written on his journey to Rome, whither he was sent as a prisoner condemned to death. Four of them—the Epistles to the Churches of Ephesus, Magnesia, Tralles, and Rome—were written

from Smyrna; and the other three—to the Churches of Philadelphia and Smyrna, and to Polycarp, his old friend and fellow-disciple—were written during his stay at Troas. These famous letters, which were written in Greek, were edited by Archbishop Usher, and translated into English by Archbishop Wake. Their genuineness has been the occasion of much controversy, and has found an able defender in Bishop Pearson, in his *Vindiciæ Ignatianæ*. Milton thought he discovered phrases in them which had a smack of subsequent times; and if he did not doubt their genuineness, was evidently sceptical of their uncorrupted preservation. In the fierce spirit of a Puritan polemic, and in the strained and too figurative prose of a poet, he thus delivers himself: "Had God ever intended that we should have sought any part of useful instruction from Ignatius, doubtless He would not have so ill-provided for our knowledge as to send him to our hands in this broken and disjointed plight; and if He intended no such thing, we do injuriously in thinking to taste better the pure evangelical manna by seasoning our mouths with the tainted scraps and fragments of an unknown table; and searching among the verminous and polluted rags dropped, overworn, from the toiling shoulders of Time; with these deformedly to quilt and interlace the entire, the spotless, and undecaying robe of Truth; the daughter, not of Time, but of Heaven; only bred up here below in Christian hearts, between two grave and holy nurses, the Doctrine and Discipline of the Gospel." This is very strong. A somewhat different estimate of the Epistles of Ignatius was formed by Wesley, when he published an abridgment of them, with a commendatory preface from his own pen.

The martyrdom of Ignatius took place under Trajan, who, notwithstanding his condemnation of this estimable man, was deemed one of the most humane of the Roman Emperors. Indeed, about the very time that he sent the Bishop of Antioch to the imperial city, to be torn by wild beasts "for the amusement of the people," he mitigated the general persecution of his Christian subjects, in consequence of the celebrated letter of Pliny, Proconsul of Bithynia, which bore testimony to the harmlessness and simplicity of the "sect everywhere spoken against." It was during a visit to Antioch, on his way to the Parthian war, in the tenth year of his reign, that Trajan pronounced sentence of death against the good Ignatius. The aged saint, who called himself Theophoros, because he carried Christ in his breast, having declared that He who was crucified by Pilate was in him, and that His kingdom was his portion, was ordered by the incensed Emperor to be taken to the imperial city, to be devoured by wild beasts. Before the savage animals were let loose upon him, in the great amphitheatre at Rome, he was worried by beasts in human form,—like the "beasts at Ephesus," with whom Paul had to fight. In referring to the ten soldiers who had charge of him on the journey, he wrote: "By land and sea, by night and day, I am chained to ten leopards, who are made even worse by kind treatment." And yet

they permitted him to visit Polycarp at Smyrna; to write the Epistles already mentioned; and to receive messengers and deputations which were sent with the salutations of several churches upon, or near, his route, and to give them his benediction.

Ignatius faced death not only with heroic intrepidity, but welcomed it with ardent desire. He wrote to the Christians at Rome to dissuade them from using any influence towards saving his life. "I fear your charity," said he, "lest it should injure me. It will be easy for you to do what you wish; but it will be difficult for me to glorify God, if I should be spared through your entreaties. If you be silent in my behalf, I shall be made partaker of God; but if you love to retain me in the flesh, I shall again have my course to run. I beseech you, that you show not an unreasonable love toward me. Suffer me to be the food of beasts, by which means I shall attain to the kingdom of God."

In this passionate longing for martyrdom Ignatius is not to be justified. Christianity does not destroy our natural repugnance to a death inflicted by cruel and violent means. Although Paul had a "desire to depart and be with Christ," yet he willingly acquiesced in remaining in the flesh because it was needful for the churches. And as to the "crown of martyrdom," we see no evidence of any morbid or unnatural desire to obtain it on his part. On the contrary, he frequently fled from persecution; to ward off the blow aimed by his enemies, he asserted his privileges of Roman citizenship; and he prosecuted his appeal to Cæsar in defence of his own imperilled liberty and life. Ignatius, however, has had an admirer and defender, in this craving for death, in the Rev. John Gambold; an early friend of Wesley, one of the student-Methodists at Oxford, in 1730, afterwards Vicar of Stanton-Harcourt, and subsequently a Moravian bishop. Mr. Gambold wrote a tragedy on "The Martyrdom of St. Ignatius," in which Agathopus and Philo, deacons of Antioch, two of the *dramatis personæ*, discuss this very subject. The former says:—

..... "A glorious day, O Philo,
When persecution low'rs! I call it sunshine."

He further says that the Christian

"Carries devoted blood, which, more than ready,
Pants to be spilt upon its Maker's grave."

When his more sober brother ventures to say:—

"I think the love of Christ need not imply
Such blunt, importunate desire of death."

Agathopus replies:—

"Recall th' unworthy thought! and search thy heart,
My Philo; for I fear these sober minds
Have worldly lusts at bottom."

Ignatius suffered martyrdom in the Colosseum at Rome; a huge amphitheatre, covering six acres of ground, and capable of accommodating

about eighty thousand spectators. This stupendous pile, architecturally the glory of the imperial city, was in scenes and associations its shame. There took place the brutal combats of the gladiators; the shocking encounters of men with savage beasts; and there the innocent blood of the saints flowed in torrents. Many a time was the cry raised, on the most frivolous pretexts, *Christianos ad leones!* "To the lions with the Christians." There, too, the holy Ignatius was

"Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday."

When led into the amphitheatre, the lions soon despatched him. A few bones only were left, which his deacons carried back to Antioch, where they buried them. His spirit followed that of Stephen to the Lord Jesus, and is with "the noble army of martyrs," who praise Him day and night.

T. M'C.

CORNISH METHODIST WORTHIES.

No. IV.

A DEVOUT PHILOSOPHER.

"God of our fathers, what is man!
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That, wandering loose abroad,
Grow up and perish as the summer fly,—
Heads without name, no more remem-
ber'd;—
But such as Thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
For some great work,—Thy glory."

HAVE you ever watched, from some lofty peak, the sun rise upon the Alps? If so, then you have seen first a ray of light trembling on the horizon, pale and indefinite, like a timid and uncertain hope; then a long line of fire, cutting the blue heaven with firmness and decision; and then a sea of vapours mounting slowly from the shadows below, extending themselves like a shroud between the earth and the star of day. Now succeeds a struggle between the orb and the mists of the night; a cold, sharp and keen, the while encircling you. At last, the sun, disengaging himself from the cloud, stands revealed high in the heavens; and, calm in his glory, rejoicing in his triumph, floods you with warmth and light. Such is the life of Genius; and such was the life

of the Cornish Philosopher. He was a good man, and on that account a great man; but he had also great natural powers, which he employed well. He had, however, a long struggle with heavy clouds before he reached his proper place, and shone in his true character.

Men like Samuel Drew are among the greatest benefactors to their race. They make genius the blessing that it was intended to be. They not only enlighten the mind, but elevate the soul, and educate the heart; teaching men how best to show their love to God, and to their fellow-men. We owe more to those who teach us to *think*, to think aright, than to those who freight ships with merchandize, or fill our warehouses with their manufactures. The one class assists in providing for the wants of the body, while the other aids in supplying the longings of the imperishable soul.

Mind acts upon mind with advantage both to him who influences and to him that is acted upon. The attrition of intellects is equally necessary for perfecting the capacity of the least, and for developing the excellence of the greatest. The diamond is polished by diamond dust; and the particles thrown off in disclosing the beauty of many inferior

ones may be useful in bringing out the lustre of a gem worth a thousand others. Thus it was, while the mind of Mr. Drew was long acted upon by intercourse with many others inferior to his own, he at last came forth with superior lustre, commanding the attention of the learned and the great. When he shone the brightest, however, he was the most simple; for great men, like great truths, are great by being simple. Mr. Drew lived to teach

"His fellow-men their beauty and their strength,
And show them the deep meaning of their souls."

The subject of this sketch was born at St. Austell, a small, but pretty town in the East of Cornwall. In 1757 Mr. Wesley visited this place, and says respecting it, "I preached at St. Austell to an exceeding civil people. But when will they be wounded, that they may be healed?" In after times, however, the heavenly flame broke out in an extraordinary manner, and great numbers were there gathered into the fold of Christ. Samuel Drew's parents were intelligent, industrious, and pious. They feared God, and were honest in the sight of man. Their home was small, and mean; and at one end of the dwelling-house there stood a mill, which was used for the purpose of pulverizing ore. Here it was that Samuel was born, on the 3d day of March, 1765. The father of this lad was brought to God, and to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, under the preaching of George Whitefield. After his conversion he was greatly persecuted by his relatives, and became an outcast from his father's house. He was afterwards a member of the Society formed by Mr. Wesley in St. Austell. The mother was a woman possessed of a strong, masculine understanding, united to a heart that loved God. She was converted through the preaching of

Wesley when she was young. Her zeal for Christ, and courage in holy things, were not easily damped. After her conversion she learnt both to read and write. That at length she could compose well, and that her sentiments were vigorous, the following extract from one of her papers will show:—"To you which believe He is precious.' O! my eternal Friend, and Lover, Thou art precious to my soul; more precious than the gold of Ophir! The pearls of Ethiopia cannot equal Thee in my esteem. Thou art that Wisdom that stood by God, at His right hand, when He made the world, and all that is therein. O, make me a possessor of Thyself, the only true wisdom, the life Divine, the 'pearl of great price.'"

It was under the influence and guidance of such parents that Samuel grew up. He was shrewd and resolute; but he had no particular liking for book-learning. He was placed at a school, at the cost of one penny per week. Here he was far more disposed to play truant than to attend to his lessons.

It was well that he had such a mother, and one who was so willing to direct him. The most direct and lasting of the influences ordinarily at work in the formation of human character, is that of woman. Man in active life is what he is, to a great extent, by her power. His infancy being committed to her charge, and his childhood spent in her society, her sayings and doings first impress themselves upon him. The prayer that she taught him first to lisp is never forgotten. Her exhortations and example for good remain fresh in his memory, and prove instrumental in preserving him from temptations and dangers, and in qualifying him for the duties of manhood. The noble qualities displayed by illustrious men are generally the fruit of seed sown in infancy. "Train up a child in the

way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it," is the teaching of God; and experience continues to illustrate its truth. Very many great men have attributed their success to their mother: their first steps were guided by her hand; and they confess their greatness to have been the result of her early tuition.

This was the case with Samuel Drew. His animal spirits were exuberant, and were often displayed in inoffensive pranks and frolics. It was very early apparent to his mother that he would not receive instruction in the ordinary way; and, therefore, she took special charge of him herself. It was from her, and his brother, that he learnt the little he knew of writing while he was a child. From his mother he also received lessons bearing on his moral life, his eternal interests, and his relations to God. These lessons continued with him to his last day. The mother saw that her boy was suffering from evil associations, and she did her best to correct the evil. She ruled by *love*, while the father did so more by *authority*. To the former, the boy yielded; but against the latter, he in some degree rebelled. Mere austerity and denunciation will not bring the wanderer back from forbidden paths, or move within him the springs of virtuous action. If there is aught that will allure the wayward, it is the voice of love and friendly admonition. Where severity fails, persevering kindness often serves to quiet fears, to subdue passions, to enlist the best affections, and thus to secure a victory over erring humanity. After all other means have been tried in vain, a word spoken in love, even a tear or a smile, may reclaim a wandering lad.

When about six years of age, young Drew commenced mining operations on a small scale. Acting as their captain, he engaged other boys to work under him. They sank

a shaft several fathoms deep. This his father compelled him to fill again. At the age of eight he was employed to work as a *buddle-boy*, whose business it is to agitate ore deposited in pits, for the purpose of cleansing it. His wages were three-halfpence per day; and, although he worked in this way for two years, he never received more than twopence per day. His first week's wages were lost through the insolvency of his employer. This event, however, placed him in a position in which he could earn the higher rate we have named. This raised him in his own estimation and self-importance. Before he was ten years old his mother died; and in one of his earliest metrical attempts, we find him giving vent to the bitterness of his grief. The production included the following lines:—

"These eyes have seen a tender mother
torn
From three small babes she left behind to
mourn;
This throbbing breast has heaved the
heart-felt sigh,
And breathed afflictions where her ashes
lie.
Relentless death! to rob my younger
years
Of soft indulgence and a mother's cares:
Just brought to life, then left without a
guide,
To wade through time, and grapple with
the tide."

Soon after his mother's death, young Samuel was placed at St. Blazey, to learn the business of shoemaking. Here he endured great hardship; and he was led often to think of enlisting on board a privateer, or a man-of-war, but was prevented doing so by what he afterward regarded as a kind Providence. While he was in this situation, he lost the disposition, and almost the ability, to read. He became exceedingly immoral and dissipated, contracting many bad habits, and only just escaping a committal to the

county gaol for pilfering. He, at length, attached himself to a band of smugglers, and very often absented himself from his master's house during the night. He became sullen, and disliked both his work and his employer. After a while he ran away from the place. After enduring great sufferings, and much humiliation, he was then brought back to his father's house. There, for a time, he remained, assisting his father on his farm. He now had opportunity for reflection, and for some months felt his position keenly:—

"O, I have sinned! and in the blighting air
Of dissolution, spoil'd my flowers of joy;
My soul can never more become as fair,
Or fresh in feeling as a fervent boy."

In the year 1782 young Drew was again placed out to learn the art of making shoes. As a special charge, he was given into the care of a person residing at Millbrook, on the Cornish side of the estuary of the Tamar. In this spot there was much to charm him, and he entered upon his work cheerfully, and devoted himself to acquiring, during the intervals of labour, information concerning surrounding objects. He here displayed considerable argumentative power, and showed great quickness at repartee; whilst at times he indulged in exhibitions of drollery and good humour. Though he gained the respect of his comrades, and was reformed a little in his general habits, he remained in heart the same,—quite unchanged,—and still pursued many of his former practices. In his business he was what he called "a wretched tool," unable to earn more than eight shillings per week. He was astonished, on one occasion, to find that, by working many hours extra, he had, at the end of a week, become the possessor of half-a-guinea! He was driven to observe very rigid economy, and more than once had to tie his apron-string tighter as a substitute for a

dinner. In all this there was no marvel, for—

"He stole away at the fall of night,
When the red round moon was deepening
her light;
But none knew whither his footsteps bent,
Nor how those stealthy hours were spent;
For he crept away to the rocky bay,
Where the cave and craft of a fierce band
lay;
He gave the signal cry, 'Ahoy!'
And worked all night a smuggler boy."

In his sin and folly he was at length brought near to death, and his father thought it desirable to get him removed into his own neighbourhood. He accordingly went to reside and to work at St. Austell.

About this time, Adam, afterwards Dr., Clarke, was appointed to travel as a Wesleyan-Methodist preacher in the East-Cornwall Circuit. On his arrival at St. Austell he found that his sphere comprehended "more than forty places," and that the people were remarkable for their love of learning, their strong inclination to metaphysical subjects, and their respect for earnest religion. The preaching of Mr. Clarke was attractive, and it arrested the attention of young Drew. He and his sister were led to join themselves, as members, to the Methodist Society. The death of an elder brother also deeply affected him; and, under a funeral sermon preached for that brother by Mr. Clarke, he obtained correct views of Divine truth, and very distinct impressions of its importance. A short time after, while engaged secretly in prayer, under a tree, he found the forgiveness of sins, and became a child of God, through believing in Jesus Christ.

"He trusted, and at eventide light came;
And he beheld from far a mighty flood,—
A river great and wide,—and it roll'd on
Until it reach'd him, as he knelt, and
swept
Over his head; and he was all immersed,
For one brief moment, in its cooling tide:
And in his ear God's Holy Spirit spake:—

'Fear not, for thou art wash'd and sanctified!

Far as the east is from the west, so far
That tide of love has borne thy sins from thee.'

From the time of his conversion Mr. Drew became "diligent in business," and "fervent in spirit." A new direction was then given to his mental energy; and under a fresh impulse to application, those powers began to develop themselves which in after-life raised him into distinction. Religion became the powerful auxiliary to the exercise of his intellect. His reading was at first confined to books that were brought to his master's to be bound; for he now worked with one who combined book-binding with shoe-making. For awhile his inquiries took no specific direction, but were general and desultory; but on Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* being brought to the shop, he sought every possible opportunity to look into it, and to read it. The mode of reasoning, and the arguments employed by that author, both pleased and profited him. From this source he got his first bias for abstruse subjects. "This book," he says, "set all my soul to think, to feel, and to reason, from all without and from all within. It gave the first metaphysical turn to my mind; and I cultivated the little knowledge of writing which I had acquired, in order to put down my reflections. It awakened me from my stupor, and induced me to form the resolution to abandon the grovelling views which I had been accustomed to entertain." The first volume that he could call his own was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. This greatly delighted him, and deepened his religious impressions; and, next to his Bible, was his constant companion. He had now learned that,—

"We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be in earnest in a world like ours."

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO A MILITARY PRISON.

SOME one said, "one half the world knows not how the other half lives." The saying is true. It is, however, well to get an insight to the habits of life of our neighbours, and well to know what goes on around us.

You, my friendly reader, were my companion, the other day, in a visit to an hospital: permit me now to give you a cordial invitation to spend another afternoon with me, and I will take you to prison. I will promise you two things; namely, that you shall be admitted without the recommendation of a commitment, and be allowed to come out at any moment that you wish. You are surprised, perhaps, that it is part of the fixed duties of a Wesleyan Minister to visit prison twice a week at least, and conduct Divine worship there with men who are styled "Wesleyans." You have supposed that a Class-room, and not a cell, was the place for such services; that a pious man, an elder of the church, and not a warder, was the proper leader for them—one to whom acts of devotion are more familiar employment than attending to shot-drill and oakum-picking.

I am not surprised by such an opinion; but let me explain that yonder Fort is a *military*, and not a civil, prison; and that in army life *all* who attend our public worship are called Wesleyans; so that many have that name—ay, and would fight for it too—who never saw a Class-ticket in their lives. More, many are prisoners there who have committed no moral offence, but who have been tried for faults paltry in the estimation of a civilian, though not to be lightly esteemed in a service of which discipline is the life. Still I must in fairness say that several of those whom you will see to-day are bad enough, and richly deserve their punishment.

Every Sunday afternoon the Wesleyan soldiers in prison are duly paraded, and marched to my service, held in a subterranean chapel; and again on Wednesdays, as to-day, they are assembled to read, and pray, and hear; then, after the service, I have a private interview with several; and if you will, you may give me the pleasure of your company in the duty of this afternoon.

Yonder warder, whom you see approaching, comes in answer to the bell I rang just now. He is armed, as you observe; because of an attack, almost murderous, made on some warders, a few months ago, by two ruffian prisoners, who were flogged for it in twenty-four hours afterwards, and who will long remember very vividly that incident. And so shall I; for I saw the bare and blooded back of one of them almost immediately afterwards. He was a hardened offender.

That heavy, dead noise, made every half-moment, is the dropping of shot by prisoners at drill-punishment; hard, trying work to most.

"Attention!" That is the call of the warder with our men, who sees our approach. They stand at the entrance to our underground chapel, awaiting our arrival. We salute them, and they follow us down the steps and passage, and we are in our snug little room.

This paper on the table is the list of "our prisoners," sent by the governor of the gaol. I will count names and heads, and see that the warders have not failed to bring them all; and if they have, I shall send one off in search of absentees, so that all may be present. The numbers correspond. I will now see that the names correspond with the faces, so that no interloper may have crept in, to the exclusion of one who ought to be here, but is not. The warder has only counted names and men, without *calling* names. Ah! there is a

case of the sort. Robert S—— is not here, but William C—— is. Robert S——'s name is on the list, and he is absent; William C——'s name is not on, and yet he is here. I must rectify the mistake. Both names should be on the list, and I must have both men. While the warder attends to this, we will begin the service:—

"O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for
Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!"

The singing is very hearty. No wonder. These poor fellows are doomed to silence all the week, and they are delighted to make melody thus. And more than that, this grand old tune was sung by every one of them years ago, at home. They sang it when they were boys in the school, in the house, in the chapel. That Leeds youth did, I am sure; and so did that lad from Warwick; and that young Irishman, the sweetest singer of them all; and the rest. I sometimes have thought if we could have this prison band of fourteen or fifteen voices as a choir in our larger congregations in the garrison, it would be delightful. Christian singing should always be hearty.

After prayer, we will chant, "Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;" and then we will read a chapter of the New Testament, each person reading a verse; then I will give an exposition, and invite questions. Now another verse or two in the voice of song; then a short address, or the reading of some narrative of interest. That concluded, we will sing again; and books and papers shall be put on the table, so that whilst we speak to individuals in my private room, the rest may be profitably employed in looking at books, tracts, or the charming pages of the *British Workman*, *Band*

of *Hope Review*, or at our own Magazines.

The first lad with whom we will talk, is about the worst, most stupid youth, who ever wore prison clothes. When he leaves gaol after this imprisonment, he will have given to him what is called a "blank discharge;" in ordinary language, he will be "drummed out of his corps." He has made his poor mother's heart ache often, and has led a wild, reckless, ruinous life. He has been galloping at full speed towards death for some time; and I should not be surprised to know that the spade is now in use that will dig his grave. But all this makes it more needful for us to come to him, ply him with the truth, and seek his conversion to God.

We will speak with him in the next room.

"Well, A—, your time here will soon be up now, and then you will turn over to the next leaf of your life's book. What do you intend to write on it?"

"I scarcely know, Sir. Something cleaner than before, though, if I can. I suppose they will start me off from barracks, and may-be in civil life I shall do better. I shall have fewer temptations; the service is an awful place for a young fellow."

"Don't make any mistake on this subject, A—. The service did not make you bad; you were bad before you came into it. You have been so bad all the time you have been in it, that, for its own credit and fair name, it will cast you forth; so that if for better things you are relying only on a change of circumstances, you will be deceived. Go deeper into your case. It is not change of places you need; it is change of heart, my brother. And what a mercy, when all others turn you away, the Lord Jesus, who can alone give you life, will receive you. He says to you most lovingly, 'Him

that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

His reply is to this effect:—

"Ah, Sir, everything has gone against me ever since I was a lad. I have been crowded all round with temptations. I used to go to a village chapel at —, with my mother, when a mere child. Then, while still a boy, I was sent to work at the training stables at Newmarket; and a pretty training I got there. Not satisfied, I went to France, and found employment at the great racing establishment at Chantilly; there, amongst grooms and jockeys, English and French, I had the last touches given to my education. I never went to a place of worship while in France."

Poor lad! he was a painful instance of the terrible perverting power of sin. His details of former life were sad, and one could not prevent a feeling of sorrow, that an English form of vice should be transplanted to a country that had vice enough indigenous to itself; that the old quiet of Chantilly should be rudely broken by this new kind of population; that the ancestral estates of the house of Condé should pass from their once royal stateliness into the use of the disorderly, the gambler, the drunkard, the debased that frequent the race-course. Would to God that the nations were as eager to accept the characteristics of English piety and homeliness, as they are to welcome those of English crime, vice, and folly.

The next prisoner whom we will call is William C—. He once promised fairly; attended for awhile my class; and is a handsome, intelligent youth.

"Why, C—, I am sorry to see you here. How have you managed to get into trouble?"

"I deserted, Sir."

"What is your sentence?"

"Forty-two days."

"Forty-two days for a first offence of desertion! How came that about? What else was there besides desertion?"

"Much worse, Sir; much worse! I took some money, and was sent for that to Maidstone gaol for six weeks; but it came against me on my court-martial, so that I got the long sentence, and was branded with the letter D besides."

"It grieves me to see you here, my dear lad, wearing this ugly dress, and having your hair cut off so closely; but it grieves me much more to hear that you stole money; that was bad, indeed; but how came you to do it? Tell me, for you have not got a thief's face."

He bursts into tears, and says, "No! no! I am not a thief in heart. It was sudden temptation. I had no idea of robbery or desertion that morning when I got up; but having to go into Lieutenant S——'s room, I saw four sovereigns on the table, and the impulse was terribly strong. I took the money, and started off immediately. I am in great grief about it now, and I wanted so much to tell you all, and ask your advice."

"I grieve for you very much; but though I know the horrible power of sudden temptation, I cannot quite understand how even that should have made *you* steal. To some sins it might have led you without making me so surprised, but to theft—no!"

"Well, Sir, the fact is I had been guilty of a certain sin for some time before, and there was the secret."

"What sin?"

"Gambling!"

"You asked my advice just now. It is this: tell God in sorrow all your sins, every item of them that you can remember. Ask Him for the sake of your Redeemer to take them all away, and believe on Him who bore the punishment due to you for

them all. Do not take any rest or comfort in this prison until the Lord forgives you, and bestows on you peace. Expect Him to do this quickly, and you will obtain mercy; and when you are discharged, do not spend an unnecessary penny on yourself until you have repaid Lieutenant S—— his four sovereigns; and from this moment break away from bad practices and bad people; give up gambling, give up drinking; give up the companions who have led you astray, or kept you in countenance in badness. And from the first night of your release come to our meetings; we shall be delighted to see you; don't wait until your hair grows; come from the first. Will you?"

"O, thank you; thank you. I will, Sir, God helping me."

We will now speak to a lad of nineteen, whose offence was simple enough, but who had been under the influence of a bad comrade of his regiment. He belongs to the cavalry, and has been sent to prison from another garrison.

"J——, I have called you in to-day because I wrote to your poor mother about you according to your request last week, and I have received a letter from her. I thought you would like to read it. Here it is."

He takes it; reads awhile; is excited; his eyes fill and re-fill with tears. He returns it not half read, saying, "Will you please to read it to me. I have tried, but I can scarcely see it."

"Rev. and dear Sir,—I am thankful for the kind interest you have taken in my poor boy. My heart bleeds over him, because I know he thinks himself an outcast from the mercy of our God, and the possibility of living a Christian life. But will you not tell him that Jesus died for him, and will give him rest if he comes to Him? Please to tell him, too, that his brother James, from London, came to see me last week; and that he and all of us love him as much as ever we did. I never thought that I should hear of

my child being in a prison; it grieves my soul: but, O! how happy should I be if God would bless your words to my boy. I pray earnestly that He will.

"I do not like to trouble you; but, dear Sir, if you will be so kind as to let me know when J—— will be free, and go back to his regiment, I will take a journey and go to see him.

"I am, Rev. Sir,

"Your obliged Servant,
"....."

"There is great hope for you, J——; lads that have got praying mothers, have constant, daily pleaders before God on their behalf. Only think of it, there are two who have besought God for you this day, your mother and your Saviour; join your prayers with theirs, and fix your faith on Christ, and you are sure to be saved, and saved now."

Now, having spent an hour-and-a-half in our meeting and conversation with these prisoners, not without (let us expect and pray) the blessing of Him who alone can bless the Word, we must dismiss them to their evening quarters; their long, common, oakum-picking room, their dungeons, or their cells, as the case may be; and we will conclude our visit by going to two or three men who are in solitary confinement for a week, and to one who is sick; afterwards we will go home, thankful that the grace of God has been powerful enough to restrain us from such crimes as would lodge us in such a place as this.

Brompton, Chatham. C. H. K.

SUPREME IMPORTANCE OF TRUTH.

"You see, Mr. —, to be sure, it was a terrible lie, but then it was for the cause of God," was the remark of one who thought that by his deception he had accomplished an important point, in favour of a case of ecclesiastical property.

How prone are men of all ages "to

do evil that good may come," to invent or propagate what is not true with a view of accomplishing some desirable end! How much need of being warned against attempting to spread or uphold truth by unhallowed means! Pious frauds, though often sanctioned on earth, yet offer a direct insult to the majesty of the God of truth and justice. God abominates a falsehood, even when the man who has forged it thinks he utters it in His service. If we cannot accomplish an end in any department of religion, morality, or civil government, without relinquishing the very truth, that circumstance is of itself an intimation as plain as if spoken by an inspired prophet, that the specific object is not intended by Providence to be brought about by such means of ours, and that it is presumption and sin in us to attempt it.—On Oaths.

AN OLD MAN'S VIEWS ON HOARDING AND GIVING.

MOST men are better at the rake, than at the pitch-fork: readier to pull in, than to give out. Men by their conduct generally say, "Let religion wait upon the world;" but we say, "Let the world wait upon religion." But although a wise man will lay out his wealth for God's sake, too many are found who will rather worship God for their wealth's sake. There are four terms, descriptive of quantity, which are here worthy of note:—*little, nothing, too much, enough.* The poor hath little; the beggar nothing; the rich too much; *but who hath enough?*

Let us not only receive but "communicate." If the Lord has sown plentiful seed, He expects a plentiful harvest. If God has made the bushel great, make not you the peck small. Deal not the bounty of heaven according to the mean practices of earth. To disperse abroad is to make

safe the rest at home. As God has laid up for you in this world, so lay you up for yourselves in the world to come. You shall find God the best creditor. He will pay great usury, not ten for a hundred; but a hundred, a thousand, for ten. The happy solace of a well-pleased conscience shall then rejoice you, and the never-failing promises of God shall satisfy you. No man is the poorer for that which he gives to the poor; but, summing up his books, he shall ever find himself the richer. The prayers of the poor, whom he helps, shall prevail with God for blessings upon him.

Do this the more earnestly because life is so short. Other farmers know the date of their leases, and the expiration of the years; but man, in relation to his earthly life, is merely "a tenant at will," and is thrust out of occupancy often at less than an hour's warning. It is the fashion of the world to let leases for *three* lives,—

"So short is life, that every tenant strives
In a town-house or field, to have three
lives."

But God lets His gifts and talents to none for more than one life; and, this expired, there is no hope of a renewal of the lease. *Receive*, therefore, in the name of God; *Return* to the praise of God; and *Beware* of covetousness in the fear of God.

"Sigh not for wealth or fame,
Lest, climbing, thou should'st fall :
A spotless heart and name
Are better far than all.
Be diligent to *think*,
And *speak*, and *act* the best;
As ever on death's brink ;
And leave to God the rest."

J. N.

COURTESY.

COURTESY is a subject of apostolic exhortation : "Be pitiful, be courteous," is the language of St. Peter.

The man who makes a profession of Christianity must be courteous towards his fellow-men under all the varying circumstances of life. If he be deficient in courtesy, the beauty, the consistency, of his religious character is to that extent impaired.

Generally speaking, the people of the world recognise the expediency, the desirableness of a courteous demeanour, if they do not quite regard it in the light of a duty. The Christian man will be courteous in his manners and in his dealings with others; not merely because he feels inclined to be so, or sees it to be his interest, but because he knows that courtesy is in accordance with God's revealed will.

The daily intercourse of life presents a wide field for the exercise of courtesy towards our fellow-men. When a man is talking to us, it is courtesy on our part to listen to what he has to say. What he says may appear to be very silly; what he says may be distasteful to us, may shock our prejudices, may even wound our self-love; still courtesy requires that we should hear him without the rudeness of interruption. The world would be a sad world to live in, without the ordinary courtesies and amenities of life. Some persons would seem to take a pride in their want of gentleness: they glory in the possession of a plain, blunt manner; they glory in a systematic disregard of the feelings of others. Such persons have strangely-constituted minds; shall we go further, and say, that they have bad hearts?

The courteous man makes friends. Circumstances may arise, in which a friend, even in the humblest grade of life, may be of essential service to us. The discourteous and blunt man, who consults nobody's feelings but his own, renders himself offensive to all with whom he comes in contact.

He affects to despise public opinion, and to act independently of it. A time, however, may come, and not unfrequently does come, when he will need a brother's sympathizing heart, and a brother's helping hand, when he cannot get them. The rough dis-obliging man will often say that he has no friends: he ought not to feel surprised that he has none; he must be sensible that he does not deserve to have them.

Once more: a feeling of courtesy is its own reward; it is a source of pleasure to ourselves, whilst it is agreeable to others. The habitually-courteous man is a comfortable and a happy man. The little ruggednesses of life are smoothed before him: he wins the love and affection not only of those who coincide with him in principle and sentiment, but of those who are unable to concur with him on all subjects.

It is of no use for people to plead their inability to be civil and obliging. Every man may be obliging in his manner, and in his general conduct, if he will. Making every fair allowance for difference of temperament and disposition, I cannot help thinking that there must be something morally wrong in that man who refuses to conform to the ordinary rules of courtesy and kindness in the general intercourse of society.

Of course, we may not carry our civility beyond legitimate bounds. We must not tamely acquiesce in sentiments which we do not approve, merely to please the person who utters them. This would involve a compromise of Christian principle, which nothing could excuse or defend. It is only in things proper and lawful that we are to become "all things to all men;" not only to please, but to persuade, and to win to what is good.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXLVIII.

"*Led away with divers lusts.*" (2 Tim. iii. 6.)

The devil leads lust, and lust hath the leading of the man. But whither do men's lusts lead them? Why, everywhere, up and down, where the devil hath laid his baits to take them. Some men's lusts lead them to their companions, to their sports and pastimes, to the ale-house, to the tavern; other men's lusts carry them into the city, or into the field, over sea and land, to find them out wealth and substance. Some men's lusts lead them to the courts of princes, to the palaces of nobles, to see fashions, to get favour, and to climb up into dignities and high places. Men need to consider whither they go, and what their call is thither. The devil hath oftener a hand in leading us up and down than we are aware of; and he that goes whither the devil leads him, it is ten to one but he will be in the net before he returns. We are never more secure than when we keep aloof from temptations, when the devil's baits are out of sight. We are never in more danger than when the hook is out of sight, and the bait is in sight. That is Satan's course; as to hide the hook, so to show the bait. He turned Eve's eye to the apple; Achan's eye to the wedge of gold; Ahab's eye to Naboth's vineyard; and then what work did he make with them!—*Alleine's World Conquered*, pp. 49, 50. Edit. 1668.

No. CXLIX.

"*For the love of money is the root of all evil.*" (1 Tim. vi. 10.)

Whence is it that there is so little faith, or truth, or righteousness, or mercy, among men? So little truth in their words, so little faith in their promises, so little righteousness in their dealings, no more bowels of compassion? We may be ashamed to think how little. So much praying, and hearing, and professing, and yet so much falsehood and wrong. So much knowledge of God, and yet so little conscience towards men. Such pretences to faith, and yet

so little exercise of charity. This is dreadful; but whence is all this? "The love of money is the root of all evil." This is the liar; this is the oppressor; this is the barbarian,—"the love of money." There had been more faith, and more truth, and more mercy, had there been less of this love. Where this root is dried up, where the world is no longer loved, it will be no longer served and obeyed. Nothing of it will be regarded but what is acquired in the way of truth and righteousness. He that loves the truth above the best trading, righteousness above the greatest riches, that counts mercy the best husbandry; he that had rather stand to a bad bargain than break his promise, make a bad market than advance his gain by a lie, suffer bad wares to lie on his hands than say they are good; he that had rather have no blessing in his hand than no bowels to lay it out for God; he that, however he hath this world about him, has an estate, houses, lands, money, in greatest abundance; he that, however he labours in all fair and innocent ways to preserve and improve what he has, yet chooses rather to be poor than not to be honest, to have nothing than not to be a good steward of what he has; he that will not be tempted to be false, unrighteous, unmerciful, for the getting or saving of an estate,—the world hath not much in the heart of that man. If this is to overcome the world, how many more captives hath it still than we are aware of? What trade is there driven almost anywhere in the world wherein the trade of lying hath not a great stock going? Are there not, even among the men pretending to religion, too many found who, instead of using the Psalmist's prayer, "Keep me from the way of lying," will rather content themselves with the Syrian's prayer: "The Lord pardon me in this thing."—*Ibid*, pp. 121—123.

THE STRANGER.

"I stand at the door and knock."

BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a Friend indeed?
He will; the very Friend you need!
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands!
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

Rise, touch'd with gratitude Divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,—
That hateful, hell-born monster, Sin,—
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.

If thou art poor, (and poor thou art,) Lo!
He has riches to impart:
Not wealth, in which mean avarice rolls;
O! better far, the wealth of souls!

Thou'rt blind; He'll take the scales away,
And let in everlasting day:
Naked thou art; but He shall dress
Thy blushing soul in righteousness.

Art thou a weeper? Grief shall fly;
For who can weep with Jesus by?
No terror shall thy hopes annoy;
No tear, except the tear of joy.

Admit Him, for the human brea'th
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a Guest;
Admit Him, for you can't expel;
Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell.

Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return!
Admit Him; or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Yet know, (nor of the terms complain,)
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey!

Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace!
O may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be His empire all mankind!

SKETCHES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

I.

GENERAL REMARKS—THE NILE—ITS
VALUE TO THE COUNTRY, AND ITS ORIGIN.

THERE is, perhaps, scarcely a spot on the face of the globe, Palestine excepted, which gathers around itself so much of interest and instruction as the land of Egypt. It occupies a prominent place



(Group of Egyptian Monuments.)

in both sacred and secular history, and is well worth even the vast amount of inquiry and research which, during many ages, have been bestowed upon it.

Recent criticism on the Pentateuch, involving many particulars in which Egypt is mentioned in the early books of the Old Testament, has revived the interest which the Christian student feels in the country, which was to ancient Israel, first, the land of protection and plenty, and then "the house of bondage."

The stupendous monuments of ancient art and industry which crowd the banks of the Nile,—vast pyramids; lofty obelisks, covered with hieroglyphics; colossal statues; enormous temples of elaborate and costly architecture, and some of them approached through avenues of gigantic sphinxes; immense caverns, hewn out of solid rock, used as sepulchres, and covered with sculpture and painting,—carry us back to a period

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of civilization and artistic skill separated from our own by the long interval of some five-and-thirty or forty centuries. It is to this distant and deeply-interesting era—an age far earlier than the days when imperial Rome gathered the nations of the east and the west under her sway, or poetry, philosophy, and refinement began to give renown to the cities of ancient Greece—that we propose to direct the attention of the readers of this periodical.

In the peculiar physical structure of Egypt, the principal object which meets the eye of the traveller is the far-famed Nile; and the source whence it flows, and the cause of its annual rise, have been subjects of inquiry from the days of Herodotus. This "Father of History" complains that, although he had travelled into Egypt for the purpose of gaining some information about the phenomena of this singular and mysterious river, he could get at nothing satisfactory. Aa

to the source of the Nile, one ancient geographer put it down at the antipodes; and Pliny's conjecture was that it would be found in farther Mauritania. Virgil, true to the poet's fancy, placed it far away in the distant and sunny east:—

“And where the stream from India's swarthy sons,
Close on the verge of quiver'd Persia runs,
Broods o'er green Egypt, with dark waves of mud,
And pours through many a mouth its branching flood.”

Of such importance is this river, that, were it not for the periodical overflow of its abundant waters, almost the whole country would soon become a dreary waste of sand and rock. Egypt has been called from earliest ages “the fruit of the Nile.” In point of fact, the very soil is simply the deposit of the river. Time was when that long narrow strip of verdant land, with its luxuriant harvests, was nothing more than a barren valley of sandstone and limestone. During the course of many a century the river bore along with its waters the soil of central Africa, which it spread on either side in regular annual deposits; and thus was gradually formed the country which became the home of some of the first settlers after the Flood. Every successive year the same process has been going on, and in no other country are such rich crops gathered with so little labour. In the old time of Egypt's prosperity and power, when the wondrous ruins of temple and palace, which now lie scattered in such profusion, reared their grand architecture of massive wall and sculptured column, a numerous and industrious population made the land thrive with the pursuits of an easy and abundantly remunerative agriculture. At that time the country was fruitful to an extent far beyond the returns which it yields to modern cultivation. Ages of oppression and servitude to foreign rulers have seriously interfered with the labours of productive industry; and evidences are met with that the sands of the desert now cover portions of land that were formerly fertile fields.

. After the Egyptian husbandmen had gathered in their crops of wheat and

barley, maize and rice were sown in the overflowing waters; and, in the same year, the granaries were replenished with the bounties of a second harvest. Among fruit-trees, perhaps the most numerous were the vine, the peach, the pomegranate, and the date; while here and there were plantations of orange and lemon groves. The principal vegetables were cucumbers, melons, and onions. Of the last-mentioned a recent traveller thus speaks: “Onions are always plentiful, and are sold at about twenty-five pounds for twopence half-penny. These are not like our English onions, but exceedingly mild and delicious; said, indeed, to be superior to any others in the world. They are not coated with hard skins, like ours, but every part of them is soft, and easy of digestion.” Speaking of melons, the same traveller says, “they are much eaten by the people, especially during hot weather; and they grow plentifully by the banks of the river. They not only allay thirst, but also serve as food and medicine.” They are specially remarkable for their cooling properties; and so we can well understand how it was that, travelling across the hot, dry desert, the Israelites longed for “the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick, which,” said they, “we did eat in Egypt freely.” (Num. xi. 5.)

The banks of the Nile were thickly fringed with the tall reeds of the papyrus, which grew to a height of from twelve to fifteen feet. This plant supplied great quantities of pith, from which a sort of paper was manufactured. It was customary to write on rolls of papyrus the principal events which occurred in the life of particular persons, and enclose them in the tombs in which they were buried. Some of these papyrus rolls, brought from the old sepulchres of Egypt, are now in the British Museum; the dry climate of the country having preserved them during so many centuries from decay.

Not only the river, but also the artificial lakes and canals which were fed by its annual inundations, abounded with aquatic birds and edible plants. The beautiful lotus spread its broad leaves and opened its flowers on the surface of

the waters, and the stalks and roots of this plant were used for food, while the seeds, resembling beans, were ground and made into cakes.

The river which thus gave to Egypt all its wealth of grain, fruit, and vegetables, also abounded with fish; and in the representations of the occupations of the people which appear on the old monuments, the catching and curing of this article of food are frequently met with. Among these fish the most noted "were the *oxyrhinchus*, or sharp-nosed fish, worshipped at a city called by its name; the *phagrus*, or eel; and the *lepidotus*, a kind of salmon or perch. There was also the *lato*, which gave its name to Latopolis, now called Esneh. Several kinds of fish have been found embalmed in the tombs; but their forms are not easily distinguished, and antiquarians are not agreed upon their identity."

The extensive supply of fish which the Nile yielded, is referred to in the Divine threatenings which the prophet Isaiah was commanded to utter against Egypt: "The fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle into the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish.... And they shall be broken in the purposes thereof, all that make sluices and ponds for fish." (Chap. xix. 8, 10.)

Besides the advantages which we have already mentioned, the Nile gave to the Egyptians a long line of convenient inland navigation. Of the stalks of the papyrus, which flourished so luxuriantly on its margin, boats were constructed, by which the various parts of the country were held in constant communication; and the fruits of the soil were without difficulty conveyed to points convenient for exportation to other countries.

Isaiah speaks of messengers sent "even in vessels of bulrushes" (papyrus) "upon the waters." (Chap. xviii. 2.) The sails of these boats were made of cloth, woven from native flax, which also supplied material for various articles of clothing. As the wind sets in with a steady breeze from the north, during the day, for nine months of the year, the ascent of the stream is easily made; while the traffic from the opposite direc-

tion is floated down in the night. At present the navigation of the river is frequently conducted by means of large rafts made of earthenware jars tied together. Sometimes as many as two thousand five hundred of these jars are used in the construction of a single raft, which will then measure about sixty feet by forty. The jars are lashed abreast of each other, and then upon these three or four similarly-formed layers are placed.

The papyrus plant, of which the ancient Egyptian boats were made, and on the reeds of which, tied together in bundles, the labourer paddled across the waters of the overflowed river, has long since disappeared. It is never met with now; and one is reminded of another prophecy of Isaiah: "The paper reeds by the brooks, by the mouth of the brooks, and everything sown by the brooks, shall wither, be driven away, and be no more." (Chap. xix. 7.)

The source of Egypt's river was, as we have remarked, a subject of inquiry and conjecture in very early times; and, more recently, various travellers have perseveringly tried to bring the long-hidden secret to light. Bruce thought that he had discovered the springs of the Nile in the mountains of Abyssinia; but these are most likely the origin of the *Bahr-el-Azrek*, or "Blue River,"—the Blue Nile, as it is sometimes called. It is now ascertained that this large river is one of the principal tributaries of the true Nile. Until the discoveries of the lamented Captain Speke, the highest point reached, in tracing the source of the Nile, was that gained by the expedition fitted out by Mehemet Ali, in the year 1841, and entrusted to M. Arnaud. The travellers pushed their way very far up the course of the stream into the interior of Africa, and succeeded in getting to within about four degrees of the equator. Here, however, they came to a cataract which presented an insurmountable barrier to any further progress; but, from information which they received, it appeared that they were yet some two or three hundred miles from the object of their search. Seventeen years after this, Captain Speke, while exploring Central

Africa, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, came to a very large lake, a sort of inland sea, to which he gave the name of Victoria Nyanza. This vast sheet of water is situated in the Mountains of the Moon. It has an elevation of three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and extends from latitude two degrees south to about the same distance north of the equator. The report which Captain Speke brought home led to a second journey of discovery, during which he found reason to think that the Nile issues from the northern shore of the Victoria Lake, about twenty miles from the equator.

(To be continued.)

A MOTHER'S IMPORTANCE.

NEXT to the minister of religion, in extent of moral influence, is the *mother*. The character of children is almost at a mother's option what it shall be. Everything she does, all the answers she gives to the never-ending questions of her little ones, even the very toys she puts into their hands, and her looks, as well as her words and actions, are all forming the character of the young immortals now playing at her feet. Tastes are often acquired, and habits formed, which exist through life, that may be distinctly traced to apparently trivial circumstances. This fact cannot be too indelibly impressed upon our minds. The first plaything ever given to Napoleon Buona-parte was the model of a brass cannon; and who can tell the influence that war-like toy excited on the whole life of that celebrated chieftain? Who will say that the little brass cannon was not the indirect cause of the butchery of millions of our fellow-creatures; of the groans and tears of widows and orphans that filled the land; of the *eternal* loss of myriads of immortal souls. But for that toy, instead of a hero wading through the blood of his fellow-men to the attainment of his ambitious purposes, we might have seen, for aught we know, one who, by the superiority of his mind, in the hands of God, might have created a new era in the civil and religious history of the world. What great effects

result from little things! It is impossible to look at a mother, surrounded by a group of earnest-looking boys, without following them into the future. We think, as we gaze on them, of their lot in future life, and of the mighty influence that mother, *through them*, will exercise on society down to the end of time. They, if they live, must fill important stations in our world. Looking forward a few years we see each in his sphere; and if prayers be heard, each adorning and honouring it. There, in that young group, you behold the future merchant, upright and benevolent, with other God than mammon; his ships harbingers of good to the farthest shore.

There is the jurist, meditating the principles of his science, holding forth law as the shield of defence, true to the high principles his mother taught him. Among them may be the pleader, asserting the cause of the poor and oppressed; and in that fearless boy's face you behold the navigator, launching forth in quest of unknown lands; redeeming some noble adventure from undeserved opprobrium; converting the future of the seas to their destined use, and not only in seaman-ship, but in religion, guiding his voyage by heaven. In one we see the skilful healer, by the side of the sick and dying bed, plying the secrets of nature which he has gathered up into his art, adding graceful tenderness to inevitable severity of treatment; lifting up from sickness and bringing back from death, and pointing the sufferer to that place of rest where sickness and death are excluded. The hand of that thinking, imaginative boy creates the painting and the sculpture which ennoble a country and mark an age. The noble voice of that reciting lad may one day be heard in the senate; and that more gentle one may delight in being the teacher of the young, and cause his mother to live again by the lessons he will remember and give from his own storehouse, well filled by that mother's mind in early infancy. And there, in that interesting little company, we behold the future pastors of our churches; men of light and love; men of knowledge and zeal; men of power and earnestness. There, too, we see the

young Missionary, the ambassador to the heathen, possessing a spirit that shall surpass all that discoverers have known of ardour, or philanthropists have known of disinterestedness. That young soldier of the cross, as he enters the battle-plain, unfurling the blood-stained banner, counts not his life dear unto him as he follows his mighty Captain. Mothers! sisters! women! can you look unmoved on a family of children? If you can, we pity you.—*Mother's Friend.*

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

(Continued from page 25.)

Lycidas. Something like old times this, Penseroso?

Penseroso. Lycidas? The same: but how weather-beaten!

L. Weather-beaten enough, by land and by sea! It is just five years since I left this shore; and while I have been flying over the world, you, I dare say, have been staying in your quiet nook, sober, if nothing else. You are the very same person I left, not altered by a shade; and I come upon you in the very haunt where you and I have twice talked before. You will be certainly turning hermit, unless you mind.

P. No fear of that. You remember the old place, then?

L. I remember it well, and remember the solemn talk we have had here. If I mistake not, I expected shortly to pass an hour with you once more; but who can "contend with destiny," as Johnson says. Unexpectedly I was called away, and have been absent these five years. Change, change; the world is full of change: but your corner of the world, I see, is not much altered.

P. Not much. The same level summit, commanding the sea both ways; the same shady wood; the same magnificent rocks at the base, washed as before by honest blue water.

L. To me there is something touching in seeing the quiet nook after such restless excitement and activity as I have gone through. How well I remember our conversation; or, rather, the effect which it had upon me! For, Penseroso, I was impressed more than I cared to own; and as I looked at the sparkling waters,

and at the mellow light which the setting sun shed on the nearest of those cliffs, I believed—more than believed—I felt that the present scene must pass away; that the end of all things must come. We never finished that conversation.

P. It is not too late. Truth, I doubt not, is in the state in which we left her.

L. Shall we sit down? Here is the old bench, I see.—You told me that you looked forward with sober confidence to the great day. I may say the same of myself, and on the same ground. We shall both, I trust, be found at the right hand. Will the majority, do you think, stand with us?

P. Leaving children out of the account, I am afraid it would not, if the trumpet were this moment blown.

L. But then?

P. Perhaps then a majority will be saved. But let us take firmer ground. Instead of conjecturing proportions, let us look at character, and by that determine who is saved, who lost.

L. One thing is sure, Penseroso. If you are to say who will be saved, none will be shut out who can lay claim to heaven. But have we any right to judge? It is an awful thing to say that a fellow-creature is lost.

P. "Judge not that ye be not judged," is a command of the Master; but one which, perhaps, never would have been given, if men were accustomed to judge fairly. After all, one may judge "righteous judgment."

L. Proceed.

P. The righteous will be on the "right hand;" the wicked on the "left."

L. A good, but somehow a vague, answer. I shall not be satisfied unless you tell me something more.

P. On the right will stand all who have consistently served God all their lives, and died in the faith of our Lord.

L. Beyond a shadow of a doubt.

P. On the right will stand all who, after much sin and misuse of life, manage, by the mercy of Heaven, to find their way to their Redeemer at last.

L. Dangerous doctrine!

P. Let those who abuse it take the consequence. And on the right will stand all who in all ages, and in all

nations, have "feared God, and wrought righteousness:" all who, in whatever dispensation, have, by the eternal Spirit, fought their way up to saving truth, and held it fast.

L. And who will be on the left?

P. The "fearful" and "unbelieving," with grosser sinners.

L. Children and idiots?

P. Not lost. Thus the host is divided. The hundred distinctions among man are now swallowed up in the grand distinction. Who cares now whether he was white or black? whether he was Christian or true Israelite? whether or not he held office in the church? whether or not he "wrought miracles," and "cast out devils?" whether or not his creed was literally and exactly correct.

L. O, Penseroso, the coming proceedings seem to me almost too solemn to be commenced. Look at that wretched multitude on the left. How awful, how fearfully solemn, is this crisis in their existence!

P. The true solemnity was in their lives, if they could have found it out.

L. How?

P. There could be no judgment, if there were nothing to be judged. We are judged for "the deeds done in the body." Life, life, for the brief span which it lasts, is solemn indeed.

L. How the lot of the wicked moves me!

P. And well it may. Yet one thing is sure,—*"God is love."* There has been no unkindness, no undue exercise of power, in calling these men into existence. What can we do but gaze at the scene in solemn awe and wonder?

L. Well; the actual proceedings must commence. Can you give me any details here, Penseroso?

P. No, Lycidas. I cannot give the details of the next session of Parliament. I cannot give, to a certainty, the conduct of any man for the next five minutes.

L. I see the folly of my question. Can you give me any light at all? any principle or principles running through the events of the day?

P. The grand principle will be that righteousness will be rewarded, and iniquity punished. But Divine retribution will be much more delicate and elastic

than to reward the righteous or punish the wicked in the gross. Every man will be dealt with precisely according to his conduct.

L. But will details be entered into?

P. It is not improbable.

L. Let us hope that the deeds done on earth by the saints will be buried in oblivion: at least, their evil deeds. Otherwise, would not shame burn their cheeks, if they were still flesh and blood?

P. There is no need to fear on account of the righteous. Holy shame is not the worst of evils; and they will feel no unholy shame. As for the wicked, degradation is part of their portion. Yes; details will be given. O Lycidas, what revelations will then be made! what tales of wrong-doing will be rehearsed! how many masks long worn must be laid aside! from how many specious deeds the varnish must disappear! For this is God's day. Long has He kept silence: long seemed to allow men and things to take their course. Now He speaks once and for ever.

L. You said that every man would be dealt with precisely according to his conduct. Are you sure that there will be any difference in the glory of one saint and another?

P. Quite sure.

L. How can you be so positive?

P. I hardly need to open my Bible to discover that. Dulness itself must own it.

L. I think with you. But have not some refined Christians thought that since all are redeemed, all will fare alike?

P. If any have, it was a pity that their opinions were not pushed a little further; that they did not think that the least praiseworthy would have the highest honour. Then their absurdity would have been complete, and self-refuting.

L. And, of course, you think that there will be an immense difference in the lot of individuals among the lost?

P. Yes: but let us leave them, and look at the righteous. What high honour, what renown, some of them will win!

L. Who?

P. It is not very difficult to name some of them.

L. Do excuse me, Penseroso. Are you not becoming presumptuous?

P. I think not. When a man's conduct glitters like a diamond, when he far surpasses most good men, can it be wrong to guess what follows, what *must* follow?

L. Your names then.

P. Anaximander will fare as well as most.

L. Who was he?

P. Anaximander was a man of fortune, and of noble blood. Providence and nature had lavished gifts upon him. He could have played the fashionable or the intellectual game as well as the foremost of his fellows. At the age of twenty-three, when the world was glittering before him, and fortune with smiles beckoning him onwards, he esteemed the reproach of Christ the greater riches, and for many years walked in a narrow path to heaven. Was not that well done?

L. It was. It warms my heart to hear of it.

P. Syracenicissa is not a whit behind. Her faith was strong; and it was sorely tried. Often, if not always, Providence seemed to resist her; and, at times, even the God of grace seemed not to heed her. Yet her faith never faltered. She could not understand, but she could and did trust in the living God, and in her Lord and Redeemer.

L. Can you name another, Penseroso?

P. Plebeius was a man of strong ambition. What wonders he would have accomplished, had Providence allowed him his way! But a plain path was chosen for him; one in which there was little to excite, little to encourage, his somewhat earthly ambition. To human eyes he had little to show for the pains he took. Will you believe it? He accepted his plain lot; and filled up a life with simple good deeds, centering in no colossal result, bound together only by the motives which ran through them; to be collected, however, by the Judge, approved by the "well done!" and crowned with an immense reward.

L. Is your list exhausted?

P. Happily not. Even *my* list is not

yet exhausted. But the world is wide; and, first and last, has been trod by many a noble saint of whom I never heard. I cannot give you their number:—

"Which who would learn, as soon may toll the sands
Driven by the western wind on Libyan lands;
Or number, when the blust'ring Eurys
roars,
The billows beating on Ionian shores."

L. A glorious multitude!

P. Yes; but who among them will reach the *highest* place? who will sit down at Christ's right hand? Will it be Elijah, who was caught away in the chariot of fire? Will it be that wonderful Paul, who did and suffered so much for his Master? Will it be some one yet unborn? Will it be some poor outcast, some Lazarus, whom hardly church or world now owns? Idle curiosity would know now; holy curiosity is content to wait. No more: the righteous, with whatever distinctions, are still the righteous; redeemed by one Redeemer, sanctified by one Spirit, forming one family. And the wicked, though widely differing among themselves, are still the wicked. At length the great day draws to its close. The last case is heard. Let us content ourselves with hearing the general sentence:—"Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:" "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." The wicked depart, the world is burned and renovated, the Son is made subject to the Father, "that God may be all in all;" and the boundless, shoreless, ocean of eternity is before us.

L. How tame is fiction! Before I go, I wish I could recall some stirring lines I lately heard on this very subject. I was yesterday passing a place of worship, and stopped a minute to listen. The minister was giving out some words which I distinctly heard, but of which I can remember only two,—*"mortal story."*

P. I know the minister, and the lines:

"Vanish, then, this world of shadows;
Pass the former things away;
Lord, appear! appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day!"

O conclude this mortal story,
Throw this universe aside!
Come, eternal King of Glory,
Now descend, and take Thy bride!"

You have read Young's *Last Day*,
Lycidas?

L. I have, and think it a good poem.
Still, for myself, I prefer something
shorter, more concentrated, more lyrical.
A poem on the judgment should sound
like the blast of the trumpet!

Penseroso.—

"The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His
ire;
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead
are bow'd.

"The glory! the glory! around Him are
pour'd
The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are
there,
And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

"The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
heard:

Lo, the depths of the stone-covered monu-
ments stirred!

From ocean and earth, from the south pole
and north,

Lo, the vast generations of ages come forth.

"The judgment! the judgment! the thrones
are all set,

And the Lamb and the white-vested elders are
met;

All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.

"O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked
are driven,

May our justified souls find a welcome in
heaven."

HELPING THE POOR.

Let your aid be retrospective. Try
to put a man where he was before, and
then let him help himself. Set him on
his legs, but do not take him up into
your carriage. Set him on his feet, do
not help him to lie where he is. It
would not be difficult to show that partial
help, which really does not pull its object
out of the slough, nor guide his feet to
hard ground, is really thrown away, and
produces no fruit. What are even two
or three shillings, compared with the
bulk of many men's wages? Is it worth
while risking the sense of independence

in one who has never begged, for the
sake of half-a-crown? If you cannot
do him substantial good, it is often best
to let him battle the matter out by him-
self. Do not lend, except in very rare
cases. If a man would like to rise above
his station, he must raise himself. That
is the great test of his fitness to excel. In
helping the poor, avoid "tickets." They
proclaim on the face of them, "You are
not to be trusted." They profess to shut
out the receiver from the great social
circle of exchange. They suggest a
moral inferiority distasteful to the honest
poor. If a person is so deceitful as to wish
to impose on you, he will do it through
your ticket. There may be instances in
which a written order, like a cheque, is
a convenience to the giver and recipient;
but where tickets are designed to pre-
vent imposture, they frequently not only
move the dishonest action one stage
farther out of sight, but involve another
in its performance.

If you give anything, give money;
taking care to whom you give it. It is
kinder, more generous, less degrading, to
do so. A coin, after all, is but a ticket.
You cannot eat it. It will not boil the pot,
or keep your feet dry. Though you may
be convinced of the nutritive property of
rice, conceive the cheerless entrance of
a parcel of it into a hungry home, when
the cupboard, teapot, candlestick, and
grate, are empty. The poor housewife
knows what she wants as well as you.
Let her lay out her coin as she finds
best. Half-a-crown's worth of bread
and coals is a good thing, but half-a-
crown would make the family more
comfortable.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

PROGRESS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA has other sources of wealth
besides gold, which in time will, no
doubt, bring in a large revenue. At
present, men and money are scarce; and
it is vexatious to see all that gold carried
out of the country, when it might be so
profitably employed in farming and
other pursuits. Coal is, even now, ex-
tensively worked in Vancouver; and it
is known to exist in large quantities on
the mainland also. The western coast

of North America is very deficient in good harbours; therefore, Esquimalt, close to Victoria, is likely to become of great importance. When our vessels stand in need of repair, they are, at present, obliged to go into dock at San Francisco; but it is to be hoped that, in the course of a few years, the building of docks, both wet and dry, will do away with this inconvenience. The forests of the two colonies afford timber to any amount, and a large trade may be looked for. Already there are a few companies engaged in it, and there is room for many more.

The fisheries, too, might become very profitable, under good management. The rivers and bays of Columbia literally swarm with salmon and other fish, which form the chief article of food among the Indians during winter. One of the clergy relates that he stood one day by a river, watching an Indian fishing. The man had a long pole, with a bag-net at the end of it. Standing on a projecting rock, he plunged the net into the water, scooping it down the stream, and in about five minutes he had captured six fine salmon. Another day, as the Bishop was passing down one of the rivers in a boat, he and his companions felt the boat positively *jostled* by the hundreds of fish which were rushing past.

It may be interesting to amateur fishermen to know that the salmon of British Columbia will not rise to any fly; but the reason of this prejudice is not precisely ascertained. They do not, therefore, afford any sport; but people who fish for a livelihood are not likely to be particular as to how they catch either the salmon or the sea-fish, and strange implements are sometimes in use for the purpose. The Bishop was visiting a settler's house, one day, which stood close to the shore. They invited him to dine, and on his consenting to do so, the daughter was desired to "go out and get some fish for dinner." The damsel took up a bucket and a rake, and, stepping down to the water's edge, she *raked* ashore as many fish as she wanted, and returned to the house.

THE TEMPLE OF THE HEART.

THERE is a temple in the Christian's heart,
And every thought and feeling wor-
ships there;
Each, sweetly sanctified, maintains its
part
In elevated praise or humble prayer.
Love lights the flame that on the altar
burns;
Peace, Joy, and Gratitude, the choir
compose;
Relying Faith to the one Offering turns,
And there the tear of meek Repentance
flows;
There Meditation ponders; Memory
stands,
The works and wonders of her God
to trace;
Devotion strengthens; glowing Zeal
expands;
And Patience waits for new supplies
of Grace.
Shut from the world that hidden fane
how fair,
No outward storm can rend, no foe can
enter there.

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED,
FREELY GIVE." (MATT. x. 8.)

READER! whoso'er thou art,
What thy God has given, impart;
Hide it not within the ground;
Send the cup of blessing round.
Hast thou power?—the weak defend.
Light?—give light; thy knowledge lend.
Rich?—remember Him who gave.
Free?—be brother to the slave.
Call'd a blessing to inherit,
Bless, and richer blessings merit:
Give, and more shall yet be given:
Love, and serve, and look for—Heaven!

CHINA.

NO. I.—THE MEDICAL MISSION.

As our Missionary Committee have resolved on establishing a Medical Mission in China, our readers may perhaps be glad to hear something of what has already been done by a similar agency, undertaken by the American and London Societies.

It is considered as accessory and supplemental to the ordinary religious

mission; as, in fact, a means to an end. Laymen are selected for the work,—properly qualified surgeons or physicians, as the case may be. Their time is occupied mainly with the duties of their profession; but their opportunities of Bible distribution, and of religious conversation with their patients, are made available to the one great end. They also occasionally form classes, in which both general and religious instruction is given; and they assist, to some extent, in the Sabbath services.

As the prevalent idea of the Chinese, and, indeed, of all Asiatic nations, is that the foreigner has some selfish or interested motive for his labour, it is necessary to dispel the idea, or all teaching would be in vain. The opening of a hospital for every class of disorders, and the liberal dispensing of medicines, is found to be the readiest method of winning the confidence of the people, as it shows unmistakably the really pure and benevolent intentions of the Missionaries.

Ever since the beginning of the present century, European surgeons, chiefly in the service of the East-India Company, have been noble benefactors to the Chinese. They introduced the practice of vaccination, opened large hospitals, and devoted themselves to the service of the very poorest, with a benevolence which is especially characteristic of the medical profession. But in 1833 the American Board of Missions resolved to employ a medical staff of their own, as auxiliary to the preaching of the Gospel in China. Dr. Parker was sent out as the pioneer of this new enterprise. His success was soon apparent; and the example was followed by the London Missionary Society, which, at the close of 1838, sent out Dr. Medhurst and Mr. Lockhart, who opened hospitals at Canton, Macao, Chusan, Hong-Kong, and Shanghai.

It would be tedious to trace the progress of the Society; but, so far as the primary intention is concerned, the success has been extraordinary. At the Canton hospital, the average number of applicants was for a long time one hundred a-day, and on more than one occasion as many as one thousand per-

sons have been present on a receiving day. The patients are often persons of the highest distinction;—the chief magistrate of the province, the high commissioner, generals, magistrates, &c. Patients have presented themselves from distant parts of the empire; and, in one instance, a gentleman took a journey of two months in order to obtain medical aid. One mode of expressing their gratitude is for the patients to present letters, scrolls, and tablets to the officers of the establishment in which they have been cured. Some of these are very characteristic. One influential man wrote thus on the eve of his departure: "After returning home, I shall every day burn incense and light candles, and, bowing my head to the ground, return thanks to the deified Jesus, and to God, the Majesty of heaven. I shall, moreover, write their names on cards, and will widely disseminate them among all the people, in order to make some return for their great favours." He was, of course, again told that the religion of Christ was a spiritual religion, and its truths were placed more distinctly before him. Another wrote: "Let the merits of Jesus, the Saviour of mankind, be proclaimed throughout the world." Another patient, who had recovered after a dangerous operation, wrote: "Deep is the sincere gratitude I bear to Dr. Parker; and I have composed this couplet as a record of my constant and lasting remembrance:—

'By the stream, and by the steel,
He can cure, and he can heal;
Life and health he can impart;
Be he honour'd and his art.'

Presented to the friendly inspection of the eminent physician, Dr. Parker.

"(Signed) SIE-WAN-KWOH."

The stolidity betrayed by some of the patients approaches the humorous. Thus, a man who had broken his arm, had the limb properly set and bandaged with splints. When he next came to have his arm dressed, he came without the splints, and was chidden for his imprudence; but the same thing happened again, and when asked what he had done with the splints, he replied that he had taken them to light his fire with! Another man, suffering from a

rupture, was furnished with a truss, and after some days he came to inquire how much he was to have for wearing it regularly! But, as a rule, the people have unbounded faith in the skill of Europeans, and do not betray that impatience and love of change which they do in the hands of the native physicians. A patient, on being reminded, shortly before a painful operation, that, notwithstanding every care that could be taken, the result was sometimes fatal, said quickly, "I have been too long acquainted with you, doctor, and have seen too much in this hospital with my own eyes, to require anything now to inspire my confidence."

Parents will very readily place their sons under the care of the Missionaries, that they may receive a medical education; and several of them have made such progress in their studies as to become really skilful operators, as well as most useful assistants in hospital practice. Other young men have been sent by their parents to England and America, to go through a complete course of education in our public institutions; a significant fact in the history of Chinese opinion, and one likely to produce, in various ways, most important results. The medical Missionary now at Canton, Dr. Wang-fun, was a pupil in one of the mission-schools, and was thence removed to Edinburgh, where he took honours, and, offering his services to the London Missionary Society, was sent out by them, and now labours in Canton as one of their most valued Assistants.

The number of converts reported from time to time has never been large, but a great amount of preparatory work has been done. At the Canton hospital, for instance, the number of patients attending the religious services on the Sabbath, usually ranged from eighty to one hundred and fifty, while sometimes as many as two hundred and fifty, or even three hundred, have been present,—surely a most gratifying congregation. Besides this, is the short week-day service, morning and evening; and the good effected by the distribution of thousands of religious tracts, which are not only read by the patients, but are circulated by them

when done with, among their friends, far and wide.

The original Mission became divided in 1845, and has since broken up; or, it would be more correct to say, has been absorbed in other Societies. The Medical Missionary Society, as at first constituted, no longer exists; but the work which it began is carried on with still greater effectiveness by the London Missionary Society, the English Presbyterian Church, and one or two of the American churches; and it is impossible not to feel interested in the success of such a work. As we are reminded by one of the officers engaged in it, "the Great Physician not only preached 'the Gospel of the kingdom,' but healed 'all manner of diseases among the people.' After that sermon in which the 'merciful' and the 'peacemaker' were called blessed, His first act was to heal a leper; the second to cure the centurion's servant, sick of the palsy; the third, 'to raise Peter's wife's mother; and then, following the inspired narrative, 'When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils: and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.'"

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A DANGEROUS PLAYMATE.

THE jaguars, which abound everywhere on the Orinoco, are so numerous near the mission of Atures, that they come into the village and devour the pigs of the poor Indians. The Missionary related a striking instance of the familiarity of these animals:—"Two Indian children, a boy and girl, eight or nine years of age, were sitting among the grass near the village of Atures, in the midst of a savannah. It was two in the afternoon, when a jaguar issued from the forest and approached the children, gamboling around them, sometimes concealing itself among the long grass, and again springing forward, with his back curved and his head lowered, as is usual with our cats. The little boy was unaware of the danger in which

he was placed, and became sensible of it only when the jaguar struck him on the head with one of his paws. The blows thus inflicted were at first slight, but gradually became ruder. The claws of the jaguar wounded the child, and the blood flowed with violence. The little girl then took up a branch of a tree and struck the animal, which fled before her. The Indians, hearing the cries of the children, ran up and saw the jaguar, which bounded off without showing any disposition to defend itself."

What meant this fit of playfulness in an animal which, though not difficult to be tamed in our menageries, is always so ferocious and cruel in the state of freedom? If we choose to admit that, being sure of its prey, it played with the young Indian as the domestic cat plays with a bird, the wings of which have been clipped, how can we account for the forbearance of a large jaguar when pursued by a little girl? If the jaguar was not pressed by hunger, why should it have gone up to the children? There are mysteries in the affections and hatreds of animals. We have seen lions kill three or four dogs which were put into their cage, and instantly caress another which had the courage to seize the royal beast by the mane. Man is ignorant of the sources of these instincts. It would seem that weakness inspires more interest the more confiding it is.

GERMANS IN LONDON.

SOME Germans in London carry on a trade in importing lads from thirteen to fifteen years of age, chiefly from Bavaria, who are sent out as street musicians. All their earnings are received by the so-called master, who, in consideration of their services, allows them board and lodging and one shilling per week, out of which they must provide for clothing and washing. Every Londoner is familiar with "German bands," made up of this class of youths. Very frequently they are found also in the various suburbs of the metropolis; and, in the summer season, they migrate to the principal watering-places. They are generally very quiet, respectful, and well-behaved, and are not insensible to any

kindness shown them, or to inquiries put in their own language about the place of their birth, and about the beloved ones left at home. But we fear that this class has been almost entirely neglected as to matters spiritual. Could not Christian persons, in different places frequented by these youths, present the members of these peripatetic bands with either whole New Testaments, or portions,—Gospels or Epistles; and also procure, from the Tract Society, a small supply of religious tracts in German, which we are satisfied would be accepted with thankfulness?

THE BEST PRIEST.

SOME years ago, a young Roman Catholic girl, Margaret F—, was crossing the ocean from Ireland to this country. One night, when the ship in which she sailed was far out at sea, there was a violent storm. As the wind rose, and the vessel tossed like a mere bubble upon the waves, the passengers turned pale with alarm. Even the captain's face showed that he felt they were in peril. Margaret shared the general fear: not that she dreaded death itself so much, but there was no priest on board, and the thought that there was no one there through whom, in that last hour, she could receive the pardon her soul needed, was agony.

Months afterwards, with tears she described that night to the lady with whom she resided. "What could I do? I was alone; nobody to talk to me, nobody to do anything for me. O, if I could only have had a priest there, I should have been willing the ship should go down the next hour; but there wasn't any, and I couldn't do anything for myself, only cry. Then it seemed as if a voice came to me, and said, '*Maybe Jesus Christ will be your Priest.*' I was afraid, but I had no one else to go to. It seemed as if it couldn't be wrong, so I tried. I asked Him to forgive my sins Himself, and He did. I never was so happy in my life before, so full of peace as I was there, thinking the ship might go down every minute. I didn't care whether it sunk or sailed then; for I knew Christ had forgiven me, and He was *the best Priest in the world.*"

Memorials of the Departed.

THE reading of the "Memorials of the Departed," which have from time to time appeared in this *Miscellany*, has been rendered an unspeakable blessing to thousands of the people of God; and among the number must be included the subject of the following sketch.

Mrs. ESTHER SMITH, whose maiden name was Payne, was born in London, January 25th, 1785. When six years of age, she was removed to Sudbury, in Suffolk; where she resided with a pious aunt until the death of that relative in 1800, when London became again the place of her residence, and City-road Chapel—that "holy and beautiful house"—the place of her religious worship. More than half a century after that period, she was wont to speak with much affection of the venerable and beloved ministers of Christ, from whose lips she heard the word of life with pleasure and profit; especially the honoured names of John Barber, Joseph Entwisle, Jacob Stanley, Richard Reece, David M'Nicoll, and Adam Clarke. From the last-named highly-esteemed and devoted servant of the Lord, she received her trial-note, in September, 1807; and that note of admission into Society she greatly valued; she preserved it with much care to the close of life. It was not long after she had cast in her lot with the people of God, that she was enabled, through faith in the precious atonement of her Saviour, to "lay hold on eternal life," and was thus brought into the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free. In November, 1812, she was married to Mr. Henry Smith, of South Ockenden, Essex; and resided in that village until she entered into "the house not made with hands." As a wife and mother, she was most exemplary, and "looked well to the ways of her household." The text of Scripture on the Society ticket for September, 1812, was: "I will give them one heart, and one way, that they may fear Me for ever, for the good of them, and of their children after them." (Jer. xxxii. 39.) She often adverted to this portion of sacred truth, and made it her motto and directory through her subsequent life. And

now that she has passed away into the rest of heaven, "her children rise up and call her blessed." She loved the habitation of God's house; and for the space of twenty-two years, in all kinds of weather, (when in health,) attended the Wesleyan-Methodist chapel, Baker-street, Orsett; a distance of three miles from her residence: and when a chapel was subsequently erected in South Ockenden, she was one of its most regular and devout attendants. She supported the cause of Christ according to her ability. Soon after she joined the Wesleyan society, a pious lady remarked to her, "You will no doubt be surprised by the number of collections among the Wesleys; but you cannot tell what you may *save* by cheerfully contributing according to your means." This remark she never forgot, and if detained from the sanctuary by affliction on a "collection Sunday," she always sent her contribution by some member of the family; and she was in very truth "a cheerful giver." In her house the preachers of the Gospel found a hearty welcome for more than forty years. She felt it to be a hallowed privilege—

"After her lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon His saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven."

She "considered the sick and needy;" and to the poor in the village she was a constant friend and benefactress. Mrs. Smith's piety was of a quiet, unobtrusive character, resembling more the even flow of deep waters than the ripple and bustle of the shallow stream; not so much the impetuous shower, which must be seen and heard, but like the influence distilled by the gentle dew. She was prevented, by affliction, from attending the house of God for a year and a half prior to her death, but "in her patience she possessed her soul," and calmly waited the coming of her Lord. Satan sometimes assailed her; but, by repairing to the "mercy-seat," doubt and fear disappeared. She saw death approaching slowly and surely, but was undismayed; for she could say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that

He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." A few days before her departure, she said to her Minister, "I have known the Lord for many years, and have loved Him too; and I am sure He will not forsake me now; no, never!" Not long before she quitted mortality for life, her medical attendant said to her, "I wish I was as happy as you appear to be." She assured him of God's willingness to save him, and said, with much animation, "Now is the accepted time." On the arrival of her eldest daughter from a distance, she said, "I am leaning entirely on Jesus." She now felt she was descending into the valley, but "feared no evil." Having counselled and encouraged her sorrowing husband and family, she at last said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come! O come!" and then peacefully yielded up her spirit into the hands of her redeeming God, on November 13th, 1858; in the seventy-fourth year of her age. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

W. WEDLOCK.

CHARLES HART died at Bassingham, February 13th, 1861. He was converted to God about the year 1808. He was very zealous; and in company with several young men, visited the villages in the neighbourhood to hold prayer-meetings. In 1810 he became a Local preacher, and continued for fifty years to take his appointments on the Circuit Plan. He was also a very acceptable Class-leader and Sunday-school superintendent. The affliction which terminated his consistent and useful life was very painful; nevertheless, he bore it with great patience. Throughout the whole his peace was unshaken, and occasionally his joy was full of glory. He was very familiar with our excellent hymns, and frequently quoted them as expressive of his experience. On the morning of the day on which he died, he began singing the well-known hymn, "Jesus, my strength and hope;" and in the afternoon he repeated some favourite lines, "To patient faith the prize is sure," &c. Soon after this he fell asleep in Jesus. He was *greatly beloved by all who knew him.*

JOHN RANDESON.

MRS. WARDLE, whose maiden name was Haslam, was born on December 6th, 1791, at Middle-Bolton, in the parish of Dean, the church of which she was accustomed to attend from early childhood. At about the age of fourteen she became a scholar in the Wesleyan Sunday-school, at Ridgeway-Gates, Bolton. It was here that she was convinced of her fallen state as a sinner, and began earnestly to seek salvation. With three of her sisters she joined the Methodist Society in 1808, and about February, in the following year, she experienced peace through believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. She was early called to suffer for righteousness' sake. Her parents, who were rigid church people, were for some time very hostile to the sect, then "everywhere spoken against." The Christian consistency of their daughter, however, ere long, led them to regard it more favourably. Mrs. Wardle received her first ticket from the late Rev. Thomas Taylor, then an old man. On coming to her name, he said, in a manner which she never forgot, "Martha! Jesus loved Martha; does Martha love Jesus?" In after life she often reverted to this incident. The family at Bethany was a scene on which she loved to dwell, and she greatly delighted when she listened to it as the theme of pulpit ministrations. On June 6th, 1813, she was married to Mr. James Wardle; who was then, and is still, connected with the same school. This union was in every way a happy one. Mrs. Wardle was of a cheerful temperament, and lived in the exercise of a faith which ever confided in God, as alike the God of providence and of grace. She had her share of trial; but her faith sustained her. Some matter of business pending between Mr. Wardle and another person, upon whose decision a somewhat important issue rested, she said, as her husband left the house on this errand, not without anxiety as to the result, "Go, and 'God Almighty give you mercy before the man;' and while you go, I'll pray." Her husband went; she prayed; and their desire was granted. She had her spiritual conflicts, sometimes very powerful; but she made it a point to wrestle with God till

deliverance came; and some of these deliverances were remarkable. She passed through some seasons of deep affliction; but when friends were fearing for her, she was saved from all fear, knowing in whom she had believed. The Bible, in her latter years especially, was her peculiar delight. In the 'law' did she meditate day and night; testifying that she saw new beauties, and got clearer light from the sacred pages, as oft as she read them. The *Weeleyan Hymn-book* and periodicals she highly valued, and shunned everything light and trifling. She improved social intercourse with Christian friends, sanctifying it by the word of God and prayer. Habitually "giving all diligence," it is no wonder that the narration of her experience in her class evinced a maturity in grace which constrained others to glorify God in her. This was strikingly apparent to the Minister from whom she received her last token of membership with the church on earth. On the last Sabbath but one of her life she attended her class as usual, and (as was oft the case with her) engaged in prayer, in the course of which she repeated with holy confidence the following lines, of which she was very fond:—

"In assurance of hope, We to Jesus look up,
Till His banner unfur'd in the air
From our graves we shall see, And cry out, 'It
is He!'
And fly up to acknowledge Him there."

During the last twenty-nine years of her life she was a member of the same class. She was never absent from it when it was possible for her to be present; and always received her quarterly ticket from the hands of the Minister. On the last Sabbath she spent on earth, she was taken seriously ill. Her sufferings from the beginning were great; and she dwelt much on the importance of being prepared for death ere it comes. When asked if she felt Jesus to be precious, "Yes," she exclaimed, "I could not spare Him now." Her trust and confidence remained unshaken, till on Thursday, November 12th, 1863, she gently passed away, without a struggle or a groan, in the presence of her husband,

her children, and her children's children. Those who knew her best know that "her own works praise her."

JOHN TINDALL.

Mrs. SARAH LAWSON, of Cotherston, in the Barnard-Castle Circuit, was born at Howden, in the county of Durham. At the age of about nineteen she became anxious about her soul's salvation; and while on a visit to her friends at Shotley-Bridge she heard the late Rev. Hodgson Casson, whose preaching deepened her convictions, and wrought in her an anxious desire to be delivered from the guilt of sin, and adopted into the family of God. Soon this saving change was happily realized; and thenceforth she became desirous that others should seek and find the same salvation. Public prayer-meetings were held in her house; and the gracious influence of the Spirit's power was manifest in the villages of Cotherston and Egglestone, and many were brought to God. The reading of Methodist literature, and especially the *Magazine*, was of great service in establishing and building her up in the doctrines and precepts of our common Christianity. She was remarkable for her devout reading of the Holy Scriptures, and her spirit of constant watchfulness and prayer. She greatly profited by the earnest, practical preaching of the Methodists, and continued her connexion with them till death. For several years before her death she suffered from bodily weakness; but it was not till about six months before that solemn event, that she was entirely laid aside from her domestic duties. During that time she gradually sunk; but her mind was kept in constant peace. Just before her departure she was asked the state of her mind, and promptly replied, "If I rest on anything but Christ, I am wrong; but, resting on Him, I am safe. I trust in Him, and He makes me happy." Just before her departure, she cried, "Glory! glory! glory!" and at that moment the Divine presence seemed so to fill the room, that all present felt it was "quite in the verge of heaven."

JOSEPH PORTNEY,

Occasional Notes for Readers.

The History of Methodism in Almondbury, by the REV. RICHARD ROBERTS, is a brief, but effective sketch, which will be read with interest beyond the immediate locality of Almondbury and Huddersfield. Methodism abounds in material for many such histories, and it is well for careful and loving hands to gather it up while there is opportunity.—*Abridged Hand-book to Christian Baptism*, by R. INGHAM. An attempt to show, once more, that "Christian baptism" is baptism by *immersion*, and by immersion only. We do not think the writer's object at all promoted by his mode of handling his argument. Nor can we think that controversy in this spirit will even make people turn Baptists, much less advance the proper design of the religion of Christ.—*The Life of the Rev. John H. Bumby*. By the REV. ALFRED BARRETT. Fourth Edition. The "Brief History of the Commencement and Progress of the Wesleyan Mission in New-Zealand," which accompanies this volume, is a sad one to read in view of the effects of the recent war in that colony. We trust, however, that the author will yet have a brighter chapter to write. Mr. Bumby's too brief career, as here depicted, is justly "commended to the notice of all young Ministers."—*The Gospel and Science*: A sermon by the REV. B. HELLIER; published at the request of the students at Richmond.

The author deals with a question which is now, in one form or another, constantly thrust upon our attention,—the true relation of "the philosophy and science of this nineteenth century," to the Gospel. "There is," he says, "in the minds of a few men a conviction, in the minds of many a suspicion," that these are opposed to each other. "Some men of science regard the Gospel with distrust, and some friends of the Gospel are disposed to look upon the disclosures of science with disfavour." Both these parties are addressed in this discourse. The writer lays down, and clearly illustrates, four propositions; I. That the Gospel is a *testimony*, not a system of philosophy. II. The doctrines of the Gospel are as certainly true as any of the conclusions of science. III. The doctrines of the Gospel are not opposed to any true doctrine of science. IV. The doctrines of the Gospel are of infinitely higher value than are those of any merely human science. We should be glad if the students, to whose request we owe the publication of this sermon, would make another, and prevail upon their excellent tutor to expand it to much larger dimensions. Looking at the "signs of the times," such a work would be seasonable.—*Enoch*; or, *Personal Piety*. By the REV. GEORGE CURRIE. The "walk with God" lucidly described: its originating principle, its necessity, and its blessedness.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Blackburn, Mary,	Norton,	Pontefract,	72	April 26th, 1864.
Dixon, Mary,	Newton,	Lincoln,	56	Aug. 21st, 1864.
Makin, Margaret,	St. Helen's,	St. Helen's,	46	Nov. 17th, 1864.
Simpson, William,	Middleham,	Middleham,	83	Sept. 5th, 1864.
Whitfield, Elizabeth E.	St. Helen's,	St. Helen's,	41	Dec. 21st, 1864.
Wiles, Mr. Richard,	Holme;	Howden,	64	Nov. 24th, 1864.



(Henry II. doing Penance at the Shrine of Thomas à Becket.)

ENGLAND'S EARLIER CHANCELLORS.

It is both interesting and instructive to trace the long series of events which produced the results amid which we now live. Macaulay, indeed, holds that the early periods of a country's career are of little importance, and that history only begins when nations have attained to eminence, and exhibit the principles of social and intellectual progress in their full development. But is there no lesson to be learned by tracing the earlier circumstances of a great people, and by analyzing the principles of their conduct? Is modern history alone important? A thousand years ago in our island-home men laboured with bosoms as throbbing, as anxious, as perplexed, as are to be found in their modern sons; and, during their struggles, many of those institutions were originated which now stand before the world with the impress of importance and grandeur. To trace event after event in the chain of human affairs is but to trace the workings of an almighty and governing Hand.

Nearly thirteen centuries ago the voice of Augustine was heard
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proclaiming the Gospel amid the hills and the valleys of England. From that time the King always had near his person a priest noted for his learning, who performed the offices of his chapel, became his confessor, and, ultimately, the "keeper of his conscience." Superior to the laymen attending the court, he became private secretary to the King, and superintended the issue of writs and grants. The grants of dignities or lands made by the Crown were authenticated by the same officer. As the art of writing was little known, the adoption of a seal, with which writs and grants were sealed, became common. From that time to the present the "Chancellor" has had the custody of the King's great seal.

In the times of the Anglo-Saxon kings there is much to excite attention. To those grand old ancestors of ours we are indebted not only for our language, and the foundation of nearly all the towns and villages in England, but for the germ of whatever has most benefited and distinguished us as a nation. Let the name of the first Chancellor be had in lasting remembrance! Augmentus came to England with Augustine on that Missionary enterprise, the full results of which eternity alone will reveal. He exerted a power for good upon all classes of society, and brought the full weight of his talent to assist in drawing up that code of laws which abolished, or ameliorated, those dark customs which had prevailed under the sway of the Scandinavian divinities.

But the most remarkable man of this age was the celebrated St. Swithin, who was Chancellor under two kings, and who sustained a bright reputation for piety and learning. After his introduction into the office of Chancellor, he enjoyed the full confidence of his Sovereign; and by his counsels "contributed to the consolidation of the states of the Heptarchy into one great kingdom." He was made Bishop of Winchester, and laboured with untiring zeal to promote the interests of the church. Alfred the Great, in his early days, was his pupil; and the whole nation thus felt the effect of his pious instructions. The spirit which actuated him in life, actuated him in death. He directed that his body should be buried not in the cathedral, but in the common churchyard with the poor.

This introduces to us the well-known legend of that Chancellor-saint. Many of his admirers thought that the proper place for his body to repose was under the high altar, and fixed upon the 15th of July for its removal from the churchyard; when the most magnificent procession ever known in England was to distinguish the event. This disregard of his dying injunction is said to have disturbed his soul, so that he sent an extraordinary rain, which continued without intermission for forty days, until the project was abandoned. Multitudes have ever since had a sort of faith in his power over the weather, believing that as St. Swithin's day is fair or foul, so it will be for forty days following. For centuries this has been one of the proverbs of both the English and Scotch people:—

"St. Swithin's day if ye do rain,
For forty days it will remain ;
St. Swithin's day if ye be fair,
For forty days will rain na mair."

The *Norman Conquest* changed the whole aspect of things throughout the country. Perhaps there is hardly to be found in the world's history such a striking instance of race tyrannizing over race as in England during the reign of the Conqueror and his immediate descendants. The year after the battle of Hastings, just about eight hundred years ago, Maurice was appointed the first Chancellor, and he sealed that memorable charter by which large grants of land were made to the Abbot and monks of Westminster. When afterwards appointed Bishop of London, he rebuilt St. Paul's, which had been erected on a site where formerly stood a temple of Diana; and which the year before had, with nearly the whole of London, been destroyed by fire. The houses of London had previously been built of wood; but Maurice, by his untiring efforts, aided by a royal grant, rebuilt the city and cathedral in a style of unprecedented magnificence and strength.

It was about ninety years from the appointment of Maurice to that of Thomas à Becket, who stood out among the line of Chancellors like the Jungfrau among the lesser Alps. Osmond, Baldric, and others, men of conciliatory disposition, were followed by the notorious Bloat, who laughed at the kindly policy which had been adopted, and with a high hand laboured to crush the spirit of the English. A dangerous illness of the King led him to scheme to get into his possession some ecclesiastical revenues which had been appropriated to supply the royal coffers; but, upon the recovery of the King, he repented. By extraordinary cunning, however, he recovered much of his lost estate. The conduct of Bloat was an element in the aggregate of causes which led the general mind, four centuries afterwards, to break in sunder the fetters of ecclesiastical domination.

There is a singular account given of Roger, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor. He was a country parson, living in a country parish. The story goes, that, while he was performing service, Prince Henry, with some of his companions, accidentally entered the little church. The priest, recollecting that soldiers and busy men liked short and earnest service, despatched the prayers with extraordinary celerity. This so pleased the Prince, that he jestingly said, "Follow me." This was the first step in the career of a man who afterwards became Lord Chancellor, Bishop of Salisbury, and chief Justiciary; and "whose influence was greater than almost any other man in disposing of the crown of England." How many seem to rise by mere accident! During the whole of his future progress Roger is said to have kept up his reputation for short prayers. The King was so delighted with him, that he said, "I would give him half England if he asked for it. —He shall tire of asking before I tire of giving." He decided causes, had the charge of the treasury, and regulated the expenditure of

the kingdom. His excessive prosperity provoked the envy and hatred of his foes. After repeated vicissitudes of fortune, he died of a quartan ague.

Thomas à Becket, born in the year 1119, was of Saxon origin, and one of the most distinguished men, of any race, that this island has produced. By untiring industry, and indomitable perseverance, he raised himself first to the position of Archdeacon of Canterbury, and afterwards to that of Lord Chancellor; and was the first to give to that office the power and splendour which have since belonged to it. He was the means of restoring the English exiles who had fled to the Continent during the late troubles; and he promoted the numerous wise and liberal measures which characterized this reign. For a century the Saxon race had been oppressed; but, not ashamed of his Saxon origin, he ever proclaimed himself a protector of the rights and liberties of his countrymen. Henry had unbounded confidence in him, and made him his secretary in all domestic matters, as well as in all foreign negotiations. The following incidents will illustrate his earlier character, and the manners of the age in which he lived.

The Chancellor's house and table were open to all of every degree who appeared to be respectable. "He ordered the room in which he entertained company to be daily covered, during winter, with clean straw and hay; and in summer with clean rushes and boughs, for the gentlefolks to lie down upon; who, on account of their numbers, could not be accommodated at the table, so that their fine clothes might not be soiled by a dirty floor. His house was splendidly furnished with gold and silver vessels, and was most plentifully supplied with the most costly meats and wines." The nobility sent their sons as servants to him; and the King himself would often ride into his hall during the dinner, sometimes take a cup of wine, leap over the table, and take his place with the guests. Daily he gave away the most magnificent presents,—such as horses, gold and silver furniture, and sums of money.

On one occasion the King and his Chancellor were riding together through the streets of London, when a miserably clad beggar approached towards them. "Do you see that man," inquired the King; "how poor, how wretched, how naked he is; would it not be a charity to give him a warm cloak?" "Great, indeed," replied the Chancellor; "and you, as King, ought to have a disposition and an eye for such things." "You, indeed," exclaimed the King, "shall have the grace of this great charity;" and putting his hand on a fine new cloak of scarlet and ermine, which the Chancellor then wore, took it from him, notwithstanding considerable resistance, and gave it to the beggar, amid the laughter and merriment of his attendants. The beggar, however, walked off with his prize, rejoicing at his good fortune.

The Chancellor's love of display was specially seen in his embassy to France, in the interest of Henry, who was desirous of affiancing his

infant son to a daughter of the French King. "He prepared to pour out the whole opulence of English luxury upon all ranks of people," that his Sovereign and himself might receive more than ordinary glory. For the time, his procession was one of surpassing splendour. He took with him two hundred knights, priests, standard-bearers, and squires mounted on horseback, arrayed in new and gorgeous costume, according to their various degrees. A thousand followers added to the train. For presents, he took costly changes of raiment, all kinds of choice dogs and birds, and eight waggons—drawn by horses, equal to war-horses—laden with all kinds of necessities and luxuries. Strong chests contained abundance of money for expenditure or bounty; and a splendid steed, richly attired, carried the sacred vessels, the holy books, and the adornments of the altar. On entering the French towns the procession was headed by some two hundred and fifty young men on foot, singing the songs of their country; then followed groups of dogs, of finest breed, with their keepers; magnificent horses, ridden by their grooms; esquires, carrying the shields of knights; pages, bearing hawks; soldiers and priests riding two and two, and the upper and lower servants of the Chancellor's household; and, lastly, the Chancellor himself, under a magnificent canopy, adorned with everything that wealth and art could supply. The French running to witness the procession, exclaimed, "Behold the Chancellor of the King of England, going on a mission to the King of France: how wonderful must the King of England himself be, whose Chancellor travels in such state!"

Now comes one of those great changes which embarrass the philosopher. Upon the death of Archbishop Theobald, Becket was elected into the vacant office. He suddenly became an altered man, and gave up the great seal into the hands of the King. He became at once an humble and squalid penitent; wore haircloth next his skin, full of vermin; lived upon roots and water; inflicted stripes upon his naked back; daily washed the feet of beggars, and gave them food and money; wandered alone in his cloister, shedding bitter tears, and praying and reading the Scriptures. The change from the stately courtier to the sorrowing penitent produced a national excitement, and gave a new turn to those events which were yearly deepening in interest throughout the land. It commenced a struggle which has been too much overlooked. The Church grasped at power, and ultimately demanded that "all churchmen should be entirely exempt from the secular courts." Henry, after quarrelling with Becket, called an assembly of the prelates at Westminster, and demanded an answer to the question, "Whether they were willing to submit to the ancient laws and customs of the kingdom?" Their reply, framed by Becket, was, "We are willing, saving our own order." The King at once deprived Becket of several of his offices and emoluments, and the momentous struggle which followed led to the adoption of the celebrated "Constitutions of Clarendon;" which, to a great extent, anticipated the

measures that were taken at the Reformation, when the human mind, under an impulse from on high, cast off the yoke of Popery.*

The events which led to his murder are too numerous to discuss in this paper. He was involved in the first State trial of which we have any record. It lasted several days, and ended in his being adjudged to the forfeiture of all his goods and chattels. After a visit to Rome, he marched to Canterbury; where "banquets of unexampled splendour were given him; the cathedral was hung with silks, and as he walked up to take possession of his throne, the notes of the organ were drowned with the sound of trumpets, the ringing of bells, and the shouts of the multitude thrown into all the rapture of religious enthusiasm." Afterwards he entered London, where the clergy, laity, men and women of all ranks and ages, poured forth to meet him, and celebrate, with hymns of joy, his triumphant entrance.

On his return to Canterbury, a different scene ensued. Four knights of the King followed him; and, rushing into his apartment, threatened him with instant death. Becket replied: "If all the swords in England were brandishing over my head, your terrors could not move me. Foot to foot you would find me fighting the battle of the Lord." The voices of monks, singing vespers in the adjoining choir, were heard, and Becket proceeded to join the worshippers there. The four knights rushed after him, shouting, "Where is the traitor?" A blow being aimed at his head, he exclaimed, "In the name of Christ, and for the defence of the church, I am ready to die. I humbly commit my spirit to God." A second blow laid him on his knees, and a third laid him prostrate before the altar. Blow followed blow until his brains were scattered over the pavement.

Such was the end of this remarkable man. The nation was alarmed; hundreds of thousands mourned his fate, and hastened to worship at his tomb. At the present moment may be seen, in Canterbury Cathedral, grooves in the pavement, worn by the kneeling of pilgrims who repaired to his shrine for ages after his death.

A report had gone abroad that Henry had instigated the murder. He had certainly uttered the words, "Is there no one who will rid me of this traitor?" But, at a council afterwards held, he denied any participation in the act; and he refused to eat for three days upon the receipt of the tidings of his death. The penance which he afterwards underwent was of a startling character. When he came within sight of Canterbury Cathedral, he dismounted from his horse, and walked barefooted along a stony road. On arriving at the cathedral he descended to the crypt in which the corpse of Becket was laid. The Bishop of

* These "Constitutions," or ordinances, were sixteen in number, and were intended to define the limits between civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction; to prevent the further encroachments of the clergy; and to abolish abuses which had arisen from the gradual and increasing usurpations of the Pope. They were agreed to by the nobility and prelates in a council held at Henry's palace, or manor of Clarendon, in Wiltshire, in the year 1164.

London then addressed the assembled people: "Be it known to all who are here present, that Henry, King of England, protests before you all that he never commanded nor desired the death of the saint; but as it is possible that the murderers availed themselves of some words spoken imprudently, he implores his penance from the bishops now assembled, and is willing to submit his naked flesh to the discipline of the rod." The King then knelt upon the stone, divested his back of clothing, and each of the bishops took a whip with several lashes, and struck him on the naked shoulders. About eighty monks also took whips, and some of them, who were Saxons, gave their blows, it is said, with right hearty good will. Henry remained a day and a night prostrate before the tomb, during which time he took no food, and did not quit the place.

It is not relevant to our purpose just here to analyze the character of Becket. We confess, however, to a high appreciation of his brilliant talent and great acquirements, and to a disposition to regard him as having been sincere in much of his conduct.

The period of which we have been speaking is full of interest to the student of English history. England is now the home of liberty; the asylum of the persecuted; the refuge of the slave; the source of religion to the world. But this proud position has been gained by centuries of conflict. We hold—and as succeeding centuries are scanned, it will perhaps appear—that the source of Protestantism was in that age when Thomas à Becket was Lord Chancellor of England and Archbishop of Canterbury. The growing ambition of the Church which led to the "Constitutions of Clarendon," implanted in the human mind those principles which for generations afterwards struggled for the mastery. A thousand battles secured for us our religious and civil privileges; and a deep obligation is entailed upon us to consecrate all our energies to the promotion of that cause of light and purity with which the Divine Ruler has identified us.

Chester.

J. F. M.

CORNISH METHODIST WORTHIES.

No. IV.

A DEVOUT PHILOSOPHER.

(*Concluded from page 41.*)

IN 1787 an opportunity presented itself to Mr. Drew to commence business for himself. He possessed at the time fourteen shillings in his own right, and some friend lent him five pounds. He worked hard and fared hard, but at the end of the first year he was out of debt, and in

the possession of a respectable business. Amid unfavourable circumstances, arising out of pecuniary difficulties, which still harassed him, his thirst for knowledge continually increased. He worked eighteen hours out of twenty-four, and sometimes even more, and yet employed some time in study. Thus he proved that,—

"The knowledge which as spirits we obtain,
Is to be valued in the midst of pain:
Annihilation were to lose heaven more;
They are not quite exiled whose thoughts
can soar."

He was nothing daunted, but held on his way, taking as his motto, "Have faith in God;" and, "There are brighter days in store."

It was in endeavouring to pursue strictly a right path that Mr. Drew became a metaphysician: but, in order to attain to this character, he had to overcome many difficulties, and to pass through much toilsome labour. At one time astronomy invited his attention; but he thought that he was scarcely so versed in arithmetic as to be equal to the mastery of that science. Modern history next attracted him; but he found that this required a greater outlay in books, and also more time for study, than he could command. Metaphysics then offered themselves; and, concluding that there were no such impediments in that path as those which marked some others, he resolved to devote himself specially to that subject.

The manner of his early studies was remarkable. He pursued knowledge under difficulties. "Immersed," he says, "in the common concerns of life, I endeavour to lift my thoughts to objects more sublime than those with which I am surrounded; and, while attending to my trade, I sometimes catch the fibres of an argument, which I endeavour to note, and keep a pen and ink by me for that purpose. In this state, what I can collect remains on my paper, which I have at hand, till business is despatched, and the shop shut; when, in the midst of my family, I endeavour to analyze in the evening such thoughts as had crossed my mind during the day. I have no study, I have no retirement; I write amidst the cries and cradles of my children; and frequently, when I review what I have written, endeavour to cultivate 'the art to blot.'"

Such is the record that he himself has left us. His usual evening

seat was a low nursing-chair, beside the kitchen fire; and his desk the bellows placed upon his knees. Under these circumstances, prior to the year 1805, he pursued his investigations, and wrote his works. He thus gave evidence of genius; for this is always known by the power which it puts forth in overcoming resistance. He possessed the energy which steadily persists in its purpose, and fights its way till it wins:—

"Still urging on without control,
From torrid zone to icy pole,
Spurning the common road to go."

There was one period in Mr. Drew's history, in which he found the truth of the saying,—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

At his master's shop he had acquired a great taste for politics. After he had himself become a master, and had got a little ahead of his pecuniary difficulties, he began again to indulge this taste. This took up very much of his time, brought many loungers about him, and led him to gossip at his neighbours' houses. The result was that he was obliged to work until midnight to make up for lost time. While thus engaged one night, with shutters closed, a little boy put his mouth to the keyhole of the door, and shouted, "*Shoemaker, shoemaker, work by night, and run about by day!*" He was dismayed and confounded. He said to himself, "True, true; but you shall never have to say that again." From that time he altered his course, and ceased to trouble himself about what did not concern him. He often experienced in after-life the bliss of ignorance on political topics, as he had in earlier time proved the folly of being wise. He asserted that the reproof administered by that lad through the key-hole gave a colouring to his habits, and assisted to form his character. To him it was

as the voice of God, recalling him to his duty.

He returned to the strict path of present business. His heart became more than ever captivated with the glory of Christ, and his soul filled with the knowledge of God; so that his mind was like the poet's "golden harp:"—

"'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power Divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine."

When he was twenty-four years of age, he became a Class-leader and a Local preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists. The duties which he thus undertook led him to think closely on Divine subjects. He consequently became more widely acquainted with theology. The exercise of thought, under a holy influence, gave vigour to his mental powers, and he became a moral philosopher. His path as a preacher and leader was not, however, free from some rough places. He was not an ordinary man, and was sometimes misunderstood. Independent in his thinkings, and, perhaps, equally so in the choice of his words, and also given to reason more closely than many around him, it is not to be wondered at if he did sometimes perplex his brethren, or even if, on some points, he wandered from the received orthodox teaching of the church. Amid all, however, he felt a refuge and resting-place in communion with God.

He was not remarkably graceful in his preliminary movements when about to address a congregation. He would first turn up the cuffs of his coat, and pause before he commenced his discourse. His voice was distinct, and, as he became warm with his subject, his manner was impassioned, until his words flowed with rapidity and power. He possessed none of the ornaments of rhetorical gesture; but his thoughts

were clothed in appropriate language, and on some occasions he would deliver passages of great beauty and power. His pronunciation was very broad; and, as he was not free from provincialisms, it fell on some ears harshly. He sought to persuade men. Though in private he abounded in anecdote, and sometimes indulged in humour, in the pulpit he was abstruse and metaphysical. Still he obtained and held the attention of his audiences. His choice of subjects was limited; but his sermons were distinguished by the depth and range of thought that they presented. He seemed to live and act under the governing idea that,—

"One science only will one genius fit."

His preaching was made a blessing to many souls, both in awakening, instructing, edifying, and comforting them; and he has found a glorious reward. Other churches sought him; but he was attached to Wesleyan Methodism by many ties, and from its communion he resolved never to separate:—

"But he would live and labour still
For Him, his gracious, loving Lord;
And bear, and do His holy will,
Upheld by His almighty word."

Mr. Drew was tall and slender, and had a small head. He was mild in his disposition; his eye was dark and expressive, indicating a mind at ease. His movements were rapid, and evidenced decision of character. His domestic habits were systematic and regular; and his method of training his children was effective and admirable. His great excellency, however, lay in his devotion of all to God, and to His service. He thus lived usefully, and died peacefully, and is at rest,—

"Where never sets his sun."

His literary life was the natural result of his great thirst for

knowledge. His conversion to God had a decided influence in directing his readings and thinkings; for he was "a new creature." He was ready for almost everything that he thought would profit him. The poetical works of Young, and Cowper, and Pope, he eagerly perused. Goldsmith was a much-admired author; and *Locke on the Understanding* was a favourite book. He also felt a strong desire to possess some of the works of Plato. This desire led him one day to a bookseller's shop in Truro, where he made inquiry for the book. His attire corresponded with his finances; and some military officer who was in the shop, by way of joke, said, "Mr. — has not got Plato, my man; but here"—presenting him with a child's primer—"is a book he thinks likely to be more serviceable to you, as you do not appear to be overstocked with cash." Mr. Drew replied to him so sharply, that the officer retreated, covered with shame.

At length he began to compose, and to publish. His first attempts at composition were metrical;—an Epistle to his sister, and an Elegy on the death of his brother. These are lost. He wrote *A Morning Excursion*, in which he records the feelings of a mind alive to the beauties of nature, and grateful for the goodness of God. He looked abroad on God's earth, and in every direction he saw a meaning, a glory, and a mystery. In 1791, he wrote *An Ode on Christmas*, which concludes with the following lines:—

"Refulgent scenes shall these dark days
succeed,
And Gospel truths in radiant circles
spread;
Man's present aims with future interests
blend;
To distant worlds the rising soul shall
tend:
Messiah's power shall renovate the whole,
And truth, combined with love, pervade
the human soul."

He also wrote, *Reflections on St. Austell Churchyard*. "It was written," he says, "in those leisure hours which too many of my age dedicate to profligacy, wicked company, and vice." This piece was the embryo of his *Treatise on the Human Soul*. He expected that "some persons would despise, some ridicule, some pity, and, perhaps, some applaud" him for this undertaking; while many would say, "You had better mind your work." He abandoned his purpose to bring it before the public.

He had been made the instrument of winning back from infidelity to truth a young surgeon, and he saw him die in the faith of Jesus Christ. He thought that the discussions he had held with his friend, if published, might be useful to other deists. After consultation with the Ministers of the St. Austell Circuit, he prepared his notes, and published *Remarks addressed to Thomas Paine, the Infidel, and related to his Age of Reason*. This was the first production of his that was sent to the press. The work attracted the attention, and secured the friendship, of the Rev. John Whitaker, then Rector of Buan Langhorne, in Cornwall. This gentleman was a historian, antiquarian, and divine; and he became Mr. Drew's faithful friend, and in many ways helped him in after-life. After his first effort, his pamphlets were issued rapidly; and were, on the whole, favourably received. He wrote both prose and poetry; but his poetry was feeble when compared with his other writings, and he discontinued his efforts in that direction.

He was next led into a controversy with the Rev. B. Polwhale, a clergyman, who had published a pamphlet, entitled, *Anecdotes of Methodism*. This production contained an attack on the Methodist body. The author was a literary man,

and also a magistrate. Mr. Drew sifted the so-called "facts," and "found that, out of thirty-four anecdotes, eight were false. Of six he could find no account; nine were misrepresented; five were related with the omission of important particulars; and all the rest demanded correction and revision." The reply did its work effectually.

He was now fairly before the public as an author. His *Essay on the Soul* appeared, and was well received. "Mr. Polwhele generously wrote a handsome critique in its favour." He next published, *An Essay on the Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body*. This is a work distinguished for its close reasoning. In the year 1804 he commenced a course of lectures on English grammar. They were delivered to adults, and continued through a year. To these were added lectures on geography, and the outlines of astronomy, as a supplementary course. By his mode of communicating information, he made the lectures both instructive and entertaining; judiciously blending anecdote with more formal rules and statements.

As the result of the publication of the *Essay on the Soul*, the author was elected, without the usual formalities, an honorary member of the "Philological Society." He also attracted the notice of Dr. Coke, who solicited him to assist in the preparation of works for the press. He became his helper, and so commenced a connexion which did not fully terminate until Dr. Coke's death; when he was appointed to write his Memoir. Dr. Adam Clarke was also a steady friend, and under his influence he entered on a new department of literature, that of writing as a reviewer: being advised "to think, speak, purpose, and act, in all things, so as to carry about a

plenary sense of the approbation of God."

In compliance with the solicitation of Professor Kidd, of Aberdeen, Mr. Drew wrote an essay on "*The Being and Attributes of God*." In doing this he was a competitor for the "Burnet prize." There were fifty essays sent in. It was thought that he failed through abstruseness of method. The publication of this treatise was delayed for several years. Other works, chiefly pamphlets, appeared at different times, of various degrees of value; but all displaying great depth of thought, and all designed to glorify God.

In 1819 he went to Liverpool to reside, and there became editor of the *Imperial Magazine*. He continued to act as a Local preacher, and in other ways served the church of Christ. In consequence of an accident by fire, the establishment with which he was connected was removed to London. In the metropolis he held the office of class-leader, and also very frequently occupied the pulpit. He was now where Dr. Clarke wished him to be; "where he would be brought into notice, and made useful to himself." He was introduced to many eminent men; and all the works that issued from the Caxton-press passed under his supervision. By the Marischal College, Aberdeen, the degree of A.M. was conferred on him. In May 1824, Professor Kidd wrote to him, "Our College has enrolled you among its *Alumni*; and I think this will be honourable to both. I congratulate you, most cordially, on your new title."

In 1828 Mr. Drew was left a widower. The effect of his wife's sudden death, which took place whilst on a visit to Helstone, was very great. "When my wife died," he often said, "my earthly sun set for ever." But he bore the stroke as a Christian; the consolations of

religion were his relief and support:—

"What though with weariness oppress'd;
'Tis but a little, and we rest:
The throbbing heart and burning brain,
Will soon be calm and cool again.
Night is far spent, and morn is near,—
Morn of the cloudless and the clear."

From this time, however, his spirits lost much of their buoyancy, and the infirmities which accompany age began to appear. His literary engagements became a task, and his subsequent letters betray a tone of depression and restlessness. In 1830 he was requested, by some of the members of the London University, to allow himself to be nominated for the chair of Moral Philosophy. This proposal he declined; for he had long cherished a purpose to return to Cornwall in the evening of his days, to sit down quietly, and to—

"Keep life's flame from wasting by repose."

Unforeseen circumstances, however, kept him in London longer than he intended or desired. In 1832 he went to reside with a daughter, saying, "I am preparing to weigh anchor; but my time is not yet come." His health now began to fail, and his work became a heavy burden. On Sunday, January 20th, 1833, he preached his last sermon, at Middlesex chapel, in the first London Circuit. He continued his editorial duties until the last day of his sixty-eighth year. Two days after, he suffered such a prostration of strength, that he was unable to walk without assistance. From this time his mind yielded to the influence of bodily weakness, and he evinced great nervous irritability. He chose, however, to go into Cornwall, and felt cheered at the prospect of breathing the Cornish air. He reached Helstone, having suffered great exhaustion on the journey. He gradually sank, and his mind wandered. Through all his sick-

ness, he nevertheless expressed the fullest hope, and the most unshaken confidence, in the mercy of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. He frequently exclaimed, "Bless the Lord for this! Thank God for all His mercies! Bless the Lord, O my soul!" When one said to him, "You will, I trust, to-day be with the Lord Jesus;" he replied, "Yes, my good Sir, I trust I shall!" As he went down "the valley of the shadow of death," his path was cheered by the hope which faith in Christ alone can impart. He died on the 29th day of March, 1833; hearing, as he said, a voice calling from his wife's grave, and saying, "Come! come away!"

"Even as the mariner, who, rowing down
Some shallow, sparkling stream, feels
evermore
His keel grate on the pebbles, and
his oar
Tangled by lily leaves,—and then a frown
Gathers on his brow, till past the town,
And past the hill-side drifting, either
shore
Fades slowly, and old ocean's hymn
and roar
Rising around, the sheep-bell's tinklings
drown:
His heart bounds with the waters, and
the cheer
Rings out most joyously: so he, whose
glee
Had pass'd away while fathoming the clear
Bright waves of earthly love's felicity,
Lay lull'd to rest, without a thought
or fear,
Upon *His* love's unsounded, shoreless
sea."

Far-North.

N. J.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE, AND ITS EARLY TRANSLATORS.*

THE earliest symptoms of the appearance of the word of God in our common tongue, began to show themselves during the first ten years of the eighth century. Athelm, a

* From a Lecture by the Rev. J. D. Julian.

saint of good position in the Romish calendar, and of good repute among men, was the first to show signs of a deep and practical interest in the welfare of his people. His position—first as Abbot of Malmesbury, and then as Bishop of Sherborne—was great. In his veins ran the blood-royal of the reigning house of Wessex; and in his bosom throbbed a heart stamped with the image of a royalty yet higher; that is, a heavenly. His personal wealth was great, but it was equalled by his liberality; and his entire fortune was spent by him in the building of churches, and their endowment. In his attainments languages and music stood pre-eminent; and amongst other virtues and deeds with which his name stands identified, those of having been the first builder of an organ in England, the first Englishman who mastered the Latin language, and the first to bring poetry into this country, are not inconsiderable. But his highest honour is connected with his translation of the Psalms of David into Anglo-Saxon. The secret of his selecting the noble lays of Israel's poet-king doubtless lay in the musical and poetical tendencies of his mind and tastes. The soul of poetry, and the true ring and tender cadence of the purest music, live in each line and stanza of these inspired songs. To Athelm their pathos and beauty would have been irresistible. His soul could not but have been enamoured with so rich a banquet of piety and music, of poetry and love. His life of munificent charity, and great labours, was brought to a close on the 25th day of May, in the year 706. His memoir was penned by the kingly hand, to the inditing of the kinglier heart, of "Alfred the Great."

Whilst a member of royalty was thus bringing his philological acquisitions, and the powers of his poetical and musical mind, to bear upon the

Psalms of David, another, less royal in birth, but not less royal in purposes and attainments, was, in a distant part of the country, laying the foundations of an undying reputation, and building up a name of imperishable renown. In the year 673, in a small village near the town of Sunderland, in the county of Durham, the household of a poor family of the name of Beda was gladdened by the advent of a son, now immortalized as "Venerable." The child was nurtured with care, and educated far beyond the limits we are wont to associate with poverty and plebeianism. At nineteen years of age he was ordained deacon, and at twenty his Bible is well read,—the intricacies of sacred music are mastered,—a respectable knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages is obtained,—and the right of administering the emblems of his dying Lord, and the privilege of pronouncing the major benediction are attained. This priest, at twenty, never belied his profession, or proved a traitor to his trust. His works are numerous, and in the unpolished Latin of the age. His greatest work is his *Ecclesiastical History*. Study was to him a life-work; and when his own hand refused to chronicle his thoughts, he ceased not to labour, but employed the rapid pens of his pupils, until his spirit left this lower scene and rose to life. And those last moments, and the maturity of his greatness, were devoted to the noble purpose of rendering the word of God into the language of the people.

His death-bed, as portrayed by the affectionate hand of one of his pupils, is one of touching tenderness. As he lay upon his lowly couch, his eye of faith ran up the ranks of shining ones, and became fixed, as by a supernatural fascination, upon Him who sat upon the throne. But his work was not finished, and that wrapt gaze was recalled to earth.

On the Tuesday before the day of Ascension, in the year 735, unmistakable signs of a speedy departure made their appearance. At this time his translation had proceeded to the ninth verse of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, to the words, "But what are they among so many?" He desired its completion before his removal, and requested his pupil to "go on quickly." The night was passed in holy enjoyment and thanksgiving, and the following day dawned upon the sleepless company still hard at their holy toil. The Gospel was now finished to the last chapter. Pain and sleeplessness were fast sealing the mental vision, and beclouding the memory, of the grand old man. His thoughts were mounting high above all sublunary things, and his wishes were for the temple of his Christ. The faithful amanuensis broke in upon his heavenly musings with the touching question, "Most dear master, there is still one chapter wanting; do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?" To which he replied, "It is no trouble. Take pen, and make ready, and write fast." The pen glided rapidly over the parchment; sentence followed sentence in rapid succession; until the last alone stood for transposition in the common tongue. Another sentence, and the work would be complete. His life-stream was ebbing fast, and the shadows of death were falling upon his holy brow. Time, with him, was short. The youth saw it, and was anxious. "Dear master," he said, "there is yet one sentence not written." "Write quickly," whispered the dying man; and with the hesitancy of weakness, and the tremor of a death-struggle, he dictated to the youth. "The sentence is now written," said the youth, as the last letter was formed with a trembling hand. Memorable and un-

dying was his reply:—"It is well. You have said the truth. It is ended. Receive my head into your hands; for it is a great satisfaction to me to sit facing the place where I was wont to pray, that I may, also sitting, call upon my Father." They lay him on the floor of his little cell, his eyes turned towards the place of prayer. The departing spirit fluttered against its clay tenement; the cold lips trembled under the weight of their last doxology; and, with the words, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," his spirit ascended to the bosom of his God.

The work, however, went on. The mantle of the ascended saint fell upon kingly shoulders, and the Bible had another member of the blood-royal among its lovers and translators.

In the palace of Wantage, in the year 849, Osburgh, the loving and pious consort of Ethelwolfe, King of Wessex, gave birth to her fourth son. This son was the pride of his father; and at an early age he was taken by him to Rome,—a journey of no mean pretensions in those days, however trivial now. There he was introduced to his Holiness the Pope, who anointed him with holy oil: an act which carried weight, and was held in great veneration in those superstitious times. Precocious from the first, he excelled his brothers in the acquisition of knowledge; and, on one occasion, whilst yet a child, he mastered a volume of Saxon poems, that he might become possessed of the valued and coveted prize. In the budding of his manhood, he was called to the throne of his fathers by the unanimous voice of the kingdom; his father and three brothers having passed away. His conduct as King and counsellor was of the most daring and brilliant kind. Where he failed in strength, he succeeded by daring and stratagem. Now, in the guise of a poor

harper, he discourses sweet harmony in the Danish camp; which, like the fabled music of the Siren that lured its listeners to destruction, lulled them into a false security, and wrought their ruin; anon their army is routed, and the harper is the conqueror of the field. What his sword gained him in battle, an affectionate interest in the welfare of his people, and a liberal policy, secured him at home. His mind was strong, his temper mild, his habits studious, and his attainments royal. He found his people ignorant and debased, and left them enlightened and exalted. Raised to govern, no laws but those of despotism and caprice lent their dim and uncertain light for his guidance. Yet out of the fulness of his own heart, and by the guidance of his own understanding, he framed statutes which are now the boast of our land.*

But the keen eyes that now peered so searchingly into the concerns, and habits, and constitution of his people, might anon be seen bent, with the deepest intensity, upon the word of God. In its deep truths he meditated day and night; and found they were not the birth-right of kings alone, but the blood-bought heritage of men. The holy book was a sun of light; but its cheering rays were hidden from the Saxon mind. To them it suffered an eclipse, being circulated but sparingly, and that only in the Latin language. He was a King; but he never looked so kingly to his people, nor to us, as when he bent his energies to the drawing forth of the Psalms of David from the darkness of an unknown language, into the clear daylight of the common tongue. He was lovable, and men loved him

* It is certain that Alfred compiled a code of laws for his subjects; but how much of it is embodied in our present laws and usages has long been disputed among historians.—*Edwards*.

for the love he bore them, and the good he did. His days were few, but his deeds were many; and the brightest period of our nation's youth is spanned by his short life of two-and-fifty years. The year 901 was waning, and the month of October was spelling out its twenty-seventh day, when the silent messenger came, and he was called up higher. His career was pronounced illustrious. Generation after generation have considered the verdict of their forefathers, and passed it on as true; and through all time, England's brotherhood of worthies will not embrace a nobler member, nor her muster-roll of heroes be emblazoned with a name more glorious, than that of ALFRED THE GREAT.

After Alfred other translators rose, and rendered good service by their labours in this department of letters. The celebrated "Durham Book," an interlined translation of Latin and Anglo-Saxon, is supposed to have been finished a short time after Alfred's death. This valuable relic of antiquity is preserved among the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum, and is the oldest Anglo-Saxon version now extant. Following it is the "Rushworth Gloss of the Gospels;" the combined work of two priests of Harewood, of the names of Farman and Owen. Another MS. of, or about this period, is extant; but its author is unknown.

The last translator of this school of whom we have any notice in history is Aelfric, a member of the noble and ancient house of Kent. His education was such as the higher branches of the aristocracy were accustomed to give their sons. He entered the order of the Benedictine Monks, and took up his residence in the monastery of Abingdon, in Berkshire. Athelwold, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, was the principal of the institution at the time; but, soon after, being raised to the bishopric, he took Aelfric with him

as tutor to the youth of his charge. During Aelfric's residence at Winchester, he translated the first seven books of the Old Testament into Anglo-Saxon. He subsequently became Abbot of Malmesbury, then Bishop of Wilton; and, finally, was enthroned in the chair of Canterbury. He was a man of spirit and daring, and often lent his assistance against Danish invaders of the land. The more peaceful traits which should ever adorn the character of a Christian prelate, however, were not wanting; and, when he fell asleep in November, 1005, he was deeply mourned.

With his death the list of Anglo-Saxon translators closes. They were a small but noble band. They battled vigorously with the darkness with which they were surrounded, and wrestled manfully with the ignorance of their fellows. Men were they who worked well, and fought the battle of life nobly. They did their duty as men who have the love of Christ in their hearts, and the fear of God before their eyes, alone can do it. They are passed away; but their examples remain with us still, and of them with truth it can be said, "They being dead, yet speak."

STRENGTH BY THE WAY.

JESUS, while this rough desert-soil
I tread, be Thou my guide and stay;
Nerve me for conflict and for toil;
Uphold me on my stranger-way.

JESUS, in heaviness and fear,
'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I
stray,
For earth's last night is drawing near;
O cheer me on my stranger-way!

JESUS, in solitude and grief,
When sun and stars withhold their
ray,
Make haste, make haste to my relief;
O light me on my stranger-way!

JESUS, in weakness of this flesh,
When Satan grasps me for his prey
O give me victory afresh,
And speed me on my stranger-way!

JESUS, my righteousness and strength,
My more than life, my more than day,
Bring, bring deliverance at length:
O come and end my stranger-way!
—*H. Bonar.*

RESIGNATION.

LOVE! if thy destined sacrifice am I,
Come, slay thy victim, and prepare
thy fires;
Plunged in thy depth of mercy, let me die
The death which every soul that lives
desires.

I watch my hours and see them fleet
away;
The time is long that I have languish'd
here;
Yet all my thoughts thy purposes obey,
With no reluctance, cheerful and
sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or
ease;
My soul perceives no real ill in pain,
In ease or health no real good she sees.

One good she covets, and that good
alone,—
To choose Thy will, from selfish bias
free;
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee.

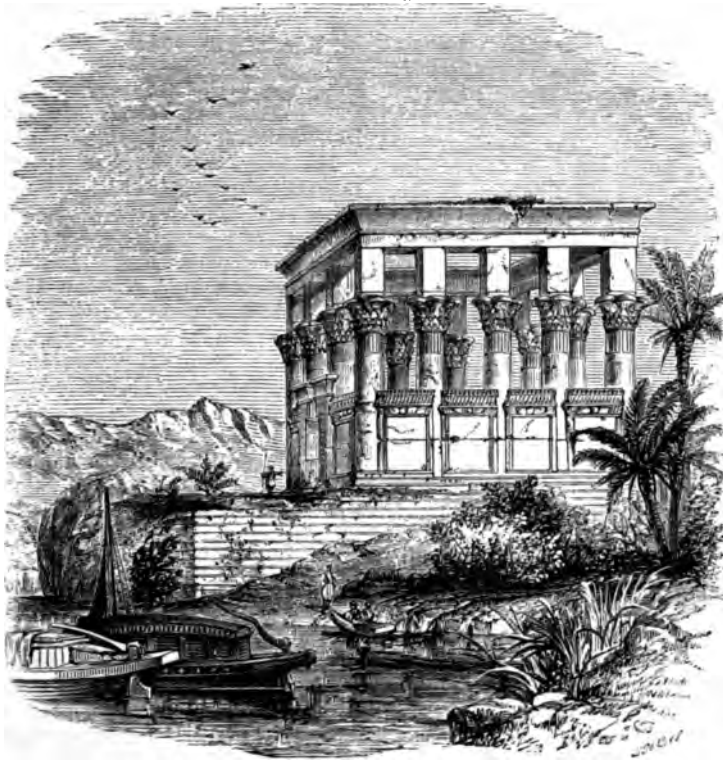
That we should bear the cross is Thy
command;
Die to the world, and live to self no
more;
Suffer unmoved beneath the rudest hand;
When shipwreck'd, pleased as when
upon the shore.
—*Madame Guyon.*

SKETCHES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

II.

COURSE OF THE NILE — CATARACTS —
GRANITE QUARRIES — RUINED CITIES —
ZODIACS.

THE outlet of the lake Victoria Ny-
anza, which, according to Captain Speke,



(The Island of Philæ.)

is the first appearance of the Nile as a distinct stream, has been called the Ripon Falls, in honour of the noble President of the Royal Geographical Society. From this point the river pursues a course of more than three thousand miles before it enters the Mediterranean. On leaving the Victoria Nyanza it flows northward, with a slight inclination to the east, until it reaches Beriza. It then takes a north-westerly direction, and enters a large lake,—Bah-el-Gazal, or Birket-el-Gazal,—where it receives an important tributary, which flows into the same lake from the west. Upon issuing from this lake it takes its way almost due east; and, after receiving the waters of the Lobat, or Telfi,—a river which rises in the south of Abyssinia,—it again bends northward, and, pursuing a course of several hundreds of miles to Khartum, it is there

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joined by the Blue River; the peculiar tinge of whose waters remains distinct for some distance after confluence with the White River, or Nile. It is from the Blue River that the rich alluvial soil which is carried into Nubia and Egypt is chiefly derived. Further to the north, at El-Akkád, the Tacazze, or Atbara,—another stream, about one thousand feet wide, and having its sources in the remote mountains of Abyssinia,—becomes the last tributary of the Nile; and from this point, near the northern limit of the tropical rains, the mighty river flows to the Mediterranean, along a course of one thousand five hundred miles, without receiving any other affluents, except some torrents which descend from the mountain-ranges in the rainy season.

Through Nubia the Nile is broken by several cataracts; the last of these occurring in the north of that country.

It is formed by a ridge of granite, which rises across the stream; while bare cliffs of hard and rugged rock frown on either side. Several islands, of considerable size, are formed in the channel; between which the pent-up waters rush with impetuous force. The old Egyptians thought that it was from deep caverns at this cataract the Nile took its rise, and hence flowed both north and south; and these hidden abysses were supposed, in one part of their mythology, to be the abode, or the burying-place,—it is difficult to say which,—of Osiris. They imagined that while he slept in these hidden depths, the river contracted into a narrower bed; and when he awoke, the stream also began to rise and overflow, casting abroad over its banks fertility and plenty. The wild aspect of this desolate region would be well calculated to create and foster the fanciful beliefs of a superstitious people.

A little below this cataract are the beautiful, and no less renowned, islands of Philæ and Elephantinê. The latter has been named by the Arabs *Jezirah-el-Zahir*, or the "Flowery Island." The ruins of very ancient Egyptian temples remain in the midst of luxuriant vegetation; and around these are the crumbling relics of buildings erected in succession by Greeks, Romans, and Arabs.

The island of Philæ was in very early times one of Egypt's most sacred places. It is nine hundred yards in circumference, and one hundred in breadth; and it became, as the Island of Isis,—called the "Lady of Philek,"—a spot so venerated, that, at one time, priests alone were allowed access to it. It was covered with temples of the most magnificent architecture, "one of which was believed to have been built by Isis, in honour of her husband, Osiris. Everything which antiquity and sanctity could give to warm the imagination, and inflame the devotion, of the worshippers, seemed concentrated on this holy soil." The principal edifice seems to have been the great temple of Isis. It was built at the south of the island. On one side long porticoes connect it with an obelisk, and in front are two colonnades, and lofty, imposing portals; one of them reaching a height of fifty-four feet, and leading

to an inner court. There are also richly-carved decorations, in which the flower of the lotus, and the leaves of the palm, are conspicuous, with numerous hieroglyphics; and the ground is strewn with fragments of obelisks and lions sculptured from red granite.

The Nile enters Egypt at Assouan, the ancient Syene. This town is situated on the right bank of the river, opposite the island of Elephantinê, and is a place of great antiquity. Ezekiel speaks of "the tower of Syene." (Chap. xxix. 10.) This district is mostly formed by rocks of granite; and the old quarries are still seen from which the Egyptians derived the material for their obelisks, columns, and statues. It is this old border-town of Egypt, with its famous quarries, that has given to the rose-coloured granite the geological name of *Syenite*.

North of Syene, the granite formation ends, and sandstone is met with. This continues to Esnâ; and along this district the slabs, of which most of the temples are built, were cut. The steep and abrupt cliffs on each side of the river between Syene and Esnâ approach in one place so near to each other, that room is barely left for the passage of the stream. The valley, however, soon begins to open out again; the high rocks on the eastern side receding, but still stretching along for a considerable distance; while, on the opposite side, there is a gentle slope, gradually ascending towards the desert.

At Latopolis—now Esnâ, the present capital of Upper Egypt—the valley of the Nile becomes nearly four miles and a half wide. At this city there is a very large Coptic convent, which is said to contain the bones of Christian martyrs, who were put to death in the fierce persecution of Diocletian, A.D. 303.

Further down, at Crocodiopolis,—a city consecrated, as the name indicates, to the worship of the crocodile,—the Nile takes a north-easterly course to Thebes. The noble remains of this grand old city occupy a very wide space. It was anciently the proud metropolis of a vast kingdom, to which, it is said, that distant nations beyond the Persian Gulf rendered tribute. It was the residence of the early Egyptian kings; and, occu-

pying both banks of the Nile, is said to have covered an area twenty-three miles in extent. Thebes is the city mentioned by the prophet Nahum as the "populous No;" and the Grecian poet thus celebrates its ancient splendour and renown :—

" All proud Thebe's unrivall'd walls contain
The world's great empress on the Egyptian plain,
That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates !
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars,
From each wide portal issuing to the wars."

On the eastern side of the river are the extensive ruins of Karnak and Luxor, and on the west those of Medinet Abu, and Gurneh. To these we shall more particularly refer when we speak of the Egyptian temples. Farther inland, on the edge of the desert, to the west and north, almost innumerable fragments of statues and pillars, with broken remains of finely-executed hieroglyphic tablets, linger to attest the former extent and grandeur of a royal city, which successive monarchs spared neither toil nor expense to enlarge and beautify.

From Thebes the Nile flows directly north to Denderah or Tentyra. Here are the ruins of two temples, the larger of which attracted much attention some years ago, in consequence of the discovery of a zodiac, which was painted on the ceiling of the portico, and for which a very remote date was claimed. Some astronomers, hastily indulging in wild speculations, referred the erection of the temple to a period so distant as to throw discredit on the history and chronology of the Mosaic writings. Subsequently the zodiac was taken down and conveyed to Paris; and, upon a more intelligent inquiry, based upon a more correct interpretation of hieroglyphic signs, it was found to belong really to the first century of the Christian era. The fact is, that this famous temple of Denderah, which it was supposed would, from its pretended antiquity, do such wonderful things in the cause of infidelity, is one of the most recent of the ancient Egyptian structures. Professor Eadie forcibly points out the fact, that the basis of this

temple "is upon a terrace still nearly fifteen feet above the level of the neighbouring country; while similar terraces at Thebes (the place of undoubted antiquity) are only on a level with the surface of the Nile, above which they were, beyond a doubt, once greatly elevated." At Latopolis, also, a city which we have just mentioned, there was a temple containing a zodiac; which unbelief, in its hostility to the word of God, seized as a triumphant refutation of Moses. "French astronomers insisted on assigning to it an antiquity of at least seventeen thousand years before Christ." But, as in the case of the zodiac at Denderah, a better acquaintance with Egyptian monuments, wonderfully reduced these imposing and threatening figures; for M. Champollion, one of the most successful translators of Egyptian inscriptions, "read the name of the Emperor Antoninus upon it, and so proved it to have been erected about A. D. 140." Very instructive are these blunders, and surely they have a lesson of caution to many in our own day, who take up premature theories of science and array them against the facts recorded in the sacred Scriptures. Let us neither be impatient nor anxious. "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Depend upon it, the foundations are not going to be destroyed.

At Denderah the Nile again changes its course, and for nine miles runs due west, passing Abydos, where there is an important canal or branch of the river; it bears the name of Bahr Jussuf, or Joseph's canal; and tradition says that it was constructed by Joseph. It conveys water far into the western plain, and creates fertility, where otherwise there would be only the barrenness of the desert.

Abydos is considered by some to be the most ancient city of Upper Egypt, though not of equal rank with some other places. It abounds with ruins which bear all the indications of a remote period. In the British Museum is a hieroglyphic tablet, taken from those relics of early art which are so numerous here.

Several miles lower down, and about a mile from the river, on the eastern side

lies the ancient Panopolis, or Chemmis. This, too, was a city of very early origin, and was adorned with fine temples. It was consecrated to the god Chem, or Khem, one of Egypt's chief divinities.

Passing Lycopolis on the west, and valuable quarries of alabaster on the east, the next city of importance is Hermopolis Magna. Its ruins cover an area of four miles in circumference; and sufficient remains to give some idea of its extent and grandeur in the days of its prosperity. Busy hands, guided by skilful architects, reared buildings of stately form and massive proportions, among which stood the temple of Thoth, the Egyptian god of wisdom. On the opposite bank of the river was a Roman city, founded by Hadrian, and called Antinoë. Very strange must this city of the Latin race look, standing all alone in the midst of architecture whose entire structure tells of manners and customs belonging to so different a period and so different a people. Speaking of Antinoë, one historian says, "Its colonnades, triumphal arches, baths, and amphitheatres, form a singular contrast to all the surrounding objects, and are as foreign to the soil on which they stand, as was the new Capitol raised by the Romans at Treves, on the banks of the Moselle."

A few miles lower down, quarries and catacombs point out the neighbourhood of cities which have long since passed away, and which are known now only in historic names. On the eastern bank of the river are the extensive caverns of Beni Hassan. The walls and pillars of these remarkable excavations are adorned with paintings representing various trades, occupations, amusements, and customs of social life, practised by the ancient Egyptians; and these paintings, although executed at least some three thousand years ago, retain all their original freshness, except where the rude hand of the Arab rover has defaced them. Next to the pyramids, they are said to be "the oldest royal tombs in Egypt." Not far from Beni Hassan was the temple of Pasht, the Egyptian Diana, excavated in the rock.

Following the course of the Nile, the old maps indicate, on the western bank

of the river, an old city called Heracleopolis Magna. It must have possessed, at one time, considerable distinction, as it was a royal residence; but no traces of it now remain. Passing Aphroditopolis, sacred to Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, and Acanthus, with its celebrated temple of Osiris, we come to Memphis. This city was the metropolis of Lower Egypt, and was fifteen miles in circumference. Some consider that it was founded by Menes, the first Egyptian king; while others fix its date considerably later. Here stood, in stately grandeur, the palace of the Pharaohs; and the ruins which have been dug from the sands of the encroaching desert are sufficient to show that Memphis was a city adorned with edifices of costly architecture, and inhabited by a numerous population. We shall have to speak of this city hereafter, in connexion with the deplorable idolatries of Egypt, of which it was one of the chief centres. In the writings of the Hebrew prophets it is called Noph; and Jeremiah thus utters the prophetic testimony concerning it: "Noph shall be waste and desolate without an inhabitant." (Ch. xli. 19.) Most literally and completely has this prediction been fulfilled. The ruthless hands of invading armies, and the sands of the desert, have spread over this once magnificent city the utter ruin with which the prophet was commanded to threaten it.

A little below Memphis, the Nile passes the quarries of Masarah and Toora, from which the fine white stone was obtained which was used for the casing of the pyramids. A few miles on, and Cercasorus is reached. At this point the main stream of the Nile divides into two branches, anciently into seven, and encloses the Delta, of which formerly Memphis was the apex.

(To be continued.)

SURMISE AND REALITY.

TWO EXTRACTS FROM WESLEY'S
CORRESPONDENCE.

To his brother Samuel, under date April 4th, 1738, John Wesley writes as follows:—"I do not expect to see your

face in the flesh. Not that I believe God will discharge you yet; but I believe I have nearly finished my course. O, may I be found in Him, not having my own righteousness!

'When I Thy promised Christ have seen,
And clasp'd Him in my soul's embrace,
Possess'd of Thy salvation, then,
Then may I, Lord, depart in peace.' "

So much for surmise. But what was the reality?

More than half a century elapsed. Meantime the wonderful evangelist had preached forty thousand sermons; travelled two hundred thousand miles; gone through a work which astonishes the more it is considered; seen marvels of providential interference on his behalf; and had, in fact, nearly finished his course, when, writing to Mr. John Mason, under date January 13th, 1790, he concludes a letter somewhat in the old strain: "Come, let us have a few more strokes at Satan's kingdom, and then we shall depart in peace."

So much for the reality: for which myriads will bless God in time and in eternity.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

II.

Penseroso. A week since we met. The weather, I suppose, was not inviting.

Lycidas. No. Last Wednesday, at all events, was not the day to search for truths in shady bowers. What a storm! For my part, I thought the opportunity too good to be lost. So I wrapped myself up in a way to defy a waterspout, and sallied out to see the battle between the waves and the rocks.

P. And how were you repaid for your trouble?

L. Very well indeed. You know that part of the headland which sinks perpendicularly into the sea. There, for a time, I took my stand. Had the wind blown off shore, I should have felt it a sin to venture, and almost an impossibility to keep my post. As it was, I stood and looked at the caldron boiling below; boiling—

"As if a sea were labouring the birth of a sea!" while, every now and then, the water

flew up the side of the rock to the very top.

P. Any sail in sight?

L. There were a few craft, that seemed scudding before the wind, in the distance.—After I had stood a while, I wished to get a little nearer to the scene of action; and clambered down the rocks to the left, till I came as near as was safe or practicable to the tremendous confusion. Commonly I have thought myself pretty well master of the sea; and have taken many a headlong plunge from some rock into the "blue profound:" but this time the sea was unquestioned master.

P. You are not equal then to Schiller's diver.

L. No: but he was a fish, you know. And then what inducements! A chance of a golden cup tempted him to his first venture; a chance of winning a king's daughter to the second. Poor fellow! He ventured once too often.

P. Yes. The marvel was that he escaped the first time from such a whirlpool. The water was whirling him round below the surface, when in his need he espied a rock:—

"I sprung there, I clung there, and death pass'd me by!"

Truth or fable, Schiller has wrought the story into a splendid little poem.

L. Yes. But where was *Penseroso* on Wednesday? I looked for you in vain.

P. My curiosity was not sufficiently strong to take me to the water's side; perhaps because it had already more than once been gratified. I *heard* the storm.

L. That is not equal to seeing it.

P. I do not know that. What is more solemn than the roar of the wind? Are you sentimental?

L. Supposing I were?

P. Supposing you are, I shall treat you to a quotation on the subject from a living writer: "'No more!' O, how majestically mournful are those words! They sound like the roar of the wind through a forest of pines." However, all is quiet now.

L. Yes. We were to converse, we agreed, on the future state. I think that here I shall be a listener rather than a disputant.

P. Except when I relate what I *know*, I do not wish you, or any man, to receive anything I may say which does not commend itself to the judgment. I claim not the privilege of saying "verily."

L. Very good. Still you have thought about futurity more than I have.

P. Are we to speak of the future state both of the saved and of the lost, or of the saved only?

L. Of the saved, as I understood, and as I should wish.

P. And where are we to begin with these? We have already looked at judgment. Are we to pass over the intermediate state?

L. As you please. I am a listener.

P. We will. Our conversation, then, is about *Heaven*. O, Lycidas, what are we going to do! Do you know what Thomson says of the Amazon, the Orellana?

"Scarce the muse

Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water."

And here are we daring to take our flight over the ocean of eternity! It will be but a little flight, after all. A turn or two on the edge of the fathomless deep; and then tired out, we return home.

L. What have we to do but give wings to our imagination?

P. What can we imagine? Ask a child to invent the history of a world for five thousand years. You smile. How then imagine the everlasting life of saints and angels? If poet, orator, philosopher, divine, all united in one, could for one minute only "set all heaven before our eyes"—but "where is the wise? where is the scribe?"

L. I would as soon hear you, *Penseroso*, as any man living; but here, I presume, we need an angel to tell us the truth.

P. But what if I do not credit even an angel with the power?

L. *Penseroso*!

P. I have not said much. It is doubly impossible that the angel should make us acquainted with the truth. There is one impossibility in us, another in him, and yet another in the very nature of things. How compress eternity into the short space of an angel's visit?

L. Alas, that we can know so little!

P. Rather rejoice that there is so much to inherit,—a treasure inexpressible, inconceivable.

"Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate."

L. You are right. Nevertheless, I shall go home disappointed, if I do not hear a little to-day. To proceed to something positive. Is heaven a place?

P. Of course it is.

L. Scholasticus thinks not. He says it is only a state.

P. A piece of Scholasticus' would-be refinement.

L. Can you give me any arguments?

P. If you will give a course of lectures to show that the grass is green, that the sky is blue, then I may entertain so childish a question, and argue about it.

L. He says, too, that we shall not recognize each other in heaven.

P. I have often heard him talk; but as for disputing about such things I cannot, and will not, till I am once more an inmate of the nursery. Scholasticus has too much false subtilty to be wise.

L. Suppose, then, that we take these two points for granted. Wherein, let me next ask, consists the blessedness of heaven?

P. Partly in *rest*.

L. Rest? Well, surely we know what rest is.

P. Yes; but how far is that from the solemn sacred rest which the good Spirit can give; and how far from the sense of safety heightened into joy which the saints may possess!

L. You do well, I see, to name rest first; for no rest, no heaven. But rest from what?

P. From all evil: from sin and sorrow. Holiness in this life is often, too often, not possessed in perfection till life is well-nigh over; and, even when perfect, may demand toil, fight, strife, for its very existence. In heaven that strife is for ever past. The sorrow, too, is passed; the care, the grief, the distraction, the sweat of the brow, the sweat of the brain, the weariness of the heart.

"The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there."

"Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise."

There remains, then, this rest for the people of God: a rest from the two great evils, sin and sorrow.

L. Two evils, indeed! Which is the greater, sin or sorrow?

P. Which is the greater good, holiness or happiness?

L. Nay, you must decide.

P. I will, if you please, not attempt an answer. Whether sin or sorrow be the greater evil, we shall rest from both. Whether holiness or happiness be the great final good; whether they coalesce; whether the holiness be subservient to the happiness, we inherit both. Lycidas, in your everlasting journey—

L. My everlasting journey?

P. There is only one I AM. Do not flatter yourself that you will ever be in one stay.

L. But forgive me: your words sound something strange to me. My "everlasting journey" whither?

P. Towards all that is good: in a word, towards your attainable yet unattainable end.

L. Well; I interrupted you.

P. In your everlasting journey towards the Supreme, you will somewhere upon the road finally part with sin, be able to say to that dire evil, once and for ever, farewell; and sooner or later you will touch a point where you leave sorrow, too, for ever behind you.

L. A glorious substratum for life—everlasting rest! What may we not build on such a foundation?

P. Yes. Happy, thrice happy, they who can look down and see sin and sorrow for ever beneath them; who know that to all eternity not one sinful thought will be indulged, not one touch of sorrow be felt! Lycidas, if ever you are haunted with a certain dark problem which you cannot solve, turn away from it to the saints' everlasting rest.

L. Good counsel, which I will try to take. But is rest the whole of the blessedness?

P. No; unless you take the word in a very large sense. There will be much joy, much gratification, much positive pleasure, for the faithful Christian.

L. Why do you say just now for the faithful Christian?

P. Because some are very unfaithful, and will inherit comparatively little of heaven's blessedness.

L. I see.

P. Which would you prefer, Lycidas; the rest or the joy?

L. Had you asked me this question five years ago, I should have chosen pleasure; but, a few weeks ago,—

"So shaken as I was, so wan with care,"—

I should have preferred rest.

P. But if you had a period of quiet, and a return of your best and most vigorous days?

L. Then I might prefer pleasure once more.

P. I see you are something like other people. Ask the shipwrecked mariner, clinging to a plank for life, what pleasure he will have. "What pleasure? Why, that of placing my feet upon the solid ground. There let me rest." Yet before he has been many weeks ashore, does not the old craving for joy, for gratification, return?

L. Yes; and it seems to me that young blood loves pleasure; the hoary head, repose. On the whole, I really cannot tell which I prefer.

P. How many problems there are which it is not necessary to solve! If we be faithful, we shall have both rest and joy.

L. Certainly, thank God! And now, Pensive, I should like to hear from you something respecting the pleasures of heaven. What are they?

P. Nay, let us begin at the beginning. There must be a preparation for them.

L. O, of course! But that takes place in this life. You and I agree to a hair's breadth, I know, on that point. We both believe that just two things are wanted to ensure our everlasting peace,—forgiveness and holiness.

P. Yes; but I did not refer to that sort of preparation.

L. Any other required?

P. None which it is any concern of mine or yours to look after; and yet one vastly important in itself. Suppose you had to drink the ocean dry.

L. I could not do it, that is all.

P. Nor can you drink down an ocean

of pleasure. You want capacity: you will receive *capacity* for the mighty bliss.

L. I listen.

P. Your "mortal" will "put on immortality;" your "corruptible" will "put on incorruption." Your body, "sown in weakness," will be "raised in power," in "glory." Your "natural body" will become "a spiritual body." When this is done, and you have sat down in the everlasting kingdom of God, who can tell what "rivers of pleasure," as eternity rolls on, you may drink down!

L. Then heaven is heaven indeed. If bliss so grand and sublime last for ever, what need we more?

P. Be the bliss grand and sublime, or calm and tranquil, or ecstatic, or all by turns, it will certainly last for ever.

L. Will the life in heaven, then, be a repetition, an endless repetition, of joys already experienced?

P. Surely not.

L. Will it be an everlasting progress, in which nothing recurs?

P. Perhaps a progress and a cycle also, if you can reconcile the two.

L. You must do that for me.

P. If you wind round a mountain from the base to the summit, you come again and again to the same point of the compass, yet each time from a greater height survey a wider prospect. Something similar to this ascent (pray you, do not take me by the "letter") may be the life in heaven. And since the moral distance between us and God is infinite, —O how infinite!— there may be an everlasting approach. Eternal life is blessedness; would not eternal improvement be still greater blessedness? At all events, we are sure of the eternity.

L. I should like to hear something about that.

P. But what can be said? Intervals of *time*—duration—may be vast, stupendous, inconceivable; but shall we dishonour *eternity* by lavishing upon it such poor epithets?

L. But the sands on the shore, the leaves on the trees?

P. That is the way in which I talk to my little Edwin. Can I possibly offer such prattle to you, Lycidas?—Now, let

us see how far we have got. Rest;—preparation for enjoyment;—eternity wherein to receive it. This is our first little flight since we left the mainland this morning. Are we now to return, or shall we venture onwards?

L. Onwards. The theme captivates me.

(*To be continued.*)

SUMMER NIGHT IN THE NORTH OF SWEDEN.

EVENING now closed upon us, unaccompanied, however, with that dusk so pleasing and grateful to the eye, overpowered by the burning glare of the day. The contrast between a summer evening in Sweden and England is sufficiently striking. In the latter, the busy hum of the country gradually subsiding, the barking of the village cur, mingled with the noisy gambols of the children upon the green, are borne by the gale upon the listening stranger, till the grey vest of night spreads around and closes the scene. In the former, the sun reluctantly quits the horizon at eleven o'clock; his lingering rays, even at the hour of midnight, throw a streak of crimson light across the heavens, and impart a fiery tinge to the landscape; a dead silence reigns; and creation reposes in the absence of the night. Even in the small hamlets, thinly scattered through the immense forests, at a very early hour of evening, no traces of inhabitants appear. The ploughman's whistle, the lowing of the herds, and the deep tone of the evening curfew, so enchantingly described by our bard, are unheard; and not a sound strikes upon the ear, except perchance the distant tone of the lure, blown by some Swedish peasant-boy to collect his wandering cows. The whispering breeze, however, creeping through the dark pine-forest, sighs in melancholy accents, sweet as the Æolian lyre; while the eye, darting between the tall straight trunks rising in quick succession, conjures up, amid the surrounding gloom, the fitting forms of fancy.

At one o'clock the animal creation returns to life, and the singing of various birds announces the approach of morn.

A deep blush now spreads along the heavens, and shortly afterwards the fiery orb of the sun appears, and gilds the mingled landscape of mountain, lake, and forest; while the rolling mists of night slowly retreat. Thus, during the fleeting months of a northern summer, the sun in the higher latitudes keeps circling constantly round the horizon, and darkness is unknown. To this unceasing day a continued night, however, soon succeeds. The extreme of heat is followed by that of cold; and, in the absence of the sun, the moon rises high in the heavens; while the increasing brilliancy of the constellations, and the darting fires of the Aurora Borealis, rushing through the firmament, light up the skies, and supply, to some extent, the loss of day.

"HOW MUCH DID YOU TAKE?"

HEARERS of sermons often manifest extraordinary liberality; giving away without reserve all the parts of the sermon that apply specially to themselves. They are keen-sighted to see the adaptation to others, but have no perception of their own needs. The *Christian Secretary* has a good illustration:—

"Haven't we had a fine sermon?" said a lady to another in our hearing, while passing out with the congregation at the close of a recent Sabbath service.

"Yes," replied the other, "I think we have. How much of it did you take?"

The sermon was really a good one, upon the duty and blessedness of self-sacrifice in behalf of others. The argument was well put, the diction was almost unexceptionable, and there were passages in the discourse of genuine eloquence. The lady who so warmly praised it was fashionably dressed, accustomed to live quite at her ease, and, so far as we could learn, not particularly given to sacrificing her substance or her convenience for the benefit of anybody else. She had been captivated with the sermon; it was a "fine" one, she thought. She had been interested; she had been entertained; perhaps she would

have said she had been edified: but, while we remained within hearing, she had not framed a reply to the question, "How much did you take of it?" We do not know that she replied at all.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Give prayers: the evening hath begun;
Be earlier than the rising sun;
Remember those who feel the rod;
Remember those who know not God.
His hand can boundless blessings give;
Breathe prayers; through them the soul
shall live.

Give alms: the needy sink with pain;
The orphans mourn; the crush'd
complain.

Give freely; hoarded gold is cursed,
A prey to robbers and to rust:
Christ, through His poor, a claim doth
make;
Give gladly, for our Saviour's sake.

Give books: they live when you are dead;
Light on the darken'd mind they shed;
Good seed they sow, from age to age,
Through all this mortal pilgrimage.
They nurse the germs of holy trust,
They wake untired when you are dust.

Give smiles to cheer the little child,
A stranger on this thorny wild;
It bringeth love, its guard to be,—
It, helpless, asketh love of thee.
Howe'er by fortune's gift unblest'd,
Give smiles to childhood's guileless
breast.

Give words, kind words, to those who err;
Remorse doth need a comforter.
Though in temptation's wiles they fall,
Condemn not; we are sinners all.
With the sweet charity of speech
Give words that heal, and words that
teach.

Give thought, give energy to themes
That perish not like folly's dreams.
Hark! from the islands of the sea
The Missionary cries to thee;
To aid him on a heathen soil,
Give thought, give energy, give toil.

—Mrs. Sigourney.

SIGHTING THE LIGHTHOUSE.

VERY wet was the morning on which we left the fair city which stands on the banks of the Liffey. The wind was blowing a perfect hurricane, sweeping the streets, and scattering slates and tiles in every direction. We remember it well. Only a few minutes remained before the boat would start, and several calls were yet to be made; so "cabby" was called to our assistance, and away we drove, up one street and down another, until business was finished, and we found ourselves on the quay, opposite the splendid mail-boat, waiting to receive the final order to "cast off." At last everything was ready; the word of command was given, and we went steaming rapidly away through mist and fog, leaving the beautiful shores of the Emerald Isle far behind, until the broad, broad sea was before us, and nothing but mountain waves furiously lashing our iron sides. The wind still blew, and the rain had not ceased to fall. Wave after wave swept the deck of the noble ship, which now began to roll, and groan, and pant, and sweat, while struggling with old Father Neptune. With the exception of a few, all were snugly berthed in the saloons. We tried to write, but could not; then we attempted reading, but it was no use. One moment we were reclining on the couch, and the next we were nearly pitched on the floor. To remain on deck was impossible; to stay in the saloon was intolerable; passengers, luggage, books, and ink lost their equilibrium, and formed one heap of confusion. Darkness was fast overtaking us, and as yet we were but half-way across the Channel.

At last we neared the coast, and then the captain and officers, and many of the crew, made their appearance on deck, and all eyes were directed anxiously towards the land. For the moment, we could not imagine what was the reason for this; but we soon discovered that they were looking for the lighthouse on the South Stack Rock. And now all were on the alert. Sailors were eagerly looking over the sides of the vessel, the officers were on the "bridge" scanning the horizon; but no light—no

light was to be seen! It must be near, they said; but no ray appeared to relieve their anxiety. For some time they continued thus; all hoping, wishing, longing to see the light; until a clarion voice was heard, "a light on the star-board bow;" and in a moment all eyes were directed that way. There it was, sure enough; the bright, brilliant, hope-reviving light at last! A moment before all was silence; now a merry chat rang along the deck. Now they breathed more freely; a load seemed to have been removed from each mind, and passengers and crew felt an emotion of gratitude thrill through the heart, that once more we were steering right for the desired haven.

One of the officers at length approached us, and inquired after our welfare, and began to speak of the dangers of the passage; of this narrow escape, and the other deliverance; and how all longed to catch sight of the light. At once we seized the opportunity of speaking of *another light*,—the great Light,—the Light of the world; even Jesus! We referred to the anxiety that was seen on every countenance a few moments before; how every one was in a state of uncertainty until the cheering beams of the lighthouse were seen in the distance; and then we spoke of another kind of uncertainty,—the uncertainty of those who love not Christ; about the future; the midnight, the eternal darkness before them. We spoke, also, about the bright hope of the Christian who trusts in the blood of Jesus for salvation; how that the holy Bible is a light to him, lighting up his way all through life, even "through the valley of the shadow of death," and right home to heaven; how that Jesus Christ is the "Sun of Righteousness;" "the Morning Star;" "the Dayspring from on high;" "the Light of the world!"

The officer respectfully listened, and assented to what we said. Whether he believed us we do not know, but he felt that to miss the lighthouse on a rough and stormy night was a fearful thing, that made even the most careless and indifferent thoughtful for the time.

I could not but think and feel how consolatory is the hope of the Christian;

how his future is gilded with a glorious light; how the clouds and darkness of doubt are chased away by faith in the word of God; how all fear is cast out of his heart by perfect love, which that faith begets; how that in health and sickness, prosperity and adversity, life and death, time and eternity, it is the same "sure and certain hope;" how it grows more and more bright, intense and real; how that throughout eternity it is ever increasing; more light, more glory, more of Christ the Light of life!

And then I thought of those without this "Hope," having no ray of light to guide them; no star; all darkness, thick darkness around them. The thought distressed me; and the joy begotten by the contemplation of the Christian's "sure and certain hope" was turned into sorrow, as I considered that so many should prefer darkness to light; the world to Christ; hell to heaven: that, although light from "the better country" has streamed upon them, yet "men love darkness rather than light;" despise the truth, and look not to Jesus, who is the one Light of this world, for direction and counsel; that in the interests of the present life everything should be done—the lighthouse rays should be earnestly sought after—and yet the soul, the immortal soul, should be neglected, its welfare disregarded.

Reader, how is it with you? Have you yet sought the Light of life? Can you look forward with joyful anticipations to the future, and say, in holy confidence,—

"— I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
"Heaven is my home!"

Or have you no certain prospect of a glorious immortality? and are you a "stranger from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world?" These questions demand your most serious attention. To have no light, no hope, no Christ in life, in death, in eternity. What an awful condition to be in! O, give heed to the words of Him, who is the only hope and light of the soul, who says: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall

have the light of life." (John viii. 12.) "Believe in the light, that ye may be children of light;" for "Whosoever believeth on Me," saith Christ, "shall not abide in darkness," but have hope and light for ever!

Bangor.

W. C.

A PROFITABLE MISTAKE.

ONE day, as Felix Neff was walking in Lausanne, he saw, at a distance before him, a man whom he took for one of his friends. He made up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and, before looking him in the face, asked him, "How does your soul prosper, my friend?"

The stranger immediately turned round, and looked at him in surprise. Neff perceived his mistake, apologized, and went his way. About three or four years afterward, a person came to Neff, and, introducing himself, said he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognize the man, and begged that he would explain himself. The stranger replied:—

"Have you forgotten a certain person whose shoulder you once touched in one of the streets of Lausanne, and whom you asked, 'How does your soul prosper?' It was I. Your inquiry led me to serious reflection, and now I find it is well with my soul."

"Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living." (Job xxxiii. 29, 30.)

COLPORTAGE IN IRELAND.

THE population of Ireland at the last census, (1861,) was 5,764,543. Of these no fewer than 4,490,583 were returned as Roman Catholics. What is being done, or can be done, to bring the Gospel within their reach? You may set up churches, but they will not enter them. You may appoint Ministers, but they will not listen to them. A few will wait occasionally to hear the word of God read and preached at a funeral; one may occasionally find his way into a prayer-meeting, or house of worship; but, as a general rule, they are shut out

by prejudice and priestly domination from the ordinary means of grace. "Do you do anything," said the writer to a Clergyman of the Established Church, "to bring the Gospel to bear upon the inhabitants of this purely Romanist village in your parish?" "Is it I!" was the astonished rejoinder. "They look upon me as their adversary, and would not for a moment listen to me."

It is to be feared that, if the truth were uttered, similar would be the testimony of the great majority of the ministerial brethren of the speaker. The same prejudice may not, perhaps, exist in the minds of Roman Catholics against Presbyterian, or other Protestant Ministers. They have been less mixed up with antagonistic political associations, and might have easier access to their fellow-countrymen; but many of them do not make the attempt; and others are so occupied with their duties among their own adherents, that they have no time left for aggressive evangelistic work among the Romanist population. And in what way, then, can they be at all reached? In the same way, we reply, as they are reached in France, and other continental countries—by the agency of *Colporteurs*; humble, earnest, pious men, traversing the country with the word of God, and a healthful, religious literature, to lodge in the homes, and, by the blessing of God, in the hearts of the people. In this sphere the Hibernian Bible Society has been labouring for years with encouraging success. According to its rules, however, the colporteurs it employs can circulate nothing but the Bible without note or comment; and to present a Bible in the first instance to a Romanist is often found to repel, and not to attract. In the year 1859, the "Bible and Colportage Society of Ireland" commenced its labours, employing colporteurs to traverse the country with the word of God, and a cheap Christian literature. From the reports of these agents, now numbering nearly forty, we select an illustration of the way in which they deal with the ignorance and superstition of their fellow-countrymen.

Sept. 9.—Visited five Roman Catholic families; conversed a long time, and brought a great many Gospel truths

before them. One woman, a great devotee, from the way I conversed with her, took me for "a spoiled Roman Catholic," as she said. She asked me if I believed in purgatory. I told her that the blood of atonement alone could purge from sin. "O," said she, "you cannot be in the right way, for you never go to confession." "I do go to confession," I replied. "In the name of wonder, whom do you confess to, when you have no priest?" "I confess to God," I said, "who is faithful and just to forgive me my sins." "But," said she, "who imposes the penance?" I said, "God;" and when proof was demanded, I directed her to His word, which says, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." "After listening for a long time," he adds, "to a great many of the most marvellous things she could tell me,—for example, about the situation her husband held in heaven, and how he was arrayed and ornamented with a gold chain about his neck,—I left her, having succeeded in bringing before her the plan of salvation as it is in Christ Jesus."

This conversation took place in the north of Ireland, in a district where the mass of the people are as ignorant as the heathen in India or Africa; and such words of truth and wisdom might be repeated in substance in thousands of places in our country every day, if the churches of Christ were faithful to the Master, and would send forth messengers of mercy, in His name, to tell in their simple but effective way, of the "blood that cleanseth from all sin."

The agents of this Society are not mere book-hawkers. They are selected as *men of God*, who have felt the power of the truth in their own souls; and, with the love of Christ in their hearts, they go forth to do good as they have opportunity, conversing with the people by the way, in the fields, at their firesides; reading a chapter and offering prayer, where permitted; sometimes leaving a tract, or selling a Bible, or other book, where a recognized minister would find no entrance. — *Christian Work.*

"COME," AND "GO."

"Go in peace," saith Christ to the pardoned sinner. "Go," He can now say to him, because he has obeyed His first word, "Come." Moses, indeed, saith, "Go and do God's will, and then come and claim His reward." But Christ saith, "Come and claim My love, unworthy of it as thou art. Believe, trust; and then go and serve Me, and obey My holy will."

But sinners foolishly imagine that going away from Christ will somehow or other at last bring them to Him. He saith, "Come with thy sin and guilt; cease from thy own fruitless works, for they are dead, and come to Me. For I am the Sabbath of thy soul, the rest which God has made for thee." And the soul answers, "I am coming; . . . seest Thou not I am going to read, to feel, to improve, to do?" This is not coming, but going from Him.

Jesus saith, "Come, here is a robe of righteousness, the garment of salvation." Thou repliest, "I am coming;" but all the time, instead of coming, thou goest weaving, spinning, toiling, trying to clothe and adorn thyself with thy own sentiments, and feelings, and goodness. Jesus saith, "Come, here is payment for thy debt; I give it freely; at once come and take it." Thou sayest, "Coming;" but all the time, instead of coming, thou goest, gathering, collecting, saving, earning small coins and big coins, wherewith to offer some payment for thy heavy debt.

But don't go; only come! And verily, "Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out." (Deut. xxviii. 6.) "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This is the first step.

But after we *have* come, Jesus saith to us, "Go." "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." Jesus hath chosen us, and ordained us, that we should *go* and bring forth fruit, and that our fruit should remain; and *after the sheep have entered in* by "the door" and are saved, they "*shall go in and out, and find pasture*;" (John x. 9;) that is, they shall take out of Christ's fulness grace for

grace; always having a sufficiency in all things, they shall abound in every good work.

LORD PALMERSTON ON HAND-WRITING.

It is late in the day to compliment the Premier of England upon the sound good sense which marks all his extra-parliamentary utterances; but it would be ungracious not to recognize with thankfulness the exceedingly wise counsel which he has just delivered in a speech at Romsey. The subject is one which is interesting, not to say important, to every man, woman, and child in her Majesty's dominions.

"Writing," says his lordship, "should answer the purpose of being easily read, and then never mind whether it looks beautiful or not." We can understand some of the experiences which must have drawn this energetic dogma from him. It is understood that he has no time to read print. What acres of manuscript must his eyes have traversed, and what impatient exclamations must have broken from him when the mental process of following out an important argument has been hindered by the physical difficulty of deciphering some elegant scrawl.

The Premier's own hand-writing, is large, round, and as easy to read as print itself. His instructions to the people at Romsey, are exactly (*literally*, would be the fitter word) carried out in his own manuscript. "Write a large hand, and form each letter well." If men, women, and children only knew how many chances in life they throw away by the neglect of this advice, a Palmerston copy-book would be the most successful speculation of the day. We can tell something about it. We can inform writers, that thousands of literary compositions, many of them doubtless valuable, have never been read through by those who were asked to procure publicity for them. Writers who would be ashamed of the ill-breeding of delivering a clumsy message, or speaking in a low, unaccented, careless manner, nevertheless expect others to go through an hour's grapple with a slovenly scribble, in order to oblige the author by testing

his abilities. A man must know whether he can write a decent hand or cannot; and if he be so unfortunate as not to be able to do so, it is his business to learn, or to employ a copyist.

It may as well be known, especially by the ambitious and sanguine, who have just "dashed off" an article, and beg you to excuse hurry, that it is now almost a rule with those who sit in judgment, never to read a badly-written paper. No doubt many gems may be lost to the world by this; but much valuable eyesight, and many amiable tempers, are preserved; and, on the whole, the practice is a wholesome one. The most distinguished poet of the age never sends a line to the press until his work has been copied in a beautiful hand; and if one who knows that every press in the world would be honoured by his using it, takes this trouble, it is not too much to expect something like it from some less considerable people. However, it is their business; they choose between a *fair reading* and the *waste-basket*.—*Illustrated London News*.

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won!
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland!

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,—
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe,
To our Home we go!

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppress'd by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more!

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won!
Heavenly Teacher, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland!

Memorials of the Departed.

Mrs. FEATHERSTONE was born at Cat-terton, near York; but, her parents removing to a farm at Ryther, near Selby, many years of her early life were spent there. Her grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stoker, were both highly-respected members of the Methodist Society; the former being a class-leader at Ryther for many years, entertaining the Ministers, and opening his house for the ministry of the Word. He was principally instrumental in building a neat little sanctuary in that secluded village. While Mrs. Featherstone was yet young, her parents both gave their hearts unreservedly to God. Her mother, one of the excellent of the earth, and truly "a mother in Israel," held the Ministers of Christ in the highest esteem and affection. To the great grief of her numerous offspring, she passed away in 1862; in death, as in life, glorifying her Divine Saviour. Her father, who still survives, was for forty years

the class-leader and principal support of the cause of God in the village where he lived. Under such favourable circumstances, it is not surprising that the subject of this memoir was early brought under Divine impressions. From a child she delighted in reading the Holy Scriptures. Besides casual readings of Scripture, it was her custom to read them through in order. It was not, however, till about her eighteenth year that she decidedly gave her heart to God, and her hand to His people; but, having once taken her stand on the side of truth, she was firm and unflinching, "adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things." Being the oldest of a family of twelve, her consistent example operated favourably in her father's house. Several of her brothers and sisters were early induced to give their hearts to the Lord. Soon after this, she was laid aside by a long affliction. To this, however, she submitted with cheerful resignation;

giving many indubitable proofs of her growth in grace, and of increasing conformity to her Heavenly Father's will. During this period of trial she kept a diary, noting down her experience in the things of God. It pleased the Lord, after some years, to bless her with renewed health, and with elastic step she once more trod the path of life, greatly administering to the comfort of the dear mother above alluded to, who was now called to pass through a scene of severe affliction. By her unremitting attentions she materially aided to ward off for a season her beloved mother's departure from her numerous family.—In her twenty-ninth year she was united in marriage to her now bereaved husband; and, together with him, commenced her labours as a teacher in the Wesleyan schools in the city of Worcester. For this onerous duty she was peculiarly adapted, possessing a firmness happily blended with the greatest kindness. She soon gathered around her many young hearts, who entertained for her a more than ordinary affection. After prosecuting these duties successfully for nearly five years, her health failed, and she sought to recruit her strength in the retirement of the country. The day of her leaving Worcester was a memorable one in her history. A number of those who had been under her care literally crowded the house, and with sobs and tears took leave of her. Some of these continued to write to her letters, expressive of the utmost affection, for nearly twenty years, though they never again saw her face in the flesh. The next sphere in which she was called to move was at Long Clawson. Here, also, she gladly shared in the toils and cares of her husband, and endeared herself, by her consistent deportment, to all who knew her. About ten years before her death, she removed to Hickling; but here sorrow and affliction awaited her. Her offspring were snatched from her embrace, and she herself for many years was confined to her room, being unable to leave it except when carried. Yet still the same undaunted courage and cheerful resignation characterised her deportment. Even in bed she plied with unwearied diligence her emaciated fingers,

cheerfully assisting those committed to her care. Besides providing for the necessities of her own household, Dorcas like, she made garments for the needy; and many a poor woman, near her confinement, has been made glad with some nice thing provided for her by the enfeebled invalid against the hour of need. She gladly also contributed her quota of fancy and useful articles to all the bazaars within reach. But at length her hand forgot its cunning; and, though frequently summoned to resume its toils, it insensibly fell powerless from the purposed task. Though with all the true worshippers of God, she could sincerely say, "I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth," for eight years she was not permitted to cross the sacred threshold; yet she often exclaimed,—

"No one shall hear my tongue complain,
If Thou my mind wilt still sustain,
And fill my soul with peace;
My gratitude shall still ascend,
I'll love and praise Thee to the end,
Till every want shall cease."

Indeed, her cheerfulness and resignation were evident to every one who saw her. In her last affliction she was entirely confined to bed for one year and eight months, the latter part of the period being marked by severe sufferings. When conscious that the time of her departure was at hand, she dictated to her husband a letter to her aged father, and also one to each of her brothers and sisters; encouraging such as were in the way, and warning such as were not, to prepare to meet her at God's right hand. Her weakness at length became so great that she scarcely seemed to have power to pray. The enemy, availing himself of this, harassed her mind with strong temptation to doubt whether all was right. She was enabled, however, to conquer, "through Him that loved her." "My Heavenly Father," she said, "will pity me, and will forgive me all. My work is done; would that it had been done better. But the Spirit bears witness with my spirit that I am a child of God. I don't so much try to anticipate the glory and the joy of heaven, as calmly to wait till I see and feel what it

is to be there." She often repeated, with great delight, the lines of Wesley on the ministration of angels :—

"Thronging round, with busiest love,
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And sing the soul to rest.
And when the body we resign,
On outstretch'd wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave for ever there."

On the night previous to her departure, a neighbour called to see her. She at once recognized her, and spoke of her nearness to the eternal world. She repeated her favourite lines :—

"I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore."

About two in the morning a great change was observed. Her husband said to her, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." She said, "Yes." He added, "Well, Jesus lives, and lives for you." "O, yes!" she replied; "I have no doubt whatever of that." They prayed together for the last time. She then composed herself, and slept at intervals till ten minutes to ten o'clock on Sunday morning, August 24th, 1862; when she peacefully fell "asleep." Thus her happy spirit took its flight to the paradise of God, and the weary pilgrim found her "long-sought rest." "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." J. F.

JOHN DANNY died at Scothern, in the Lincoln Circuit, November 1st, 1862. He was born at Welton, in 1786. His

parents were amongst the first Methodists in that neighbourhood, and were remarkable for industry, and for their devotedness to God and to His cause. In early life he enlisted in the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards. He was under the command of Sir John Moore, and was in the battle of Corunna when that General lost his life. He was also in the campaign under Wellington, and was at the battle of Quatre-Bras, where he was wounded. This led to his discharge on a pension of one shilling per day. The bullet which occasioned the wound was never extracted. Though he was an enlightened man, and attended the Wesleyan ministry, he did not join the Society, nor realize the blessing of a personal justification, till he was about seventy years of age. Then he became decided and devout. His experience was remarkable for its clearness and cheerful character. He was ardently attached to the class-meeting, where his frequent exclamation was, "O, what a sinner I have been! O, what a Saviour I have found!" During his affliction his patience was great, his spirit prayerful, and his hope unclouded. He often exclaimed, "Blessed Jesus, my Hope! fetch me home." He gave directions that the following quaint verse should be inscribed upon his grave,—

"Though in rude war as a soldier I stood,
And for my king and country shed my blood :
In later years my chief care was to be
Soldier to Him, who shed His blood for me."

JOHN RANDERSON.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Ancliff, Mr. William,	Foston,	Grantham,	64	Dec. 9th, 1864.
Leighton, Mrs. Eliza,	Sandholme,	Howden,	39	Jan. 1st, 1865.
Parker, Mr. George,	Eastrington,	Howden,	24	Dec. 16th, 1864.
Parker, Mrs. Maria,	Blandford,	Shaftesbury,	56	Dec. 29th, 1864.
Parnham, Mr. John,	Ropeley,	Grantham,	59	Oct. 25th, 1864.
Smart, Mrs. Ann,	Sandholme,	Howden,	70	Jan. 6th, 1865.
Westoby, Miss M. A.,	Sandholme,	Howden,	26	Dec. 12th, 1864.
Wilks, Mr. E. C.,	Grantham,	Grantham,	37	Jan. 16th, 1865.



(Smyrna.)

POLYCARP.

THE ancient city of Smyrna, at present the principal emporium of commerce in the Levant, is celebrated as the scene of Homer's birth, and of Polycarp's martyrdom. Its claims as the native-place of the grand old poet have been strenuously contested by Colophon, Chios, Argos, Athens, Rhodes, and Salamis. But, whether it be true or not that Homer was born on the banks of the Meles, it is matter of certainty that Polycarp died by the hands of persecution in the city of Smyrna. The ancient stadium where he suffered is still pointed out to the traveller. Tourists have told of a hollow in the side of the bare, brown mountain, which forms the background to the city, as the very place where, counting not his life dear unto him, the saintly hero finished his course with joy. The site, it is said, is one which catches every breeze that blows, and from which a splendid prospect over Smyrna and its wide-spreading gulf may be obtained.

Few cities have suffered so many calamities as Smyrna, both before the days of Polycarp, and since. A cotemporary of that apostolic

father says that, "by plague, fire, and earthquake, Smyrna, once one of the glories and ornaments of Asia, was turned into rubbish and ashes, its stately houses overturned, and its temples ruined." Even to the present time its motley inhabitants of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Franks,—presenting a picturesque variety of costume and feature,—may say, with a literal signification, "Here we have no *contiguous* city." Within the present century it has been shaken by earthquakes. One which occurred in 1814 killed about fifty thousand persons. The last visitation of this kind was in 1846, when the city was considerably damaged, and many persons destroyed. Ever and anon, too, "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday," sweep away victims by the thousand; whilst occasional fires lay whole streets of wooden houses in heaps of blackened ashes. With all these horrors, the situation of the city is remarkably beautiful, and the inhabitants generally gay and volatile; and not a few of them are greatly enriched by the commerce of the place.

It does not appear that St. Paul ever visited Smyrna, although, at times, he must have passed near to it in his apostolic journeyings. The Apostle John is credited by ecclesiastical tradition with the planting of Christianity in it. Certain it is that when he wrote the book of Revelation there was a Church there; which, moreover, was one of the purest and most faithful of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor. In his exile, amid the dreariness of Patmos, the venerable seer of the Apocalypse, while "in the Spirit on the Lord's day," heard the trumpet-voice of Him who is the Alpha and Omega, saying, "Unto the angel of the Church in Smyrna write; These things saith the First and the Last, which was dead, and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich,) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The "Angel"—that is, the Superintendent-Minister, or Bishop—of the Church of Smyrna, when the above epistle was written "in a book," is supposed by some to have been none other than Polycarp himself. Archbishop Usher, who has investigated the subject with his usual industry and learning, has arrived at the conclusion (in which not a few agree with him) that this really was the fact. The principal difficulty in the way of receiving this opinion, is the great length of time by which the period of John's visions and Polycarp's martyrdom are separated. But whether in this instance the excellent Prelate—whose opinions on Patristic subjects are worthy of all possible respect—be correct or not, this, at least, is certain, that for very many years the celebrated Polycarp was "the angel of the Church of Smyrna."

Considering the length of his life, not very much is known of this venerable man; but what is known of him as a Christian and as a Minister is greatly to his credit. By birth he was an Asiatic; and, while yet a child, was sold to Calisto, a noble matron, who became so attached to him, that at her death she bequeathed him the whole of her estate. This, which was very considerable, he spent in works of charity. He was converted to Christianity by Bucolus, "angel of the Church of Smyrna" at that time. It is said that he became a disciple of the Apostle John, and that by him he was ordained Bishop of the Church of Smyrna at the death of Bucolus. In this office he became influential amongst the Christians of the East. In holiness, patience, labours, valour for the truth, and every Christian virtue, he was not an unworthy successor of the Apostles, and especially of "that disciple whom Jesus loved."

About the year 107 he received an unexpected visit from his old friend and fellow-disciple, Ignatius, the Bishop of the Church of Antioch; who was then a prisoner on his way to Rome, to suffer martyrdom for "the truth as it is in Jesus." How pleasing to the two must have been the interview, "except these bonds!" During this sojourn at Smyrna,—where he was detained longer than he expected, probably by contrary winds,—Ignatius wrote four of the seven epistles which bear his name. After his departure thence he penned the other three, one of which was to his good friend and faithful brother, Polycarp.

When we know that during the lifetime of the Apostles the churches were troubled with false teachers and soul-destroying errors, we cannot be surprised to find that Polycarp had to combat the same kind of opposition while earnestly contending "for the faith once delivered to the saints." The most pernicious heresy of the time was that of the Docetæ, which consisted principally in the denial of our Lord's proper humanity. It was affirmed that He had a body in *appearance* only, and that His sufferings and death were not real. In this way His great atoning work was explained away; and, of course, for those who disbelieved in His sacrificial death, "there remained no more sacrifice for sin." After the death of John, the last survivor of the Apostles, the leaders of this sect waxed bolder, and became more vigorous in their attacks upon the truth. In Polycarp they met with a formidable opponent, and in him the Gospel had an able champion. It was not in Asia only, but in "Rome also," that he was "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." During a visit to the imperial city, he met with Marcion, a prominent leader amongst the Docetæ, who had wrought much evil amongst the Christians of Rome. Against the pernicious teachings of this false apostle, Polycarp lifted up his voice with much success. Marcion made plausible attempts to get the venerable Asiatic Bishop to acknowledge him as a Christian. Meeting him one day in the street, he said to him: "Polycarp, own us." "I do own thee," said the faithful minister, "to be the first-born of Satan!"

This visit to Rome had reference to a controversy on the subject of

Easter, which had arisen between the Eastern and Western Churches. The Asiatic Christians observed the day of the Jewish Passover—the fourteenth of the month Nisan—in commemoration of our Lord's crucifixion, being the day on which "Christ our Passover was slain." On the third day after this they celebrated their Easter, as the Feast of the Resurrection, whether it fell upon the *first* day of the week or not. The Western Christians, and especially those of Rome, on the other hand, commemorated the resurrection of our Lord on a *Sunday* invariably, and consequently differed as to the exact time of observance with their brethren in the East. This occasioned warm disputes, and for the settlement of the controversy Polycarp proceeded to Rome. The issue was, that he and Anicetus, Bishop of the Church at Rome, could not agree as to the proper time for the celebration; and, therefore, as it was not one of the essentials of Christianity, like men of sense and piety, they "agreed to differ." The temper displayed by Polycarp in this negotiation was creditable to him; but the dispute itself was painfully significant of a tendency towards ceremonialism on the part of the churches of that day.

It was during the reign of Marcus Antoninus that Polycarp was put to death. This Emperor has had the reputation of being very humane. He is styled by Alexander Pope, in one of his fine, flowing lines, "good Aurelius;" and Adam Smith, in his *Moral Sentiments*, characterizes his reign as "just, merciful, and beneficent." The early Christians, however, had reason to think differently of him; for he was a merciless persecutor of those who bore the Christian name. The *Martyrologia* of the Church was considerably augmented during his reign; and in it were written the distinguished names of Justin Martyr and Polycarp.

It was in his own Smyrna, where he had so long resided, that the brave old bishop finished his course with joy. He did not seek martyrdom, like some, but waited until he was arrested. He was offered a release on condition that he blasphemed the name of Christ; but he spurned the atrocious offer with scorn. "Eighty and six years have I served Him," said he, "and He never did me wrong: how then can I revile my King and my Saviour?" The multitude, both of Jews and Gentiles, who were present, clamoured that the wild beasts should be let loose upon him, but the Proconsul decided that he should be burnt with fire. While the flames played upon him, he praised in glorious strains Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. When the body was consumed, his ashes were carefully gathered up by his former flock, and respectfully entombed; and the "birthday of his martyrdom" was celebrated afterwards by the church which had been so long blessed with his evangelical ministry.

Smyrna has been now for many centuries under Mohammedan rule, and the domes and minarets of mosques are seen by the seafarer in sailing up the gulf. Christianity is mainly represented—or rather misrepresented—by Greek and Latin Churches. But, thank God,

Protestantism has gained a footing there, and American Missionaries are preaching to the people the Christianity of Polycarp,—the Christianity of Christ. The “candlestick,” so long removed, has been replaced; the light, so long extinguished, has been relumed. Surely we should pray on behalf of the Christians in Smyrna, that “he that hath an ear,” may “hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.”

T. M'C.

“OMNIBUS;” OR, THE COMMON SALVATION.

WITHIN the memory of many living men, the word at the head of this paper had no existence in the English language. When translated from its original, two very little words were sufficient to express it,—“*For all*,” being the English version of the Latin *omnibus*. Things, however, are strangely altered. “Omnibus” has refused to be confined within its former limits. It has claimed to occupy a very prominent place among English parts of speech.

How this was brought about, perhaps some of our readers may not know. In the year 1827, the natives of the French metropolis opened their eyes more widely than usual, when they saw a novel kind of vehicle rolling down its streets, and offering to carry to their destination all persons willing to ride. The new conveyance, in the course of time, was introduced into other countries: and into England in the year 1831. We have a distinct recollection of the first appearance of an omnibus on the road from the Bank to Paddington. “Omnibus,” in large letters, was painted on each side. Of course, the proprietor intended the word to inform the public that his vehicle was “for all.” But it has, at length, become the distinguishing name of this class of conveyances; and in our modern English dictionaries may be found the following announcement:—“Omnibus, a noun; plural, omnibuses; a well-known public carriage

for conveying passengers, for short distances, at a cheap rate.” It is possible that some who are familiar enough with the thing, are still ignorant of the idea the word originally conveyed.

Few persons in large towns but have ridden in an omnibus. As it was invented for all, so all, at one time or other, appear to avail themselves of the help it affords. Weary pedestrians, and bustling men of business, gladly take advantage of it. Those who can walk, and those who cannot walk; those who are sick, and those who are well; those who are in a hurry, and those who are in no hurry, are alike its patrons. They hail the “omnibus,” and accept its services. What consternation would seize the populations of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other ~~COUNTRIES~~ if all the omnibuses suddenly ceased to be. They would feel as if one of the necessities of their existence had been taken from them, and a general outcry would be raised. Inquiry into the cause would be diligently instituted, and the brains of the ingenious would be racked to find a substitute, and repair the injury. A heavy tax would be laid upon the energies and time of the coach-building fraternity, and there would be no rest until other conveyances were provided.

But, enough about these valuable assistants to the travelling propensities of mankind. We wish to speak of other and more important things on which “Omnibus” may be written; things of infinite value to which

the original meaning of the word may be applied.

Look, my friends, at *the Book of God*,—at the whole volume of holy Scripture. Take it in your hands, and say, “This is *for all*.” God has given it for the free, unrestricted use of *all*: not to be enclosed in the secret chambers of church authorities, nor shut up in the cloisters of the learned, whether Popish or Protestant; but to be liberally distributed among all, that all may understand its sacred truths. If you find precepts there, enforcing lessons of wisdom, they are for the instruction of *all*. If you find promises there, they are for the encouragement and comfort of *all*. If you find threatenings there, they are for the caution of *all*. If you find disclosures of blessings there, they offer those blessings to *all*. If you find inculcations of duty there, those duties are incumbent upon, and are to be discharged, *by all*. If you find narrations of wickedness there, they are for the admonition of *all* men; designed to operate as dissuasions from evil. If you find bright examples of holy living there,—instances of eminent piety,—they are intended to set us universal incitements to goodness, and are for the express and exact imitation on the part of every one of us. In a word, whatever is comprehended within its sacred pages is for the blessing and salvation of *every* man. “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.” On this volume of eternal truth—the teacher of the ignorant, the guide of the wanderer, the comfort of the sorrowful, the life of the dying—it is well that we may inscribe, “*For all men*.”

Look, again, at *the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ*,—

“the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.” We do not ask you to look at His cross as it is sometimes represented in the pictorial illustrations of artists; or as it may be seen in the pieces of wood, stone, or metal, cut and carved by human fingers into the shape of the timber on which the Redeemer of mankind was crucified. This would answer no profitable purpose.

But let these go for what they are worth, which is but little; and let us think of the death endured on Calvary as the vicarious offering for the sins of men. If anything may be carved upon the cross it is the “For all” with which we commenced our paper. What is the death of Christ? Is it the endurance of a curse? Then it is that very curse under which *we all* were lying. “Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.” Is it the payment of a ransom? “There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom *for all*, to be testified in due time.” Is His death a propitiation? “He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the *whole world*.” Do you think of Jesus as the gift of the Divine Father? “He that spared not His own Son, . . . delivered Him up for us *all*.” In the pure light of holy Scripture He is revealed as God’s great gift to all mankind—the Redeemer, who “died *for all*,” because *all* were “dead.”

“For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died.”

These thoughts have suggested the inquiry,—what is intention? The end, or purpose, designed to be accomplished. How is one man to know the intention of another? By his words, or by his deeds, or by

both. If there is written upon a public building "Free hospital," it is a distinct expression of the purpose of its founder; and, moreover, if it is seen admitting all people to its accommodation, so far as its limits will allow, without sending any away, it is the testimony of act, additional to that of word, and leaves no room to question the purpose intended.

How are we to know the intentions of our great Creator and Lord? By what He has said, and by what He has done. He has said, "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? and not that he should return from his ways, and live?" "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" "There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich *unto all* that call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." His mercy is co-extensive with His dominion. His lordship is "over all," and His mercy bends towards all, in purposes, in words, in deeds of salvation. *All* who "labour" are invited to come to Christ, and certainly not with the intention of sending any away who do come. All who are "weary" are told they may find rest in Him, and certainly not with the intention of deceiving them, when they act upon that information, and seek rest at His hands. In this case, there is neither limited provision, nor limited capacity. Room is provided for all, without restriction; and, if all were happily to come, there would yet be room. What God has said is confirmed by what He has done. Have any ever been rejected? Can they be found? We trow not. It is, however, within our power to produce a "cloud of witnesses," each of whom,

while rejoicing in his own consciousness of salvation, would not be slow to acknowledge,—

"No other right have I
Than what the world may claim;
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesu's name.

"Thy death hath bought the power,
For every sinful soul,
That all may know the gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole:

"Thou hast for sinners died,
That all might come to God;
The covenant Thou hast ratified,
And seal'd it with Thy blood."

In the same way we may speak of all the exhortations to repentance; all the encouragements to faith; all the dissuasives from sin; all the incitements to purity contained in the Gospel; for they are intended to catch the eyes, to reach the ears, to arrest the attention, to guide the minds, to subdue the wills, to affect the hearts, and to direct the ways of all men. Nor are there to be found any men to whose condition these encouragements, dissuasives, and incitements are not adapted. Travel the wide world over, and you will fail to discover any placed in so singular a position,—either raised so high by intellect and civilization, or sunk so low by ignorance and degradation,—that the Gospel is to any man inapplicable. It is out of place nowhere; it is needed everywhere. The intention of its Divine author is that it should go everywhere, among "all sorts and conditions of men." Into the schools of learning, into the colleges of venerable and sage philosophers, to teach, both them and their pupils, a very simple truth, which they are sadly slow in believing, that *light* in the *head* is not *grace* in the *heart*; and that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

Into the families of the polished and the amiable; into the most exalted ranks of human society,

where music excites, where poetry captivates, and painting charms ; and where everything is arranged and conducted according to the most approved style of etiquette and decorum : even here is the Gospel to make an entrance, and the Author of the Gospel to be received ; not after the clandestine manner of a smuggler, as though it were doubtful whether the King of kings ought to be admitted to mingle with the members of so select a circle ; but boldly, and with a reverent and a hearty welcome, such as it befits men to give, and Him to accept : invited to sit *Chief* in their midst, and to repeat in their hearing, as of old to the ruler of the Jews, " Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh ; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." " Marvel not," *ye beautiful ones*, whose attractions have drawn around you a crowd of admirers, " ye must be born again." " Marvel not," *ye amiable ones*, whose kindliness of temper, and generosity of heart, are patent to all who know you, " ye must be born again." " Marvel not," *ye scholarly ones*, whose minds have been so highly cultivated that flowers of literature, all classic and lovely, flourish therein with luxuriance, " ye must be born again." " Marvel not," *ye wealthy ones*, who are clothed in fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, " ye must be born again."

(To be concluded.)

FAITH A MORAL DUTY.

BEFORE the mind can be sensible of the obligation to obedience, it must believe two things : first, that there exists, in the legislator, a right

to command ; and, secondly, that this right has been exercised by the promulgation of certain commands, which thereby assume the force of laws. Such belief is but another term for faith. The law which is written in our hearts, even if we had no other, should be carefully studied by us, for the hand which wrote it is Divine. But when an *express* revelation of the Divine will has been made, our first duty, and that which is the basis of every other, is, to endeavour, as far as our limited faculties will extend, to obtain a thorough acquaintance with it ; not merely with the moral precepts by which we are commanded to regulate our practice, but with everything which the Deity has been pleased to reveal to us respecting His own nature and attributes. Nothing that is thus revealed can be unimportant ; and it would be the height of impiety so to consider any communication from God. In this view, faith or belief, independently of its being the only spring of obedience, is itself a *moral* duty ; and the want of it is of the very essence, as well as the main source, of vice.

And this observation applies no less to the doctrinal parts of Scripture than to its moral precepts ; for both are equally revealed by God. Indeed there is no subject upon which more stress is laid in the Scriptures than the importance of faith. Nor is there any upon which the inspired writers display more solicitude, than the preservation of it from error or heresy. It is even represented by those writers, when at once pure and productive of obedience, as the operative means of salvation. It is made the *express* condition on which alone those to whom the revelation has been made can hope to be saved. And surely it ought not to be forgotten that the Christian dispensation, as its fundamental doctrines are explained and

believed by all Christians who are known under the denomination of orthodox, presents to the mind and to the heart the most powerful and captivating motives to love as well as to obedience; that it operates upon our affections and our gratitude by the display of a scheme of Divine goodness and mercy so marvellous, that, had it not been actually realized, and proved to be so, by indubitable evidence, it would far exceed all credibility; and that it thus binds us with the cords of love to a most conscientious performance of our duty in all its parts.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PREACHERS.

If you preach a doctrine that goes to the hearts of your hearers; (and the genuine doctrines of Christianity will always go to the heart of every one who hears them;) if you adorn that doctrine by the good example of your own lives, the people will be attached to you, in spite of all your enemies can say against you. You ought, in your discourses from the pulpit, to take frequent occasion to instruct the people in the origin, the nature, and the privileges, of that society which is called the church; and set forth to them how much it is the duty of every member of the church to hold the “unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.” From controversy in your sermons, upon what are called the Calvinistic points, I would by all means advise you to abstain. Believe me, they are not the proper subjects for the village pulpit. Mistake me not: it is not my meaning that you are never to preach upon the subjects of faith and repentance, Christ’s atonement, justification, grace, the new birth; good works, as the necessary fruits of that faith which justifies, and the symptoms of the believer’s regeneration; of the merit of Christ’s obedience,

and the want of merit in our own. Upon these subjects you cannot preach too often; but handle them not controversially, but dogmatically. Lay down the doctrine categorically, without disputing about it, taking care to stick close to the Bible. Let your proofs be texts of Scripture applying immediately to the point in their first and obvious meaning, without the aid either of critical inference or metaphysical argument. By this method and way of preaching you will never bewilder either yourselves or your hearers; and you will effectually secure the people against the errors of the Antinomians on the one hand, and of the Pelagians on the other.—*Van Mildert.*

“FORGETTING” AND “RUNNING.”

(Philippians iii. 13.)

SOME dispute and descant too much whether they go or no, and childishly tell their steps, and would know at every pace whether they advance or no, and how much they advance; and thus amuse themselves, and spend the time of doing and going in questioning and doubting. Thus it is with many Christians. But it were a more wise and comfortable way to be endeavouring onwards, and if thou make little progress, at least to be desiring to make more; to be praying and walking, and praying that thou mayest walk faster, and that in the end thou mayest run, not satisfied with anything attained; but yet by that unsatisfiedness not to be so dejected as to sit down or stand still, but rather excited to go on. So it was with St. Paul: “Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press forward.” If any one thinks that he hath done well and run far, and will take a

pause, the great Apostle is of another mind: "Not as though I had already attained." O no! far from that, he still sets forward as if nothing were done; as a runner, not still looking back how much he hath run, but forward to what he is to run, stretching forth to that, inflamed with frequent look at the mark and end. Some are retarded by looking on what is past as not satisfied; they have done nothing as they think, and so stand still discontented; but even in that way, it is not good to look too much to things behind; we must forget them rather, and press onwards.—*Leighton*.

"IN CHRIST'S SCHOOL."

THE poor old man is dead now, and gone, I trust, to a better world. A friend had told me that he was old, afflicted, and destitute, and that few persons visited him. So I went to the cottage at which he lodged, and following the woman who had the care of him, I climbed the shaking stairs, and entered the room in which he lay. It was a small room, next the cottage-roof, and furnished but scantily. There lay the aged man, with a large old Bible on the chair beside him. "Well, friend, how are you?" I asked, as I approached his bed. His eyes glistened with happiness as he replied: "*O Sir, I am in Christ's school.*" Was not that worth hearing? And his happy smile as he said it, it was worth walking miles to see. Aged and helpless, subsisting on the meagre parish pay, almost friendless, he was yet happy, because he knew Christ had ordered all; he knew he was "in Christ's school!"

And is not this Christianity? Is not this the sum of religion on earth, to be in the school of Christ, learning the lessons He teaches, being educated for heaven?

His great lesson is holiness. The great Teacher came to show us how to be holy. He died to purify our souls; He gives us promises to encourage us in striving after conformity to His image; and when He chastens—making His dull scholars smart—it is that they may be partakers of His holiness.

So all who have believed are "in Christ's school." We are disciples—learners. Old saints and young converts, preachers and hearers, we are learning of Him! With this the Christian life begins,—entering His school: and this, too, is the highest result of matured piety. "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples." In this school we have an example of holiness for our copy, a book to guide us, a Teacher to instruct us.

The Christian's copy is his Saviour. He is the Example held up for imitation. We are weary of looking to men for example. So much of imperfection in the best! While we recognize in many some features of the Divine likeness, some graces of the Holy Spirit's creation, how seldom do we meet with a complete character,—one we can trust ourselves in all things to copy. Good, holy men; but below our ideal. At a distance they seemed perfect, but a nearer view disappointed us. But Jesus is a perfect model. No flaw, no defect, no excess. Christ is Christianity embodied. In shaping our ideal of a complete saint, we have to gather from many who bear the name, "here a little, and there a little." But every virtue, every excellence, is gathered up in Him who says, "Learn of Me."

In copying Christ, we have this advantage, that His character is transparent, is readable. We know men who are evidently eminent in holiness, but whom we cannot understand. Their characters are obscure;

lack bold outline. As Burke said of the vision of Eliphaz, "it was sublime in its indistinctness;" so their piety, while admirable, is not easily comprehended.

But the example of Jesus is imitable. We can understand *Him*. When Christ says, "Be holy; be like Me;" we look, and understand at once the lesson He would teach.

Entering Christ's school, we have placed in our hands a book of instruction,—the Bible. This book has the advantage of all human compositions, in that it is infallible. Many books have been written to instruct God's people in the way of holiness. Some of them are good, and have been employed by the great Teacher Himself in guiding His followers. But it is unwise to neglect the more excellent guide-book which God has placed in our hands. We heard years ago, of a certain work on holiness, and were strongly advised to study it. Only recently we succeeded in obtaining the book of which so much had been said. We opened it eagerly, and as eagerly read it, and were disappointed. It fell below expectation: did not satisfy the hunger of the soul.

But the guide-book which God's pen has written never disappoints. Unlike some books we could mention, it is not mystical and above common comprehension. Recently there was lent to a good woman a copy of a very popular book on holiness, and when she had read it, she said it *mystified* her. The Bible never does this. How foolishly do those act, who buy up every book on this subject, and neglect God's book! The Bible is the best guide-book to holiness. To know what it is, and how to obtain it, read the Divine word. Dig in that mine, and you will find the treasure your soul craves for. It gives the broad

principles upon which the life of religion is based, and every particular for daily guidance. We may be "taught of God." It is good to drink of the stream, but at the fountain-head the water is purer. Gold leaf is valuable, but he who can dig out nuggets will be soonest rich. Human teachers are needed, for God has ordained them; but He places His word in every hand, that each one may read the lesson for himself. "Search the Scriptures."

We have also "in Christ's school," a Teacher,—a Divine and infallible Teacher,—the Holy Ghost. When the disciples were sad at the departure of Him who hitherto had instructed them, He said, "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter. When He, the Spirit of truth is come, He will guide you into all truth." How blessed a fact this, that the disciples of Jesus, in learning to be holy, have a Divine Instructor. "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God;" and He alone is qualified to reveal them unto us. And He is ever at hand. Some have travelled far to sit at the feet of famed but fallible teachers; but the all-wise Instructor is ever near. He dwells in the heart of the believer, waiting to guide him into all truth. He who wrote the Bible is likely to be its best Interpreter. Half-an-hour of prayer to the Holy Ghost for His light will be more effective than a day's search among human expositions *without the prayer*.

We admire the humility of Dr. Doddridge in seeking advice of a poor old Christian woman, when he met with a difficult passage in writing his *Family Expositor*; but might he not have gone as freely to the Holy Spirit, and with more certainty of obtaining the needed light?

We should go to the Bible, as Milton in commencing his great

poem,—invoking the Holy Spirit to come to our aid,—

“What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support.”

Self-help, in many things, is good; but in religion it is nothing without Divine help. To search the Divine word with God's own Spirit holding the light for us! To con the chart of our voyage, with the finger of God pointing out the way! To have, amid our infirmities and blindness, that all-good, all-patient Spirit to bear with us, and give us direction!

They who believe in Christ are in His school. Let us take His Divine character for our model, and gaze upon it, till the sight transforms us. Let us search His Word for the knowledge of His will concerning us; and as we look at our Example, and as we search the Scriptures, let us lift up our hearts in prayer for the promised light, that receiving “the Spirit which is of God,” we may “know the things that are freely given to us of God.”

Hanham.

I. E. P.

KING GEORGE III. AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

SOME time about the year 1800, Doctor — was Archbishop of Canterbury, and being married to a leading personage in the fashionable world, he was induced to give several large balls and convivial routs at Lambeth, the archiepiscopal palace. Such outrages on decency offended many who were by no means pious persons themselves; but to the mind of a holy woman like the late Lady Huntingdon, it was a sore grief of heart, and she resolved, through the medium of a family connexion, to make some attempt in a private way to check such disorder. But, although the matter was conducted with the utmost privacy and

delicacy, his Grace was violently offended, and his lady did not hesitate to ridicule Lady Huntingdon in all the fashionable circles. This, however, drew additional odium on the Archbishop, whose popularity received a severe shock, by a proceeding so inconsistent with the gravity and decorum to be expected in the character of a prelate.

Lady Huntingdon having failed not only in this attempt, but in another also which she made through Mr. Madan, (whose brother was married to the Archbishop's niece,) she at length made application for a private audience with the King, (George the Third,) which was at once most graciously granted. On the appointed day, her ladyship, accompanied by the Duchess of Lancaster and Lord Dartmouth, went to the King's palace at Kew, and was most graciously received by the King and Queen Charlotte. His Majesty listened to everything she said with great dignity and earnestness, but with evident emotion. “Madam,” he said, “your feelings and conduct on this occasion are highly creditable to you. The Archbishop's behaviour has been slightly hinted to me already; but now that I have a certainty of his proceedings, and most ungracious conduct towards your ladyship, after your trouble in remonstrating with him, I shall interpose my authority, and see what that will do towards reforming such indecent practices.”

A few days after this interview, the good monarch addressed the following admonitory letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury:—“My good Lord Primate,—I could not delay giving you the notification of the grief and concern with which my breast was affected, at receiving authentic information that routs have made their way into your palace. At the same time, I must signify to you my sentiments on this subject, which

hold these levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient (if not unlawful) to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence: I add, in a place where so many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity, as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and adorned. From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these *improprieties*, (not to speak in harsher terms, and on still more pious principles,) I trust you will suppress them *immediately*, so that I may not have occasion to show any further marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner. May God take your Grace into His almighty protection!—I remain, my Lord Primate, your gracious friend, G. R."

LOVING AND GIVING.

"I LOVE thee half-a-crown," said the Quaker to a needy man; then, turning to a friend who stood by, put the question, "How much dost thou love him?"

Now to us it seems a very just and proper thing to measure love, not by talk, not by loud profession, but by what it *costs* us in doing and giving. It is easy to speak of love; but the love which goes no further than speech is cheap, and does little good to anybody.

What is love? Not mere sentiment, or emotion. That often dies out when the hour which evoked it is past, and issues in no practical work for God or for man. God's love is said to be "communicable goodness." If man's love is to resemble God's, it must be fruitful of beneficial effort. God's love to us cost Him something. He gave His Son, and through Christ He gives us all we enjoy. Such is the example

of loving set by God. Our duty is to copy it; and if we love with a love like God's,—not in words merely, but in deed and truth,—then will our love be a self-sacrificing and self-forgetting principle, manifesting itself in all the actions of life.

Is this the sort of love we bear to the Saviour? Have we ever narrowly measured it by the Scriptural rule of giving to the cause of God? Has our love to Him ever been submitted to this one particular test, and has it fairly stood the test? If not, let us be willing to question the measure of our love, till it is thus fairly and fully tried. Let us sit down, and calmly consider, on the one hand, what Christianity has done for us; and, on the other, what it costs us. Very likely the ready answer of some is, "We have no need to do that; we are always giving." Perhaps the wisest way is to honestly question it, till we have evidence that would stand the scrutiny of others as well as ourselves. It is far more certain that we are always receiving; and God asks for suitable returns. Does He always get them? Have we any systematic plan of giving, and any record of our givings? Or do we give according to impulse, and allow memory (which generally happens to be peculiarly treacherous on this point) to keep account of our contributions?

The rule, the privilege, of giving, used to be spoken about with remarkable clearness in the early Christian church. Paul says to the Corinthian Christians, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him," &c. Were this rule adopted, the Jewish law of a tenth would often be exceeded. Love that keeps this Christian rule is vastly preferable to love that gives capriciously, without calculation or judgment. He gives best who loves best; and he who loves most wisely, will

give by Christian rule. We cannot shut loving hearts up by old Jewish law. The poorest, perhaps, cannot give a tenth, but the rich may go far beyond it. And if the world is ever to be converted to God, then the church must wake up to giving on a far grander scale than has been witnessed.

Loving hearts open willing hands. A poor widow, rich in love, was seen by Christ giving much beyond the wealthy of her times. This is the case not seldom to this very day. The loving Mary felt her heart warm strangely toward her Saviour; and, setting all cold calculation aside, she poured the whole bottle of "precious ointment" on the head of her Lord. The feeble love of those around inquired, "why this waste?" why the dead loss of "three hundred pence," * that would greatly have assisted the poor? Mary had no idea of doing a mean thing for the Master at such a time. Christ approved her conduct, though the disciples blamed her; and the intelligence of her loving act will go down to the latest generations.

We are only stewards, after all, not masters, of our property, be it more or less. God is the Proprietor. Is property to be used according to the inclination of the servant, or steward? Is the great Master to have no say in it, and are His orders to be disregarded? There will yet come a close reckoning. He will look into our doings and givings, and say "well done," or "cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness." It is for us to say which it shall be. "It is required of a steward that he be faithful;" all we have is a trust from God.

Christianity, with some, seems to be a very cheap thing. Cheaper than Judaism, cheaper than heathenism, cheaper than vice, cheaper than the

luxuries and pleasures of life. Is our love, our gratitude for it, of such a sort as to let us pay more for inferior things than for its "unsearchable riches?" If we are actuated by a true Christian love, it will manifest itself in all sorts of ways. We shall care for the widow, the fatherless, the afflicted, and all charitable institutions that we can help. In particular, the love of Christ will constrain us to give, that Christianity may be taught throughout the world; taking care that churches already in existence are properly supported, and kept in a state of efficiency. We shall do this, "not grudgingly, or of necessity," but remembering that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Love to Him is glad to have the opportunity, and that it is allowed the honour, of giving. An old member of the Methodist church once said, "I always provide for my Lord first. I let Him have His; I take what is left." Another, who had been reproved by a member much better off in the world, replied to the attempt to curtail his liberality, "The Lord has blessed me so much, and done me good so long, how can I withhold anything from Him?" This is the feeling which prompts us to the confession,—

"My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.

"Too much to Thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for Thee;
Let all Thy love, and all Thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be!"

W. U.

A NOBLE REPLY.

BARNEVELDT, of Holland, left two sons in considerable employments, who, being deprived of them by Prince Maurice, engaged in a conspiracy against his life. One was beheaded, and the other made his

* Upwards of ten pounds sterling.

escape. When the mother of him who was taken and condemned fell at the feet of Maurice, supplicating his life, the Prince expressed his surprise that she who had refused to ask her husband's pardon, should condescend to intercede in behalf of her son. "I did not ask pardon for my husband," said the mother, with a noble spirit, "because he was innocent; I ask it for my son, because he is guilty."

THE SECRET.*

In the beautiful isles of the burning South,

A strange, yet winsome story
Had pass'd from mouth to mouth;
Of a wonderful land in the Northern sea,
Where all the people were happy and free,
A nation enshrouded in glory.

The King of the isles where the palm-trees wave,

When he heard these tidings of gladness,
Grew quiet, and thoughtful, and grave;
For he thought of his own dark, down-trodden race,

Of the want and the woe in each heathenish face,
And his bosom grew heavy with sadness.

And he summon'd his chieftain of high renown,

And told him the wondrous story,
How his thoughts were like thorns in his crown:

And he bade him seek this land of the free,

This wonderful isle in the Northern sea,
And find out the secret, if that might be,
Of all her grandeur and glory.

So the chief went down to the frolicsome tide,

In a glow of exultation;
And sail'd o'er the ocean wide.

With wonder he reach'd the wish'd-for strand,

And he went to the monarch who rules the land,—

The Queen of this wonderful nation.

"O! Lady," he said, "in the isles afar,

We have heard a winsome story,
How happy your people are;
And my monarch has bidden me cross the sea,

To this isle of the happy, this home of the free,

And find out the secret, if that might be,
Of all its grandeur and glory.

"O! say, does it lie in the ships that fly,
Albeit the winds are unsteady;

Or the turrets that soar so high;
Or in the brave armies that cover the plain;

In the piles of commerce, or fields of grain;

Or the halls where fashion and beauty reign?

O! tell me, gracious Lady!"

The Queen glanced down on the ebony youth,

Well pleased with his earnest story,
And she gave him the *Word of Truth*.

"Take that," she said; "'tis your wish'd-for prize;

For deep in its pages the treasure lies,
The secret of England's glory!"

J. C. TILDESLEY.

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

WILD flowers grow in all the world, heedless of care, and in their own sweet liberty. But if you move them from the uncaring field, then experience shows that nothing needs so much to be loved, for successful rearing, as flowers. The sun and air, the soil and clouds, are not quite enough. They need the light of the countenance and the soil of affection. At any rate, people who wish to have flowers, but do not love them, seldom succeed in the care of them; while thousands, ignorant of vegetable laws, under unpropitious circumstances, have great success. People say of them, "O, everything grows that they touch!" The instincts of taste are more skilful than rules of

* The subject of these verses has recently been transferred to canvas by T. J. Barker, Esq.; and the painting has been dedicated to the Earl of Shaftesbury.

art. Flowers are children. They want judicious petting; they will do anything for their nurses, and nothing for strangers. It is not much that flowers want. But that little must be just right,—a danger foreseen and averted; water just as they are thirsty; a breath of air; a judicious temperature; enough sunlight; and particularly in house-plants, one must be in a sort of sympathy with the speechless beauties, to perform each loving duty at the right time and in the right manner.

SKETCHES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

III.

BRANCHES OF THE NILE—CITIES OF THE DELTA—LAND OF GOSHEN—ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

THAT part of Egypt which is enclosed between the branches of the Nile on the east and west, and the Mediterranean on the north, has received the name of the Delta, in consequence of its resemblance to the letter Δ of the Greek alphabet. In early times this district was of much larger extent than it is at present; and the point at which the river separates into new branches, called the apex of the Delta, was several miles higher up. At that time the Nile poured itself into the sea by seven streams, whose waters gave almost incredible fertility to a wide area of the most productive soil which the hand of man, perhaps, ever cultivated. The easternmost branch of the river was the Pelusiac, which flowed into the sea about two miles and a half from Pelusium. This was a very ancient town, defended by strong walls, which still remain; and the approaches to the place were farther guarded by morasses, stretching for a considerable distance on every side. It was the eastern frontier of Lower Egypt; and the natural and artificial defences by which it was strengthened, together with the position which it occupied, gave it the name of the "Key of Egypt." Pelusium is called by Ezekiel, "Sin, the strength of Egypt." (Chap. xxx. 15. See marginal reading.)

On this branch of the Nile was one of the principal cities of the Delta,—Heliopolis, or On, the City of the Sun. This

name indicates the kind of idolatry which was specially practised here, the worship of the sun. At Heliopolis were erected some of the most superb of the Egyptian temples; and the priests, one of whom was the father-in-law of Joseph, were celebrated for their learning. The astronomical observations made in this place, or its neighbourhood, and the repute in which the priest-philosophers were held, attracted the attention of foreigners. Plato studied among them for several years, and it is very probable that it was at this renowned seat of literature that Moses received the instruction which made him "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." One of the obelisks of this city was conveyed to Rome by the Emperor Constantine II. It is the tallest obelisk of which we have any knowledge, being one hundred and five feet high. It is adorned with exceedingly beautiful sculptures, and the inscriptions, which are yet so legible, tell a sad tale of the ardour with which the worship of the sun was carried on in this chief city of that form of idolatry. The sun is called "the great god, the lord of heaven;" and a part of one inscription runs thus: "*Thus says the Sun to King Rhamestes: we have given to thee all the world to reign over with joy,—thee whom the Sun loves.*" The Hebrew prophets were commanded to utter against this idolatrous "City of the Sun" predictions of desolation and ruin, beneath which the hand of the invader should lay it low in the dust. "He" (Nebuchadnezzar) "shall break also the images of Bethshemesh," (see marginal reading,) "that is in the land of Egypt; and the houses of the gods of the Egyptians shall he burn with fire." (Jer. xliii. 13.) And the word of the Lord has been fulfilled. Fragments of colossal sphinxes, with broken pieces of marble, granite, and pottery, and a fine obelisk, formed of a single block of red granite, sixty-six feet high, covered with hieroglyphics, and now surrounded by a garden of lemons and oranges,—these are all that remain of the splendid metropolis whose massive and beautiful architecture, and advanced civilization and science, gave it so proud a pre-eminence in the esteem of the ancient world.

Another celebrated city was built on the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile, called Bubastia, or Abon Pasht, the "city of Pasht," sacred to the goddess of that name; a daughter of the sun, and worshipped under the representation of a female figure, with the head of a lioness crowned. This city, which was once a royal seat, was famous for a temple of great beauty, and richness of sculptures. It was built on an island in the river; and so celebrated were its annual festivals, that they are said to have been attended by seven hundred thousand persons. A communication was opened between Bubastis and the Red Sea, at a point near the modern Suez, by means of a canal, the intervening distance being about sixty miles.

Next to the Pelusiatic is the Tanitic branch of the Nile. It received this name from Tanis, a city built on the eastern bank, and supposed, by some, to be the Zoan of the Old Testament. It is a place of great antiquity. We read in the book of Numbers that it was built seven years after Hebron, and Hebron was in existence before the time of Abraham. Supposing this to be really the royal city of the Pharaohs referred to in the recapitulation of the plagues of Egypt, in the seventy-eighth Psalm, the place becomes invested with peculiar interest. "Marvellous things did He in the sight of their fathers, in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan.... How He wrought His signs in Egypt, and His wonders in the field of Zoan." To this, however, we may have occasion more particularly to refer, when considering another part of Egyptian history. The ruins of Tanis are spread over a very wide area. Remains of obelisks, walls, columns, and edifices of vast size, speak of days of former magnificence and power.

Next to the Tanitic is the Mendesian branch of the Nile, receiving its name from the city of Mendes. The three branches we have mentioned, and which formerly flowed into the Mediterranean by as many separate mouths, now lose themselves in an immense lagoon which has been formed in the lowlands near the sea, and is called Lake Menzaleh.

Next comes the Phatnitic branch of

the Nile, which opens into the sea at Damietta, and is now the eastern boundary of the Delta.

Further westward is the Sebennytic branch, so named after the ancient Sebennytus, which stood on its banks, and from which one of the Egyptian dynasties rose. This branch no longer flows into the sea by a separate mouth, but is lost in the Lake Bourlos. In the marshes which now lie on the south of this lake, there are remains of the city of Butus, a place of much grandeur in early times. The sixth branch of the Nile was the Bolbitine, still flowing into the Mediterranean at Rosetta. The westernmost branch was the Canopic, entering the sea at Canopus, a few miles from the present Alexandria. Naucratis, the first port of Egypt which opened communication with Europe, was built at the Canopic mouth, about six centuries before the Christian era.

The Land of Goshen, and the Israelites in Egypt.

The district of Egypt assigned to the family of Jacob, and called the land of Goshen, is generally supposed to have been a portion of Lower Egypt lying between the Pelusiatic arm of the Nile and the Arabian Desert. It must have been on the east of the Nile, as the Israelites, on their departure from the country, do not seem to have crossed the river. The account of the reception given to the Hebrew family, and the territory allotted to them by the Egyptian monarch, is thus related: "And Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying, Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee: the land of Egypt is before thee; in the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell.... And Joseph placed his father and his brethren, and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, in the land of Rameses, as Pharaoh had commanded." (Gen. xlvii. 5, 6, 11.) Now that part of Lower Egypt which is watered by the easternmost branch of the Nile, was, and still is, one of the most fertile provinces. One traveller describes it as "a plain teeming with luxuriance, pleasing to the eye, and profitable to the

husbandmen; though there can be no doubt that many parts are now mere desert, which in the time of the Israelites were richly cultivated." Another speaks of this rich tract of borderland as so fertile and productive, that "it resembles a European garden." The position, therefore, which this territory occupies, and the singular fruitfulness of the soil, forming some of "the best of the land," seem to point it out as most probably the land of Goshen.

In offering any remarks upon that portion of Egyptian history which belongs to the period during which Israel dwelt in the land, no little difficulty arises from the perplexing uncertainties of early dates, and the conflicting statements of historians. Egyptian chronology has been a fruitful subject of controversy, and many a student has it sorely and almost hopelessly puzzled. Some are of opinion that it was during the dominion of a foreign race, called the *Hyskos*, or "Shepherd kings," who supplanted, for a time, the native dynasty, that Jacob and his sons became settlers in Egypt. In that case we can understand how the reigning monarch would look with favour upon Hebrew shepherd people, and say to Joseph, "If thou knowest any men of activity among them, make them rulers over my cattle;" and at the same time, when we bear in mind that the native Egyptians had been plundered and spoiled by those eastern tribes originally known as shepherds,—men following the occupations of pastoral life,—we can also readily appreciate the force of the remark: "Every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians." (Gen. xlv. 34.) Professor Eadie says: "If these Egyptian rulers abominated shepherds, the counsel of Joseph (that his brethren should tell Pharaoh they were shepherds) was the most preposterous that could have been given; it would have led to their immediate expulsion. But their trade gained them Pharaoh's favour, and he requested Joseph to place the most active of them over his own flocks.

"Surely, then, shepherds were no abomination to this reigning prince and his court. It follows, as an undoubted inference, that he belonged not to any

native Egyptian dynasty, but was one of the foreign *Hyskos*. The incidental note, 'that every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians,' refers to the keen dislike of the Egyptian natives, who had been subjugated by these Asiatic marauders. What was distasteful in the highest degree to the princes of the sixteenth dynasty, was relished by the usurpers who occupied their throne in Memphis. Our hypothesis gives also a peculiar point to Joseph's feigned accusation of his brethren, 'Ye are spies,'—the pioneers of another shepherd band who might come and divide the spoil." Thus the Egyptian hatred of shepherds led to a clear line of separation between them and the Israelites; while the royal favour towards the latter, which a grateful remembrance of Joseph's services must have strongly excited, secured for them a wide and well-watered plain in the "best of the land."

In the brief references to Israel's sojourn in Egypt contained in the inspired narrative, we learn that in process of time "there arose up a new king which knew not Joseph." Are we to understand by the "new king" the sovereign who recovered the Egyptian throne from the usurpation of the Shepherd kings? If so, reasons of state policy would soon suggest an alteration of conduct towards the Hebrew shepherd settlers. Their rapidly growing numbers—for they "were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them"—aroused the apprehension that they might become dangerous and powerful enemies. It would be naturally supposed that their sympathies would incline towards the shepherd-warriors who had been expelled, and that they would be ready to aid them in any attempt to regain their former sway. The "new king," therefore, proposes to avert the threatened peril: "Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land."

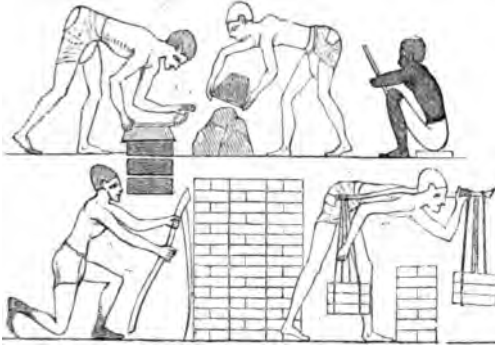
One measure resolved upon was the destruction of all the male children; and

the other was the subjugation of the people to a cruel and oppressive servitude of hard labour. "They made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service wherein

they made them serve, was with rigour."

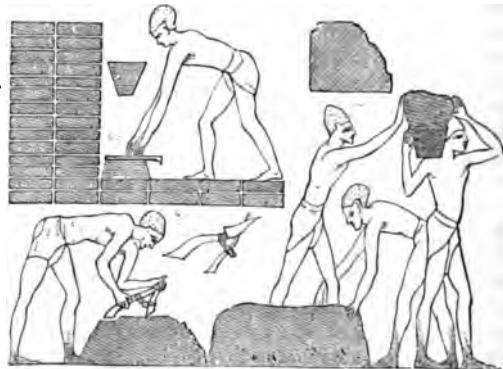
A painting at Thebes gives what is supposed to be a representation of the labours of the enslaved Hebrews in the work of the brick-field. It is found in the tomb of Roschere, who seems to

have been "a crown officer of high rank placed over the national works." He is described as "Superintendent of the Great Buildings" to King Thothmes III., conjectured to have been the Pharaoh before whom the miracles of Moses were wrought, and from whose "yoke of bondage" God delivered His people by a "mighty hand and an outstretched arm."



The accompanying engravings represent the scene depicted in the Theban sepulchre. The whole process of brick-making is described. "Some are working up the clay; others carrying it on their shoulders, or moulding it into bricks, or placing them to dry in the sun, and finally conveying away such as were finished, and fit for use. That the slaves in these pictures are Asiatics, or Syrians, there is no manner of doubt. The probability is that the children of Israel, as national bondsmen, are there depicted; for we see somewhat of the Hebrew physiognomy in the painted labourers,—a yellow skin, and an aquiline nose. The representation is true to the life, and forms a vivid illustration of the Book of Exodus."

In the brick memorials preserved in Egypt may be traced some indications of the period we are now considering. In referring to them it will be necessary to advert to that severer exaction of toil which Pharaoh cruelly imposed upon the Israelites when Moses appeared before him on their behalf. Scorning the Divine commission of Moses and Aaron, the irritated tyrant king "commanded the same day the taskmasters of the people, and their officers, saying, Ye



shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves;" while they were required to accomplish the same "daily tasks as when there was straw." As the Egyptians did not burn their bricks, but simply dried them in the sun, chopped straw was used to give the clay greater compactness. Now, at Dashoor, about twenty miles south of Cairo, there is a pyramid built wholly of bricks. These are *well mixed with straw*, and, owing to the extreme dryness of the Egyptian climate, they are as firm now as they were when first used. It is thought that this pyramid was built by the children of Israel in the former part of their slavery, when the straw was supplied to them. At Heliopolis bricks have been found evidently of a later date,

and they bear the name of *Thothmes III.*, whom we have indicated as probably the last oppressor of the Hebrews. These bricks, unlike those of the Dashoor pyramid, have but little straw in them; and thus they seem to have been made when the Israelites were required to find the straw themselves. They lack strength and firmness, and are easily crushed.

We reserve some remarks on the events connected with the departure of the Israelites from Egypt until we consider the animal worship of the Egyptians.

THE MISERY OF INFIDELITY.

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

"WHAT a miserable man, if he give himself up fully to the influence of his principles, is an avowed unbeliever in revelation! He knows no race of beings, nor any individual being, better than himself, whom he knows to be not only imperfect, but corrupt; nor any world happier than that which he inhabits, and which he is convinced by experience is a vale of tears. To him God is but a name; salvation a fable; heaven a dream; immortality a delusion. He knows not whence he came, nor whither he is going; from darkness he issued, and into darkness he is soon to vanish. He has no authoritative rule of virtue for his conduct; no relief in trouble; no hope in death. He is tossed upon an ocean of doubt and uncertainty; and amidst the roaring of the tempest, and the raging of the billows, sees no friendly beacon, no haven of safety: no, nothing but the black and frowning rocks of annihilation, against which his frail bark must soon dash and be lost for ever. An infidel, then, cannot be a happy man; at least, cannot be made so by his principles. It would be an inversion of the order of things, and a monstrous incongruity, if he could. To look for happiness from infidelity is to expect sunbeams from shades, and the cheerful light of day from midnight gloom."

Such was the beautiful language of the large-hearted and eloquent John Angell James, when presenting *Spiritual Religion as the Surest Preservative from*

Infidelity. And is it needful to adduce illustrations and proofs of his remarks? Alas! they are found on every hand, and in overwhelming numbers. Let any young man who is tempted to lay aside his Bible, and trample on the religion of his fathers, read and ponder the following fact.

A. B. was the third son of respectable and pious parents. They had the joy of witnessing the early development of grace in their first and second sons, who grew up to be useful and honourable men. But the third was "a grief to his father, and bitterness to her who bare him." He was endowed with a superior intellect, acquired knowledge rapidly, and seemed to pay attention to those expositions of the Gospel which, in company with his parents, he was in the habit of hearing. But even before he had reached his fifteenth year, there were occasional perplexing indications about him. It was evident that he felt parental influence galling. He understood not the deep sources of a father's entreaties, and a mother's tears. He associated with the foolish and profane in search of what he considered "pleasure;" remained out late, devised excuses for his absence, promised amendment, but increased in his dislike of home. About this time a situation offered itself in a distant city. It was necessary for his prospects in life that he should embrace it. The maternal heart had its misgivings; the father doubted and hoped alternately; and both counselled, and prayed for, their son. He, in his turn, was gratified with the prospect of "liberty." There was, indeed, a momentary pang on quitting the scenes of his boyhood; and some resolutions to attend to the admonitions of his parents. But, alas! these were temporary feelings.

Among his companions—"friends," he called them—were two infidels; young men who boasted that they were superior to everything like superstition. "Youth," they affirmed, "was the period of happiness and enjoyment; religion was an intolerably dull and melancholy thing; and the Bible was so full of contradictions and mystery, that it could not be the book which clergymen and religious people said it was." The ear of A. B. was at first startled by these doctrines,

his conscience was troubled; he felt uneasy; but indulgence in vice on the one hand, and the laughter of his companions on the other, whenever they detected a shade of melancholy on his face, led him still farther from the recollections of early youth; and no long time elapsed until he became "the soul of the company." Naturally impetuous, and possessing a firm constitution, he literally rushed into vice. He ardently pursued "pleasure" in all her forms. He left nothing untried that he judged likely to minister to the enjoyments of time. Was he happy? did he discover substance, or only shadow? He shall answer this question for himself. Before he had seen his twenty-seventh summer, he wrote the following letter, from a seaport town in South America, to one of his infidel friends:—

"I—, South America,

"Sept. 27th, 1839.

"SIR,—The first impulse of my mind, when I took the pen into my trembling hand, was to address you with the appropriate title, Demon! But a second thought suggests that a man upon the borders of the grave, and whose wretched soul will be in eternity long before you read this letter, ought to avoid harsh, though they should be appropriate, terms. It is true you do not believe in a God, who taketh vengeance on iniquity; but you have—notwithstanding all your desperate efforts to drug and to stupefy it—still a conscience. Let it speak, then, as you read this communication, which must be short, as the clammy sweat of death is already on my brow.

"*You know* the dark steps which led to my departure from my native country. *You know* the diligent part you acted in instilling into my mind sweet poison,—yes, alas! it *was* sweet,—and the tact you displayed in setting aside my first objections to your irrational doctrines. *You know* the terrific success which crowned your exertions. You know that when disgrace overtook me, your professed friendship was found to be as false as your opinions. I had no God, no friend, no helper! I was an outcast, an alien, a wretch! My passions became a fire in my bosom; and, after three

years which have elapsed since I last saw you, I now find myself in a wretched lodging, upon a rotten pallet, soon to be my bier, and in a foreign land, unknown, and, unless the mercy of God be *infinitely* great, for ever lost!

"My time has been brief, and yet fearfully long. Time! what have I found it? A scene of folly, madness, delirium! O that some one had confined me to a house for the insane! *that* would have been friendship indeed! I should then have escaped the snare: at least, I should not have had all the torments I now feel for the guilt into which I plunged myself, and dragged others. I have one request to make; I conjure you to grant it. If you are resolved to live and die without God, *do not add to the terrible weight of guilt already on your soul by propagating further your ruinous and blasphemous doctrines.* I have also one piece of information to give. I have carried about with me, ever since I left England, a small pocket-Bible, the gift of my broken-hearted mother, which has not been opened for years. It has, however, been opened during these few days. Whether I can be forgiven, I know not; but I find that this Bible—my only property on earth, and which will be buried by my side—commands me to forgive you, and I do it. We shall meet at the judgment. "A. B."

Poor, unhappy youth! how my heart yearns over him as I read his letter to his friend,—his tempter. O that he had fallen into other hands, and followed other counsel! He might then have been a disciple of Jesus, a student of the Bible. He might have blessed society by his existence, have surrounded his name with a halo of glory, and gone down to the grave honoured and happy, amid the benedictions of the good, and the reverence of the bad.

Reader, whenever the heartless infidel would allure you from your Bible into the regions of doubt and unbelief, ask him whether he can ensure you a peaceful conscience, pure morality, a happy death-bed, a blessed hope of felicity in heaven. If he cannot do this, cling, cling to the Bible. Its precepts and principles have been tested a thousand,

thousand times; and we venture boldly to affirm that they never injured any one. I challenge the whole world to produce an instance in which the religion of the Bible has rendered a man less happy in himself; less benevolent to his neighbours; less honest in his dealings; less kind to his children; less thankful in prosperity; less submissive in adversity; less patient in sickness; and less triumphant in death. Those who have yielded to its influence tell us that its "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace." They tell us that it has illumined their minds, sanctified the affections, and cheered the soul. And those who have died under its power, have constrained the survivors to exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Cling to the Bible. Do so at any cost, any hazard, any sacrifice; and say to all the human tempters around you,—

"Should all the forms that men devise,
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy Gospel to my heart."

Penance.

B. F.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

II.

(Continued from page 88.)

Penseroso. I am glad our conversation interests you so deeply. You are like the blind bard, who was—

"Smit with the love of sacred song :"
though you are smitten with the theme without the song.

Lycidas. The theme is enough.

P. And well may be, unless we are pure clay. Shall we now look at some of the positive pleasures of eternity, or their sources?

L. Certainly. Which will you name first?

P. Triumph.

L. Triumph, do you say?

P. The love of victory is strong in human nature; and there must come a time in the truly good man's history when that love will be gratified. His triumph will be holy triumph, if you please; but still triumph. He may cast his crown at his Redeemer's feet, but

that he can never do, unless possessed first of the crown. Of course a saint is above foolish or unholy boasting; but there remains holy triumph. No need now to envy earth's heroes in the day of their proudest pomp.

L. Still it stirs one's blood to witness the grand procession; to see the nodding plumes; to listen to the martial strain; to hear the firm and measured tread.

P. It does :—

"Blest, and thrice blest, the Roman
That sees Rome's brightest day;
That sees that long, victorious pomp
Wind down the sacred way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And round the suppliant's grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitoline Jove."

Still, it cannot be that heaven must come to earth to learn how to honour its sons; nor can he want triumph who sits down on Christ's throne, as He is set down upon the throne of the great Sire. What further triumph can he wish who has the white stone inscribed with the new Name; who has inscribed upon him the name of God, the name of the city of God, and Christ's new name?

L. What other bliss?

P. Joy.

L. I must say of that, as I said of rest, we know what it means.

P. Yes; after some fashion men know joy. But joy ineffable, inconceivable, is another thing.

"Not angel-tongues can tell
His love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight!"

L. But is all joy, even in heaven, glorious, unspeakable?

P. Perhaps not. Joy, like all the passions, has many kinds and degrees. There is not a greater difference between the treble and the bass, than between light and airy gladness, and holy, deep, and solemn joy. Of course there is no unholy joy in heaven; but in the boundless multiplicity of events, (for heaven is life, and often life in action,) there may be many light and unexpected joys. For a time, monotone itself may be pleasant; but endless life cannot be monotonous.

L. So much for joy. Is there any further good to be expected?

P. Much. There will be love in heaven.

L. A modest expression, truly! *There will be love in heaven!* Why, a poet, and not one of the most religious either, gives us, though not exactly in his own name,—

“Love is heaven, and heaven is love.”

P. It is good poetry; and, perhaps, more than half true in cold prose.

L. Love on earth is often bewitching enough, we know. But will the love in heaven be so strong?

P. Lycidas!

L. I thought heaven was so pure.

P. Retain your thought. But are strong and pure contradictory? Ask, if you will, whether there is any love left in this dark, selfish world; but never question the strength of love in heaven. The love of the faithful Christian—

L. You introduce the same qualification as before, in the same words,—*faithful Christian*.

P. And for a similar reason; for, alas! for many the heaven that will be, will not be the heaven that ought to be, their own folly being the cause.

L. Well?

P. The love of the faithful Christian will be strong, glorious, sublime.

L. Sublime? I never yet heard of sublime love.

P. I will alter my expression. His love will be more than sublime,—in-
effable, and inconceivable.

L. You are soaring now.

P. Or creeping, do you mean?—

“As through the artist’s intervening glass,
We see the planetary bodies pass,
A little we discover; but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show.
Thus, while our mind its knowledge would
improve,

(Its feeble aim intent on things above,)

High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirm’d by hope;

Yet are we able only to survey

Dawnings of light, and promises of day:

Heaven’s fuller effluence mocks our dazzled
sight;

Too great its swiftness, and too strong its
light.”

L. Go on.

Penseroso.—

“But soon the mediate cloud shall be dispell’d;
The Sun shall soon be face to face beheld,

Seated sublime on His meridian throne,
In all His pomp, with all His glory on.
Then holy faith and holy hope shall die,—
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;
But thou, more happy power, fair charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,—
Thy nature and thy office still the same,
Lasting thylamp, and unconsumed thyflame,—
Shalt still survive;
Shalt stand before the hosts of heaven con-
fess’d,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.”

L. You are almost out of my latitude. I must let you go on.

P. The saint will love fellow-saints and angels with no mean love. But what is a saint? what is an angel? He will love the Lord his God with all his heart, with all his strength, with all his intellect.

L. Are your expressions exactly correct?

P. Let them pass. Not with the strength which he now has, and which is weak enough, but with his exalted powers, and with affections, it may be, as broad as the broad earth, and as deep as the sea. With his mighty will, and strength, and intellect he will love Jehovah, the God of love, who is worthy to receive supreme love, and praise, and reverence, and obedience, and adoration besides.

L. What more can you say?

P. God will love him. As he has finally and for ever overcome, he has won all things, and God Himself.

L. O! *Penseroso*, your words elevate, yet sober me. What other treasures have you to produce?

P. There will be glory in heaven.

L. What is that?

P. In the visible universe it is that which existed, perhaps, before the sun,—

“And at the voice

Of God, as with a mantle, did invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.”

In the visible world, *light* is glory.

L. But what is glory in heaven?

P. Let us waive the question, and, instead of it, ask another. What is a “weight” of glory? what is an eternal weight of transcendently transcendent glory?

L. Your expression is strong.

P. So far, it is like Paul’s energetic and tremendous Greek. But where in

the visible universe shall we look for a "weight" of glory? In your hottest and brightest day in the tropics, Lycidas, had you at noon stretched out your hand under the sun, should you have felt any weight from the intolerable splendour?

L. You are once more going to soar, Penseroso.

P. If I do not, I shall never reach my subject. Of this weight, this mountain, this mass of glory, let me suppose that, by anticipation, a solitary straggling ray could make its way down into your soul; and that, ravished therewith, you exclaim, "O! Penseroso, heaven is here! This is all the heaven I can bear!" If thus affected with a solitary ray, how will you bear the "weight" of glory?

L. Doubtless, heaven will provide.

P. Yes. Your "mortal," as we before said, will "put on immortality;" your "corruptible, put on incorruption." When this is done, and you have entered heaven, you will understand a little better than now the "weight of glory."

L. Shall I not then understand it perfectly?

P. Know perfectly at once the glory which may await us? For our own sake, let us hope not. A shallow bay is sea, if you wish so to call it; but, after all, it is not the broad and deep Atlantic. What a drop of water is to the mighty ocean, that, perhaps, is the opening glory to that which may be revealed in the depths of eternity.

L. Well, Penseroso, what next? You seem at home. What other blessedness awaits us?

P. Intellectual, and, may I say, semi-intellectual pleasures.

L. Semi-intellectual?

P. I call semi-intellectual, the pleasure which you receive from a sublime prospect, from a strain of music, from a fine painting.

L. And what about these?

P. Nay, the visions are too ethereal to go into words; our souls too weak to conceive them. Leave them to the great revealer, time; or, rather, eternity. Let us come to something more tangible. There will be reward in heaven.

L. What will be rewarded?

P. Everything in our conduct which can be.

L. But what proportion will the reward bear to the thing rewarded?

P. I believe that reason can make or find no plummet wherewith to sound that depth.

L. Though you have said so much, I hope there is something still left.

P. Divine manifestation. At present Jehovah hides Himself, and, perhaps, in some sense, must hide Himself to all eternity. Yet, as the creature may be able to receive, He may reveal Himself, and the manifestations may be still brighter, still more glorious, more solemn, or more gracious, as eternity rolls on.

L. O, Penseroso, where can I have lived, that those things have well-nigh escaped me to this hour? Proceed.

P. The rest, neither I can tell, nor you can hear. If I were to proceed till the trumpet blew for judgment, and if every word were inspired by the good Spirit, there might still be something left untold. Who can tell how the soul may sink in blissful seas of resignation? how it may rise in mighty bounding and triumphant joy? Who can tell whether saint or angel may not, once and again, be rapt up, suddenly, swiftly, through many a degree of happiness and holiness, and placed on heights never before attained? From awful solemn worship, bordering on severity, yet escaping it; down to gratification, bordering on luxury, yet escaping it; and through boundless modifications of peace, joy, and love, of ecstasy, rapture, and wonder; who can tell how delightfully the soul may be brought? If we had here the best organ that was ever built; the best music ever written; the most skilful performer that ever touched the keys, what enchanting melody we should hear! O, Lycidas, if you and I be organs of sufficient compass, and rightly tuned, and if the Eternal Spirit deign to touch the living instruments, what celestial melody may He not educe?

L. I question whether I shall, out of the sanctuary, hear again so much about heaven. But is all said?

P. No; for there is one pleasure more unmentioned.

L. Well?

P. Adoration. If we do nothing else

in heaven, we shall worship God. Suppose that the time was come. Suppose that the fight was over; that "the shield of faith" had once and for ever been laid aside; "the sword of the Spirit" once and for ever been thrust into its sheath. Suppose that after life's turmoil we had been safely lodged in the tomb, and that our spirits had waited for the resurrection; that at last the trumpet had sounded; that we had stood before the Judge, and been acquitted or applauded; that, judgment passed, the great Reconciler had entered heaven as the King of glory, and we had followed in triumph in His train; that He had presented us to the Father, "Behold, I, and the children whom Thou hast given Me;" and that He Himself had been made subject to the Father, "that God may be all in all."—What shall we do now? Now that these prophets and apostles, and martyrs and saints, are assembled? Often we have forgotten ourselves before; but this, surely, is no time to do so. We worship God. And when the first burst of devotion, or the first act of solemn, silent, awful worship, is over, eternity is before us; and again and again, and it may be, with deeper, grander, more sublime and rapturous worship, we shall worship Him; the good, the wise, the true, the strong; the Eternal; the only One; the wonderful, wonderful God.

A BUSY SERVANT.

"My dear Sir," says a writer, "you cannot have every virtue under the sun for twenty pounds a-year." The author of the following letter seems to have had this lesson to learn. It was sent some years ago by a deceased nobleman of the sister-island to a gentleman of the same country.

Dear Sir,—A gardener of the name of Mackay has applied to me to come in that capacity to —, and among other very good discharges, encloses one of yours, which speaks indeed so highly in his favour, as far as it goes, as to need no other recommendation; but I wish to know of you if he can look over my whole domain, and improvements, and view the various edifices I have decorated it with, and take care to keep

them in good order, as well as my garden. If he is master of green, and hot, and ico house business, and conservatory; pines, vines, grafting, budding; the care and management of bees, hops, gold and silver fish, gold and silver pheasants; of various fowl, and fish, and boats, as a menagerie and lake come under his department, and several orchards. If he has a family, is a Protestant, and a *good shot*; and what salary he had from you, and how much ground in your garden, and how many men, women, and girls, and boys he required to keep it in good order; if frugal and managing, affording plenty and no waste; and skilled in propagating every species of trees, shrubs, evergreens, and nurseries, as I annually plant out *twenty thousand or thirty thousand* of all sorts, and am now about making a screen and drive through my domain, making fossés and fences and clumps, all of which must be preserved from cattle. When I have your answer in respect to these particulars, in which I am very *exact*, and that he is capable of keeping regular accounts, and knowing something of mensuration, surveying, laying out, and improving, draining, and dividing grounds; cattle buying in and selling out, keeping of all *exact* accounts; for though I have a steward, he can only oversee, being retained by me as an old follower of the family, and a faithful honest man, but wholly deficient in all the above *requisites*;—I possibly may dismiss the gardener I have at present, who can do all the above; but he is grown very negligent since I have let him a farm, and a house I call Bijou, which I built as a banqueting-house, and as an ornament to my domain; which, with a wife and several children engross that attention I want in a servant. Your affectionate kinsman, and faithful servant, &c.

CHINA.

NO. II.—EDUCATION.

Few English people are aware of the extent to which education is carried throughout Chinese society. Most of the working-class can read tolerably well, and it is no exaggeration to say, that all above this class can read and write with facility. Education with the

Chinese is the ladder to promotion. The oldest and most exclusive empire in the world has this in common with America, the youngest and most democratic, that education is provided for all, and that place and power are open to all; so that in either case the son of a beggar may attain to the government of a province. Every village has its school, and every wealthy family its private tutor; and of the pupils thus trained, a very fair proportion become candidates for honours. Every district has its periodical examinations of such candidates. Those who pass are subjected to a second official examination, and, if again successful, are permitted to enter for a higher competition; which, in itself, is an honourable distinction.

This third examination is conducted by the literary Chancellor in the capital of each province, and is very severe; the strictest care being taken that no notes or aids of any kind are in the student's possession. The whole is conducted in writing, and with such severity that very slight errors of judgment or taste are fatal. Those who come safely out of the ordeal, have conferred upon them a degree, which is equivalent to the B. A. of our English Universities.

The excitement attending these examinations is as intense, and far more widely spread, than in similar circumstances in England. Lists are posted outside the halls, and copies are sent to every city in the province, and are sold rapidly. Crowds of students wait anxiously for the appearance of these lists; and send off the tidings by carrier-pigeons, to attract still greater crowds round the various provincial offices. The degree to which we have referred confers certain privileges, and raises the holder at once to a higher position in society. The magistrates and others are bound to show its possessor honour; he becomes a man of mark, and has a good prospect opened before him. If he chooses to pursue his success, and to become a *Keu-jin*, or M.A., as we may term it, he prepares for a still more sifting examination.

This takes place once in every three years, with great pomp and ceremony, before Imperial Commissioners appointed for the purpose. Each candidate is

placed in a small cell, containing only a seat and a desk, and is not allowed to leave it until the day's work is done; being, moreover, under the supervision of an officer the whole time. Two entire days are spent in this severe labour, which often completely prostrates the student: instances having occurred of men dying in their cells from exhaustion and anxiety together. A month is allowed to the authorities for the examination of the papers, when the results are made public. The honours which await a successful candidate show the value which is placed on these literary distinctions.

The *Keu-jin* on his return home, enters the town in state, with a numerous escort. The magistrates and other functionaries call to pay their respects to him; and papers are brought by numerous friends for his autograph. Great honour is paid to his parents on his account; and the townspeople express their gratitude for the honour he has conferred upon his native place. There remains the higher degree of *Tsin-zee*, equivalent to our LL.D., the holder of which is presented to the Emperor, and is appointed to high office in the State.

As might be expected from their system of training, the Chinese excel in intellectual efforts: they are, for instance, excellent mathematicians;* and the number of able works of this kind among them is greater perhaps than in any other branch of study. A translation of the first six books of Euclid was published in 1608 by a Jesuit Missionary, and gained a more extensive circulation than any other book introduced by foreigners. It quickly went through seven editions; indeed, it is in use in all the more important schools, and has become known throughout the empire. A Chinese mathematician, feeling the want of the remaining books, himself endeavoured to supply the deficiency; and he is not the only native who has written upon the subject. But in 1857 a translation of the remainder was made

* A newspaper correspondent has lately said, that the European invention which most strongly excites the curiosity of the Chinese, is neither the telegraph, nor the steam-engine, nor the Armstrong gun, but—Mr. Babbage's calculating machine.

by one of the agents of the Medical Mission, and was printed at the expense of a native gentleman. A treatise on algebra, and another on algebraic geometry, shortly followed; both of which have been most favourably received. A series of illustrated medical treatises, a history of England, works on astronomy, botany, and other sciences, have also been published by the Society; which, if it had done nothing else, would, by this means, have made a lasting and most beneficent impress on the Chinese mind. Large editions of these works, with illustrations, have been reprinted, officially, both in China and Japan; but, in most instances, the fact of their foreign origin has been suppressed; they are put forward as original works, containing very important discoveries. The proceeding is characteristic enough, but the readiness with which the more intelligent of the people receive new impressions, and throw aside their own familiar ideas, when the new theory is well supported, and commends itself to their judgment, is surprising; especially in a people so conservative in their ideas as the Chinese have hitherto been.

This liberal style of education, which is not confined to one rank, and the study of the writings of Confucius, which is all but universal, have preserved the Chinese from the unspeakable moral and intellectual degradation in which India is sunk. A Chinaman is by no means a model of purity, of honour, of truth; but, tried by any standard of morality, he stands on another level altogether from the Hindoo.

The literature of the two countries shows this contrast very strongly, but not more so than do the social relations. The Chinese woman holds a much higher position than her Indian sister. True, the Chinese woman is not supposed to have a soul, and in fact, is reckoned a kind of nonentity until she is married. But although this is the theory, it is practically otherwise, and the woman receives no small honour and attention. Her education is looked to as a matter of course, and among the respectable classes she is generally found to be accomplished. The institution of the family is held in honour, and the habits

of the people are in this respect almost patriarchal.

Where practicable the whole family lives under one roof; and by "family," we do not mean father, mother, and children merely. When a son marries, he does not commence housekeeping on his own account, but brings his wife to his father's house. The other sons do likewise, and the children all mingle together. There are often three generations living in this way in the same house. One instance is recorded of seven generations thus living amicably together; and the case excited so much attention, that the Emperor sent for the old patriarch at the head of it, to learn how they contrived to live without quarrels and misery. The old man wrote in the presence of the Emperor his answer in one word, many times repeated, "Forbearance, forbearance, forbearance." This story is the foundation of a very popular Chinese tract, or rather broadsheet, curiously illustrated, which is still sold by thousands in the large towns.

* * *

WEATHER WISDOM.

WHILE the other trees were attired in their fresh green leaves, the ever late ash was yet bare. Noticing the ash thus bare, while the oak was profusely verdant, I thought of the proverb or prophecy, which nearly every year, as newspaper folk say, "goes the round," about the kind of weather we are to have when the oak precedes the ash in leafing, or *vice versa*. How often are we told that when the oak leafs first, there is a dry autumn and fine harvest weather; but that when the ash is first in leaf, the autumn is bad, and the harvesting season unfavourable. Like other patches of weather wisdom, it has been put into rhyme, and would-be observant folks quote the lines,—

"If the oak's before the ash,
Then you'll only get a splash;
If the ash precedes the oak,
Then you may expect a soak."

I believe the fact to be, that, with the rare exception of individual trees, the oak invariably leafs first, and that this

is no prognostication of fine weather for months afterwards, but the ordinary course of nature, which naturalists have observed and recorded, and which has not escaped the notice of poets, the true observers of nature. One of our poets makes it the subject of a pretty imagery, when he says:—

“Delaying, as the tender ash delays,
To clothe itself when all the woods are green.”

—*Rambles by the Ribble.*

THE ENGLISH GOLD AND SILVER COINAGE.*

IN a great commercial community like that of England, there cannot fail to exist a considerable amount of interest in everything which has reference to the currency in use. Not only is this so in a moral and social sense, but also in a material one. The quantity, purity, and durability of gold and silver coinages are questions of much importance, and which have accordingly engaged the attention of monarchs and legislators from the earliest periods. As regards the quantity of money circulating among the people of this country, that has necessarily varied exceedingly at different epochs, and even in different reigns. Owing, however, to the enormous increase of traffic which has followed the introduction of the railway-system; the steady development of manufacturing industry, resulting from the employment of steam-power; and the yearly augmentation of the population of the British Isles, there was never at any former period so large an amount of metallic money required, or in existence, as at present.

It is a remarkable fact that scarcely any serious alterations have been made in the purity of English coins of gold or silver for many centuries.

When Henry III. introduced gold coin into our mints, the metal of which they were composed was that known as twenty-four carat, or pure gold, without a particle of alloy. So it remained until Edward III. ordered a reduction of the standard to twenty-three carat, three and a half grains fine gold, and half a

grain of alloy. It remained for Henry VIII. to take further liberties with the gold coinage, and this he did unsparingly. He debased it to twenty carats, with the exception of a certain small coinage of crowns of gold, which were composed of twenty-two carat metal; that is, twenty-two parts of gold to two of alloy, and which mixture thenceforth took the name of crown gold. In the reign of Charles II. this latter rate of purity was made—what it has continued up to this hour—the sole standard of all the gold coins of the realm. It will thus be seen, that in spite of the nefarious proceedings of Henry VIII. in regard to the gold coinage during the last twenty years of his reign, the mutations of purity it has undergone are inconsiderable.

As to silver coinage, it is a striking circumstance that for nearly seven hundred years—excepting some tamperings of the monarch just named—its standard of purity has remained unaltered. For example, the silver coins of Henry II. were composed of a mixture consisting of eleven ounces and two pennyweights of fine silver, and eighteen pennyweights of alloy. Those of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, are of precisely the same degree of fineness; and it is not at all probable, that for centuries to come, the standards of either our gold or our silver coins will be interfered with. In both cases we have obtained compositions—the alloy used being the purest copper—which give hardness and beauty of appearance to the individual pieces of money resulting from them; and these are desiderata, the importance of which is obvious.

Of the subordinate and inferior currency it may be said that, from the year 1672 to the year 1860, when the present bronze coinage was inaugurated, it has been composed of copper. There is no doubt about the superiority of bronze over copper for the purpose of conversion into coin, although the mechanical difficulties attending the operation are certainly much greater. The addition of four per cent. of tin, and one per cent. of zinc, has the effect of hardening the remaining ninety-five per cent. of copper to an extent which is incredible to any but those who have witnessed the labour of rolling and stamping the compound,

* From the *Intellectual Observer*.

and which illustrates the fact that the ancients used bronze for cutting implements before steel had become known.

Thus much for the materials of which the British coinage is composed. Let us now turn to a consideration of the quantity of each denomination of coin actually circulating in Great Britain. It will be well to commence our inquiries with the year 1816; because, during that and the year following, the whole of the silver monies of the realm were recoined; and because all the gold coins, save those preserved in collections or museums, of a date anterior, have long since found their way back to the crucibles of the Mint, or else been cast into American Eagles and French Napoleons.

It appears, then, from official statements annually made to the House of Commons, that there have been struck and issued from the British Mint since the period named, and up to the year 1863—

Double Sovereigns . . .	16,119
Sovereigns . . .	146,071,897
Half-Sovereigns . . .	26,592,903
Total	172,680,919

By far the largest proportion of the two last-named denominations of money—the double sovereign* having, unfortunately, become obsolete—were coined during the reign of her Majesty. The years 1853 and 1855 were, indeed, pre-eminently fruitful. In the first, no less than eleven millions nine hundred and fifty-two thousand and ninety-one pounds sterling, in sovereigns and half-sovereigns, were pressed into being; and in the second, 1855, nearly ten millions sterling came forth from the Mint in the shape of gold coins. The united productions of those two years therefore give a grand total equal to more than one-eighth of the entire gold coinages of the whole forty-seven years in question.

Taking into account the continuous influx of light gold to the Bank of England, and its subsequent relegation to the Royal Mint for re-coining, to-

gether with the not less constant efflux of gold coin to the Continent, and to other and more distant parts of the world, as India and Australia, it may be safely calculated that the absolute circulation of gold money remaining at home, amounts in value to one hundred and twenty millions sterling. Allowing, now, the population of the British Isles to be thirty millions, it is plain that, equally distributed among the Queen's lieges, the gold coinage is sufficient to supply each inhabitant, young and old, with the sum of four pounds sterling! The total weight of the most precious metal thus absorbed is, in round numbers, not less than twelve hundred tons.

Of the silver coinage of the realm, it appears, by the indisputable testimony of official returns, and from evidence furnished by Professor Graham, Master of the Mint, in 1859, that there were then in circulation among the subjects of Queen Victoria:—

Crowns . . .	2,320,027
Half-crowns . . .	37,516,313
Florins . . .	10,000,000
Shillings . . .	112,554,106
Sixpences . . .	76,132,578
Fourpences . . .	20,142,034
Threepences . . .	7,572,437
Total	266,237,525

To this list there have been added since 1859, and up to the close of 1863—

Florins . . .	2,069,100
Shillings . . .	4,007,520
Sixpences . . .	2,692,800
Threepences . . .	7,870,104
Total	16,639,524

forming an aggregate of two hundred and eighty-two millions, eight hundred and seventy-seven thousand and forty-nine silver coins, existing in the banking-houses, tills, purses, and pockets of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom! The coinage of crowns, half-crowns, and fourpences has been suspended for several years past, and it is a question for the legislature to decide as to whether that coinage shall be resumed.

* This coin might well be reproduced under the name of the "Victoria." It is well proportioned, and would be found highly useful.

THE HOURS.

THE hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
To Him who sits on high.

Like summer bees, that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,—
Those viewless angel-hours.

The poison or the nectar
The heart's deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some flit by on pinions
Of joyous gold and blue,
And some flag on with drooping wings
Of sorrow's darker hue.

But still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission-flight, by day or night,
No magic power can stay:

And as we spend each minute
Which God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne,
The tale is told in heaven.

These bee-like hours we see not,
Nor hear their noiseless wings;
We only feel too oft when flown,
That they have left their stings.

So teach me, Heavenly Father,
To meet each flying hour,
That as they go they may not show
My heart a poison-flower.

AN EASTERN TEST OF
POLITENESS.

IN Central Asia it is the practice, even on the occasion of an ordinary visit, to set before you the *Desturkhan*. (A napkin of coarse linen, and of a variety of colours, for the most part dirty.) In this enough bread is generally placed for two persons, and the guest is to eat some pieces of this. "To be able to eat no more," is an expression regarded by the Central Asiatic as incredible; or, at least, as indicating low breeding. My pilgrim brethren always gave brilliant proofs of their power. Upon one occasion I reckoned that each of them had devoured one pound of fat from the tail of

the sheep, two pounds of rice, without taking any account of bread, carrots, turnips, and radishes; and all this washed down, without any exaggeration, by from fifteen to twenty large soup-plates full of green tea. In such heroic feats I was naturally a coward; and it was the astonishment of every one that I, so well versed in books, should have acquired only a half-acquaintance with the requisites of polite breeding!—*Fambray's Central Asia*.

A TESTIMONY TO THE
PROGRESS OF MISSIONS IN
THE SOUTH SEAS.

A PAMPHLET has been published which, says an Australian newspaper, contains one of the most heart-rending records of shipwreck, suffering, death, and rescue, we have ever read. The ship "All Serene" was capsized in the South Seas. Some boards were insecurely nailed together; and in this frail vessel thirty-one persons were crowded, nineteen of whom were saved, after having been twenty days on board this rude-made punt. At the end of this period they reached the island of Kandavu, one of the Fiji group. Upon landing, the natives hid themselves, supposing that the new-comers were slavers, but (says the writer of the narrative)—

"At last we succeeded in attracting the attention of one of them, as he was leaving the house by the back door. He saw our helpless condition at a glance, and in a few minutes many more came from their places of concealment, and gathered around us. None of us could speak a word of their language, neither could we understand anything they said, with the exception of one word; it was the word 'Missionary;' but this word made us feel perfectly safe. They conducted us to a small village, leading and supporting us all the way, and seeming to vie with each other in their unremitting attentions to us. The kindness of these natives was remarkable. They took us into their houses, and they seemed to anticipate our every wish; and evinced the greatest delight in being allowed to minister to our wants, holding the reviving cup to our lips, and

supplying us with abundance of food. We succeeded in making them understand that there were more of our comrades still on the beach, and many of them went with torches, (as the moon had now gone,) and brought them to the village.

"On the following morning some of the natives went to inform Mr. Nettleton, a gentleman belonging to the Wesleyan Mission, and residing twelve miles from the village. He came to see us on the next day. This was a happy meeting; he prayed with us, and we cried like children. We learned from him that we were on the island of Kandavu, one of the Fiji group, and that we must have come between four and five hundred miles in the punt. He also told us that had we not made this island we must have perished, as this is the outer island of the group, and we had struck on the most southern point of it. The natives showed great reluctance to part with us; but Mr. Nettleton took us all away in boats to the Mission-station,

and afterwards sent them presents in return for their kindness to us. He left half our number with his brother Missionary, Mr. William Fletcher, about eight miles from where we had landed, and took the others to his own place.

"We remained nearly two months under the care of these gentlemen. Would that I could speak in terms of praise equal to the merits of these two Missionaries, and their most amiable ladies. All I can say is this—they administered solace to our wearied spirits; they supplied us with many temporal comforts; they clothed our nakedness, and healed our wounds. It is but justice to the other few white inhabitants of those islands to say that they treated us with uniform kindness. May God bless them all!"

Need we point out that the reception and treatment with which these shipwrecked ones met is one of the most convincing evidences which can be furnished of the great advantage of Christian Missions?

Memorials of the Departed.

DIED at Saul, in the Dursley Circuit, August 29th, 1863, MRS. JANE CAMM. From a child she was of an amiable disposition; but till she reached her twenty-fourth year, she was a stranger to saving grace. From that time, however, for upwards of forty years, she maintained a consistent walk in connexion with the Wesleyan body. Her attachment to the cause of Methodism was ardent and sincere, and was especially manifested when it was suffering one of its severest trials. But she was enabled to rejoice to see it revive with strength and vigour, and could say, in the spirit of Simeon of old, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word." During the last ten years she suffered much, and was often led to exclaim in the language of one of our hymns,—

"But O when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,

With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!"

Her decease was unexpected. She was taken with the last attack on the 29th of August, and after nine hours' severe suffering, died in peace.

"O! may we triumph so,
When all our warfare's past;
And, dying, find our latest foe,
Beneath our feet at last."

MR. JOHN SPENCER, was born at Feltwell, Norfolk, October 20th, 1805; and departed this life November 6th, 1863; aged fifty-eight years. In early life he manifested a cheerful and active spirit, and was possessed of a very kind and affectionate disposition. In 1824, when eighteen years of age, he entered the army, and continued in its service for upwards of twenty-three years, successively serving at the Cape of Good Hope, China, the East Indies, and in

Ireland. During that period he acted with great fidelity, and was promoted from the rank of a common soldier to the office of quartermaster-sergeant. Avoiding the grosser evils to which many in the army are addicted, he was exceedingly temperate in his habits, and commanded the universal respect of his comrades. As a reward for his meritorious conduct, he received from her Majesty, upon the recommendation of his Grace the Commander-in-chief, an annuity of £15 per annum, besides the usual pension allowed upon a discharge from active service. Although possessed of a high moral character, it was not until 1850 that he saw and felt the necessity of a change of heart and life. Under the faithful ministry of the Rev. J. Rattenbury, and the persuasive appeals of Mr. Clarke, City-Missionary, he was led to a full decision of character. Although the precise time of his conversion is not known, yet none who knew him could doubt the reality of the change effected. This was manifested by his intense hatred to sin, supreme love to God, and benevolent feeling towards all with whom he had to do. His religion did not rest in the mere reception of privileges, but took a positive and practical form. Knowing the way which God has appointed for the approach and reconciliation of a sinner to Himself; namely, repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he believed and was saved. Whilst ardently attached to the universal Christian church, he was especially so to the church of his choice, the Wesleyan connexion. He was regular in his attendance at the means of grace when opportunity offered. The class and the Sunday-morning prayer-meeting were also highly prized by him. He was exceedingly useful in the visitation of the sick, and the poor had a deep interest in his sympathy. His knowledge of Scripture truth was extensive. He felt a yearning pity for souls, and occasionally, in public, he faithfully warned the sinner to "flee from the wrath to come." He abhorred meanness and double dealing; possessed great determination and decision of character, and

would rather have lost a limb than injure his reputation, or have given occasion for the enemies of the Cross to blaspheme. But the time drew nigh when he must die. Then it was he found the value of that religion which he had sought in health and strength. While a fatal disease was hastening him to the tomb, his heart was full of love to God and mankind, and those that visited him felt it a privilege to listen to his experience and joyous hope of a blissful immortality. During the former part of his affliction, he told Mrs. Spencer he was "permitted in a dream to see heaven, and was about to enter, but was told by his conductor, that that happiness was in reserve for him." During the long, and at times very severe, affliction, "he never, that I remember," says one who knew him most, "expressed a doubt of his acceptance with God through Jesus Christ." On one occasion when visited by a friend, he expressed a disappointment at not being in heaven before; "having a desire to depart and to be with Christ." Sometimes he wondered his life was so long preserved, whilst others similarly afflicted were removed in a much shorter time. At times he indulged an idea, that he might yet be spared a few years to his wife and family. He expressed a great desire to testify to the world the value of religion in affliction. Disease, however, made steady, though almost imperceptible, progress. He was glad for Christians of any denomination to visit him, and much enjoyed the "communion of saints." On the morning of his death his voice failed, and it was evident to all that his end was near. On being assisted up in bed, and his mother expressing sorrow at seeing him so ill, he said, "I am getting nearer home, but the best of all is, 'God is with me.'" Believing the last moment to have arrived, his wife sat by his bedside watching him. His last words were, "Lord, help me;" and after waving his hand as a sign of triumph, his spirit tranquilly passed away to the realms of bliss, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

W. COCK, JUN.



SIR THOMAS MORE.

In the year 1529 there was a splendid pageant in Westminster Hall. A procession, composed of all the nobility and courtiers in and near London, with the judges and professors of law, passed up through Palace-Yard to the great stone-chamber at the south-west corner. Between the Duke of Norfolk, then England's first peer, and the Duke of Suffolk, the King's brother-in-law, Sir Thomas More walked, attired in the robes of the Lord Chancellor. The Duke of Norfolk stood forth, and thus addressed that brilliant assemblage: "The King's Majesty hath raised to the most high dignity of Chancellorship Sir Thomas More; a man, for his extraordinary worth and sufficiency, well known to himself and the whole realm; for no other cause or earthly respect, but for that he hath plainly perceived all the gifts of nature and grace to be heaped upon him. For the admirable wisdom, integrity, and innocency, joined with most pleasant facility of wit, that this man is endued withal, have been sufficiently known to all Englishmen from his youth. The King hath perceived no man in his realm to be more wise in deliberating, more sincere in opening to him what he thought, nor more eloquent to adorn the matter which he uttered.

It may, perhaps, seem to many a strange and unusual matter that this dignity should be bestowed upon a layman, and one that hath wife and children, because heretofore none but learned prelates, or men of greatest nobility, have possessed this place: but what is wanting in these respects, the admirable virtues, the matchless gifts of wit and wisdom, of this man, doth most plentifully recompense the same. For the King hath not regarded how great, but what a man he was; he hath not cast his eye upon the nobility of his blood, but on the worth of his person; he hath respected his sufficiency, not his profession: finally, he would show by this his choice that he hath some rare subjects, among gentlemen and laymen, who deserve to manage the highest offices of the realm, which bishops and noblemen think they only can deserve."

This extraordinary man was born in the year 1480, towards the end of the reign of Edward IV. He was a clever and entertaining youth, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was accustomed to say of him, "This child here, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous rare man." At the University of Oxford, while practising those principles of frugality, industry, and perseverance in which he had been trained at home, he made rapid proficiency in rhetoric, logic, and philosophy; and entered with enthusiasm on the study of that profession of which he was destined to be so distinguished an ornament. In the year 1502 he was made Sheriff of London, and returned as a member to Parliament two years after. In 1521 he was rewarded with the office of Treasurer of the Exchequer; and in 1523, was advanced to the chair of the House of Commons. In 1525 he was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; an office which he continued to hold till he received the great seal of England. His answer to Roper, upon receiving his congratulations on the unexpected visit of the King, and his familiarity with him, shows the shrewdness and character of the man: "I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm. Howbeit, Sir Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go."

The home-life of More is full of instruction. Erasmus, writing of his household, says: "You might imagine yourself in the academy of Plato. But I should do injustice to his house by comparing it to the academy of Plato, where numbers and geographic figures, and sometimes moral virtues, were the subject of discussion. It would be more just to call it a school and exercise of the Christian religion. All its inhabitants, male and female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable readings, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no angry word, was heard in it. No one was idle; every one did his duty with alacrity, and with a temperate cheerfulness."

Still, from some of their "conjugal dialogues," recorded by members of the family, we are made to doubt whether the sweetness of More's intercourse with his wife was not occasionally "flavoured with a little

acid." He would say of her that "she was penny-wise, and pound-foolish; saving a candle-end, and spoiling a velvet gown." She would often severely reprimand him for not being sufficiently ambitious. "My mother," said she, "hath often told me that it is better to rule than be ruled." "Now in truth," he would answer, "that is truly said, good wife; for I never found you yet willing to be ruled."

The account he gives of himself in a Latin letter to Peter Giles is worthy of the attentive perusal of every parent in this exciting age: "For while in pleading, in hearing, in deciding causes, or composing disputes as an arbitrator; in waiting on some men about business, and on others out of respect, the greatest part of the day is spent on other men's affairs; the remainder of it must be given to my family at home: so that I can devote no part to myself; that is, to study. I must gossip with my wife, and chat with my children, and find something to say to my servants; for all these things I reckon a part of my business, unless I were to become a stranger in my own house: for with whosoever either nature, or choice, or chance has engaged a man in any relation of life, he must endeavour to make himself as acceptable to them as he possibly can."

There is nothing in the learned works, the public despatches, or the speeches of Sir Thomas More in Parliament, which excites admiration more than a beautiful letter which he wrote to his wife on the receipt of intelligence that his house at Chelsea, and all his outhouses and barns, filled with corn, were consumed by fire. He refers the whole to a visitation of God: "He sent us all that we have lost; and since He hath by such a chance taken it away again, His pleasure be fulfilled. Let us never grudge that, but take it in good worth, and heartily thank Him as well for adversity as prosperity. And, peradventure, we have more cause to thank Him for our loss than for our winning; for His wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore, I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God both for that He hath given us, and for that He hath left us; which, if it please Him, He can increase when He will; and if it please Him to leave us yet less, at His pleasure be it."

It is said that the two happiest days of a man's life are "the day when he accepts a high office, and the day when he resigns it." The address which More delivered on his elevation to the Chancellorship filled the spacious hall at Westminster with loud applause. After a series of splendid declarations relative to the importance of the position in which he was placed, he gave forth the almost prophetic utterance: "Wherefore I ascend this seat as a place full of labour and danger, void of all solid and true honour; and which, by how much higher it is, by so much greater fall I am to fear." From abroad loud peals of approval rang: From an interesting letter written by Erasmus to the King of Vienna, we learn that "famous men," in every department of

life, rejoiced at the new increase of honour experienced by Thomas More.

When the flutter of pleasurable excitement from the first entrance into office had passed away, and the stern realities of things around presented themselves, it is easy to conceive with what feelings More would refer back to the successive stages of his own advancement. As he looked, also, into the future, and contemplated the tangled web that in those busy times was weaving, doubts, scruples, apprehensions, and antagonist wishes would tenant his mind, and prey upon his mental quiet. As a Judge in general matters, he was unrivalled for diligence and disinterestedness. "Having heard causes in the forenoon, after dinner he sat in an open hall, and received petitions of all who chose to come before him; examining their cases, and giving them redress when it was in his power; and the poorer and the meaner the suppliant was, the more affably he would speak unto him, the more heartily he would hearken to his cause, and with speedy time despatch him." His despatch of business in the Court of Chancery was so great, that on one occasion he was informed that there was not another case to be introduced, which originated the poetic prophesy which has been found to be literally true to the present time:—

"When More some time had Chancellor been,
No *more* suits did remain;
The same shall never *more* be seen
Till More be there again."

But the great difficulty with More, which caused his downfall, related to the King's divorce, and his marriage with Anne Boleyn. With the details of this event it is no purpose of this paper to deal. More conscientiously opposed it, and found that principle was not sufficient to retain the affection of the King when his personal wishes were crossed. His office he at once resigned, and regained that hilarity of spirit and exuberant wit which he had repressed during its continuance. In a letter to a friend, he rejoiced that he "had obtained that which from a child he had wished,—that, being freed from business and public affairs, he might live for a time only for God and himself." Accordingly, he devoted his leisure to reviving his recollections of authors; in acquainting himself with the literature of the day; in retouching his own writings, and planning new works for the good of society. At the coronation of Anne Boleyn, More refused to be present. First charged with bribery, and acquitted, he was next arraigned for treason. Long and severe was the battle he fought with his enemies. The clouds gathered thicker and blacker about him. On one occasion, when visited by his wife in prison, she exclaimed, "What goodyear, Mr. More, I marvel that you, who have hitherto been taken for a wise man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, with mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, if you would but do as the bishops and best learned of the realm have done!" With hearty good-humour he replied, "I

pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing: Is not this house as near to heaven as my own?" Sentence of death was passed upon him. More, without fear, exclaimed, "I verily trust, and heartily pray, that, though your Lordships have been on earth my judges to condemnation, yet that we may hereafter meet in heaven merrily together, to our everlasting salvation." He was conducted to the scaffold by Sir William Kingston; and, having knelt in devotion, he addressed his executioner with his usual pleasantry: "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry, for the sake of thine own honesty." One blow put an end to his sufferings and his pleasures. His death was of a piece with his life. As he had lived in a firm and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper.

From the time of Thomas à Becket's death to the period when Sir Thomas More entered the office of Chancellor, near four centuries had passed away. During that long period Rome had acquired fearful power. In the person of Wolsey, More's immediate predecessor, she exhibited to an impatient world her pride and her tyranny. The world was now passing through one of those grand transitions which illustrate, in a special manner, the direct interposition of God. Those great changes, which affect the destiny of nations, and give a new direction to national affairs, cannot be accounted for upon any merely human principles. Those mighty impulses, too, which move men to start forth in a path of toil and self-sacrifice, for the purpose of securing human good, have their source in heaven. The Reformation was God's work. The illustrious band of men who were thrilling the world by their actions were representative men,—God's men,—doing God's pleasure, in God's own way. Luther was on the stage; the heroic leader of a brave and faithful band. Calvin led on another host; Erasmus and his party were doing effective service. Millions of hearts were throbbing with emotion. Freedom from a spiritual despotism was being proclaimed. England played her part. In such times, Sir Thomas More, though a Roman Catholic, appeared the honest, high-principled man. He was, for a time at least, an advocate of religious toleration, and "judged it not fit to decide rashly any matter of opinion; and he deemed it foolish and indecent to threaten and terrify another for the purpose of making him believe what did not appear to him to be true." Considering the age in which he lived, when "men generally were swayed by their own worldly interests, and willing to sanction the worst passions of the tyrant to whom they looked for advancement," he was a light in a dark place; an element of purity amidst abounding corruption. We live in the light of a brighter day; but it behoves us to recognise goodness wherever it appears, and we point to many parts of the life of Sir Thomas More as furnishing lessons for all time, and for all countries.

Chester.

J. F. M.

TYNDALE AND THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

Six years after the introduction of printing, in the year 1477, William Tyndale, one of England's noblest and truest sons, was born. He was of noble descent, his father being a baron, and his mother an heiress. Oxford and Cambridge divide the honour of having educated him. His ordination took place on the 11th day of March, in the year 1502, in the conventual church of the priory of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield; and he exercised his first priestly functions in the nunnery of Lambley, in the diocese of Carlisle.

At this early age he commenced his great work of translating the oracles of God. He confined his attention to the New Testament in the Greek original. In 1508 we find him entering the monastery of Greenwich as a friar. From Greenwich he shortly afterwards removed to his native county, and engaged himself as tutor and chaplain to the family of Sir John Welch, a hospitable and generous knight of the old convivial school. Under Sir John's kindly roof, Tyndale continued to translate. The holy truths which he so closely studied had their effect upon his mind, and his life became a standing rebuke to his brethren of the cloth. His presence was found burdensome, and he was called upon to answer for his conduct before the ordinary. He appeared, was examined, "rated by the ordinary like a dog," and then dismissed without a stain upon his character, or a brand upon his brow. He returned to labour and to wait. To conceal his principles was an impossibility.

Tyndale held that the Scriptures were the heritage of all, and taught that the people should have their birthright. This stirred up every latent passion in the bosoms of the priests, and one, as a mouthpiece of the rest, declared, "We had better be

without God's laws than the Pope's." To which Tyndale replied, with a dash of inspiration in his words, "I defy the Pope and all his laws; and, if God give me life, ere many years the ploughboys shall know more of the Scriptures than you do." This was too much for priestcraft. To suffer such browbeating long, and yet be kind, was not the doctrine of the seven-hilled city, how authoritatively soever enforced by one who was once a prisoner in bonds within her walls. Gloucestershire had to be exchanged for London, and London for Saxony, at which latter place Tyndale met with the immortal Luther, and conferred with him on the great matters which were then agitating the world. He took up his abode at Wittenburg, where, after intense application and severe study, he brought his translation of the New Testament to a close. He was greatly assisted by his friend John Frith, a holy and learned man, whose acquaintance he had made during his residence at Cambridge. In 1525 it was issued in an octavo volume of 336 leaves. Two copies of this edition only remain, one of which is in the cathedral library of St. Paul's, and the other in the treasurership of the Baptist College, at Bristol. The publication caused great commotion throughout England. Hundreds of copies were sent over, and sold to the people, who bought them with eagerness, and read them with avidity. The prelates became alarmed, and measures were taken for its suppression. A prohibition of its use was issued on the 14th of October, 1526, by the Bishop of London, and thirty days were granted for the gathering in of all the volumes known to exist in the land. He also employed a merchant of the name of Packington to buy up all the copies to be found on the Continent. This the merchant did easily, being acquainted with the reformer. He found Tyn-

dale willing to sell, but did not sound the depth of his design in so doing. There was some guile in the transaction, as the words of a quaint old writer will show. "The byshop," he writes, "thinking that he had God by the toe, when in dede he had (as after he thought) the devile by the foote, said, Gentle maister Packington, do your diligence and get them, and with al my hart I will paye for them, whatsoever thei cost you, for the bokes are erronious and naughte, and I entend surely to destroy them all, and to burne them at St Pauls Crosse."

Tyndale sold him the books, saying, "I shall get moneye of hym for these bokes, to bryng myself out of debt, and the whole world shall cry out upon the burning of Goddes worde. And the overplus of the money that shal remain to me, shal make me more studious to correct the said New Testament, and so newly to imprint the same. And so forwardo went the bargain, the byshop had the bokes, Packington the thankos, and Tyndale the moneye." By that buying and burning the devil outwitted himself, and the influx of New Testaments was threefold.

The next edition was partly printed at Cologne during the following year. The printing had to be carried on with great caution and secrecy. It was going through the press with great rapidity when the translator's residence and purposes in the city were betrayed. The printer's men were plied with wine by an agent of the Popish party, and during their intoxication the whole scheme of printing and exportation to England was divulged. Tyndale and Frith had only time to gather their half-printed sheets together, and escape with them to Worms. This edition was soon after printed, and put into secret circulation; for the carrying out of which some were ruined, and others burned.

In 1529 Tyndale finished his translation of the first books of the Old Testament, and published them in tracts. On the completion of the Pentateuch, he proceeded to Hamburg for the purpose of printing the last book. On his way thither he suffered shipwreck on the coast of Holland, and lost all his MSS. and money. From the coast he continued his journey to Hamburg, where, being joined and assisted in his work by Miles Coverdale, he completed the printing of the Pentateuch in the following year. From Hamburg he proceeded to Antwerp, which proved to be his last resting-place on earth. There, in the year 1534, he was betrayed and imprisoned, through the duplicity, it is said, of the English government.

Phillips, the agent employed, was the son of a custom-house officer at Poole. He was of gentlemanly appearance, and, to disarm all suspicion, he was accompanied to Antwerp by a valet. He found Tyndale residing with a generous and wealthy merchant of the name of Pointz. His manner and education won the confidence of his victim, and a close intimacy was the result. When his friendship was secure, Phillips went to Brussels, and, after much pains, gained a warrant for his apprehension, on a charge of heresy. He speedily returned with it, and found his victim as unsuspecting as ever. "To execute the warrant," writes Offor, "he brought back with him the procureur-general and his officials, not daring to trust the officers of Antwerp, where his victim was so much beloved. He detained these persons at Antwerp until Pointz had left that city on business. He then called at the house, and Tyndale kindly invited him to go and dine with him at the house of one of his friends, assuring him of a hearty welcome. The villain then, under a

pretence of having lost his purse, borrowed of his unsuspecting victim all his money. In passing through the narrow entry of the hotel, Phillips, with apparent courtesy, insisted on Tyndale going first; and, as his victim was much shorter than himself, when they came to the door, he pointed down on Tyndale. The officers whom he had placed there immediately seized him, together with all his books and papers. He was in this penniless condition conveyed to the prison at Vilvoord; a village at the ford between Brussels and Malines, on the road to Antwerp. If ever there was seen the perfection of unprincipled villany, to the utter disgrace of human nature, it was in this diabolical agent of the Roman Catholic party in England."

Two years Tyndale lingered in his damp prison cell. Shut in from the world, he had communion with the unseen, and to the completion of his life-work he devoted his last hours. His trial was a mockery. No friend was there to speak for the undaunted man. Frith, in his guilelessness, had long since been lured to England, and sealed his labours with his blood. Coverdale had to hide his head from his powerful enemies. Pointz and the British merchants at Antwerp had pleaded with eloquence and tears, and pleaded in vain. Amid a multitude he was alone. But he was calm. The sentence of cruelty and blood paled not his features, nor chilled his heart. Calmly, in the strength of Omnipotence, he awaited his doom. The September sun of the year 1536 was goldening the fruit and tinting the trees with hues of loveliness when he was led forth from Vilvoord prison to a rising eminence to die. He walked with composure, and gave himself into the executioner's hands with meekness. He was bound to the stake, and surrounded with faggots. Claspings his hands upon his bosom, and looking heavenward, he com-

mitted his soul to the keeping of his God. The executioner then approached, and clasped his throat in order to strangle him. As he did so, the doomed martyr cried, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes;" and his head sank lifeless upon his bosom. The faggots were then lit, and the flames entwined their forked tongues around the corpse, and consumed it to ashes. Bloody men left the witness of their guilt unburied, and the sun went down upon the scene. But eventide, with friendlier hand, gathered her shadows together, and hid the charred remains from the gaze of men. That night the empty cell gave no echo to the prisoner's hurried footfall, nor to the saint's midnight prayer; but the upper choirnumbered another harper, and another throne above was filled!*

THE STEAM-TUGS.

DAY after day I have watched from my window the vessels making their way up and down our broad and beautiful river. Among them I noticed with peculiar interest the plain, unpretending "steam-tugs." These are small steamers, used to draw ships and canal-boats when they cannot pass alone from the city to sea, or to the canal.

Thus, I thought, is it elsewhere in human life. The heavy work in the church is done by the few who, accepting the burdens for Christ's sake, *with no display of service*, bend in earnest to its highest success.

In the domestic circle it is the same. Patient, faithful, praying mother, what precious freights—immortal spirits—the golden cords of your love draw after you to the haven of celestial rest and glory.—Yes, the steam-tugs are the workers on all waters.

* *The English Bible, and its Translators*,
By the Rev. J. D. JULIAN.

BELIEVERS AND UNBELIEVERS.

"Come out from among them;" for "what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?" (2 Cor. vi. 14, 17.)

I NEED not say to you that whatever may be a man's position and occupation, it is almost certain that he will find it absolutely necessary to be upon terms of kindly, and even cordial, social intercourse with many persons who he knows are not Christians; and, perhaps, even with some persons who have violated, and are violating, the laws of common morality. You cannot entirely decide for yourself what kind of persons shall be your acquaintances, in the way of business, or duty, or social intercourse even; you cannot entirely decide for yourself who shall be your *acquaintances*; but most assuredly you can decide for yourself who shall be your *friends*. You can choose for yourself, and you ought to choose for yourself, those whose companionship you shall seek, whose conversation you shall delight in, to whom you will tell your secrets and confide your feelings; those, in short,—for words can make the idea no plainer,—whom you will make your chosen friends.

We do not hesitate to lay it down as a certain principle, that a Christian man ought never to choose for his special friend, a person who he knows has no religion. A man, they say, is known by the company he keeps; that is, if he keeps it by his own free choice and will. No man will choose, for his especial friend, one whose hourly conversation revolts and disgusts him. The refined taste, to say nothing of principle, of a cultivated man, shrinks from contact with that which is coarse and foul; and, if we find a professed Christian, whose chosen and intimate friends are found among the profane and godless, I believe the common sense of most men would conclude

that such a one's Christianity did not reach far beyond profession. But what we now maintain is this, that if any believer courts, and delights in, the society of those who are not Christians,—no matter how pleasant, and elegant, and intellectual that society may be,—that believer is incurring guilt, by following a course which directly tends to encourage the unbeliever to go on in his evil ways. For what is the natural reasoning of any man who is not a Christian, when he finds a man who is a Christian ever ready to make him a companion and friend? "How can he think," the unbeliever will judge, "How can he think that I am going to hell! is it possible that he should like to be the companion of my walks; to interchange thought and feeling with me; to discuss great questions with me; perhaps, often to jest and laugh with me; and all the while believe and know, that as sure as there is a God above us, I am going down to hell!"

Don't you see now what eternal damage you who are Christians may do an unbelieving neighbour? Don't you see how you may so act as to confirm him in all his unbelief? Don't you see how you may so act as to make him fancy that you do not believe the great truths of Christianity yourselves? I do not love, and I do not respect that Christian man, and still more that Christian Minister, who is ready to be as familiar with a bad man, be he rich or poor, as the bad man himself may choose. I cannot imagine how any earnest believer can ever find it otherwise than inexpressibly awful and tremendous to look in the face of an unbeliever, and to think that he is hastening onward to the everlasting flames! O, Christians, "make a difference!" as St. Paul said. O, Christians, be kind—you cannot be too kind—to the sinful and the godless; but be kind with a sorrowful

kindness, as a parent might weep over a son running fast to ruin! O, Christians, love them, pray for them, do all the good you can to them; but let them ever see, by your whole demeanour, that you never forget that they are in the wrong way! Let them feel that you dare not make those too dear, from whom the grave must part you for ever! Rather so hold off from them, so be kind to them, but so shrinking from them, as that you may be a constant check on them; a constant discomfort to them; a warning voice, telling them always that they are on the road to woe! So, with God's blessing, you may save them: so, at least, you will clear yourself. B.

THE COMMON SALVATION.

(Concluded from page 104.)

INTO the homes and haunts of vice, the dens of infamy, uncleanness, and loathsome corruption, in which men and women revel amid scenes of disgusting wickedness, is the intelligence of a Saviour intended to reach, and to be listened to. "*For all*" these He shed His blood, and no acts of selection, on the part of the Divine Father,—no predestinating decree referable to the ages of a past eternity,—excludes any of these from the benefits of that "precious bleeding sacrifice," if they will but turn to God, believe in Christ, and live for His glory. Ye witnesses for Christ, go down into those haunts, and as you mark the wild, uproarious play of licentious passions, and can count their victims by tens of thousands, stand among them with the assurance that He, who is "long-suffering" towards those fallen ones, is not willing that *any* of them "should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance." In the name of "God our Saviour, who will have *all men* to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth," lift up a trumpet voice, and cry,—

"Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
He spreads His arms to' embrace you all;
Sinners alone His grace receives:
No need of Him the righteous have;
He came the lost to seek and save."

And if you should be so happy as to be interrupted by the question, "Is this good news for *me*?" be thankful, and send back the true and heart-cheering answer, "Yes, it is for you;" "and for *all* of you."

"*Ye all* may hide you in His breast;
Believe, and He will give you rest."

Beyond all this we think of the blessed operations of the Holy Spirit of God, who in common with the Father and the Son, is intent on the work of human salvation. On those operations we still write "for all." He is purchased for all, and promised to all. To employ the words of the revered Richard Watson, "He knocks at the door of *every* sinful, worldly spirit, and thus seeks admission. By His influences He is a check upon man, and restrains where, through man's obstinate resistance, He does not save. His is the voice which follows and admonishes us. 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' And *all* have been the subjects of these gracious operations. Where is the heart that has not felt His sacred drawings? By whom has this inward and monitory voice not been heard? In human nature there is not, in point of fact, anything good; no good thoughts, no good desires. Whatever, therefore, may have been good in our thoughts and desires, is a proof that the Spirit of God has been working in us; sending light into our darkness, awakening feeling even in the heart of stone, and laying hold on us in mercy, that He may turn us to God." He points to the crucified; He inspires with faith; He witnesses to adoption; He comforts the mourners; He sanctifies the unclean: and all this would He do "*for all*" men. In

visitations of love would He enter every heart. "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

Look again at the *blessings of redemption*, the stream of mercy flowing from the cross of Christ, the "fountain open for sin and for uncleanness." Think of them as the gifts of His compassionate love to sinners. We may not dwell upon them at length. Gather them altogether. Make out the beautiful catalogue. Put a contrite heart at the beginning, and a crown of glory at the end. Cluster between them pardon, and peace, and joy, and hope, and love, and holiness. Swell the list with every gracious fruit of the Spirit. Fill it up with "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report;" and then endorse the document, "FOR ALL." The superscription shall be justified by the blissful experience of the family of believers on earth, who have dared to expect a full salvation here; and by the "great multitude which no man can number" in heaven, who shall unite in testifying to the praise and glory of His grace. Equally shall it be justified and confirmed in the great day of account, by the Judge of quick and dead, in the welcome He shall give His true and faithful servants to their inheritance of glory; and also in the reply the finally impenitent shall receive, declarative of the real reason of their doom:—"I came that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly;" "but ye would not come unto Me that ye might have life." "I have called, and ye refused: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock" now your fear is come.

Be it furthermore remembered, that the useful public conveyances

whose name originally gave rise to these reflections, are only *conveniences*,—accommodations. They may be called social "necessities;" but it is easy to conceive a state of things in which they might be taken away, and yet the world suffer no great loss. The inventive faculties of men would speedily be called into action to supply their place.

But the things of which we have spoken are really *necessities*. They cannot be dispensed with. It would be infinitely more than an inconvenience to deprive the world of them. Darkness, such as that of the three memorable days in Egyptian history, when men "saw not one another, neither rose any from his place," would be light compared with the state of the world without the Bible. Remove the atonement of Christ, and the just claims of the broken and insulted law of God would come back upon our race, in all their terrible significance and force, without the shadow of a possibility of their being satisfied. Take away pardon, and what follows? Punishment for the guilty. In other words, "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power."

Moreover, these things cannot be supplanted. No inventive skill exists competent to the task of providing what may supersede them. If there had been, it would have been done long ago. No power of research can ever discover that which shall do for man what the grace of God in Christ, the might of His glorious Gospel, has triumphantly accomplished. Intended "for all," and adapted "for all," it stands alone as *the* great remedy for the needs and miseries of mankind. A substitute for Jesus! An improvement on the Gospel! A novel mode of salvation! Dark, because blasphemous, is the thought. Darker still, in the history of any man, is the hour in which he flatters him-

self he has found it,—assumes human wisdom to be superior to Divine; human pitifulness to surpass that of God; and human love to out-do, in the intensity of its feeling, and the comprehensiveness of its embrace, that which dwells in the heart of Christ Himself.

To all to whom this paper comes we say, abjure, at once and for ever, the vain assumption. Fail not to avail yourselves of the mercy of Christ. Accept Him as your Teacher, to instruct you; as your Almighty Saviour, to justify and cleanse you; and as the Captain of your salvation, to lead you to the promised land. On the Mount of Transfiguration, “when the voice was past, Jesus was found alone.” He still remains “alone.” “Hear Him,” is now, as ever, the utterance issuing from the “excellent glory” surrounding the throne of the Most High; the utterance above all others demanding obedience. “Hear Him” in the spring-time of childhood; “hear Him” in the summer of youth; “hear Him” in the autumn of manhood; “hear Him” in the winter of old age; and when winter, and autumn, and summer, and spring, shall have fulfilled their missions, and shall have ceased to be,—

“A day without night, you shall feast in
His sight,
And eternity seem as a day.”

H. L. O.

THE SECRET OF HOLY LIVING.

“I WAS led to compare my own, and the experience of the church around me, with that of the Apostles and primitive Christians, and with the ‘path of the just,’ as portrayed in the sacred Scriptures. I found the two in direct contrast with each other. Hence the great inquiry arose in my mind, *What is the grand secret of holy living?* How shall I attain to that perpetual fulness and

peace in Christ which, for example, Paul enjoyed.” So speaks the Rev. A. Mahan, of America, in describing the struggles through which his soul passed, in seeking heart-holiness.

The question, “What is the grand secret of holy living?” is one to which every true disciple of Christ will turn with deep concern. Before we come to the knowledge of our personal interest in Jesus, the all-absorbing question is, How shall I obtain the forgiveness of my sins? But, happy in possession of pardon, we begin anxiously to inquire, How shall I be holy? We hunger to know the secret of spiritual power. It is, perhaps, for this reason the biographies of eminent Christians are so eagerly and extensively read. We want to know by what means they attained their eminence in piety.

What is holiness? We mistake when we suppose it to consist merely in good feelings and good works. Evangelical holiness is the image of Jesus in the soul; the will, affections, mind, conformed to His law; the life devoted to His service. We are holy when Christ dwells in us; holy when we live in Him, and for Him. The new and better life of the soul, flowing from the Saviour, sustained by Him, and tending to Him, is holiness. “I am the Vine, ye are the branches.” We know how trees live by the sap, which, rising from the root, flows up the main stem, and carries life to the extremity of their least branch. United with the tree, the branch lives; separated, it dies. How beautifully is shown by this the soul’s vital union with its Saviour! Grafted into Him by faith, the soul lives, flourishes, bears “much fruit;” cut off from Him, it withers, dies, becomes fit only for the fire. So the soul lives upon Christ. If it hungers, He feeds it; if it thirsts, He gives it drink; if it languishes, His “love is better than wine” to refresh it. Thus the life of

holiness, coming from Jesus, is daily sustained by Him.

Holy men make it their life-business to please Christ, to enjoy Him, to glorify Him. Christ in them ascends the throne of the affections, while the sanctified will keeps the heart with all diligence. Here is the secret of holy living. It is a ceaseless striving to please Jesus from a motive of love to Him. How right that the life Jesus gives should return to Him! As the water, drawn from the sea by the sun, is carried in clouds over the land, and there falling, nourishes the earth, and hurries in rivers back to the ocean,—so this life of the soul comes from Jesus, and returns to Him as its Source. For what is holiness, but living to Him that died for us?

But how do we really live this life in Jesus? *By faith.* That small word contains the solution of the whole mystery. The man who possesses, and knows how to use, simple faith in Christ, has the key which unlocks the secret of holy living. Perhaps we have been seeking "the beauty of holiness" far and wide. Behold it, close at hand! "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith." We are no more made holy by our own works, than we were justified by those works. "The just shall live by his faith;" not by the resolves he makes, nor by the works he performs. Christ unites us to God: faith unites us to Christ. Here is the mystery of the inner life! The diver, far below the surface, enriches himself with pearls; breathing, but receiving the vital air through the tube which connects him with the world above him. So he who lives this life of holiness, far away from the world, has his life from Jesus, but it is faith that conveys it; faith is the conduit-pipe, through which the life flows to him from Christ in heaven.

This is God's way of holiness: we are made and kept alive by faith. As the penitent believes for forgiveness; the distressed one for deliverance; the sorrowful soul for comfort; the bewildered one for guidance; each eyeing a suitable promise,—so faith trusts the Saviour for holiness, and obtains it. The two things upon which faith's two hands lay hold, are Christ's power and Christ's willingness. He *can* do it, for He is almighty; He *will*, for He gave His life on purpose. "If thou canst believe!" And who can do otherwise than believe Thee, Jesus? Hard though it may be for us, looking at ourselves, our peculiar sins, and peculiar difficulties, and our peculiar hindrances. Hard when we think of past failures, and present unbelief; yet, spite of all this, we believe, for with Thee all things are possible. "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make us clean!"

Hanham.

I. E. P.

DILIGENCE AND HOLINESS.

If we would aim at a holy and useful life, let us learn to redeem time. "I am large about redeeming time," says Richard Baxter, in the Preface to his *Christian Directory*, "because therein the sum of a holy, obedient life is included." Yes; let us redeem the "time, because the days are evil." (Eph. v. 16; Col. iv. 5.)

A wasted life is the result of unredeemed time. Desultory working, impulsive giving, fitful planning, irregular reading, ill-assorted hours, perfunctory or unpunctual execution of business, hurry and bustle, loitering and unreadiness,—these, and such like, are the things which take out the whole pith and power from life, which hinder holiness, and which eat like a canker into our moral being; which make success and progress an impossibility, either as regards ourselves or others. There needs not to be routine, but there

must be regularity; there ought not to be mechanical stiffness, but there must be order; there may not be haste, but there must be no trifling with our own time or that of others: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." (Eccles. ix. 10.) If the thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well; and, in little things as well as great, we must show that we are in earnest. There must be no idling, but a girding up of the loins; a running the race with patience; the warring of a good warfare; steadfastness and perseverance, "always abounding in the work of the Lord." The flowers are constant in their growing; the stars are constant in their courses; the rivers are constant in their flowing; they lose no time; so must our life be: not one of fits, or starts, or random impulses; not one of levity or inconstancy, or fickle scheming, but steady and resolute; the life of men who know their earthly mission, and have their eye upon the heavenly goal.

A holy life in man's estimation may be simply a life of benevolence, or of austerity, or of punctual devotion, or of kindly geniality, or noble uprightness, or liberal sympathy with all creeds, all sects, all truths, and all errors. But a holy life in God's estimation, and according to Bible teaching, must be founded upon *truth*; must begin, personally, in conscious peace with God through the blood of the everlasting covenant; must grow with the increase of truth and deliverance from error; must be maintained by fellowship with God, in Christ Jesus, through the indwelling of the "Spirit of holiness." Error or imperfect truth will hinder holiness. Uncertainty as to our reconciliation with God will cloud us, straiten us, fetter us, and so prevent the true holiness, besides also fostering the false. Fellowship must be preserved unbroken, that

the transmission of the heavenly electricity, in all its sanctifying, quickening power, may go on uninterrupted. Nothing must come between; not the world, nor self, nor the flesh, nor vanity, nor idols, nor the love of ease and pleasure.

The word must be studied in all its fulness. Over its whole length and breadth we must spread ourselves. Above all theologies, and creeds, and catechisms, and books, and hymns, must the word be meditated on, that we may grow in the knowledge of all its parts, and in assimilation to its models. Our souls must be steeped in it; not in certain favourite parts of it, but in the whole. We must know it, not from the report of others, but from our own experience and vision; else will our life be but an imitation, our religion second-hand, and therefore second-rate. Another cannot breathe the air for us, nor eat for us, nor drink for us. We must do these for ourselves. So no one can do our religion for us, nor infuse into us the life or truth which he may possess. These are not things of proxy or merchandise, or human impartation. Out of the book of God, and by the Spirit of God, must each one of us be taught, else we learn in vain.

One who has "learned of Christ," who "walks with God," will not be an *artificial* man; not one playing a part or sustaining a character. He will be thoroughly *natural* in manners, words, looks, tones, and habits. He will be like that most natural of all creatures,—a little child. Christianity becomes repulsive the moment that it is suspected to be fictitious. Religion must be ingenuous. No affectation, nor pedantry, nor conceit, nor set airs, nor what the world calls "whining," can serve the cause of Christ, or give weight to character, or win an adversary of the cross. The "epistles of Christ,"

to be "known and read of all men," must be transparent and natural. In living for Christ, we must follow Him fully; not copying a copy, but copying Himself; otherwise ours will be an imperfect testimony, a reflected and feeble religion, devoid of ease, and simplicity, and grace; bearing the marks of imitation and art, if not of forgery.

With many of us the Christian life has not gone on to maturity. "Ye did run well; who did hinder you?" It has been a work well begun, but left unfinished; a battle boldly entered on, but only half fought out; a book with but the preface written, no more. Is not thus Christ dishonoured? Is not His Gospel thus misrepresented, His cross denied, His words slighted, His example set at nought? Are sunsets such as we have too often witnessed, the true endings of the bright dawns which we have welcomed? *Must* suns go down at noon? *Must* Ephesus leave her first love, Laodicea grow lukewarm, and Sardis cold? Are issues such as these inevitable and universal? Or shall we not protest against them as failures, perversions, crimes, altogether inexcusable?—*Dr. Bonar.*

ANCIENT SUPERSTITION.

THE superstitious dread of the influences of the stars, of solar and lunar eclipses, and of every phenomenon not altogether usual, was a distemper of the imagination with which all the people of antiquity, and the Romans as much as the rudest barbarians, were infected; and in which they were kept by the very religion of the State, for political reasons. For, with the Greeks and Romans, it was never made a question, whether it be lawful to impose upon the people for their good; and they would have contented themselves with answering any who

should have thrown out the question with another, whether it is lawful to smear with honey the rim of the cup in which physic was to be given to a child? The Roman historians, as is well known, abound in examples of this superstitious turn of mind in their countrymen. Even so late as the times of Augustus, when the wrong religion was, perhaps, as common among a certain class as it is in ours, superstition still prevailed more than ever among the multitude, and Augustus himself was not free from the most ridiculous symptoms of this infirmity. When his *valet-de-chambre* one morning by chance put his right foot into the left sandal, he held it for a very bad omen. A comet, a solar eclipse, a ring about the sun, a luminous ball passing through the air, was enough to fill the whole nation with trembling expectation of some great calamity. The philosophers, who by their physical and astronomical knowledge were exempt from the fear of these imaginary evils, were looked upon as people who had no religion, of which, in fact, the best of them had little but the name.

POSTAGE-STAMPS.

WHEN the penny postage was first resolved on, the authorities issued a prospectus offering a reward of £500 for the best design and plan for a stamp. It is said that upwards of a thousand different designs and plans were sent in. About the same time a prize was offered for the best design for an envelope, which was gained by Mr. Mulready, R.A.; but which, however, was far from being generally used by the public.

The annual demand for postage-stamps is little short of five hundred million. Supposing the year to contain three hundred working days, that would give, for every working day, one million six hundred thousand stamps to be manufactured.

The postage-stamp is too well known to need any description. The stamps

are first printed on paper specially prepared for the purpose; for on examining them closely we find that each stamp bears a water-mark, representing a regal crown.

After the printing comes the process of gelatinizing the back, or unprinted side, of the sheet, to render the stamps adhesive. This being done, the next process consists in puncturing the interstices between the several stamps with many small holes, so as to secure the possibility of tearing the stamps asunder in a moment. The sum of £4,000 was paid to the inventor of this drilling process: a very large reward for what seems at first view a very inconsiderable service. The task, however, was more difficult than it looks; the numerous holes are not mere punctures, but complete circles, from which the small discs of paper have been cut cleanly out. The grand difficulty to contend with must have been the extremely narrow space between the stamps.

WATCHING.

WATCHING alway, or in joy or sorrow,
Are the restless sons of men;
Waiting for some long-expected morrow,
When the heart shall bloom again.

Watching when disease is slowly creeping
O'er the body gaunt and thin;
And the hidden canker-worm is sleeping,
Deep the rosebud's heart within.

Watching when affliction's finger weaveth
Dimness o'er the lustrous eye;
And affection's blindness ne'er perceiveth
The Destroying Angel nigh.

Watching when the bitter cup of anguish
Stupifies the bleeding heart;
When we see the loved one droop and languish,
And the spark of life depart.

Watching o'er the fresh and grassy barrow,
When the stars recede and pale;
And the cheerless world seems all too narrow
To arrest the spirit's wail.

Faith then whispers things Divine and holy,
Falls like dew angelic peace;
And we trust in heaven for comfort solely,
And the weary watchings cease.

PASSING AWAY.

PASSING away to the realms of light,
Where nought but joy can come;
No tears, no sorrow, no sin, no night,
In our eternal home.

Passing away, from the trials of earth,
Leaving its cares for ever;
Passing away, in a heavenly birth,
Home—where death cometh never.

Passing away from the sick-bed and pain,
The long weary hours of waking;
When burning eyes for the day-dawn strain,
And anxious hearts seem breaking.

Passing away to the ransom'd band,
Who travell'd the path before;
And now in the Holy presence stand,
Their fears and failings o'er.

Passing away: in a few more years,
Ye, too, to that land will come;
A few more trials, a few more tears,
Then Eternity and Home.

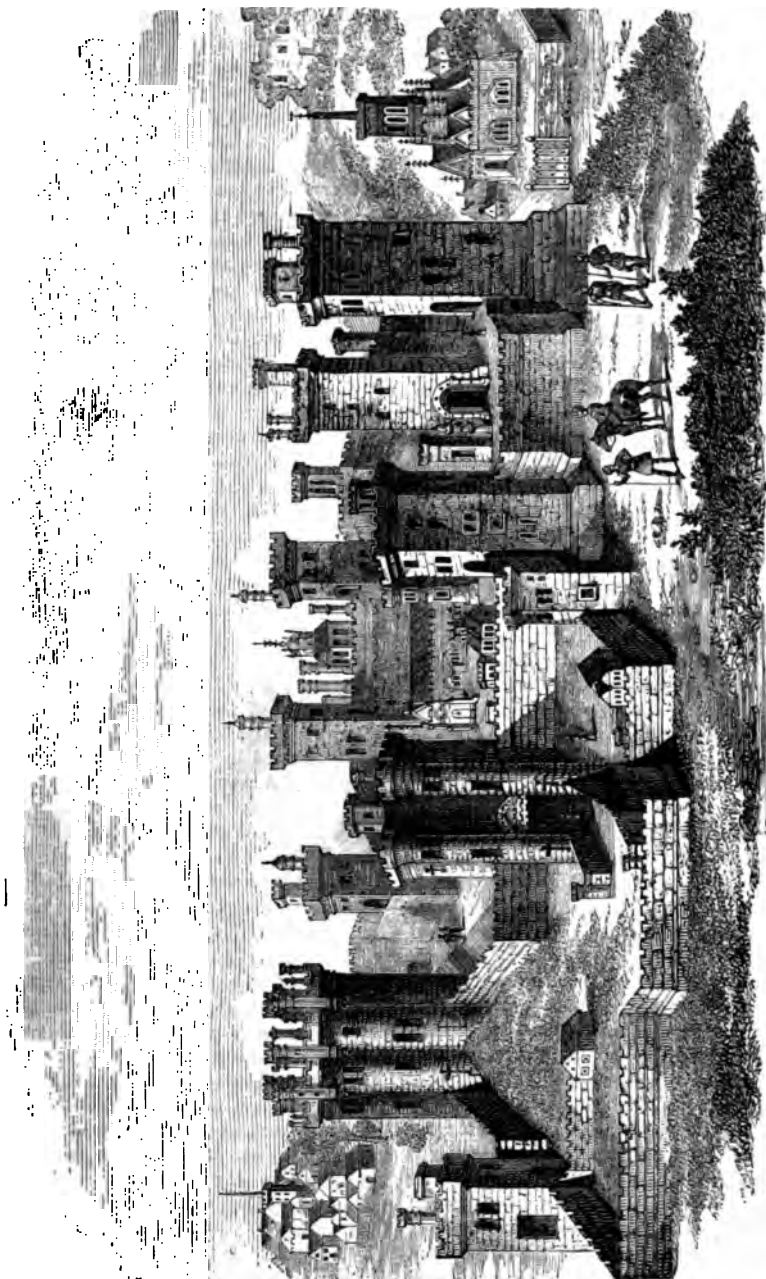
J. E. A.

PONTEFRACT CASTLE.

AMONG the many relics of the feudal age which connect the present with the past, the busy utilitarian latter half of the nineteenth century with times on which the venerable hoar of antiquity has fallen, there are few, if any, more suggestive than the one of which we give a drawing as it flourished in its pride and majesty.* To enter on all the topics suggested by its history would require a volume; to a few phases in its eventful history we invite attention.

The site of Pontefract Castle appears to have been wrested by the Norman

* We are indebted for this drawing to G. Fox, Esq., to whose collection of MSS. the writer has kindly been allowed access.



Pontefract Castle as it appeared in 1380.

Conqueror from Ahu, a Saxon thane, who doubtless here dispensed a rude hospitality, and received homage in that unsettled period. It was conferred—along with a hundred and fifty lordships in Yorkshire, ten in Nottinghamshire, and four in Lincolnshire; an estate equal to many counties, and enabling its possessor to indulge in almost regal splendour—to Ilbert de Lasey, or Lacey. The new possessor gave to it the name it still bears, on account of its resemblance to Pontefrete, his Norman birthplace. He erected the castle, whose site, defences, and magnitude has long perpetuated his fame.

Robert de Pontefract, espousing the cause of the elder son of William Rufus, was banished by his younger and victorious brother Henry, who secured the crown, and gave the estates to Henry Traverso. He enjoyed them but three short days. De Lacey ultimately regained his extensive possessions, and Ilbert, his son, was associated with the forces of Thurston, Archbishop of York, at the battle of the Standard. John de Lacey fought under the banner of Richard I., in the third crusade, and is supposed to have died at Tyre. He was succeeded by Roger, who was present at the siege of Acre, and was a man of fierce and appalling severity.

In this stronghold, Queen Margaret resided, while Edward was engaged in his Scottish wars; and at Brotherton, in this vicinity, her first son, Thomas de Brotherton, was born. We now approach times of no ordinary interest. The male issue of De Lacey failing, the estates passed by marriage into the family of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, and thus became identified with the fearful scenes enacted during "the wars of the Roses," when human blood flowed in copious streams, and the most fierce and deadly passions were evoked. Lancaster was a chief conspirator in the affair of the insurgent barons; and, being captured, was conveyed to his own castle, and on the following day adjudged to die a traitor's death. Hasty were the forms of justice, and short the time allowed for preparation for that fatal hour. On being informed of the sentence, he exclaimed, "Shall I die without answer?"—"Without answer"

he was carried on a lean grey horse, without saddle or bridle: attired by a certain Gascoign, with an old hat or hood on his head, and attended to the scaffold, which was erected within sight of his own castle, by a friar preacher. Here additional insult awaited him; he was pelted with mud, and assailed with the title of "King Arthur," while in touching and emphatic terms he prayed, "King of Heaven grant me mercy, for the king of earth has forsaken me!" He was required to turn towards his castle that he might look towards his friends, and was immediately beheaded by an executioner from London. The friar and monks of Pontefract begged his body from the king; and the remains of the greatest peer in the realm are supposed to have been found five centuries after his execution, and have been removed in their massive coffin to the grounds of Frystone Hall. Five other lords, and an esquire, were executed at the same time; a dismal omen of more serious disasters.

In the order of succession, the property next fell to the famous John of Gaunt, who becoming unpopular during the insurrection of Wat Tyler, the Lady Constance, daughter and heiress of Don Pedro, king of Castile, fled to the castle of her lord, and being refused admission, was conveyed by torch-light to Knareborough. A reconciliation between the powerful vassal and the monarch was subsequently effected. He died in 1399, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

In these scenes of national confusion the position of the victor and the vanquished was frequently reversed. Henry of Bolingbroke, banished by his sovereign, soon found himself prepared to depose the unhappy Richard, and vault into the empty throne. And now a royal prisoner, who had been successively removed from the castle of Leeds in Kent, Pickering, and Knareborough, appeared before the gates of Pontefract, as being the most secret and secure fortress for his safe keeping; and here, by starvation, or by violence, or in some other mode,—local traditions favour the violent character of his death,—Richard met his tragic fate. A portion of the castle still bears the name of "King Richard's dungeon;" and a window is shown from which the shrieks of the

dying king were heard. His body was removed in great state to London; where, for three days, dirge and requiem were sung; at the close of which his face was uncovered. It was ultimately removed by Henry V. to Westminster Abbey; where, amongst the mighty dead, he awaits the decision of a tribunal which cannot err, and from which there is no appeal.

Here Henry occasionally resided; to this place Archbishop Scrope and his companions in insurrection were conducted; and hither many nobles found it expedient to repair, to remove the suspicions, or propitiate the favour, of the haughty Bolingbroke. Among its noble prisoners, Charles, Duke of Orleans, and several of the French nobility, may be noted. And now the crisis of our country's fate approached; and the battle of Sandal, Wakefield-Green, and pre-eminently that of Towton-Field, practically terminated the unnatural and deadly strife. The rose of Lancaster left its last honours on a field in which thirty-eight thousand of our fellow countrymen had fallen in mortal combat, including the representatives of the chief families of the realm.

Within the walls of this fortress, or in its vicinity, another batch of eminent men, Woodville, Rivers, Grey, Vaughan, and Hawse, had to feel the sharp edge of the executioner's axe, on the same day that Hastings was led to the block. Amid the excitement occasioned by the "pilgrimage of grace," Pontefract surrendered to the famous Robert Aske, captain-general of the pilgrims, who numbered many thousands as they stood before its walls. The Lord Carlisle, the Lairde Johnstone, and the Lairde of Grutney, and Newbye, were transferred here for safe custody after the battle of Solway Moss, in 1542. It was visited by James VI. of Scotland, who granted the castle to the Queen as part of her jointure. Here he also halted to compel the Scottish clergy to observe the ritual of the English church, and to visit the college of St. Clement, recently established within its walls.

Here Charles I. also called on his way from Scotland. The flames of civil war shortly afterwards burst forth, involving the whole kingdom in their destructive

fury. Three distinct sieges were endured by the garrison; the royalists and the parliamentarians being alternately the besieged and the besiegers. Much skill and valour was evinced by both the contending armies; and many deeds of personal daring, enterprise, and fortitude are recorded. On the execution of King Charles, the garrison at once proclaimed his son as king, and made a vigorous sally on their opponents; while the first silver coins, bearing the name of Charles II., were struck off within its walls. But the vigour and perseverance of General Lambert rendered their case hopeless, and at length terms of capitulation were arranged. The feudal fortress, which had been for six hundred years the terror and the pride of the adjacent district, was dismantled. Nor were its lofty towers and massive walls readily destroyed, as the costs and charges incurred by the Parliament abundantly show. Some idea of its resources may be formed by the fact that the money received for lead alone, amounted, at the low rates of that period, to £1,540.

Its ruin was complete; but its outline may yet be traced, and its mouldering ruins are suggestive of monitory lessons.. Where Saxon thanes and feudal chieftains feasted; where mailed warriors and titled nobles unfurled their pennons; and where kings and princes held their court, the sweet liquorice, and other products of the garden, contend with the bramble, and

"Nettles grow where princes trod."

How unstable is all earthly greatness! Truly, "man walketh in a vain show, and disquieteth himself in vain." Terrible were the reverses endured by its noble proprietors, and sad the desolation which now prevails. As we walk around its ivy-clad keep, or look upon the hill where Lancaster, forsaken by an earthly sovereign, implored the mercy of a heavenly one; or contemplate the chamber whence the groans of the dying Richard escaped, our meditations re-echo the language of the sacred book, and words of solemn warning and instruction fall on our attentive ear. "The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the

grass withereth, the flower fadeth : because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it : surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

Bramley.

J. P. L.

SKETCHES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

IV.

ARTIFICIAL IRRIGATION—ANNUAL RISE OF THE NILE—THE PYRAMIDS.

THE fertility of the Delta was owing, as it still is, to the annual overflow of the river which at first formed it, spreading over the waste of rock and sand a deposit of deep, rich soil. Numerous canals were cut for the purpose of artificial irrigation, and the watery treasures were carefully secured and husbanded.

At the time of the annual inundation, the Delta bore the appearance of an immense marsh, stretching far away in every direction, with islands here and there rising just out of the waters, and crowned with cities, villages, and plantations. When these waters had retired, luxuriant fruits, corn, and vegetables, with various beautiful flowers, soon presented a wide-spread scene of verdure and plenty.

Not only in the Delta, but also in Middle and Upper Egypt, all along the valley of the Nile, artificial irrigation was very largely carried on. The whole country was more or less intersected with canals, and numerous wells were also dug to receive the surplus water of the Nile. When the river began to rise, the floodgates of the canals were thrown open, and when it had reached a certain point they were closed. Thus the water was carried over a wider space than could otherwise have been reached; an abundant supply for subsequent irrigation was retained in the canals and the wells; and harvests were gathered from fields far away from the banks of the river. The necessity for all this care, in turning to the best account the river of Egypt will appear, when we bear in mind that, except on the sea-coast, rain seldom falls in that country. Storms of wind, hail, and rain, do occasionally occur, but they are always mentioned as very rare phenomena. The Egyptians look not to

the clouds, but to the river for their water. Wherever its streams can be conveyed there is a fruitful agriculture; beyond, on either side of the Nile valley, are the sterile sands of the Libyan and Arabian deserts. It is to the diffused and stored-up overflowings of the Nile that reference is made in one of Egypt's plagues. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and stretch out thine hand upon the waters of Egypt, upon their *streams*, upon their *rivers*, and upon their *ponds*, and upon all their *pools* of water, (margin, "gathering of their waters") that they may become blood." (Exod. vii. 19.)

The difference between the agriculture of Egypt and Palestine, owing to the difference of the source of the water-supply is thus spoken of: "The land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs: but the land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh *water of the rain of heaven*." (Deut. xi. 10, 11.)

The annual rise of the Nile commences at Syene about the middle of June, and gradually increases as it extends along the course of the river, until about the end of September. It remains at the highest level for about a fortnight, and then diminishes until the end of May. When the Nile has sunk to its lowest point, the depth of water at Cairo is not more than six feet; and the motion of the current along the streams of the Delta is so slow that it can be barely perceived.

The height to which the water rises in this periodical overflow, varies considerably; and this variation is a matter of national importance, affecting, as it most materially does, the cultivation of the soil throughout the whole country. In order to ensure a good harvest a rise of twenty-four feet must take place at Cairo. Should it fall below eighteen feet, multitudes will suffer starvation. It was, doubtless, partly the failure of the Nile to reach the usual level, that caused the seven years of famine mentioned in the book of Genesis; while the abundant,

and yet not excessive overflow, would create the bountiful and exuberant harvests of the previous seven years of plenty. It will be readily supposed that the rise of the river is anxiously watched. When it reaches a certain point, flowing along the canals, over-spreading the fields, and replenishing the wells, the crops of the next year are ensured; a little higher, and there will be enough and to spare. But should the water continue to rise, the sad work of devastation commences,—embankments are broken down, houses, granaries, cattle, and plantations are washed away, and the husbandry of the year is put in great peril, perhaps entirely ruined. Sometimes famine and pestilence are the result of these inundations; and there are records of the "flood of Egypt," which speak of the destroying deluge sweeping away entire villages. The actual rise of the Nile is not the same in every place, but is, of course, determined by the physical peculiarities of the country through which it flows. When it reaches forty feet at the cataracts, where it is pent up in a narrow valley, it is about thirty-five feet at Thebes, and scarcely four feet at Rosetta.

The Pyramids.

The impression which is said to be produced on the mind of the traveller as he stands at the base of the pyramids, or climbs their side, or penetrates into their interior, is one of wonder and awe. There they lift their heads in hoary age; some of them the oldest works of man at present existing in the world. Since those massive structures were completed, powerful empires have risen and fallen, and beneath that bright sky, and in that dry climate, they have been saved from the decay in which younger monuments in other lands have utterly perished. The great pyramid of Ghizeh is supposed to have been built two hundred years before Abraham "went down into Egypt;" and, to some of the smaller pyramids, even a remoter date is assigned.

A few miles above Cairo, on the western side of the Nile, there is a piece of table-land stretching from the river to the Faioum District, and this was

chosen by the Memphite monarchs as the site for the erection of the gigantic fabrics on which they spared no expenditure of costly labour.

The pyramids of Memphis are very numerous, as many as sixty having been counted; but the famous three at Ghizeh are of a magnitude greatly surpassing the rest, and have engaged the chief attention of both the traveller and the historian.

It was at one time thought that they were erected for temples of worship; but there are no indications that it was ever intended to use them for the celebration of religious rites. They seem to have been principally designed for royal sepulchres, although they probably included other purposes.

In rearing these stupendous buildings, passages or shafts were constructed, the inclination of which seems to suggest an astronomical object. In the great pyramid, for instance, one of these singular passages, opening in a slanting direction, and communicating with the exterior wall, is of the enormous length of three hundred and forty-two feet. So skilfully is its course measured that, from the extreme end, at the opposite side of the pyramid, the sky is visible; and "in that cloudless atmosphere, the stars might easily have been observed at noonday."

One historian, therefore, appropriately remarks, "It deserves to be considered whether these passages were not designed for *telescopes*, and the chamber for an observatory, before it became a tomb."

Speaking of two of these shafts, or tubes, he says, they "would appear to converge on the floor of the chamber, (an inner apartment,) where a pan of water might reflect the heavenly bodies as they crossed the orifice, just as the solstice was observed in the well at Syene, and as the stars are noted at this day in a vessel of mercury, suspended at the bottom of a deep shaft in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. The sun's meridian on the one side, and the north star on the other, might have been thus observed; and that north and south were important points, is shown by all the sarcophagi being found lying in that direction."

Sir John Herschel is of opinion that astronomical calculations are to be taken into account in considering the purposes contemplated by the builders of the pyramids; and this theory has been recently revived, and very earnestly argued, by Professor Piazzi Smyth, the eminent Scottish astronomer, who holds that a permanent record is thus left of not only the astronomical, but also the mathematical science, of early Egypt. The Professor has lately undertaken the task of submitting the Great Pyramid to an examination, in which he will summon to his aid the modern and wondrous appliances of photography and chemistry. Since we commenced these brief sketches, we have met with the following statement in a daily paper: "He (Professor Smyth) has a firman from the Pasha, and a photographic apparatus, and magnesium-wire to burn in the King's Chamber; so that he may bring us back pictures of an interior which has been sealed from the eye of the world for at least three thousand years."

We must content ourselves with a reference to one or two of the principal pyramids. It will help us to form some idea of the dimensions of the largest, when we mention that it covers an area of more than thirteen acres; a space nearly equal to that of Lincoln's Inn-Fields, in London. Or to put the proportions of the huge structure in another form, each of its four sides is, at the base, more than half as long again as Westminster Abbey. Originally the point of its apex rose to the height of four hundred and seventy-nine feet; a hundred feet higher than the top of St. Paul's.

In the interior are quadrangular chambers, approached by one or more galleries. In the largest pyramid is the apartment called the King's Chamber, which we have already mentioned as the room which Professor Smyth proposes to *photograph*! It will not, however, be the easiest thing to get his philosophic apparatus into this deep recess. Let us listen to a traveller's description of the way to it. Gadaby says: "I entered through a square hole, full of dust, a little way up one side of the pyramid,

and then descended down a steep incline as smooth as glass. The Arabs had to put their bare feet against my shoes, to prevent my falling. The height was only about four feet, so that I could not, of course, stand upright; and the passage was so narrow that I was obliged to go sideways, an Arab having hold of each hand. Near the bottom, the height of the passage is not more than three feet three inches, so that I was bent double, and had to glide down, like a boy down a steep hill. Having reached the bottom, I had to be pulled up to a platform about six feet high, and then to ascend an incline, as steep and slippery as the one we had just descended. I then went along another passage, and crept through a hole; and this led to the principal chamber, which is about thirty-four feet long, eighteen feet broad, and nineteen feet high. It is composed of blocks of granite of an incredible size." The basis of this pyramid, and the two lowest steps are hewn out of the rock on which it stands, and immediately under the apex is a subterranean vault sunk to a depth of ninety feet below the level of the building.

The second pyramid is very little inferior in size to the largest, from which it is only about five hundred feet distant. This also contains a vault hewn in the rock, in which a granite sarcophagus was found.

The third, or Red Pyramid, so called from the colour of the granite with which the lower portion was covered, is much smaller than the other two, but greatly superior, especially to the second, in its architecture. Some of the Egyptian relics at present in the British Museum were found in one of the chambers. They include the lid of a sarcophagus, part of a skeleton, some woollen cloth, and some of the resinous substance used in the process of embalming. On the lid of the sarcophagus is a hieroglyphic inscription, the translation of which is rather puzzling than instructive.

The pyramids seem to have been built in courses gradually diminishing, and so consisting of a succession of deep steps from the base to the summit. These steps were afterwards filled up with a

ceasing of white stone, which thus presented, over the entire exterior, a smooth surface. Much of this stone was torn off by the Saracens, and conveyed away to help in building their new city of Cairo.

Limestone, quarried in large blocks, is the hard and durable material of which the pyramids are constructed, and some of these massive blocks are thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and four feet six inches deep. At what a cost of human labour must they have been cut from their original bed, and then removed from the quarries to the spot where they were required! The principal part of the stone was brought a distance of twenty miles; and the red granite which lines some portions of the interior was fetched from quarries *six hundred miles away*. It is estimated that the Great Pyramid contains nearly seven million tons of masonry. But a better idea of this quantity of material will be formed when we mention that it would be sufficient to carry a wall ten feet high, and a foot and a half broad, three times round England. It is supposed that one hundred thousand men, many of them probably toiling, drudging slaves, for whose labour and suffering nobody cared, were employed for twenty years in rearing this stupendous fabric; while the same number of men were occupied for ten years previous in forming the roads along which the materials were slowly and laboriously conveyed.

Hærodotus tells us that he met with an inscription on this pyramid which the Egyptians told him was the account of the money paid for radishes, onions, and garlic alone, consumed by the workmen, and which amounted to £310,000.

At Saccara, a few miles south, are nine stone pyramids, but smaller than those of Ghizeh. One of them was found to contain thirty mummies; and beneath them all are, most likely, sepulchral vaults. The ridge of Ghizeh, and a large portion of the plain, are occupied with tombs, some of which display much architectural ornament. Mummies of the lower animals,—dogs, sheep, oxen, and ibises,—are met with in the same vaults which enclose human remains.

Some reason for this strange custom may most likely be found in the degrading system of animal worship which prevailed throughout the entire country.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

III.

Lycidas. Anything more enchanting than this morning's walk I have seldom known.

Penseroso. Yet you were half an hour too late. I was in time to see the mist clear away. As it was going, you should have seen how beautifully portions of the cliffs and rocks stood discovered; then how the sea, through a wide opening, rose to sight! Even the elegant ripples on the beach were scarce so exquisite as the rest of the scene; part wood and rocks, part mist and sea. The sun, the wood, the rocks, the sea, and the fog, formed a combination, or rather combinations, the like of which you seldom witness, even in this delightful retreat.

L. So I should think. I begin now to know the ground pretty well. I suppose you are acquainted with every nook and corner:—

"You know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side."

P. More than that. I know all the cliffs quite away to the next promontory. How I have walked those hills, and watched the sun sink into the sea! What I have seen, and thought, and felt, as I have wandered up and down, pensive, yet joyous, on that glorious range!

L. It is a fine range. Do you know what I was just thinking?

P. Hardly!

L. Why, that our conversation yesterday seemed to lead us nowhere, except to the conclusion (which I think we might have reached by a much shorter cut) that *faith* and *reason* were both excellent things.

P. You are right. The two seemed so intertwined that we could not fairly view either. We should proceed better, I think, if we considered only one of

them,—say *faith*,—and left *reason* to attend to her multifarious concerns.

L. I am afraid she will not be left behind.

P. No; since *faith* is always reasonable. I believe that our best plan, after all, would be to leave abstractions altogether, and look at people themselves.

L. The very thing!

P. I divide men, believers and unbelievers, into four classes.

L. You are sufficiently precise.

P. I am afraid it is impossible to be quite precise. My division is rough and ready. I do not mean that we belong, and always belong, to one only of the four classes, nor that the line of demarcation is very strongly and distinctly drawn.

L. I am curious to hear your divisions.

P. My first class consists of *those who will not believe even when they see!*

L. But can men avoid believing when they see?

P. They can wink hard, or perhaps turn away altogether from the light. This class consists not so much of those who *do not*, or *cannot*, as of those who, through spite, pride, or prejudice, *will not* believe.

L. Well said! A strange class, truly! One would almost ask where such madmen could be found; and yet I am afraid they are only too numerous.

P. Yes: examples are not wanting in Scripture. There is the case of the Pharisees, who said, "He casteth out devils by the prince of devils." There is the case of those who came to apprehend the Saviour, and who, when He said, "I am He," went backward, and fell to the ground, yet soon recovered courage to finish their design. Then follows the case of their employers, whose incredulity brought them, still rebellious, through the darkness and the earthquake.

L. Not long since, I was reading Stephen's trial. The behaviour of his judges, it occurs to me, stamps them as men of this class. They saw Stephen's face as it had been the face of an angel, yet put him to death!

P. Yes; that was indeed a terrible case; for *all*, looking attentively, saw the marvel; not *one* or *two* getting a casual

glance. Yet after such a manifest justification of Stephen from the High Court of Heaven, manifest to the very eyes of the judges, not a soul of them, so far as we know, either defended the martyr, or even slunk away abashed, and washed his hands of that day's shocking business.

L. I should say that there is not much to choose between them and Pharaoh, "the lawless tyrant," who—

"Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire:

To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,

And wheel on earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not,—herb, or fruit, or grain,—

A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;

Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last, with one midnight stroke, all the first-born

Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus, with ten wounds,

The river-dragon tamed, at length submits."

P. His heart was stone; yet some of the Israelites were scarcely less wicked. But, perhaps, after all, the most striking example of hardness is that given by King Ahaziah.

L. I am not familiar with the history.

P. Ahaziah was sick, and sent messengers to "Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron," to inquire whether he should recover. Elijah met the messengers, and sent them back with a rebuke to Ahaziah. The king, enraged, sent a captain, with fifty men, to apprehend the prophet, whom the captain found sitting on the top of a hill. Not daring, perhaps, or unable to do more, the captain said, "Thou man of God, the king hath said, Come down." Elijah replied, "If I be a man of God, then let fire come down from heaven, and consume thee and thy fifty." Fire came and consumed them. Ahaziah sent a second company, which met the fate of the former; and a third. Here was unbelief, desperate indeed, if

the King's conduct was not rather pure and simple rebellion.

"But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent!"

I think we may leave our first class.

L. Your next class must be better than the last.

P. Yes. It consists of those who will believe *when they see*, not unless; who will believe, *but not without a sign*.

L. And yet it strikes me that a man might be quite justified in requiring *a sign*.

P. Certainly, when he wishes it only as reasonable evidence of a fact. Jesus is the Messiah; yet God has not required the world to believe it without His giving abundant evidence. But cases arise in which it is very weak, or very preposterous, to demand a sign. For instance, I quote to you a plain promise of Scripture, and say, "Rest upon this." You reply, that you quite believe it is the word of God, and that you would gather consolation from it, if you could only first receive some pledge, some evidence, that the promise would be fulfilled!

L. Weak enough, I confess; for what sign can be equal to the simple word? If *that* fail, farewell all confidence for ever!

P. Yes. How absurd such conduct appears when placed in its true light! A banker issues notes, on which is engraved, "I promise to pay." Only fancy my going to the banker, and asking him if he was sure he meant to cash the notes when presented at the counter, and whether he could give me any sign, bond, or pledge that such would be the case!

L. The banker would acquit you of any heroic confidence in his integrity. But who are they that seek a sign?

P. The ancient Jews. Paul affirms this of the Jews in general.

L. I vastly prefer the particular to the general. With me every one is no one. What man of name and station belongs to your second class?

P. At one time the Apostle Thomas, by his own account:—"Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the

nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe."

L. Well, that *does* seem a singular speech! Here is honest Thomas, in one breath, dictating to Providence, and neglecting the testimony of the very Apostles! One is tempted to hope that he never could keep his word.

P. Indeed, it seems, he did not, could not keep it; for when our Lord said, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side: and be not faithless, but believing;" Thomas, in a rapture, replied, "My Lord, and my God!" Whether the word which followed was, or was not, a rebuke to Thomas, it was a mighty truth for us: "Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

L. Could a better instance of slowness to believe be invented than this recorded by St. John?

P. Zacharias's case is quite as striking. The angel Gabriel announces that a child shall be born. The words are clear and specific. The very name of the child is given; and his greatness and office foretold. At length the angel finishes. "Whereby shall I know this?" replies the good old man.

L. I suppose the angel's presence and words were not sign enough; yet Zacharias *must* have believed.

P. The angel says he did not. But we must not forget Gideon.

L. No: he wanted *two* signs before he was satisfied. We have all of us our own way of looking at things. For my part, I can conceive of nothing higher, greater, better, than a simple word. A sign is not equal to it, and an oath is not better. But my attention flags; the rest, if you will, to-morrow. I want to see the sun go down from your well-haunted range.

P. To the hills then!

(To be continued.)

CAMDEN-TOWN GOODS STATION.

THERE are few things more remarkable than the enormous railway goods-traffic of London. We see sturdy waggons,

heavily laden and ingeniously packed, rattling through the streets at all hours of the day, and after midnight waking up the echoes in the deserted thoroughfares like the passage of trains of artillery. These are the successors of the broad-wheel leviathans which once monopolised a large portion of the carrying trade of the country. This stone-trembling and house-reverberating traffic—which, by-and-by, will be greatly diminished by the numerous metropolitan feeders which will soon be in full operation—goes to and from the termini of the different trunk or arterial railways in this modern Babylon. Of these, the senior and chief is the London and North-Western. Here we have by far the largest railway goods-station, not only in London, but in the world. It occupies about fifty acres of nearly level ground at the base of Primrose-Hill. It is not surprising that so extensive a central station should be required by a company which receives in a week between £50,000 and £60,000 for the conveyance of merchandise, minerals, and cattle alone; the earnings of its vast system. It is not surprising that the Camden-yard should present a marvellous spectacle of railway energy, for as many as three hundred and eighty-two passenger and goods trains run through it daily. The average number of carriages and trucks passing over one set of points, near Chalk Farm, where the main line is entered upon, during the twenty-four hours, is eight thousand and eighty-two. These points, in consequence of the great wear and tear to which they are exposed, are now made of Bessemer steel.

A trade of this magnitude cannot be carried on without a very perfect system, and a formidable army of *employés*. Upon the system and the army we propose to give a few details. The down traffic—that is to say, the goods sent from London to the provinces—is brought to the station by the company's agents, the two well-known carrying firms, Pickford and Co., and Chaplin and Horne, whose waggons and vans call every afternoon and evening at the City warehouses. The lighter description of goods are taken, in the first instance, to the two principal receiving-houses,—the "Swan

with Two Necks," in Gresham-street; and the "Castle," in Wood-street,—where they are partially sorted, and despatched to Camden. What these contractors do not convey is brought by the vehicles of the senders of the goods, or by hired carmen. All enter by one gateway, the floor of which consists of a weigh-bridge. Here the weight of every waggon, cart, or van, with its contents, is ascertained by a faithful weighmaster. Every extraneous article must be removed from the vehicle, even to the tarpaulin and horse's nose-bag, before the figures indicated on the lever are registered. By reference to the number of the agent's waggon, the weigher finds the weight, and, deducting that from the total result shown by the machine, ascertains the actual weight of the load, which is duly entered. The carts and waggons are weighed again as they come out empty, so that an accurate return of the total weight of the goods can be made up at the close of every day, and the general results of the business checked.

The waggons next proceed to the sheds, of which there are three, known as A, B, D, —massive buildings, without architectural pretensions, but constructed with a due regard to utility. We enter shed A, which would nearly encompass a West-end square. It is the afternoon, and the arrivals of heavily-laden vans are rapid and continuous. The interior is laid out in platforms, or "banks," as they are technically known; on one side of which the vans unload, and on the other the empty railway-trucks are run up to be filled. Each package is checked with the bill which the carman hands up with his load. To prevent miscarriage and confusion, every one of a lot of packages booked for one consignee, whether there be five or five hundred, has attached to it the number of the party of which it forms a unit.

The loading, a more difficult work, then begins. Porters wheel the goods by hand-trucks to the weighing-machines, where the weight of each package is separately taken. A weigher declares the result to the "shipper," who stands at the desk and enters it in a tabular form or invoice, with a description of the contents; and, lastly, the packer deposits

the merchandise in the truck, taking care to economise space, and to prevent the shifting of the various parcels during the journey. A great deal of acquired skill is necessary to the efficient discharge of his duty, and a first-class packer is treated by the higher officials with no small consideration. All is done with an extraordinary amount of expedition. There must be no drones here; but active brains, and nimble limbs.

There are daily in and out some twelve thousand consignments, exclusive of the coal and cattle traffic, which is dealt with elsewhere. These are entered on twelve thousand invoices, and necessitate the writing of one thousand five hundred letters each way, or a total of three thousand, which pass either through the hands of the guards or the Post-Office. The very horses drawing the trucks seem to have more than ordinary sagacity; they do almost everything but hook themselves to the trucks. The sheds scarcely cease during the twenty-four hours to be a scene of what a novice would describe as inextricable confusion. Once in the week only a perfect stillness reigns there; viz., for a few hours on Sunday, there being a by-law of the Directors that every servant of the company shall have an opportunity of attending Divine worship on that day. Boxes, barrels, crates, sacks of grain, and packages of every size, sort, and description, are heaped up one upon the other, with only a narrow passage left for the movements of the hundreds of porters with their useful hand-trucks. All this chaos of mercantile wealth is reduced to order with marvellous rapidity. Arrears are prohibited, for they would soon bring matters to a dead lock; and the receipts of one day must be cleared off by two o'clock next morning, to make way for the "up" traffic. The great pressure of the "down" business is from seven in the evening until two a.m., the busiest time being about nine p.m. Then it is that rows of waggons line the streets outside, and the pressure within is many degrees intensified. Sixty vehicles pass over the weigh-bridge in an hour.

There are certain seasons when the influx of a particular commodity

almost paralyses the resources of the company. At our visit it was mustard that stopped the way. Mountains of little kegs and boxes were strewed about the platforms in all directions, sent chiefly by two large mustard firms, and destined for towns all over the north of the kingdom. In the spring and fall of the year drapers' parcels cause the block; in September and October, hops, the great bulk of which go to Burton; at Christmas, Valentia raisins, and the *et ceteras* which go to the composition of the national plum-pudding. At other periods packs of wool obscure, by their overpowering presence, all other goods waiting for conveyance.

Steam is employed in loading and unloading, and saves much manual labour: it would be impossible to properly expedite these operations without recourse to its potent agency. Steam works all the cranes; it keeps whirling round like teetotums the iron capstans, as brightly polished as a dinner-knife, by placing a rope round which the porters move the heaviest trucks with the greatest ease. As to the cranes, the porter simply pulls a chain like a bell-rope, and each machine swings up to the required height anything, from an ordinary bale or box to the iron girder of a railway-bridge. The steam-power is obtained from a fifty-horse power engine; but a new shed, which is nearly completed, is to be fitted with hydraulic cranes and capstans. This building will be the largest of the kind yet constructed, its dimensions being five hundred feet by two hundred and fifty feet. There is extensive cellarage underneath the sheds for stout, beer, ale, and spirits. A round-house on the Hampstead-road side is devoted to grain and heavy goods. Attached to shed A is a room for supplying the carmen and porters with tea, coffee, cocoa, &c., as well as a dining-room for the clerks. As the sheds are peculiarly liable to fire, and very inflammable, there are ready-charged mains at convenient distances, with an abundant supply of hose; and explicit directions are posted on the walls for procuring the services of all the workmen on the fire-bell being sounded.

Let us follow the invoices which the

"shipper" transmits to the clerks' rooms up-stairs to have the proper charges inserted; or, as the phrase goes, "moneyed out:" so that they may be sent by the same train as the goods to which they apply. An invoice has to pass the ordeal of five or six clerks, each of whom adds to it something, or acts as a check upon the other. Copies on thin paper, instantaneously taken by means of presses worked by lads, are employed for the purpose of account. There are offices for accounts, claims, overcharges, correspondence; a cash office, a delivery office, a forwarding office, and an inquiry office, the duties of which are discharged by clerks who work day and night in relays. In these rooms we see neither the luxuriant ease of the Government office, nor the imposing mahogany-fittings of a joint-stock bank. There is a rough-and-ready look about all, as though the occupants despised the effeminate comforts of the City or West End. Plain deal desks, unplastered roofs, floors without carpets, little light, and less ventilation, however, are features in the internal arrangements which these Spartan accountants might perhaps not object to see improved upon. The library of ledgers is equally worth a visit. The endless shelves, groaning under thousands of huge tomes, are overwhelming. The floor of another large warehouse is covered with the "dead men" of former years; dusty and ragged volumes, whose mute testimony is still occasionally needed. From the invoices in the ledgers, verified by five or six different initials, a complete biography of every package and parcel can be gleaned from its receipt to its delivery by the company. This system may be thought too minute, but without such checks and counter-checks there would be no security for the company, and no safety for the public.

Let us now return below, and see what is done with the laden trucks. They are drawn by horses to a wide open space, dubbed the "continent," with twenty-five turn-tables "all in a row," to be there marshalled and made up into trains for their proper destinations. Such is the amount of traffic, that, to do this safely and quickly, there

are required no less than twenty-two miles of siding and sorting lines, which cover about forty acres of land. Four locomotives and nearly ninety horses are exclusively devoted to the process of sorting and shunting. At night the trains start upon their journey at intervals of only ten or fifteen minutes. Each train consists of from forty to sixty waggons. If there be less than fifty trucks one engine only is employed. The heaviest are the Scotch, Liverpool, Holyhead, Manchester, and Midland counties trains. All travel very fast,—often faster than passenger trains,—the large manufacturers, warehousemen, and merchants, both in London and the country, expecting their goods to be delivered within the same time as their general post-letters. The London and North-Western actually accomplish this feat. A package received by the company's agents in London at seven o'clock in the evening, is ready for delivery at Liverpool, Carlisle, or Lancaster next morning, and before the London letters are delivered by the post; and *vice versa*, the London houses are not satisfied unless they receive their goods in the same expeditious way. A bulky crate of hardware outstrips the envelope enclosing the advice. The Postmaster-General is, then, not supreme in the matter of quickness and punctuality. Some firms make it a practice to send the invoice with the goods, and so save time.

As a further illustration of the rapidity of the company's movements, it may be mentioned that fruit from France or Kent, purchased in Covent Garden on Thursday, is frequently exposed for sale in Manchester and Liverpool markets the next morning. Another singular fact is, that during the summer months very large quantities of fruit and vegetables are despatched from the metropolis to the country districts. It might be supposed that the provinces were better able to provide these for themselves, but the facilities of the railway make vast changes in these matters of demand and supply.

As already intimated, the "down" traffic ends at two a.m. Shortly before that hour the bells at the Chalk-Farm

end of the station announce the arrival of the supplies for the London markets. Staffs of clerks and gangs of porters are immediately set in motion, for with these goods there must be no delay. The former overhaul the invoices, and make out the clearance papers. The latter transfer the different cargoes from the railway-trucks to the market-vans. In the grey mist of the morning, in an atmosphere of a hundred conflicting smells, and by the light of faintly-burning gas, we see a large portion of the supply of the great London markets rapidly disgorged by these night trains; fish, flesh, and fowl, Aylesbury butter, and dairy-fed pork; apples, cabbages, and cucumbers; alarming supplies of cats'-meat, cart-loads of water-cresses, and we know not what else, for the daily consumption of the metropolis. No sooner do these disappear, than at ten minutes' interval arrives another train with Manchester packs and bales, Liverpool cotton, American provisions, Worcester gloves, Kidderminster carpets, Birmingham and Staffordshire hardware, crates of pottery from North Staffordshire, and cloth from Huddersfield, Leeds, Bradford, and other Yorkshire towns, which have to be delivered in the City before the hour for the general commencement of business. At a later hour of the morning, these are followed by other trains with the heaviest class of traffic,—stones, bricks, iron girders, iron pipes, ale, (which comes in great quantities, especially from Allsopp's, and the world-famous Burton breweries,) coal, hay, straw, grain, flour, and salt. Coal, too, is a gigantic item. In a month the company bring to London upwards of eighty-two thousand tons of coal, upon which an impost of 1s. 1d. per ton is paid to the civic authorities. They brought in 1863 no less than seven hundred and fifty-nine thousand tons, irrespective of other quantities delivered to the Midland Company at King's Cross, and of coal passing through the jurisdiction of the City. This branch of "up" traffic is subject to the same careful system of examination and registration as that upon the down line. Of course it is impossible that such a continual round of hard work, on a scale

so gigantic, and occupying a thousand pair of hands, can be successfully conducted without the vigilant supervision of clear-thinking, inventive heads, not overawed by a multiplicity of details, nor embarrassed by a difficult emergency; and such are the company's principal officials in their goods-traffic department.
—*Railway News*.

FREE FROM SIN.

"FREE from sin!" if ever a song
In heaven hath more of bliss
Than other strains which are floating
there,
In a world that's free from sorrow and
care,
Methinks it is this,—it is this!
"Free from sin!"

From the Tempter's power,—from my
inward foes,
For evermore to be free;
If ever in heaven a song I sing,
If ever my harp to the throne I bring,
Thrice blessed that strain will be,—
"Free from sin!"

O glorious thought! let me struggle
on;
Let my sinking hopes arise;
God knows my weakness; He knows my
sin;
He knows the vileness there is within,
And He offers a home in the skies,
"Free from sin!"

Then shall I look on the scenes of Time,
And wonder how I could yield
To my sinful thoughts, when before me
lay
A prize, no less than Eternal Day,
Where my soul should be saved and
sealed,
"Free from sin!"

FRIENDSHIP WITH GOD.*

Be anxious to know Him better. If
you value a friend, you will wish to
know him; to know his memories of the

* From *Friendship with God*; by the Rev.
CHARLES STANFORD. London: Jackson, Wal-
ford, and Hodder.

past, his ideas of the future, his experiences, his course of study, his plans of life. With regard to your heavenly Friend, you should have the same wish intensified to a degree which will allow no limitation. You should "count all things but loss for the excellency of this knowledge." Be anxious to take His thoughts into your own minds. Study with reverence everything on which He has left His hand-writing; the leaves of nature, the many-pictured page of life, His revelations to man as a creature; but especially His revelations to man as a sinner. And let us all ever remember, when following on to know the Lord, that human commentaries are worth nothing as authorities, but only as aids; and that the province of reason is not to announce, but to interpret announcements; not to speak, but to hear; not to create light, but to receive it from the "light unapproachable." None but God can reveal God. Light can only be seen by its own revealing. "In thy light

shall we see light." Pray to him more. Our approach to the Infinite in the communings of friendship, being the approach of weakness to strength, of misery to mercy, of ignorance to Him "who is light," of unsearchable poverty to unsearchable riches, must be an act of prayer. If, indeed, we are the friends of God, we shall be drawn to prayer as by a natural law; a law of the new nature. It will not be a dictate of reason merely, nor a conscientious effort, nor a mechanical habit; but an impulse of life.

Dear Christians, why do you not pray more? The tendencies of your spiritual life often take you to the mere instrumentalities of grace, when they should lead you to the throne; to means, when they should lead you to the Lord of means. Pray more. That man will most keenly realize his friendship with God, who is most anxious to make his life a prayer.

Memorials of the Departed.

Mrs. BROWN was born in the year 1789, in Ballywarren, in the Downpatrick Circuit. When fourteen years of age she was brought to hear the Wesleyan Ministers. The word was with power; and, being convinced of sin, she sought, and soon found, "redemption through the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of sins." Two of her sisters were brought also to hear the word preached, and were made partakers of the same "great salvation." The sisters were "as a three-fold cord;" and, thus united, they were zealous in seeking to bring others into the good way. When young disciples become advocates for the truth, their influence is great, and they are generally successful. In those days there was great opposition to Methodism. Its doctrines were challenged, and to become "members of Society" was the occasion of much reproach. When these daughters proposed that "the Ministers by whom

they believed," should be invited to their father's house, their elder brother was much opposed, his mind being influenced by the common prejudice. But by the mild reasoning of his sisters he was entreated. The Ministers found a welcome in the hospitable family of Mr. Hunter, and they successfully preached, and formed a Society in the neighbourhood. It was well for the elder brother that he complied with the request of his sisters, for he was convinced that he did not possess true religion. This he sought and found; and, as a Local preacher, laboured successfully in the cause of God. In the eighteenth year of her age, the subject of this memoir was united in marriage to Mr. Hugh Brown, and removed to the Donaghlan Circuit. Mr. Brown was a steady member of the Methodist Society, and a useful class-leader. In his household there was a Society, and large congregations attended to hear the Gospel

preached. In a long course of years much good was done; and among many who were converted, the good man could happily number his own children. He "finished his course" in a good old age, having "good hope through grace" in his departure. Mrs. Brown, though placed at the head of a family when young, manifested qualities of mind, which, by the blessing of God, carried her successfully through the duties, cares, and trials of that responsible station. In all respects she was to her husband a faithful helper, and "his heart could safely trust in her." They were blessed with thirteen children. Four have been removed by death; nine remain, filling important situations in society. A mother of thirteen children, she had no light task in forming their character, and directing their course. In these duties Mrs. Brown was diligent and successful. Hers was the rule of love, which united firmness in the requirement of obedience to all just commands, to a tender sympathy with all who suffered pain and sorrow. This secured the affection of her offspring,—the right source of obedience,—and they "rise up and call her blessed." Her family was taught to show an affectionate regard to God's Ministers, His people, and His ordinances,—the latter, whether in her own house, or at a distance, were diligently attended. Mrs. Brown survived her husband several years. In the trying state of widowhood she proved the promise true which God has made to those who trust in Him. By the marriage of six of her children her household was reduced. Still family arrangements were unaltered. Her eldest son took his father's place in conducting the worship of God; and also, as a Local preacher, laboured to spread the truth through the neighbourhood. The Wesleyan Ministers continued to preach in her house; and, in the course of fifty-seven years it has been to many "the house of God, and the gate of heaven." "The wisdom that is profitable to direct," Mrs. Brown sought in the Bible. This, with the memoirs of holy people, were the books of her choice; and in accordance with such reading was her ardent love of prayer, Christian fellowship, and the

ministry of the word. To the poor she was a sympathizing friend; and when near her end, she anxiously inquired if attention had been paid to their wants. In receiving the visits of her friends, she would not be satisfied if they departed from her house without those kind attentions which proceed from a loving heart. But the time came when this faithful servant must "cease to work and live." Her once vigorous constitution was bowed by long and severe affliction. This was endured with patience. The only fear she expressed was, lest this virtue should not have its "perfect work." But prayer was answered, and grace all-sufficient was given; so that she could say, "all this suffering God sees to be necessary, and all is for good." In communion with God she felt much consolation, but it was associated with deep humility. She often expressed her wonder at His goodness in giving her such a "lively hope" of heaven. After a severe attack of pain, she raised her hands, and said, "Glory be to God; the time of my deliverance is come." While uttering her Redeemer's name, she departed to be with Him for ever, August 9th, 1864 aged seventy-five years.

MARY WATMOUGH, of Greengates, Woodhouse-Grove Circuit, departed to the "better land," October 31st, 1864. In the beginning of the year 1860, the Society and Sunday-school at Greengates were favoured with a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Many were deeply impressed with their need of mercy; and not a few obtained the blessing of salvation. At that time Mary was brought to see and feel her guilt and danger, and after mourning for some time on account of sin, she found her way in faith to the cross of Christ. Here light broke in upon her mind; she was enabled to lay hold of Christ; and, believing in Him, she rejoiced in a sin-pardoning God. No sooner was her own soul made glad by the light of God's countenance, than she evinced an earnest desire to see others made partakers of the same grace. Young as she was, she exerted herself, in her own sphere, to bring sinners to

Christ. Though little more than fourteen years of age, she felt it to be her duty to unite herself to the people of God; and for four years and a half she was a pattern to the church for regular attendance at class. In relating her experience, she made frequent reference to blessings obtained in closet exercises, in reading her Bible, and in prayer. She was strongly attached to the Sunday-school, where she met in a select class, and from which she was very rarely absent. It was hoped that she would long prove a blessing to her family, and to the church of God; but He in whose hands are the issues of death, had marked her for an early grave. As the flower of the field so she flourished. For some few weeks before her death, though in full health and vigour, she seems to have had some premonition that her end was nigh. While engaged in her usual employ, she broke forth in singing a favourite tune to the following words:—

"A beautiful land by faith I see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free;
The home of the ransom'd, bright and fair,
And beautiful angels, too, are there.
Will you go to that beautiful land?" &c.

Suddenly she ceased singing; and, as though a persuasion of an early death had impressed her mind, she began to

tell her brother of what was to be done with her things after her decease. Shortly after she was attacked with fever. Her short, but severe affliction was borne with exemplary patience and resignation. When exhorted by a friend to keep her mind calm, her reply was, "I am free from all murmuring and repining." Desirous that the class she taught should not be without a teacher, she engaged her most intimate friend to supply her place on the next Sabbath. Before it arrived the Master had called her to receive her reward. Her last efforts were put forth in trying to repeat the hymn commencing,—

"Come on, my partners in distress;"

but her words were almost inaudible to those who were watching for the closing scene. When, however, she got as far as the fourth verse,—

"Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope," &c.

she could be distinctly heard at some distance. It was her dying effort; the joyous utterance of a soul about to realize its immortal hopes. She tried again to sing after this effort, but gradually sank, till she fell asleep in Jesus, in the nineteenth year of her age.

A. B.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Ball, Mrs. Honor,	Stourpaine,	Shaftesbury,	79	Feb. 14th, 1865.
Clayton, Mrs. Sarah,	Howden-Dyke,	Howden,	78	Feb. 9th, 1865.
Johnson, Mrs. Barbary,	Winlaton,	Gateshead,	47	April 12th, 1864.
Landreth, Mr. Thomas,	Gateshead,	Gateshead,	62	Nov. 17th, 1864.
Lockyer, Miss M. A. H.,	Banwell,	Banwell,	21	Dec. 14th, 1864.
Olivers, Miss Hannah,	Gateshead-Fell,	Gateshead,	55	Oct. 18th, 1864.
Ryle, Mr. Matthew,	Ravensworth,	Gateshead,	36	Feb. 27th, 1865.
Stogdale, Mr. Joseph,	Eastrington,	Howden,	52	Jan. 18th, 1865.
Treffry, Mrs. M. A.,	Maidenhead,	Windsor,	75	Dec. 12th, 1864.
Waddle, Mrs. Isabella,	Gateshead,	Gateshead,	57	July 4th, 1864.



THE FALLS OF THE UMGENI, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

RUNNING nearly parallel with the coast of South Africa, but at a distance from it of from eighty to a hundred miles, is an extensive range of mountains which, in the territory of Natal, bears the name of the Drakenberg, or Dragon's Mountains; and which, in the winter season of the year, are clad in robes of snow. Very wild and rugged is the scenery of these mountains. They are the abode of the lion and the jackal, of the monkey and the baboon; whilst numerous other wild creatures, small and large, abound in their ravines, and sport in their forests and their glens. A journey up these mountains is a formidable, and, sometimes, a very dangerous task; but travellers who have performed it, tell us that it has its pleasures, as indeed, to adventurous minds, climbing such ridges ever has. The Drakenberg are the Alps of Southern Africa; and if not so lofty and so grand as those of Switzerland,—

"So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to heaven than earth,"—

are certainly not to be despised by any, who, like Mr. Ruskin, think that mountain-scenery often reaches the perfection of earthly beauty.

These mountains give rise to several large and rapid streams, some
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of which swell into the importance of rivers ; and, in the rainy season, or after the melting of the snow, roll with an impetuosity which nothing can resist. One of these is the Umgeni, which, after running a course of about a hundred and eighty miles, empties itself into the Indian Ocean, in east longitude 31° , south latitude $29^{\circ} 45'$. The Falls, of which a representation is given, taken from a photograph, are about twelve miles distant from Maritzberg, the capital of Natal, and about eight miles from Shafston, where there is a small Wealeyan chapel, which is attended by a number of farmers, resident within a circle of six or seven miles. The rocks in the neighbourhood of the Falls are grand. The full stream of the river falls down a perpendicular precipice of two hundred and seventy-nine feet. The ford is often very difficult to cross, and travellers have sometimes been detained for days waiting for the waters to subside ; whilst others have crossed on a bundle of reeds, with a Kafir swimming on either side. Here there is the grave of a boy who was compelled by his father to swim his horse through when the stream was very strong, and who was washed off its back, carried down the river, and drowned.

But British enterprise has been at work on the Umgeni ; and, under the auspices of the Lieutenant-Governor, John Scott, Esq., a magnificent bridge has been erected over it, at a cost of about £16,000. This is said to be the finest structure of the kind in South Africa. It is an iron-girder bridge of seven spans, each of a hundred feet in length. The road-way is twenty feet wide, paved with asphalt, and protected by an ornamental hand-rail, painted white. It was opened on the 22d of September last, and a great event it was to the colonists and all concerned. An account of the ceremony now lies before the writer. As indicative of the progress made in the colony of Natal, it is a remarkable one. A grand procession was formed, the bridge was decorated with evergreens and flowers, and amidst the sound of martial music, the Lieutenant-Governor and suite, together with a large number of official personages belonging to the colony, passed over in state ; while the children of the Sunday-schools, who were ranged on the adjacent hills, sang right loyally the National Anthem, so often sung at home. The structure received the name of the QUEEN'S BRIDGE, in honour of the noble Lady who occupies the British throne. The colonists of Natal are justly proud of this most valuable acquisition, which is a great step taken in the way of progress, and will, doubtless, be followed by railways, and other important works, which will tend to place Natal among the most promising possessions of the English crown.

Natal is a country which already produces cotton, sugar, indigo, and various kinds of grain ; but to bring these articles from the interior to the Port of Durban for shipment, is a tedious and expensive process. As the population increases, however, better roads will be formed ; and already a line of railway between Durban and Maritzberg has been projected. This will, probably, be completed in the course of a

short time. So much have British enterprise and skill effected in a period of rather less than five and twenty years.

Is it not surprising that Providence should have given so many lands in which, for ages past, barbarism or idolatry has had its seat, into the hands of the British nation? India is ours; Australia is ours; the Cape of Good Hope is ours; the territory of Natal, also, is ours. But why are they ours? or for what purposes have they been committed to our trust? That we may cultivate them, no doubt, and that we may derive from them the advantages which thriving colonies always confer upon the parent country. But surely there is a higher purpose in view. We are not only to people such lands as Southern Africa, and to enrich ourselves by the produce of the soil, but we are to civilize and to Christianize the native tribes; to plant the standard of the Cross upon their hills and mountains; and, by the side of such rivers as the Umgeni and the Kie, to establish Missionary schools, to which children of all classes may resort. Nor are we forgetting this. The Missionary and the schoolmaster are, perhaps, as busy in Natal as the man of commerce or the artisan; and whereas a few years ago no Sabbath dawned upon that land, now British Christianity is there with all its hallowing and blessed influences, and its light is beaming forth upon the wide-spread territories of the Zulus far beyond.

T. S.

CAN I BE HOLY ?

"Be ye holy; for I am holy." (1 Peter i. 16.)

CAN I BE HOLY?—Yes; or the command would not have been given. "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God:" for, without Christ, you are helpless; but, "through Christ," you can do "all things." Without Christ, you could not have surrendered yourself to a pardoning God, or have obeyed one of His commands; or have had one good desire; or have made any advance in holiness. All salvation is "by faith;" and all faith is from God: but all exercise of faith *must* be by you. We are justified "by faith;" and "by faith" our hearts are "purified." It is only by "looking unto Jesus," "by faith," that we are kept from sinning. He is able to save "unto the uttermost;" and He is as willing as He is able. To expect, therefore, to be wholly saved from voluntary transgression,—to be made holy, is no more presumptuous than to expect a partial salvation, a half-orbed holiness; seeing that all salvation "is of faith, that it might be by grace; to the end the promise might be sure." The command is, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved."

WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF THE HOLINESS REQUIRED OF ME?—It is not the holiness that pertains to God; nor to angels; or that possessed by Adam before the fall. It is not absolute perfection; as that only belongs to God. It is a perfection of our Christianity: a

perfection not incompatible with many human infirmities, such as a dull apprehension, an unsound judgment, a weak intellect, a treacherous memory, and the like; and, of consequence, not incompatible with mistakes in judgment and practice. It is not a perfection that places us beyond temptation, or the possibility of falling into sin; or that does not allow of progression in holiness.

But, it is a perfection, a state of holiness, in which the heart that loves sin, is taken away; a state in which we neither voluntarily sin, nor have a desire to sin; a condition in which we trust in Jesus to be kept *from* sin, and, being cleansed "from all filthiness," we are prepared to obey the command, "Perfecting holiness in the fear of God." The more constant the renunciation of our own will, the more certainly and rapidly do we become as holy as God in Christ calls us to be. And yet, to-morrow you will be more holy than you are now, if faithful to the light of to-day. The simply cleansed heart is the lowest stage of entire sanctification,—the sun faintly, yet clearly discerned; while being "filled with all the fulness of God," is the clear, unobstructed, noonday "light of His countenance."

How CAN I BE HOLY?—By faith in Jesus Christ, "who of God is made unto us sanctification." "His own Self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness." We become "dead to sins," by trusting Jesus to make us dead. "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." To be holy we must be "redeemed from all iniquity,"—must be "dead to sin;" and to be thus "redeemed," and made "dead to sin," we must exercise faith in Christ for these specific objects.

To do this, there must first be a full dedication of our entire being to God. Full, entire, and unreserved consecration, is the first demand of Christianity. With it, faith is strong; without it, faith is weak. All *must* be laid upon the altar; for the Lord will be sought unto, with "all the heart." Here, you begin to obey; and without this beginning, there is no real progress in holiness. The command to Christians is, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." The Lord demands of you an unreserved consecration of body, soul, spirit, and all you have, to be used for His glory, and according to His will; and this, He declares, is your "reasonable service."

The consecration having been made, the offering having been placed upon the altar, the Lord promises to "receive you," and to become "your Father." With "these promises" in view, the command, "Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," should be easy. You are also encouraged by such declarations as these, "I

will be your God,"—"I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." God undertakes to cleanse you, and make you holy, upon these *two* conditions,—*unreserved consecration*, and *unwavering faith* in His promises to "receive" and "cleanse" you. The process is simple, the conditions easy, and the result as certain as is the unchangeableness of God.

Are you willing to "come out and be separate" from all sin? To commit to the Saviour the keeping of your body, soul, spirit, family, friends, reputation, and all you have, and from this moment, let "the life which you now live in the flesh," be a life "by the faith of the Son of God?" Then do it *now*. Fall upon your knees, and, in self-abasement, present to Him who searches your heart, "through Christ," your entire being, with all its faculties and powers, to be His *for ever*. Place *all* upon the "altar that sanctifieth the gift;" and then BELIEVE the word which says, "I will receive you,"—"I will make you clean,"—"I will save you from all your uncleannesses." Do not expect to believe these promises, *because* of what you feel; but look for joy, *after* you *have* believed. "Faith is the evidence of things not seen" or felt; and feeling is the fruit, not the root, of faith. Saving faith rests alone upon God's word, not upon feeling. You must believe God receives and cleanses you, *because* He hath affirmed it. This is faith; and it honours God.

Like Israel, you have been brought out of Egypt, where you found deliverance, to Horeb, and the Tabernacle, where you found Him who delivered you, and where you were commanded to "go up and possess the land." Through the wilderness the "cloudy pillar" led the way, and the flowing stream pursued you; and now, you stand at Kadesh-Barnea, listening to the repeated command, "Go up!" Israel refused; and turned, and "wandered," where there "was no way;" for there must be "wanderings" when God's way is rejected. The promised "rest of faith" is not sought: the "bread," the "water," the "grass," to sustain life, these are sought. But the promise, "I will receive you," is as worthy of confidence as the "cloudy pillar,"—is of more value than the pursuing waters, or the "daily manna." Israel "*could* not enter in, *because* of unbelief;" for "they believed not in God, and trusted not in His salvation."

Will you imitate Israel's folly? Is not the word of God a sufficient foundation for your faith? Can you not trust in the promise of God; a promise confirmed by His oath? Is it presumptuous to believe, that God *can*, for "Christ's sake," and *will*, for His own oath's sake, cleanse from sin, and keep from sin, those who will trust in Him for these blessings? Did not Christ come into the world to "save His people *from* their sins?" Is it not *your* sins you now wish to be saved from? Look to Christ, then, to be saved *from* sin. Are your sins great, the inbred corruption obstinate, and determined? Remember, "the Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil,"

and among them, this love of sin, which gives you so much trouble; if you will only trust Him to do it for you.

WHEN CAN I BE HOLY?—*Now*. The blessing of a clean heart is obtained "by faith;" and if "by faith," it must be just as you are, irrespective of merit in yourself; and if just as you are, then it is *now*. If your faith is a *present* act, it brings a *present* salvation. Until you abandon the idea of being wholly saved only in the future, you cannot be saved at all.

And remember, that in resolving to postpone this work, you *determine to do evil*. The command to Christians is, "Come out," and "believe." "Through Christ," you are now to present unto God "your body to be a living sacrifice;" and this "offering," God declares, "I will receive." Do you rightly hear these words? It is the oath-confirmed promise of Jehovah! Do you still hesitate, and say, "I am so unworthy!" This the Lord knows; and Christ knew it when He died for you, that He might become your "sanctification." It is for "Christ's sake," not your own worthiness, that you are received. It is the altar "that sanctifieth the gift." Recollect that it is God who says, "I will receive you;" and He requires you to believe Him as a condition of your being received.

Do you still doubt whether the offering you present is accepted? This is a momentous question! As long as you doubt the veracity of God, you cannot be freed from inbred corruption. The Lord says, "I will receive you." Do you not believe these words? *Can* the Lord be unfaithful to His promise? *Would* Christ have "sanctified" Himself, and died for you, that you "also might be sanctified through the truth," and now refuse to receive the offering He urges you to make?

SHALL I BE HOLY?—*Nay—will* you be holy? Shall God be obeyed? With *you*, by His help, rests the decision of these solemn questions. Before Him, and in view of eternal scenes, let me entreat you to answer them *now*. "To-day" you may—"now" you can—decide; but to-morrow is not yours. To-morrow may find you where there is no "work," nor "device." "To-day if you will hear His voice," God says, "I will receive you." The altar indeed "sanctifieth the gift;" but the offering must be placed upon the altar; and you must
N.

CORNISH METHODIST WORTHIES.

NO. V.

A DISTINGUISHED CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

'To Thee will I, ere morning rise,
Sing songs of sweet thanksgiving;
And yield myself a sacrifice,
As long as I am living.
To Thee my life's declining course
Shall flow with still increasing force,

As to a mighty ocean;
And I will show, for mercies past,
My gratitude, while life shall last,
By acts of deep devotion."

"It was not," says a certain writer, "by intellectual power, like the philosophers of Greece; nor by arms and statesmanship, like the conquerors of Rome; nor by the influence of a sacerdotal order, like the priestly castes of India or of

Egypt; nor even by the patriotic zeal and unshaken endurance of their own Jewish ancestors, that the supremacy of the Apostles was established. It was by the transforming energy of simple goodness, devoted with a childlike faith, through a whole life, to the service of God and man." The lives and writings of these Apostles have influenced, and do influence, the faith and character of Christendom; and they will influence all the readers of God's word to the end of time. There have been also other men, inferior and subordinate to them, and yet men of like spirit and purpose, who have likewise exerted a power upon the men of their own and of after times. In such a class stand John Wesley, and many of "the early Methodist preachers." To this class there also belong not a few more modern Methodist preachers, who have shone to enlighten and to bless mankind.

About thirty years ago, there fell asleep in Jesus Christ a man who, when writing to a friend some time previously, said: "There is a work that conscience, friendship, piety, and everything sacred, constrain me to recommend for your reading. It is a work that abounds with contents more pure, more full, more highly practical, more deeply experimental, and more soundly evangelical, than almost any merely human work I have met with. It is a work, the style of which is its least recommendation; and yet that appears, in my estimation, the best that can be fixed on as a model for writings on theological subjects; for we can find no style more perspicuous, proper, concise, and impressive. But it is now time for me to say, that this favourite work is Wesley's nine volumes of sermons, or what is now published in six volumes."

Concerning a man whose judgment was so correct, and whose heart was so right, as the above extract would

indicate, the Methodist public cannot but desire to possess some information. He was a Cornish man, and one of the "Cornish Methodist Worthies."

Francis Truscott was born in Cornwall, in the parish of Creed, in the year 1766. His parents were not remarkable, either for their personal piety, or for their judicious training of their child. In his youth he had not such preservatives from evil as he afterward judged necessary for children. There was a sad defect both in the instruction given, and in the example set him; and yet he early learnt to read, and early acquired a love for books. No present was more welcome to him, when a boy, than a new book, nor could anything afford him a greater gratification. His first inquiry, when anything new was placed before him, was, "Is it true? Is what I read an authentic relation, or is it fiction?" If untrue, his mind became dissatisfied, and he rejected it. In very early life his mind was deeply impressed with serious things; and thoughts of death, eternity, and judgment, would frequently thrust themselves upon him. But there were none who took him by the hand, and taught him the way of salvation; nor did he receive from any that religious instruction that many others have enjoyed. As he grew up, thus neglected, he became more and more depraved. Influenced by the example of his seniors, he was soon rendered capable of enjoying the most cruel amusements; learning, by degrees, to spend his Sabbaths in pastime, and his leisure-hours in card-playing. This went on until he reached the age of seventeen.

About this time, a young man, a particular friend, one who had been his companion in seeking amusement, appeared to be less inclined to his old pursuits than formerly; and, on a removal from his native place,

became a member of the Methodist Society. As soon as intelligence of this fact reached young Truscott, though he was far from God himself, he felt that the step was a right one, and he prayed that God would enable the young man to remain steadfast in his religious profession. He felt, indeed, that any prayer of his could be but of little avail, for it was the prayer of the wicked. He was persuaded, however, that the intercession of his friend in his behalf might prevail. On the return of this young man to the place whence he had gone, which took place within a few months, the future minister called on him, and, during the interview, was powerfully affected. The thought presented itself to him that, "while his friend seemed like an angel, he was like a devil, and was unfit and unworthy to be in his company."

A few days after this interview, *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* was providentially placed in the hands of the person with whom he resided, and from this book he derived great advantage. He learned the necessity and the attainableness of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. He was convinced of sin, and was led to seek the mercy of God. The Bible, *The Rise and Progress of Religion*, and one of the first hymn-books published by Mr. Wesley, became his companions. In his dwelling, in lone houses, in gardens, in fields, in orchards, and by the way-side, his earnest and importunate cries for mercy were uttered before God. He spent much time in the evenings in the open air. Late one evening in June, in 1783, while on his knees, in an unfrequented spot, he was enabled to believe on Christ unto salvation, and found acceptance with God. He had laboured under conviction of sin for four or five weeks, and then found the liberty of God's dear children. "I thought,"

he said, "if I never came to Christ for salvation before, I may come now; for He invites me to come for rest, and assures me that 'all things are now ready.' Presenting myself to His service, relying on His merits, and earnestly imploring His mercy, my soul waited for the Lord 'more than they that watch for the morning.' Nor did I wait in vain. Gradually as the morning light springs up and increases, so did 'the Day-spring from on high' visit my longing spirit; till all the darkness of unbelief, and all the gloom of doubt, were entirely dispersed." In that moment he felt that Christ was exceedingly precious to his soul, and he could joyfully sing,—

"It is the Day-spring from on high,
The adamant rock,
Whence never storm can make me fly,
That fears no earthquake's shock:
My Jesus Christ, my sure defence,
My Saviour, and my Light
That shines within, and scatters thence
Dark phantoms of the night."

That his faith was evangelical, and of the operation of God, he saw no reason to doubt. He now saw that salvation was in the promise, and that faith, though weak in itself, when fixed in the faithfulness of God through Jesus Christ, becomes mighty. He had now "a grasp of that rope the higher end of which is in heaven, at the right hand of God, by whose power he was lifted from the depths of condemnation and woe." From the time of this change, with Mr. Truscott all things became new. Previously it ever seemed as if nature had no pleasant voice for him, but now it appeared as if the earth had been renewed. The fields, the trees, the grazing cattle, and all the beauties of nature, united to reflect the glory, and to sound forth the praises of Jehovah.

"The Alps array'd in stainless snow,
The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
Like altar-fires to God.

"The cedar and the mountain-pine,
The willow, on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine,
In reverence bend to Him."

The young man now joined the Methodist Society, and became the "band-mate" of him to whose prayers he considered himself to be greatly indebted. Their usual place of meeting was a retired spot in the open air; for they feared that, if they met in the chapel, which stood by the side of the road, they should be overheard by their neighbours. Like David and Jonathan, they went together into the fields, and strengthened each other's hands in the God of Israel. They were soon joined by others, who, in the simple, fervent, and unreserved mutual communications which marked their meetings, found great encouragement and stimulus in the Divine life.

The subject of this sketch was about seventeen years old when he received his first Society ticket, in September, 1783. By the grace of God he was enabled to be faithful, and his consolations greatly abounded. His stock of knowledge was small, but he thirsted for mental improvement, and boldly encountered difficulties in his attempts to secure it. His books were few, and his opportunities for reading were also few; but his determination was strong, and his efforts persevering. A plain old Bible, without note or comment, was a delight to him. Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion* still continued to be of great service; and he derived both pleasure and profit from reading the Methodist Magazines.

There were many other young persons who joined the Methodist Society about the same time that young Truscott did; but there was something that distinguished him and his peculiar friend from the majority. He consequently received more than ordinary attention from the older

members of Society, and was soon called on to engage in the public services, in the prayer-meetings, and to give a "word of exhortation" to his neighbours. In weakness, with much fear, and without designing it to be a text, he quoted, in his first attempt, a passage from Amos: "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit," &c. He dwelt on the last clause of the passage, "Now, therefore, hear thou the word of the Lord." He found great liberty in speaking, and God owned his labour. In the year 1785, under the superintendence of the Rev. William Myles, he was placed on the St. Austell circuit-plan, as a Local preacher, and was sent out into the villages to preach. He went cheerfully to this work, both on the Lord's day, and sometimes in the evenings of other days. God was with him, and blessed him.

In the year 1787, Mr. Truscott was appointed to travel, as a Methodist preacher, in the Pembroke circuit. His appointment was unexpected, and yet he received it with joy, regarding it as a call from God. He embarked at St. Ives, and sailed for Swansea. He spent Sunday, and preached twice, in the Swansea circuit. On Monday he rode on horseback to a place within ten miles of a town in the Pembroke circuit, and then walked the remaining part of the journey, carrying all his wardrobe and library in a cotton shawl, and still retaining a few shillings in his pocket. He was kindly received, and had no little sympathy shown him. His superintendent, Mr. Dufton, was a most affectionate and wise father to him; greatly assisting him in his studies, and often giving him judicious counsel. With his colleagues Mr. Truscott worked harmoniously, and derived much benefit from association with them. He was compelled to read, and think, and pray more than

he had ever done, for he had often to preach to the same people. He felt his deficiency, even in the matter of general education, and he laboured hard to supply it. After a year profitably spent, he removed to the Glamorgan Circuit. He had to endure the then usual trials of a Methodist preacher,—very small rooms, and damp beds; from the effects of which last he suffered in all the after years of his life. His journeys were long, and had to be taken often through snow, sometimes so deep that he had to lead his horse over the gates that crossed the roads. During this year, however, a very considerable amount of good was done; yet he upbraided himself with indolence. He felt that, having had but little time for reading, he had not done the best that he might have done with that little; and he spoke of the year as being “one nearly lost.” This was his own view, however; and one founded rather in self-jealousy than in fact.

(*To be concluded.*)

SATURDAY-NIGHT MEDITATION.

“Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.” (James v. 19, 20.)

It is clear that these words were spoken to those who were converted, for the Apostle speaks to them about the conversion of others; a thing it is not probable that he would have done, unless they were themselves converted. They had not only been convinced, and felt the need of piety,—they had not only inquired about religion,—but they had been *converted*. The Apostle speaks, in the first chapter, of their experience, and says: “Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth.” From this it is clear that they had been

regenerated, and that this had been effected by the Divine word. And this is the great change that we must all experience, or we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.

They not only were possessors of religion, but they *professed* it; for he calls them “brethren.” There are some who desire to get to heaven; but they do not join the church on earth. It is our *duty* to join the church on earth. We must remember that in days of old, they who “feared the Lord spake often one to another.” There are great privileges connected with the church: let us all share them. There are burdens connected with the church: let us all bear them.

The Apostle says, “If any of you do err from the truth.” This was a thing that was very probable, when we bear in mind that the days in which these Christians lived were days of persecution. Many of them were burnt at the stake, and others had to take the spoiling of their goods. Now while this persecution was thus raging, many timid ones fell away, and declared, like Peter, that they did not know their Lord. And we are never to forget that, though the days of persecution are over, yet still there is great danger lest we should “err from the truth.” The storm is over; but sailors tell us that they would rather be in a storm than a *calm*. In the storm they may possibly move along, but in the calm they can do nothing. O, how many have erred from the faith, and lost their souls in the calm! Many have served God when they were poor. But they became rich. Then they left the church of their fathers, and went to some other more fashionable church. Next they went to the world; and, if the mercy of God do not prevent, they will be found in the “broad way” at last.

What is our duty towards one that errs from the faith? Is it to wonder

at him, to treat him coldly, to pass on the other side when we see him? No: we should use all means for his conversion. This is our duty, indeed, whether those who err have been previously converted, or not. It is the great business of the church to labour for the conversion of the world. This work may be done on all days; but on the Lord's day additional facilities present themselves. In order to prepare us for this blessed employment on the coming day, let us this evening meditate,—

I. On the *modes* to be adopted by Christians for the conversion of sinners.

II. The *motives* that should influence them in this great work.

I. The *modes*, or methods, to be adopted by Christians for the conversion of sinners. We take it for granted, that all who love Christ will feel His love constraining them to do all that in them lies for the salvation of men. For us to feel no interest in the salvation of others, is proof that we feel little with regard to our own salvation,—that we feel nothing of the “love of Christ.” But the man who truly loves Christ will ask, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” If we ask this question sincerely, and are heartily desiring the good of others, we shall be ready to ask another,—Can we not *think* about the salvation of souls? Our thoughts are not always necessarily occupied about our families and business; there are intervals of leisure in which we may think about souls. There are many who never feel about them; and, therefore, do nothing for their welfare, because they have never properly *thought* about them. David says, “I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies.” Had there been no thinking about his ways, there would not have been any turning to God. So it is with regard to our efforts to do good to others.

Let us think about the nature and powers of precious souls: that the least child, or the meanest beggar, possesses a soul of more value than all the material worlds that God ever created. Think of the danger of sinners: that, while unconverted, they are every moment in danger of sinking into the depths of eternal woe. Let us think of what has been paid for their salvation. That they have all been “bought with a price;” the price of the death and blood of the Son of God.

“A price so great, no price beyond.”

Let us think of the opportunities that we have already allowed to slip unimproved; and that if any perish through our neglect, their blood will be required at our hand.

2. We ought to *feel* about souls. We are not to think about them in a cold and inanimate manner, but to look at them until what we see shall affect the heart. We cannot think properly about them unless we do feel. We ought to think until we feel as David did when he said, “I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved;” and until, like Jeremiah, we can “weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.” We ought to feel, as far as possible, as Jesus did “when He came out and saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd.” And this feeling ought not to be occasional, but regular and constant, and even augmenting, as the miseries of the world are continuous, and even, in many respects, increasing.

3. We ought to *speak* to persons with regard to their souls. Some of the wicked have doubted if professors really believed the Christian religion, because they never warned them of the danger to which they were exposed while unconverted. But in order that we may speak to persons

with effect, it must be done in a proper manner. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" It should be done when they are alone. The season of *affliction*, also, affords a fine opportunity for speaking to men in reference to their salvation. Many a sinner has been converted into a saint by sanctified affliction; so that, with David, he could say, "It was good for me that I have been afflicted."

4. We ought to *invite* the people to hear the word of God. It is an awful fact, brought to light by the Census of 1851, that several millions of the population of England and Wales go to no place of worship. We talk, very properly, of the millions of the heathen world abroad; but let us also think, feel, and work for the millions of the heathen at home.

We ought to visit these neglected ones, and, if possible, bring them under the influence of the Gospel. In order that we may visit them with effect, it is well to be furnished with suitable tracts. These are now abundant and appropriate, and they have been blessed by God, in not a few instances, to the salvation of many a "lost" one.

If we cannot prevail on people to come to the house of God, at least we can read and expound the Scriptures to them in their own houses. We must not only employ others to go into the field of Home Missions, but we must not neglect to work in it ourselves.

5. We should *pray* for souls. All the other means will be useless without this. It is not "by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."

Let us pray for the salvation of souls *regularly*. There should be a special time set apart for this purpose every day. We should pray for particular persons, especially our own relatives, who are unconverted. How awful will it be if these should perish,

and thus we should be separated from them everlastingly. In order to pray with success, it would be well to have a list of persons for whose salvation we are particularly solicitous. Many of the eminent people of God have had such a list. They have placed upon it the names of those whose conversion they most ardently desired: let us go and do likewise.

Let our prayers be urgent and persevering. We have a most encouraging example in the memorable case of Elias, presented to our view in the context. And, although it may be suggested that we cannot pray as Elias did, yet we are informed he was a "man subject to like passions as we are." As he accomplished wonders by prayer, so may we.

6. The *last* method that we shall name, as important to adopt for the spiritual good of others, is to *live* for them. It is easy for us to do much, in certain ways, for the good of souls, and yet to undo all by our lives. How many sinners have stumbled over the faults of professors of religion! Let us live so as to convince the world that our religion is worth the having. Let our lives be a constant practical reproof of ungodliness. By the help of God, let us so live that it may be said of us, as of a certain preacher, "that he thundered in his preaching, and lightened in his life."

If all these means be used constantly, perseveringly, and in faith, they cannot but be successful; for God has declared, "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

II. Let us now, for a moment, consider the *motives* that should actuate us in this work.

1. The first motive named in the text is, "Shall save a *soul*." To save material property, the firemen and others will rush into the flames. In quenching great fires they face appal-

ling dangers. If this is done to save earthly property, what ought not we to do to save the precious soul, that may live and flourish in immortal bloom when all the property of earth shall be reduced to ashes? "Shall save a soul!" Not the *life* of a man, though to save this many have risked their own. How frequently, in the case of shipwreck, have persons exposed their lives to the greatest danger, in order that they might be the means of saving others from death. And if these efforts are made to save the lives of men, what ought not we to do to save their souls?

2. "Shall save a soul from *death*,"—spiritual death, which consists in everlasting alienation from God, and the being subject to His wrath and curse. The soul in whose conversion we are instrumental will be saved from this death, and be brought into a state of spiritual life, such as was felt by the believers in the church at Ephesus, of whom the Apostle says, "You hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins."

3. But there is another death besides spiritual death. There is "the fire that is not quenched." Think of this as described in the word of God, especially bearing in mind its everlasting continuance. No efforts will then appear too great for us to make in order to save men from it.

4. "Shall hide a *multitude of sins*." Every sinner has been guilty of "a multitude of sins." He may say, with David, "My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head." But when a man is converted, these sins are all hidden; for they are forgiven. "Blessed is the man whose sins are forgiven, whose iniquities are covered." His sins are then "cast into the depths of the sea, to be remembered against him no more for ever."

5. But he who is instrumental in the conversion of a sinner from the error of his way, "shall hide a mul-

titude of sins," also, by way of *prevention*. All the sins of which he would have been guilty, but for his conversion, will be then prevented. Thus, for instance, suppose a sinner, a drunkard, and perhaps guilty of almost all other sins, were to be converted at the age of thirty, and afterwards to live until sixty, all the sins of which he would have been guilty from the one age to the other would be prevented; so that we not only cut off the streams of sin, but the fountain is dried up. What a motive is here to make us work for God!

In conclusion, the Apostle says, "Let him *know*" it. Let him know it, as the merchant knows of an opportunity of gaining wealth; and, knowing it, reduces his knowledge to practice; making use of all means for the attainment of his object. So let it be with us. Let this knowledge stimulate us to gain those souls that are more precious than all the gold the world contains.

E. R.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

OUR spiritual constitution must be *braced*, not only that we may be strong for work or fight, but that we may be proof against the infection of the times; against the poison with which the god of this world, "the prince of the power of the air," has impregnated our atmosphere. For this we need not only the "strong meat" recommended by the Apostle, (Heb. v. 12—14,) but the keen fresh mountain-air of trial, vicissitude, and hardship; by means of which we shall be made hardy in constitution, and robust in frame; impervious to the contagion around, whether that come from ecclesiastical pictorialism or religious liberalism; impregnable against the assaults of Satan the Pharisee, or Satan the Sadducee. They who have slid into a creed, (they know not how,) or dreamed

themselves into it, or been swept into it by the crowd; they to whom the finding of a creed has been a matter of reading, education, or emotion; they to whom faith has been but the result of an *intellectual* conflict, *not a life and death struggle of conscience*,—these possess not the true power of resistance. They carry no disinfecting virtue, no error-repelling power, about with them: the epidemics of the age tell sorely upon them; and, even though they may have taken hold of the truth, it becomes evident that the truth has not taken hold of them. In a time of uncertainty, scepticism, speculation, false progress, we need to recognise the full meaning of the apostolic "we know," (1 John v. 19, 20,) "we believe," (2 Cor. iv. 13,) "we are confident," (2 Cor. v. 6,) "we are persuaded." (2 Tim. i. 12). For that which is Divine must be *true*; and that which is revealed must be *certain*; and that which is thus Divinely true and certain must be *immortal*. Like the results of the exact sciences, it is fixed; not varying with men and ages. That which *was* true, is true, and *shall be* true for ever. It is the more needful to recognise all this, because the ground underneath us has been thoroughly mined, and is very largely hollow; a process of sceptical decomposition and disintegration has been going on, the extent of which will soon be manifest when the treacherous crust gives way.*

* "The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," says the philosophic poet of the age; and the maxim seems accepted. In so far as the widening thoughts are *honest developments* of revelation, the maxim will only express the apostolic "going on unto perfection," "increasing in the knowledge of God." In so far as they are the results of disengagement from the trammels of revelation, they will express nothing but the progress of uncontrolled free-thinking.

At the same time let us beware, in the details of personal religion, merely of repeating the past, or getting up an imitation of religion. The genuine in life does not thus repeat itself; nor does it need to do so. The living face of man is of a certain type; yet each face varies from its fellow. The Holy Spirit's work is not to form mere statues. He produces *life*, and life is always varied. It is death that repeats itself. As silence is always the same, so is it with death. The presence of life is the security against tame monotony. The larger the infusion of life, the greater the diversity, not of gifts merely, but of beauty, and fruit, and power. Let us not, then, seek the living among the dead, nor try to revivify old forms. Let us place ourselves simply in the hands of the quickening Spirit. He will pour into us the fulness of a diversified, fruitful, healthful life. The evil in us is too strong for any power save Omnipotence. The *resistance of a human will* is too powerful for philosophy or logic, or poetry or eloquence. The Holy One alone can make us holy.

Life is not one battle, but many. It is made up, too, of defeats as well as victories. Let us not be unduly troubled, or grow moody, when a battle is lost. There is mostly time to win another; and such a thing as flight, or "demoralization," should be unknown in the army of the living God. It is the *lost* battles of the world—like Thermopylae—that have told most on a nation's history. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle." (Ps. xviii. 39.)

The Christian life is a great thing; one of the greatest things on earth. Made up of daily *littles*, it is yet in itself not a little thing; but in so far as it is truly lived, whether by poor or rich, by child or full-grown man, noble throughout; a part of that

great whole, in which, and by which, is to be made known to the principalities and powers in heavenly places, the manifold wisdom of God. (Eph. iii. 10.)

It does not need to be a *long* life : a short one may be as true and holy as a long one. A short one is not a failure. John the Baptist's was, perhaps, the shortest ministry in the church ; yet it was no failure : it was one of the greatest successes. "He was a burning and a shining light." We do not need to say, profanely, "Whom the gods love, die young ;" but we may say that it does not need the threescore years and ten to unfold the beauties of holiness.

If the new life were the mere rubbing off the rust of the old ; if the sweetening of the Marah-well of our corrupt nature were but a common, non-miraculous process ; if all goodness be within the easy reach of any earnest man ; if a refined literature, and a liberalised theology, and the cultivation of the beautiful, and social science, and a wider range of genial recreation, be the cure for all the evil that is in us, and in our age ; then there has been much ado about trifles, the Bible is an exaggeration, and the gift of the Holy Spirit a superfluous exhibition of power. If sin be but a common scar or wrinkle, to be erased from the soul's surface by a few simple touches ; if pardon be a mere figure of speech, meaning God's wide benevolence, or good-natured indifference to evil ; why tell of wrath, and fire, and judgment, the never-dying worm, and the ever-rising smoke ? Does God love to torment His creatures by harsh words, or fill their imaginations with images of woe which He does not intend shall be felt ? Or why did the Son of God suffer, and weep, and grieve ? If error be but a trifle, a foible, a freak at worst ; or if it be a display of honest purpose, and the inevitable result of free thought ; why is the "strong delu-

sion" (literally, "the energy of error") spoken of so awfully ; "that they all might be damned who believed not the truth ;" (2 Thess. ii. 12 ;) and why did the Lord Himself say, once and again, in reference to false doctrine, "WHICH THING I HATE ?"

As the strongest, yet calmest, thing in the world is *light* ; so should a Christian life be the strongest and greatest, as well as the calmest and brightest. As the only perfectly straight line is a *ray of light*, and as the purest of substances is sunshine, so ought our course to be, and so should we seek to shine as lights in the world ; reflections of Him who is its light ; the one straight, pure thing on earth.

Let us, then, SHINE ! Stars, indeed, not suns ; but still stars, not tapers nor meteors. Let us *shine* ! Giving, perhaps, slender light, but that light certain and pure ; enough to say to men "it is night," lest they mistake ; but not enough to bring day : enough to guide the seeking or the erring in the true direction, but not enough to illuminate the world. The sun alone can do that. It is the *sun* that shows us the landscape ; *stars* show but themselves. Let us, then, show ourselves beyond mistake. The day when all things shall be seen in full, warm light, is the day of the great sun-rising.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand." We shall not set, nor be clouded ; we shall simply lose ourselves in light. And we need not grudge thus losing ourselves, when we call to mind that the splendour in which our light is to be absorbed, is that of the everlasting Sun. It is His increasing that is to be our decreasing ; and shall we not say, "This my joy therefore is fulfilled."

—Benar.

"AND HE WAS NOT, FOR GOD
TOOK HIM."

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field;
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper, keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.

'Twas death to sin,—'twas life
To all who mourn'd for sin;
It kindled, and it silenced strife,
Made war, and peace, within.

Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.

Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the Cross.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God, prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,—

His spirit with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.
—*Montgomery.*

SKETCHES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

V.

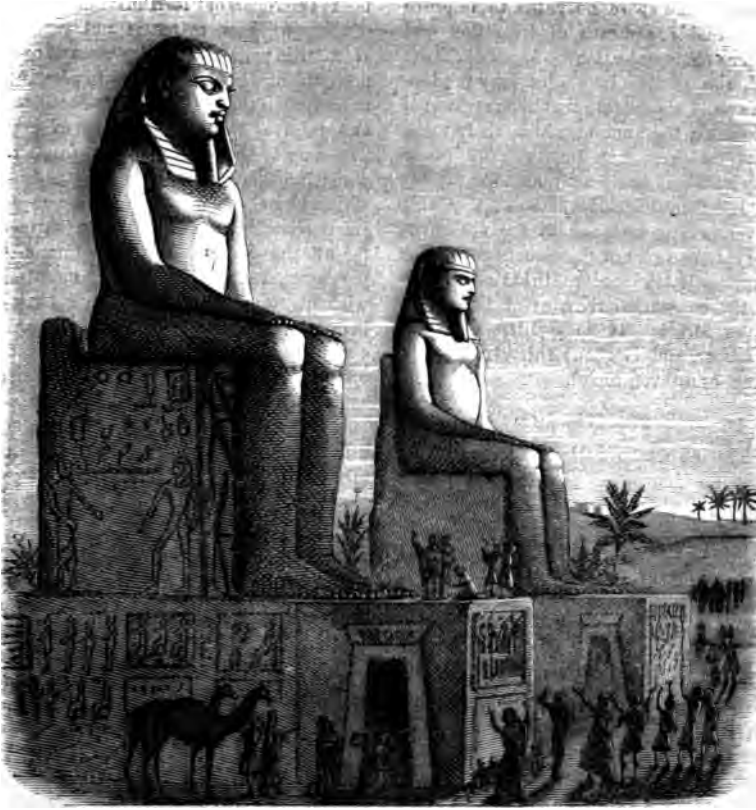
THE GREAT SPHINX—THE LAKE MÖRIS—
THE LABYRINTH—HIEROGLYPHICS—
THE MEMNON STATUE.

AT the eastern end of the elevated plain of Ghizeh stands a worthy companion of the huge pyramids, the Great Sphinx. It was intended to represent a fabulous monster, having the bust of a man, and the body and legs of a lion. The symbolical meaning of this strange figure may have been the combination of intellect and strength,—the *man* and the *lion*.

It is carved out of the solid rock; and, before the sands of the desert had encroached upon it, or the hand of the scornful Moslem had defaced it,—when it stood in its original freshness, un mutilated and entire,—its lines of well-carved sculpture, and vast proportion, must have made it one of Egypt's most renowned monuments. The height of this enormous statue reaches nearly one hundred feet, the length of the body is one hundred and forty feet, and the paws extend fifty feet more. Between the paws was an altar, where sacrifices were presented to one of the chief Egyptian gods; and here, in front of the towering colossus, the worshippers laid their offerings. The Great Sphinx was carved long after the erection of the neighbouring pyramids, and is supposed to be rather a Theban, than a Memphite, work; which may have been intended "to commemorate the final incorporation of the country of the pyramids with the dominions of Thebes."

This opinion traces it to the reign of Thothmes III.; but Bunsen is inclined to assign it to Thothmes IV., who is represented, in a tablet on the breast of the Sphinx, offering incense and libations.

The Lake Möris, north of Heracleopolis Magna, and to the west of the Nile,



(*Colossal Statues of Menmon.*)

was a fertile district, anciently called the Nome of Arsinoë, occupying more than three hundred square miles, and now known as the province of Faioum. This territory was celebrated for its Lake and its Labyrinth.

Early historians speak of the Lake as having been, at one time, sufficiently large to be navigated by the largest Egyptian vessels. It is said to have communicated with the Nile by a canal fifty feet broad. When the Nile rose higher than usual, the Lake received the overflowing water that would otherwise have injured the surrounding lands, and thus an abundant supply was also retained for the season of deficiency.

By this means a large area of well-cultivated fields yielded their usual crops,

when elsewhere there was dearth and suffering from scanty harvests.

According to some, this Lake was an artificial work, dug at almost incredible expense and toil by one of the early Kings, Pharaoh Moeris; hence its name, the Lake Moeris. Others consider that, instead of being entirely artificial, it was originally a smaller expanse of water, which successive monarchs, alive to its importance, and its capability of being turned to further advantage, deepened and enlarged, until it became a sort of inland sea. Such a lake, in a country with the physical peculiarities of Egypt, must have been, in many ways, a source of considerable wealth; and we can easily imagine that men of the activity, skill, and industry which

were characteristic of the ancient Egyptians, would spare no pains to improve so valuable a means of irrigation and inter-communication. Moreover, the fisheries of this lake were very productive; and we are told that at one season of the year, the sum at which their value was reckoned was nearly £200 every day; and, at the least abundant period, £60. One historian tells us that this revenue was assigned to the Queen of Egypt, as a sort of "pin-money." Some suppose that the modern Birket-el-Keroun is the contracted remains of the great Lake Mœris. It is a little south of Daahoor, and is about thirty-five miles long, and seven broad.

The Labyrinth.

The structure called the Labyrinth was an immense pile of buildings, which, perhaps, equalled, if it did not exceed, the labour and expense bestowed upon the Great Pyramid. The traditions of an early and silly legend give a curious account of the origin of this vast and costly edifice of courts, porticoes, colonnades, sculptures, and sepulchres. It was said that an ancient king, while hunting, was driven by his dogs into the Lake Mœris, and was in danger of being drowned; when (who would have thought it?) not a boat,—no such ordinary and common-place aid,—but a kind, friendly *crocodile*! came to his help, and bore him safely on his back to the shore. The grateful monarch, rescued in so wonderful a fashion, to commemorate the event, built the city of Crocodilopolis, for the worship of his preserver; and the Labyrinth for his own tomb. Apart from the queer creations of this strange myth, it is hardly probable that so vast a structure would be the work of one man. It is more likely that it was erected, according to another historian, by several kings who reigned contemporaneously, and who are thought to have assembled there, at times, for certain public celebrations. There were upper and lower apartments; but admission was allowed to the former only, as the latter were said to contain the mummies of the sacred crocodiles, and several kings. According to one Grecian historian, there were several

beautiful palaces, corresponding in number to the *Nomes* or "territorial divisions" of Egypt: how many is not certain. Here "the priests and priestesses of each department were accustomed to assemble in solemn conclave, to offer sacrifices, and resolve difficult questions of law. The way to the courts within (each of which was surrounded by a colonnade of white stone) was through a series of small chambers. It contained shrines for all the gods of Egypt; columns of porphyry, idols, statues, and monsters without number." The upper chambers, numbering, according to one calculation, as many as fifteen hundred, opened into each other in such a manner as to bewilder a stranger, as he hopelessly wandered from one to another, unable to make his way into the interior. Hence, the Labyrinth.

Hieroglyphics.

The tombs, temples, and obelisks of Egypt abound with pictorial and symbolical inscriptions; some of which, by dint of most laborious and patient research, extending through many years, have been deciphered; but the interpretation of others still exercises and baffles the most skilful and ingenious student.

Egyptologists divide hieroglyphic writings into Hieratic (used by the priest-sages for sacred and scientific subjects alone) and Demotic, or enchorial, defined as "a kind of current hand for popular use, approaching very nearly to alphabetical writing." A further classification separates hieroglyphic writing into the pictorial, indicating merely the object represented; the symbolical, setting forth some idea popularly associated with the figure employed; and the phonetic, giving the initial sound or letter of the name of the object represented. This is a very general description of a most elaborate system of singular signs, which we cannot fully enter into. The following illustrations will serve, however, to explain, in leading outline, the nature of the hieroglyphic characters.

The pictorial hieroglyphics are simply, as the word indicates, pictures of the objects in question. For example: a censer, a loaf, a boat, an antelope, a temple, a man, a child, the sun, the

moon, would, in this simplest, and perhaps earliest, style, signify the objects themselves thus sculptured. The symbolical hieroglyphics were more complex than the preceding. They were not intended to describe the figures actually portrayed, but to express some quality which they were supposed to represent. "Thus an eye was put for seeing; a throne, for royalty; a sceptre, for a king; a jackal, for cunning; the lotus-plant, for Upper Egypt; the papyrus, for Lower Egypt; an ibis, an ox, or a crocodile, for the deities to which those animals were considered sacred. This symbolical use was extended not only to physical and mental acts, but to abstract ideas: a verb transitive was denoted by a pair of *legs walking*; the negative conjunction, by two arms in an attitude of repulsion; and the human soul, by head and face, with wings."

The hieroglyphics, which Champollion called phonetic, consists of the initial letters of the names of given objects arranged so as to form particular words. In this manner an eagle, called *akhom*, would represent the letter *a*; a lion, called *labo*, the letter *l*; a hand, called *tot*, the letter *t*; a cup, called *klapht*, the letter *k*. Here would be, in point of fact, a sort of system of alphabetical characters. Professor Eadie gives the following illustration:—"If I wish to depict London in English hieroglyphics, I take a figure of—

The Lion	L	{ which would at the same time symbo- lize	Bravery.
The Oak	O	"	Ship-building.
The North Star	N	"	Wide dominion.
The Deck	D	"	Maritime power.
The Owl	O	"	Science, wisdom.
The Nave of a Temple	{ N	"	Religion."

In the last year of the last century a relic was dug up in Egypt which has proved of immense service in opening up some of the long-hidden secrets of the hieroglyphic inscriptions. This was an oblong stone slab, found by an officer of the French army near the mouth of the Rosetta branch of the Nile. This stone is engraved in three lines: "the uppermost in hieroglyphics, the second in eucharial, the third in Greek, which

purports to be a translation of the other two." The Greek text was deciphered and interpreted by two eminent Greek scholars, Porson and Heyne; and was found to be a decree, sculptured in these three different characters, which Egyptian priests, assembled at Memphis, had promulgated in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes, B.C. 196.

This treasure, called from the place where it was discovered, the Rosetta stone, came into the possession of the English after the battle of Alexandria; and it is now one of the chief objects of interest in the British Museum.

Notwithstanding a long period of persevering inquiry, in which some of the most acute and accomplished scholars have spared no pains to make the old Egyptian hieroglyphics speak an intelligible language, a great deal yet remains a complete mystery; while much that has been translated cannot be stated as more than probable conjecture.

Among the old Theban monuments of Egypt are two colossal statues, of very early date, which have often been mentioned in the pages of the historian.

Although sculptured in a sitting posture, they measure a height of sixty feet, and each is cut out of a single block of stone.

At one time they probably formed the entrance to a grand avenue, flanked by massive figures, and which led up to a magnificent edifice which combined both palace and temple. One of these statues is the celebrated "vocal Memnon." It was the Greeks who gave to it the name of Memnon; and, according to one tradition, it represented a warlike king of Ethiopia, who carried his victories into Egypt, and made remoter lands feel the terror of his power. This monarch, spoken of as the son of Aurora and Tithonus, was said to have joined his uncle Priam at the siege of Troy, with an army of ten thousand men. The real historical truth of the matter, however, seems to be that this Memnon is the statue of an Egyptian king of the eighteenth dynasty. This appears from a hieroglyphic inscription, on the chair or throne on which the figure is seated, and which records the name of Amenophis. That which rendered this statue

so remarkable was the belief that, at the dawn of every morning, a sound issued from it in salutation of the rising sun. But another account states that the sound was emitted not in the morning but in the evening, and was a plaintive note, uttered as a sorrowful farewell to the day.

That sounds did at certain times proceed from it was, in ancient times, very generally believed; and various explanations have been given of the supposed phenomenon, although some reject the whole thing as a mere fable. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, who carefully examined the figure, relates that he found a stone in its lap, "which, on being struck, yielded a sound as of brass." A more recent traveller says, that on his first visit he could find no such power of giving forth any sound; but, that on a subsequent trial, "on being struck in a particular place it rang like brass."

The entire question of this *vocal Memnon* has been well stated in the following remarks. "The accounts vary too much to inspire any confidence in the vocal power ascribed to the statue, and yet are too numerous, and were too generally received, not to demand some attention. Those who reason upon the description of it as a sharp and sudden sound emitted from the statue, suppose it to have been constructed of some kind of sonorous stone, capable of being expanded or contracted by the rarefaction of the air, or the general temperature of the morning and evening. Others who receive the more enlarged accounts of its varied tones, have conjectured that some strings, easily affected by heat or cold, might be concealed within the statue, which the warmth of the morning might brace, and that the breeze which usually accompanies the rising and setting of the sun might have access through some small and artfully-contrived apertures, acting upon these strings as upon an *Æolian harp*. Humboldt speaks of peculiar sounds rising from the rocks, at sunrise, on the banks of the Orinoco; and modern geologists have occasionally heard similar music. But, if the fact be conceded, there seems to be no good reason why we may not suppose that the sound was conveyed to

the statue through concealed pipes, from some vault or cavern, which may long since have been filled up, so that the notes would appear to come from the statue itself; since we know that such contrivances were subsequently common to the several oracles of Greece."

We will give just a brief quotation from an ancient Grecian author, to show the extravagant demand which the Egyptians made upon the credulity of their foreign visitors in describing their colossal wonder. "The statue of Memnon is turned towards the sun; the hands are pressing the seat, for the figure is in readiness to rise. This attitude, and the intelligence of the eyes, and all the wonders they tell about his speaking, produce, as they say, only a partial effect while the statue is inactive. But when the rays strike the stone, which is at sunrise, then the spectators cannot restrain their admiration; for the statue utters a sound as soon as the beams have touched his lips; and his eyes seem to gaze on the light, as men do who are fond of looking at the sun. They say, moreover, that the attitude of the statue produces the impression of his appearing to rise up to do honour to the sun, as men do who rise to pay their respects to a superior." However, it does not seem that he did actually rise! This would have been a little too much to "say."

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

III.

(Concluded from page 153.)

Lycidas. Our business, *Penseroso*, might be to talk, and to settle, in our quiet way, the affairs of mankind. Do you think we could write a book, and renovate the world?

Penseroso. I believe we could write a book; but as for persuading the world to buy it, read it, and abide by it, we are hardly young enough to hope for that.

L. No. However, we may, at all events, pursue our theme of yesterday for our own instruction. We have left the obstinate and the slow of heart. Who come next?

P. Those who "walk by faith, not by sight." The class is honourable, and on the highest authority, blessed.

L. Doubtless you can find many examples.

P. There are many. Among the rest we have the patriarch Noah, whose history, for one hundred and twenty years, is given in a sentence. "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house."

L. A marvellous performance! Were a man to build with a similar purpose in our days, we should pronounce him a fanatic.

P. Such we should pronounce him, and such he would be. But what even an enthusiast might shrink from doing, Noah in his sober senses did. For faith has a privilege; and, when Heaven authorizes, may place its foot *anywhere*.

L. What a calling was that of the patriarch!—But could he have led the chosen people out of Egypt, or faced Ahab and the false prophets, or withstood King Nebuchadnezzar?

P. The man who built the ark could do much, though not every thing at once. *He fulfilled his calling.*

L. We are not called to believe that the world will be destroyed by a flood. Our duty is *not* to build an ark.

P. True; yet faith, obedient faith, is still our calling: faith in God and in Christ, especially in Christ as our Redeemer.

L. But are we not to hold fast every part of our creed?

P. Certainly: yet there is a wide difference between holding a creed and exercising faith. Nor is it in the nature of things that a man should *believe, act faith*, in the whole truth, and in every part of it, at once. Human intellect is narrow; and when the attention is strongly fixed upon one point, it almost necessarily neglects others. Moreover, dispensations and circumstances vary. Accordingly there is often something *special* in each man's faith. Joshua believes that the Lord will help him to conquer Canaan; Simeon, that he shall not depart till he has seen the Messiah;

Paul, that his crew shall be brought safely to shore.

L. I quite agree with all this; nor, to say the truth, can I see that in such cases as you have mentioned, it matters much how faith is exercised, or what special point is sought and gained by its exercise, supposing always that the Spirit, the word, and the Providence of God are followed.

P. Let me add that the turn of mind, the way of thinking, is not of the last importance, if only below everything there be heartfelt confidence. What matters it whether a man in trouble says that the arm of the Almighty will be stretched out on his behalf, or that the wisdom of God will plan some deliverance? In either case his words express faith in God.

L. I have heard more than once, that to have faith is an easier task in prosperity than in adversity.

P. Have you ever heard the assertion confirmed by example or Scripture?

L. I think not. You remind me, however, of our Lord's words: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

P. Well quoted. But whichever be the easier task, it is a great thing to walk always by faith.

"This faith, in the dark,
Pursuing its mark
Through many sharp trials of love,
Finds a sorrowful waste,
That is to be pass'd,
In the way to the Canaan above."

L. When, in your opinion, is a man a strong Christian believer?

P. When he is so "strengthened with might by the Spirit in his inner man that Christ dwells in his heart by faith."—Shall we proceed to our last class?

L. Yes: I am curious to know of whom it consists. I cannot see how you can go farther than "walking by faith, not by sight."

P. I cannot go farther; and, in truth, my last class is only a select part of the third, and consists of those who *believe, not only without, but against appearances.*

L. You can hardly mean to say that

any man is required *constantly* to hope against hope, and believe against appearance?

P. No: not Abraham himself is required constantly to believe in impossibilities. But the Father of the faithful and others have been called once, or more than once, to exercise extraordinary faith.

L. But are any believers excused?

P. From what I have already said, it appears that I think so. But now that you put the question, I hardly know what answer to make. To weak believers trifles are difficulties. A fretful Christian (there is a juxtaposition of words! Please not to blame me, but those whose conduct makes the words good sense) can magnify a mole-hill into a mountain. Who is to be the judge of what is, or is not, believing against appearances?

L. You for once.

P. I do not offer a judgment, but an opinion. I should say that many are excused. And yet if some, why not all, Lycidas?

L. Ask me in eternity, and I may be able to tell you. At present, faith is my universal solvent.

P. Mine too, I hope.

L. Well, does this extraordinary faith imply any unusual effort on the part of the believer?

P. Certainly not, if it—

“Laughs at impossibilities.”

No doubt the Spirit of God *can*, and sometimes *does*, give power to exercise tranquil faith under any circumstances.

“I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll:

“But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor clouds nor storms can rise.”

Yet to believe against appearances generally requires a strong effort. That effort may rise to violence or agony.

L. In this terrible strife, where is reason? Driven hopeless and confounded off the field of battle?

P. Not exactly; though her only office just now may be to assist faith in maintaining that the God of all reason

and of all good cannot err or be unkind. *With reason*, and *in faith*, a man may exclaim, “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!” How sorely tried was the man who uttered these grand words!

L. Yes.

“——— But his patience won.”

And the “end of the Lord” justified his confidence.—But a strong believer is also sometimes tried by direct and personal conflict with “principalities and powers.”

P. He is.

“O who can explain This struggle for life!
This travail and pain, This trembling and strife!

Plague, earthquake, and famine, And tumult,
and war,

The wonderful coming Of Jesus declare.

“For every fight Is dreadful and loud!
The warrior’s delight Is slaughter and blood,
His foes overturning, Till all shall expire,—
But this is with burning, And fuel of fire,”

L. You do not, after all, seem to tremble much for your spiritual heroes.

P. In truth there is little need. The danger is more apparent than real. By the time that a man has put on the spiritual armour, and cut his way to the thickest of the fight, he is, I hope, pretty safe. Let the deserters and the camp-followers tremble. An unseen hand holds the scales.

L. You remind me of a fine passage in the *Paradise Lost*.

P. I suppose you refer to one at the close of the fourth book, where Satan meditates a contest with Gabriel and his angels. The passage is one of the good things which my memory does not hold.

Lycidas.—

“Satan, alarm’d,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriffe, or Atlas, unremoved:
His stature reach’d the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem’d both spear and shield. Now
dreadful deeds
Might have ensued, not only Paradise,
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heaven, perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb’d and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven His golden scales, yet
seen

Betweenst *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* sign,

Wherein all things created first He weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanced air
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these He put two
weights,

The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up-flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the
fiend:—

'Satan, I know thy strength, and thou
know'st mine;
Neither our own, but given: what folly, then,
To boast what arms can do! Since thine no
more

Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though
doubled now,
To trample thee as mire: for proof, look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how
light, how weak,
If thou resist.' The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled,
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of
night."

P. There is witchcraft in genius: that
is all I have to say of Milton and his
lines. But Satan, I think, does not
always part without a fight.

L. That needs no proof. You do not
advise a man to seek occasions of dis-
playing his spiritual strength and
courage?

P. Not while it is written, "Lead us
not into temptation." Yet, if a Christian
must fight, he may as well "aim full at
the towering crest" of Satan himself.

L. Why not, indeed? Is he not
armed with a sword such—

"—that neither keen
Nor solid can resist its edge!"

And has he not a shield which can re-
ceive and quench all the fiery darts
which may be hurled against him?

P. Yes; and armed with these arms,
and with "the whole armour of God,"
and praying always "with all prayer,"
he may be safely left in the care of his
great Captain.

L. We are forgetting that *man* some-
times sorely tests the faith of your
champions.

P. He does; and is well qualified for
the office. Witness the fiery furnace
which was to be made seven times
hotter than usual!

L. What a spectacle for angels was
that on the plain of Dura!

P. Yes: there stands the golden
image, sixty cubits in height: near it,

the princes, the governors, and captains;
the judges, the treasurers, the coun-
sellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers
of the provinces. The herald makes
his solemn announcement. The cornet,
flute, and sackbut give the signal. The
grandees fall down and worship; and,
O! miracle of courage, there stand—

"Israel's faithful three,
That braved the tyrant's ire!"

L. A brave deed!

P. Yes; but the glory is the Lord's.
Deeds are better than words. But here
are a few brave words:—

"Near us, assisting Jesu, stand;
Give us the opening heavens to see;
Thee to behold at God's right hand,
And yield our parting souls to Thee.

"My Father, O my Father, hear,
And send the fiery chariot down;
Let Israel's flaming steeds appear,
And whirl us to the starry crown!

"We, we would die for Jesus, too,
Through tortures, fires, and seas of blood;
And all triumphantly break through,
And plunge into the depths of God!"

—But you are to be my guest to-day,
and I think it is time we went home.

CHINA.

NO. III.—MEDICINE—LAW.

THE Chinese are as ignorant in all
that relates to practical science, as they
are accomplished in mathematical, logi-
cal, and other intellectual studies. They
have no knowledge whatever of anatomy;
in fact, post-mortem examinations are
prohibited by law. They do not know
what is the true office of the heart; they
do not know the difference between an
artery and a vein; and, indeed, are quite
ignorant of the system of the circulation
of the blood. They know nothing what-
ever of the nervous system, and make
the most absurd mistakes as to the func-
tions of the viscera. To our ideas, their
views of the human body, and its me-
chanism, are childish in the extreme.
They put the heart in the middle, and
arrange the other organs in a most
methodical manner all round it, like a
planetary system round a central sun.
They believe that the body contains
five material substances,—earth, metal,
stone, air, and water; that so long as

the proportions are duly maintained, all is well; but that when one preponderates, the patient falls ill, and it is then necessary to discover *what* preponderates, and restore the balance. The countless remedies of the pharmacopœia, many of them of the most disgusting kind, are divided into groups,—hot and cold, wet and dry, and so on,—to suit the characteristics of the disease. Thus, beef, and the flesh of fowls, are considered as both warming and strengthening; while mutton, duck, and pigeon, belong to another category, and are mild and tranquilizing. We find sulphur among the stimulants; and rabbit's flesh is prescribed for cooling the blood.

No certificate is necessary for the practice of medicine, nor do those who enter the profession trouble themselves with any preliminary training; so that their proverbial want of success is not to be wondered at. There are a few instances in which the practice of medicine is retained in the same family for several generations; and in such cases the prescription books are handed down from father to son: but, as a rule, one doctor is every whit as good as another; though, according to our Western notions, they scarcely have fair play. If the patient does not improve in the course of a day or two, his doctor is changed instead of his medicine. If the second physician is not more successful in his treatment, he makes way for a third; and so on, until the patient either rallies, or dies outright.

The latter is the more common result, if there be any truth in native sarcasm. It is said that a great personage among the dead, being very ill, a messenger was sent into this upper world to bring to the royal ghost the most skilful doctor he could find. They say that the messenger flew from one doctor's house to another, but was perfectly appalled by the number of spirits who beset every door, pouring out their reproaches. Time pressed, and the messenger returned to Hades with a miserable little scarecrow of an apothecary, whom he introduced as the most successful doctor in the world, for only two spirits were waiting at his door. "Only two!" said the authorities; "that is well." "Two," said the apothecary, shaking with fright;

"two already, and I only began practice this morning!"

At Shanghai is a society akin to our Royal Humane Society; having its receiving-houses, paid officers, and apparatus for rescuing drowning persons. The treatment is, to our ideas, most improper, and cannot be very successful; indeed, Mr. Lockhart, the Medical Missionary, says, with just a spice of mischief, that the chief duty of the superintendent is to provide coffins for the patients!

A series of handbooks on anatomy and surgery, illustrated with plates, were written by Dr. Hobson, one of the earliest members of the Mission, and have sold well. Indeed, the first edition was quickly disposed of, and was reprinted at the expense of the Governor of the province; while the foreign merchants of Canton raised a handsome subscription to defray the expense of another.

Law certainly ranks much higher than medicine, and is much more consonant with European views. Theoretically, the Chinese code is humane in the highest degree, trial succeeding trial before the final sentence can be pronounced, or the prisoner receive punishment. For with them, as with us, it is thought better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent person should suffer. But the theory is grossly abused. Great criminals—as murderers, burglars, pirates, and the like—are gainers by the system; while smaller offenders, unless they can offer a bribe, receive scant justice, and are often fearfully punished. Forty, fifty, and a hundred blows from the bamboo, repeated in one place, often result in gangrene and death. Another punishment for trivial offences, is the beating the face with a strap so heavy, that not only is the cheek torn, but the teeth, and, in some cases, the jaw itself, is broken by the force of the blows. Kneeling on a coiled chain, with the arms extended, and tied to a low cross, is a device worthy of the palmiest days of the Inquisition. Torture is used even in the case of persons of respectability, in order to extort evidence; or, what is more to the purpose, money. In one instance, in quelling a riot in the jail at

Canton, the most brutal measures were taken; and when quiet was restored, and the Missionaries were permitted to enter, many of the poor wretches were found with fractured arms and legs, but nevertheless, heavily ironed, even upon the broken limbs; and when the surgeons requested that in these cases the irons might be removed, the request was refused point blank.

Life is cheap in this populous empire, for lack of Christian truth to stamp it with its true value. After sentence of death has been pronounced upon a criminal, instances are not uncommon of substitutes being purchased for a small sum paid to their children, or, more frequently, to their parents. How common is the crime of suicide, may be guessed from the fact that one hundred and seventeen cases were brought to one hospital in the course of fifteen months. Virulent poison is rarely used: the infusion of tobacco, an overdose of opium, a handful of gold-leaf, hanging, drowning, or throat-cutting, are the usual expedients. The grounds of suicide are often of the most trivial character. One man has been cheated by his brother, and lays hands on his own life; that, according to Chinese law, his brother may suffer for causing his death: a roundabout and rather strange way of proceeding, as it would seem. Another misses a good bargain, and straightway hangs himself for vexation. A third has a dispute with his business partner as to the division of profits, and being, as he supposes, defrauded of his just share, kills himself, that his partner may be mulcted of all. Two brokers who had lost money in the course of their transactions with a merchant, hanged themselves on his premises, in order to bring him within the grasp of the law; and, consequently, to utter ruin. In all these cases the person suspected of causing the death has only one chance, which is to buy off the friends of the suicide at any cost, in order that they may not appeal to the authorities. A young girl, married to an old man, who had bought her at a very high price, destroyed herself on the first frivolous pretext, that her husband might lose the purchase-money. The merest trifle is often suf-

ficient to induce either men or women to lay violent hands on their own lives. In all cases of sudden death, the coroner of the district holds an inquest upon the body, examines witnesses, and pronounces a verdict; but the proceedings are very arbitrary and uncertain; and the fact, already stated, that no post-mortem examination is allowed, leads to the most absurd "findings."

FAITH AND HONESTY.

With honest heart go on your way,
Down to your burial sod,
And never for a moment stray
Beyond the path of God.

Then like a happy pilgrim here,
O'er pleasant meadows going,
You'll reach the bank without a fear,
Where death's chill stream is flowing.

And everything along your way
In colours bright shall shine;
The water from the jug of clay
Shall taste like costly wine!

Then cherish faith and honesty,
Down to your burial clod,
And never for a moment stray
Beyond the path of God.

Your sons and grandsons to your tomb
Shall come, their tears to shed;
And from their tears sweet flowers shall bloom
Above your sleeping head.

—From the German of Holtz.

INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

THE following remarkable instance of instinct (or what we are pleased to call by that name) came under the observation of a writer in the *Intellectual Observer*.

Two birds were in two separate cages on the table: an Australian parakeet in a brass-wire circular cage, with a hoop swing in it, the cage being rather too small for the bird; a canary-bird in a cage of the shape of a parallelogram, larger, but with only a perch. The doors of each cage were opened, the doors of the room were closed, and the birds were set at liberty. At first they fluttered about upon the chairs and tables, then

amused themselves by hopping about upon the carpet, and picking up crumbs; now and then fluttering past each other without taking any particular notice. They had often been let out before: it was said that the canary-bird was the master of the two. At last they made a little nearer approach; a few passes with the beak took place between them, but with little more than a flutter. At length the paraquet tried to bully his companion after the manner of the tribe, by facing him, and making a few rapid bows at him, without producing any very great impression. The canary-bird went off to amuse himself, apparently not caring a straw about him; when, taking a few quiet steps, (both cages having been placed on the ground,) the paraquet advanced to the door of his companion's cage,—the larger of the two,—hopped upon the threshold, mounted upon the perch, and took possession. This feat accomplished, the other, after a few *détours* about the room, discovered an intruder in his cage, sidled towards it, looked in, did not like the state of things, made two or three turns, and was off again. When he was gone, the intruder descended from the perch, placed himself upon the threshold, drew to the door with his beak, and made it fast.

What, was this an untaught bird? Was it instinct, or a spark of reason? The canary-bird perceived what he had done; got to the top of his own cage, (which he had done before the door was shut,) fluttered about to alarm the offender, who seemed to take no notice of it at all: he then made an expedition into the circular cage, did not like it, and came out again, fluttered about his own, got on the top of it, and appeared very uneasy.

One of the party present then opened the door of the canary-bird's cage, in which the intruder was sitting with great composure. Presently the canary returned to his own home, entered, and placed himself upon the perch beside the paraquet. The latter at first took no notice; they had a few flutters, but without any real fighting; the canary did not find it comfortable, and got out again, the other still keeping his hold.

After this abandonment, while he was

consoling himself by hopping about upon the carpet, the Australian descended from the perch to the threshold. And here he gave another proof of his sagacity; the door being wide open, and more difficult to draw to than when, as in the former instance, it was half open, after two or three ineffectual efforts with his beak to close it, he hopped down, went to the end furthest from the hinge, drew it half to, placed himself upon the threshold, finishing the operation by closing it, and fastening the wire latch once more.

It remains to be added that the canary-bird, finding it impossible to get in, took possession of the other cage, but had not the wit to close the door, which was closed for him. Here a long struggle took place; he could not fix himself comfortably upon the perch; the swing hung too low, and in attempting to place himself in the centre, it came against his sides, and he continued to flutter uneasily from one end of the perch to the other, the swing still keeping in motion. At length after many useless efforts, the swing hanging rather transversely, and affording him a trifle more room on the one side than on the other, he selected the wider space of the two, trifling as the difference was, and the evening being now advanced, tucked his head under his wing, and went to sleep. Thus they passed their night. It is but right to add, that justice was ultimately done, and they were restored to their cages on the morrow.

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

"Go," says a pleasing writer, "into a school of girls, and you will see that even children are interested in the meaning of their names. In the south of England there are many *Ellens*. Tell them that this pretty old Saxon name has a pretty meaning, *fruitful*, and that some of our sweetest fruits are brought forth by small plants. Beaming faces will quickly show you all the *Ellens* in the room. When months have gone by, if you return, you will find that in many a little heart the tiny incidental lesson has not been forgotten."

Our names are all significant, though

we may not know their meaning. They are like coins. Our money may pass from man to man without scrutiny, valued only for its immediate and conventional use. We may pay our sixpence, and think nothing of the piece of silver with which the transaction has been effected. But the miner can inform us how he picked the metal from a rocky bed in a far-off land, where it had slumbered for centuries. The chemist will describe the processes by which he separated the threads or leaves of the metal from the vitreous ores with which they were in combination. The man-of-war's-man will recount the precautions adopted for its custody and transit across the ocean. The bullion merchant, to whom it was consigned, will dilate on how that sixpence took its share in affecting the exchanges of nations. The mechanist will show the elaborate and powerful machinery by which it was fashioned into its present shape. The lawyer will expatiate on the nature of a legal tender, and quote the statutes by which the revenue is protected. The policeman will amuse us with the details of the plot with which he out-manœuvred the fraudulent coiner. The herald and medalist will decipher each iota of the image and superscription that it bears,—the figure, the date, and the crown; the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock; the affectation of piety by that most orthodox Prince, Henry VIII., in the "*Fidei defensor*;" the loyal submission made to our sovereign Lady the Queen in the "*Victoria Regina Britanniarum*;" and the rightful homage to God in the "*Dei gratia*."

So it is with our words, and with our names, and our Christian names. They have their history; a history that will often "point a moral, and adorn a tale." Let us glance at some of them.

Among those common with us, we may mention that Sophia, meaning wisdom, was probably borrowed from the title of the temple of Saint Sophia, and that Margaret means a pearl. With the latter name the legend is connected, which tells us that oysters rise to the surface of the water at night, and that when their shells are opened in adoration (!) the drops of dew are congealed into pearls by the moon-

beams. Other Christian names are derived from the harvest: thus Theresa means a reaper; from jewels; from moral qualities; from the numerical order of the birth of children; from the titles of Roman deities; from words of thankfulness, gladness, holiness, and desire; and from flowers and holy days.

Adelaide tells us of the noble maiden or lady; Adolphus means a noble wolf; Albert, nobly bright; Alexander, helper of men; Amelia, work; Angelina, an angel; Amy, beloved; Anne, grace; Arnold, eagle-power; Augustus, venerable; Beatrice, blessing; Benjamin, son of the right hand; Bertha, the shining one; Bessie, God's oath; Blanche, white; Boniface, well-doer; Clara, famous; Clementine, merciful; David, beloved; Edward, rich guard; Ellen and Eleanor, light; Elizabeth, God's oath; Eugenia, well-born; Ernest, eaglestone; Florence, flourishing; Frederick, peace-ruler; Gertrude, trusted and true; George, husbandman; Henrietta, home-rule; Hodge, spear of fame; Hugh, mind; Ida, thirsty; Isabella, oath of Baal; Janet, grace of the Lord; Jesse, the Lord is; Jezebel, oath of Baal; Joseph, addition; Julia, downy-bearded; Laura, laurel; Lillian, lily; Louisa, famous holiness; Matthew, gift of the Lord; Mary, bitter; May, bitter; Mildred, gentle of speech; Morgan, sea-dweller; Moses, drawn out; Nancy, grace; Nelly, light; Octavius, eighth; Pauline, little; Peter, stone; Philadelphia, love of brethren; Phœbus, shining; Rachel, ewe; Rebecca, noosed cord; Reginald, powerful judgment; Richard, stern king; Robert, bright fame; Rosalie, rose; Rosamond, famed protection; Samuel, asked of God; Simeon, obedient; Stephen, a crown; Theobald, the people's prince; Una, famine; Walter, a powerful warrior; William, helmet of resolution.

Names have had an important bearing on the history of their owners, and hence the Romans chose auspicious titles for their children. The Roman soldiers elected Regalianus to be emperor solely on account of the royalty suggested by his name, though the honour so lightly won was lightly lost, for on a sudden impulse the newly-chosen monarch was

put to death. The Spanish historian, Herrera, also illustrates how the destiny of an individual has been affected by a name. He states that Louis VIII. of France, surnamed "Cœur de Lion," sent ambassadors to the court of Madrid to express his desire for a Spanish princess for his bride. The eldest and most beautiful of the royal sisters was selected for the honour of sharing the throne of France, when it was discovered that unhappily her name was Urraca, which meant in Spanish, a magpie. The incongruity of a magpie as mate to a 'lion-heart,' was too obvious. The dismayed ambassadors were compelled to turn away, and to prefer the fair Blanche of Castile as the wife of Louis the Lion-heart, and ultimately the proud mother of St. Louis.

In this circumstance may probably be found the clew to the present usage of Spain and Portugal, of selecting for their princesses an abundant variety of names; so that if, perchance, one should be inconvenient, there are abundance left in reserve to suit the tastes of all. Thus the Saxe-Gotha Almanack of 1862 mentions that a little Portuguese princess has been enriched with the possession of no fewer than twenty names, derived from five different languages: Maria José Beatrix Joanna Eulalie Leopoldina Adelaide Isabel Carlotta Michaela Raphaela Gabriela Francisca Paula Inez Sophia Joaquina Theresa Benedicta Bernarda.—*Evangelical Magazine*.

FULTON AND THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

ONE of the most curious circumstances brought to light in connexion with Fulton's experiments in France is the fact that, in 1804, he actually offered to the Emperor Napoleon to construct a steam-vessel, for the purpose of conveying the Boulogne flotilla to England. At first the Emperor appears to have looked favourably on the project, as appears from the following letter:—

"I have just read the project of citizen Fulton, an engineer, which you sent me much too late, for it seems capable of changing the face of the world. At all events, I desire that you will immediately

place the examination of it in the hands of a committee, composed of members of the Institute, for it is to them that the scientific men of Europe will naturally look for a decision on the question. A great physical truth stands revealed before my eyes. It will be for these gentlemen to see it, and endeavour to avail themselves of it. As soon as the report is made it will be sent to you, and you will forward it to me. Let the decision be given in a week, if possible, for I am impatient to hear it.

"21st July, 1804. NAPOLEON."

Napoleon, however, who was notoriously subject to sudden changes of determination in such matters, seems to have soon afterwards conceived a disgust for Fulton. The scheme which might have had such momentous consequences was abandoned. The Emperor refused to permit the Academy of Sciences to investigate the subject; and when M. Louis Costaz, President of the Tribunal, spoke to him on behalf of Fulton, he interrupted him angrily, with the words, "There are in all the capitals of Europe a crowd of adventurers and projectors who run about offering to every government their pretended discoveries, which exist only in their imagination. They are so many charlatans and impostors, who have no other view than to extort money. This American is one of the number. Speak to me no more about him." Yet this American, only a few years later, was the originator of a great and successful system of steam-navigation in the United States, which preceded by some years the establishment of practical steam-vessels, carrying passengers in any part of Europe.—*Temple Anecdotes*.

WHIRLWINDS AND WATER- SPOUTS.

THE precise origin of waterspouts, although still a subject of some discussion, and depending for its solution upon the greater knowledge of the principles and phenomena of electricity than we at present possess, may yet be correctly and sufficiently accounted for to the general reader in the following way:—"In calm weather it may often be observed that

particles of dust are carried by the wind with a whirling motion into the air. Little eddies of dust are frequently thus formed on the pavements of our streets. A stronger wind will take up leaves and straw, and carry them whirling round in the same manner. Here is at work the very force which, on a larger scale, produces the phenomena known as land and water spouts. A violent wind of the nature we have described is called a whirlwind, and will occasionally rage with great fury round a particular spot; taking up trees by the roots, and even overthrowing buildings in its course. So partial is the course frequently taken by a whirlwind, that a comparatively narrow strip of land will be devastated, while the ground immediately adjoining may remain uninjured. In this way, the movement of a whirlwind through a forest has been known to leave a long and narrow tract, the trees on each side being apparently untouched.

In the deserts of Africa, whirlwinds have been known to swallow up entire caravans in their vortex, burying men and camels in one vast sandy tomb. Waterspouts are formed in much the same way by these whirlwinds, or hurricanes, at sea. They are generally believed to be caused by the struggle of two strong adverse winds, coming from opposite directions, and meeting in the upper regions of the air. The strife for mastery causes each current, in the effort to pass the other, to be whirled round and round, drawing the adjacent cloud in its movement. The appearance of a waterspout is frequently accompanied by flashes of lightning, and occasionally by a sulphureous smell, which indicates the activity of electricity in the air. The general form of the water is a cone, rising from a circular area of from three hundred to four hundred yards, and gradually tapering off as it rises, until it becomes, perhaps, no more than two or three feet in diameter at its apex. While this cone of water is forming from the sea, another, of vapour, is descending to meet it from the clouds. The two cones thus gradually unite, and form one column, moving with the wind. The water is frequently raised in this

manner to the height of many hundred feet. The duration of a waterspout is usually but a few minutes only; but one has been known to continue for an hour. Sometimes waterspouts break and reunite again; while frequently they have been observed in groups. It is related that, on one occasion, as many as sixteen were seen in the Mediterranean at the same time. Occasionally a waterspout appears to originate in the clouds above, which form a conical descending pillar of condensed vapour. As this column approaches the sea, gradually dipping lower and lower, the waters become greatly agitated, and at length appear to be drawn up bodily into the cloud. The descending pillar is often observed to have the deep blue indigo tint of the cloud whence it proceeds. It is remarkable that as far as has been at present observed, the water discharged on the bursting of a waterspout is invariably fresh, which has led to the conclusion that any water derived from the sea must have passed into the air in the form of vapour. And waterspouts on touching the land, have apparently been dissolved into the merest mist.

GROLIER AND HIS FRIENDS.

DURING the reign of Francis I., there was employed in the armies of Italy, with the duties of military storekeeper, a gentleman of fine literary taste, and very curious in works of art. Fine books and elegant bindings were especially the objects of his preference; and, whenever possible, he always bought two or three copies of a valuable work; one for himself, and the others to give as presents to his friends. He did even more than this. Upon all the books composing his valuable library was stamped, in gilt letters, these three words:—

Grolteri et Amicorum.

("Grolier and Friends.") This is one of the best and most refined definitions of property ever seen.

OPINIONS OF DOCTOR JOHNSON.

DOCTOR JOHNSON said he always mistrusted romantic virtue, considering it to be founded on no fixed principle. He

used to say that no man read long together with a folio on his table. "Books," said he, "that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all." He was a great friend to such books as the French *Esprits d'un tel*: for example, *Beauties of Watts*, *Selections from Fenelon*, &c.: "at which," said he, "a man will often look and be tempted to go on, when he would have been frightened at books of a larger size, and of a more erudite appearance."

Being once asked if he ever embellished an anecdote: "No," said he, "an anecdote is to lead to the knowledge of a fact or a character, and is good for nothing unless it be strictly and literally true."

Doctor Sumner, of Harrow, used to tell this story of Johnson. They were dining one day, with many others, at Mrs. Macaulay's, and she had talked a long time at dinner about the natural equality of mankind. Johnson, when she had finished her harangue, rose from the table, and with great solemnity of countenance, and a low bow, said to the servant who was waiting behind the chair, "Mr. John, pray be seated in my place, and permit me to wait upon you in my turn, as your mistress says, you hear, we are all equal."

On the subject of death, Johnson used to say "that the boastings of some men as to dying easily were idle talk." Hawthornden's *Cypress Grove* being quoted to him, where it is said that "the world is a mere show, and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to remain in the show-room after he has seen it. Let him go cheerfully out, and give place to other spectators," Johnson replied, "Yes, if he is sure he is to do well after going out of it; but if he is to grow blind, and never to see anything again, or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not cheerfully go out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to go into a state of annihilation; for, however unhappy any man's existence may be, he would yet rather have it than not exist at all."

HOW TO LIVE.

LoRD, I desire to live as one
Who bears a blood-bought name;
As one who fears but grieving Thee,
And knows no other shame.

As one by whom Thy walk below
Should never be forgot;
As one who fain would keep apart
From all Thou lovest not.

I want to live as one who knows
Thy fellowship of love;
As one whose eyes can pierce beyond
The pearl-built gates above.

As one who daily speaks to Thee,
And hears Thy voice Divine,
With depths of tenderness declare,
"Beloved, thou art Mine."

THE WORTH OF LIFE.

No; life is not contemptible; is not odious: it is to be held as a trust, as a solemn gift, with the possession of which are linked high responsibilities. It is a greater thing to value than to despise life; even as they only are the learned who lament those inestimable manuscripts which the royal officers ignorantly burned for fuel, at the time when the abbey were suppressed. Life is no commonplace matter. It may feel so, when we are disappointed, when we are wearied with labour, or are disgusted with meanness, and then we may say, with the Jewish preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" But myself, how often in my more cheerful moments, and at those more thoughtful seasons, when my awakened faculties have made me most truly man, have I been awestruck and breathless, whilst the great mystery of life has occurred to my mind in sudden vividness! In such moments what a miracle have I felt myself! Excepting God Himself, what is there more wondrous than the relation of the active finite to the Infinite; than this growth of feeling, thinking, and moral life in our bosoms! What thought is there more wondrous than this, that we are living souls, abroad and active, on the face of a world which was once without form and void! Well might the sons of God

shout for joy, when the first man of our race stood up erect amid the trees of Eden! It was the birth of mortal spirit, and that Paradisiacal wonder is repeated in the growth of every infant, and throughout the life of every man!

Religion doth make us revere life, and rightly. For consider how the mind is formed. Is it not by the discipline of life; by our bodily necessities, and our social relations? An infant, secluded in a dark closet, and duly fed, would grow up to manhood; but would be as helpless and simple as a babe. Every object a child sees doth increase its knowledge; and every accident which it bemoans doth correct its experience. It is thus that knowledge, principles, and character are formed. Even were our capacities to remain the same, yet, if

not continually exercised by the varied events which befall us, our knowledge and our worth would be diminished proportionately.

In a certain sense, this life is one long conference with the Deity, prior to our admittance into heaven. We, on our parts, pray; and God, on His, doth instruct, warn, remonstrate, and encourage us perpetually. Verily, the most impatient to quit life are the least fitted; since it is little experience they can have had of its moral design. Men would not be so hasty to abandon the world, either as monks or as suicides, did they but see the jewels of wisdom and faith which are scattered so plentifully along its paths; and lacking which, no soul can come again from beyond the grave to gather.—*Mountford.*

Memorials of the Departed.

Mrs. RICHES was born, of pious parents, at Shropham, in Norfolk. Her father was a very active Wesleyan Methodist, a Class-leader, and his house was often the home of the preachers. When very young, she was under serious impression; and at the age of thirteen she received the pardon of her sins, while at a prayer-meeting. She retained a firm confidence in Christ ever after. About this time she lost her mother, and being the eldest of the family, she took the management of her father's house. She was greatly beloved by all. She lived in the same village forty-one years, and was a member of Society forty-seven years. For some time her house was the home for the preachers, for whom she ever felt a strong attachment. Her habits were naturally very retiring. Though of a meek and quiet spirit, she never lost an opportunity of speaking a word for Jesus; lending books, and giving tracts, wherever she thought they would do good. About two years before her death, she had a slight attack of apoplexy, followed recently by a second. Her speech was affected, and her frame received a shock that it never recovered. But she was perfectly calm, and received the affliction

as a voice to call her home. From that time she was evidently ripening for heaven. Her conversation showed that she was dead to earthly things. The last Sunday in the old year, she was at chapel twice. On Tuesday she was taken with a third fit, and expired the next morning. Her last words were, "Peace, peace."

DIED, October 4th, 1864, at Fountain-Head, near Keighley, SARAH ALDFERLEY. In early life she was the subject of gracious impressions, and before she was ten years of age, she was soundly converted to God. Her Sunday-school teacher, who afterwards was her first Class-leader, was the honoured instrument employed in leading her to Christ. He was accustomed to apply the truths of Scripture faithfully and affectionately to his charge; and, one Sabbath, while reading and expounding Jer. ix. 23, 24, deeply moved himself by the latter part of the 24th verse, he asked which of them would give their hearts to God; requesting any so disposed to accompany him to the vestry, where they would pray together. The subject of this sketch, the youngest of the number, with five

others, yielded to the appeal, and soon became the happy partakers of God's favour. Of these, four have entered into rest. About seven years after this, through listening to the reasonings of another person, her mind became perplexed with doubt. Sorely tempted and harassed, for three months she lost her sense of the Divine favour. Hard thoughts of God, on the question of her personal salvation, grievously troubled her. In this state of mind, she sought light in the study of various authors. At length she saw the vanity of her own reasonings, and the glory of the Divine perfections, while reading Milton's *Paradise Lost*, especially the latter part of the sixth book, beginning with

"Effulgence of My glory, Son beloved."

An overwhelming sight of the glory of God, and of her own weakness, led her to plead with God for a restoration of the witness of the Spirit. She retired early to her room. Some time after, her mother found her in deep distress, and to her kind inquiries replied, "Mother, I am miserable, and am resolved not to rest till I obtain the favour and peace of God. Will you pray with me?" The father, and mother, and daughter, prayed together for about three hours; when, through faith in the atonement, the distressed and humbled one again found the blessing of peace, and "the love of God" was "shed abroad in" her "heart by the Holy Ghost given unto her." At the age of twenty she entered, in the fear of God, upon the holy estate of matrimony. Through all

the stirring incidents and changes which marked her subsequent course, she was the same faithful and devoted wife to her husband; the same faithful and earnest Christian. Four years of her married life were spent in Melbourne, Australia; but in the bosom of her family, among her friends, in the church, or in the world, her walk was uniformly and strictly consistent, and the influence of her religion on her whole spirit and habits was strikingly manifest. Her last illness was long and severe, but borne with patience and resignation. She constantly realized the presence and preciousness of Christ; while hymns such as—

"The God of Abraham praise,"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

"Now I have found the ground, wherein,"

sung in her hearing, and the kind visits of Ministers and friends, were means of comfort and profit. The depressing nature of her affliction was such as to check an abounding joy: still she had settled peace, frequently saying, "there is no condemnation," "the Lord is mine, and I am His." She desired death as an entrance upon eternal life; but calmly waited the Lord's time. When the power of utterance seemed to have failed, she was asked by her husband, "Is Christ precious?" She answered, with distinctness and energy, "Yes." Shortly after, a smile played over her features, and she passed away to the realms of life and immortality.

THOMAS WOOD.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Alder, Elizabeth,	North-Shields,	North-Shields,	68	Aug. 24th, 1864.
Crowther, William,	Howden,	North-Shields,	26	Feb. 7th, 1865.
Gott, Jane,	North-Shields,	North-Shields,	65	Nov. 23d, 1864.
Irvin, Mary Ann,	North-Shields,	North-Shields,	28	Feb. 6th, 1865.
Potter, John,	North-Shields,	North-Shields,	81	Jan. 17th, 1865.
Raney, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Holme,	Howden,	76	Mar. 28th, 1865.



Henry VIII. delivering the English Bible to his Courtiers.

ENGLAND'S CHANCELLORS AND THE REFORMATION.

HISTORY is the life of humanity directed by God. In the language of one whose writings have done much to impress this sentiment upon thousands of students: "God is present on the vast stage on which the generations of men successively appear. True, He is there a God invisible; but, if the 'profane multitude' pass carelessly by, because He is concealed, profound intellects, spirits which feel a longing for the principle of their existence, seek Him with so much the more earnestness, and are not satisfied till they are prostrated before Him. And their inquiries are magnificently rewarded. For from the heights which they must reach in order to meet with God, the history of the world, instead of exhibiting to them a confused chaos, is seen like a magnificent temple, in which the invisible hand of God Himself is at work, and which, from humanity, as the rock on which it is founded, is rising up to His glory."

During the reign of Henry VIII., Europe was the theatre of great

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and stirring events. Charles V., King of Spain and Emperor of Germany, was marching on in his triumphant career. Francis I., of France, was aiming to rival Charles in the race for empire, renown, and power. The Portuguese erected forts, and subdued surrounding nations. Many countries and islands were first discovered; Magellan circumnavigated the world; post-offices were established in England, and many articles of domestic use, as soap and needles, were first made. But the great event which agitated all hearts was the Reformation. God commenced this wondrous work in Germany, by men in whose souls He had implanted the saving truths of His Gospel. In England He worked by other agents; and, notwithstanding the different views which have been taken of it, results were produced, the effects of which will be felt till the close of time. God was unfolding one of the grandest scenes in the drama of the world's history; and, in the exercise of His unfailing wisdom, He caused the caprices of the King, the ambition of the nobility, and the servility of the prelates, to illustrate the might of His arm, and the beneficence of His designs. In this stupendous movement England's Chancellors played an important part.

In a previous Paper it was held that one leading principle of this movement was found in the struggles of the twelfth century. From that period the Church fought for pre-eminence. A little more than a century and a half afterwards, John Wickliffe publicly opposed the authority of the Pope and the tyranny of the Bishops, and translated the Scriptures into the English language. Lord Chancellor Wykeham, who was born the same year as Wickliffe, and by whose advice Edward III. built Windsor Castle, did much to undermine the public confidence in the Church by his encouragement of learning and virtue, and his condemnation of the vices of the clergy. Arundel, Longly, Morton, Wareham, and others, successively appeared on the stage, and by their actions prepared the way for the Reformation. The nations, however, were still bound in the fetters of a spiritual despotism, when Cardinal Wolsey commenced a course which ultimately placed him in the seat of the Lord Chancellor. "His manner of living eclipsed the splendour of the King's court. His household consisted of eight hundred persons; comprehending one Earl, nine Barons, and many Knights and Squires. His procession to the Court of Chancery at Westminster Hall, surpassed even the splendid pageant of Thomas à Becket to the King of France." In the great public events which transpired during the earlier part of Henry's reign, he was a principal actor. His ambition, doubtless, tended to shake the confidence of many in the purity and religious value of the church which he represented; and in his death is found another illustration of the vanity of that glory which is based upon the favour of man.

The latter half of the reign of Henry VIII. was, perhaps, the most disgraceful in our annals; and some of the successors of Sir Thomas More were among the most sordid and unprincipled of any State

officials that have ever disgraced their office. Lord Chancellor Audley has never occupied the attention of historians which the influence he exerted on the events of that period might lead us to expect. The successor of the learned and patriotic More, he was himself a mean and sordid dependant; the submissive tool of a passionate and remorseless master, whose cunning, duplicity, and trickery are mixed up with much that deserves the attention of the philosopher. Having first recommended himself to promotion by defending in the House of Commons the abuses of prerogative, for the sake of remaining in office, he was even willing to submit to any degradation, and to participate in the commission of any crime. He held the Great Seal for a period of above twelve years; during which, to please the humours of his capricious and tyrannical master, he sanctioned the divorce of three Queens, the execution of two of them on the scaffold, and the judicial murder of Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and many others, who preferred death to infamy. He invariably acted on the theory that, in order to succeed, he must please all who had power to advance him. With a soul full of a selfish policy, he entered Parliament when Sir Thomas More was Speaker, and took the side of the Court, defended Wolsey's proceedings, and bitterly inveighed against all his opponents as disloyal subjects, and favourers of heresy. The object of this Paper, however, is not to give a narrative of this man's life, but to present him as an unprincipled tool of the court of Henry VIII., at a time when great principles were being contended for, and God himself was preparing the times in which we live,—when an open Bible, and open sanctuaries, are the common privileges of all. He died on the 30th of April, 1544; having "enjoyed great power, amassed immense wealth, reaped the highest honours and dignities as the full recompense of his infamy." His pride may still be seen in the epitaph, supposed to have been written by himself, on a splendid monument in the chapel which he had erected at Saffron-Walden:—

" The stroke of death's inevitable dart
Hath now (alas !) of life bereft the heart
Of Sir Thomas Audley, of the Garter Knight,
Late Chancellor of England, under our Prince of Might,
Henry VIII., worthy of high renown,
And made him Lord Audley of this town."

The fourth and last Chancellor during Henry's reign was Wriothesley; a perfect bigot, who exerted his utmost energy in attempting to arrest the progress of the Reformation, and enforce obedience to the Six Articles. When in office, he was greatly surprised and shocked when informed of the King's resolve to marry Lady Catharine Parr, who was considered a favourer of the doctrines which Luther was preaching. He feared that the Reformation, which was daily gaining progress, might be furthered by her influence. He, accordingly, resolved to try his skill to secure for her the fate of her

unfortunate predecessors. Yet, while Audley was breathing his last, he took the oath of supremacy, and declared "the Pope to be without any jurisdiction, power, or authority within these realms." The following incidents may serve to illustrate the character of the man and the times :—

In the court the doctrines of the Reformation were gaining favour under the secret countenance of the Queen. Anne Askew, one of her maids, a young lady of great beauty, and gentle and accomplished manners, had declared her disbelief of the doctrine of transubstantiation, and that she believed "the bread to be bread, and the wine to be wine, after consecration, as before." Despite the entreaties, threats, and promises of the Lord Chancellor and Bishop Bonner, she maintained her position. But bigotry is ever cruel. Neither her personal attractions, nor her blamelessness of conduct, was sufficient to save her from Rome's emissaries. She was ordered to be put to the torture, and this being applied with fearful barbarity without extorting confession, the Chancellor ordered the Lieutenant of the Tower to stretch the rack still further. The officer refused to obey the order, when Wriothesley himself, mad with rage, fiercely put his hand to the rack, and drew it so violently that he nearly tore asunder the tender limbs of his youthful and delicately-formed victim. She was afterwards pursued to death. When tied to the stake, he offered her the King's pardon upon her recantation, which offer she considered only a fresh garland to her crown of martyrdom, and beheld with calm and heroic fortitude the flames rise about her. She died a Protestant.

The Queen herself had a narrow escape. In her private conversations with the King she, as a wife, spoke freely of the new doctrines. The Chancellor, being made acquainted with the fact, hastened into the King's presence, and eagerly proclaimed, that "the more elevated the individual was, and the nearer to his person, the greater terror would the example of her death be to others;" and Henry, who had become practised in the execution of Queens, directed articles of impeachment to be drawn up against her. A knowledge of the fact naturally produced in her mind profound agitation; but afterwards, with extraordinary presence of mind and skill, she played upon the King's well-known weakness, and conquered him. At their next meeting, when challenged to an argument on divinity, she delivered the following adroit and amusing address:—"She humbly hoped she might be permitted to decline the conversation, as such profound speculations were ill-suited to the natural imbecility of women, who by their first creation were made subject to man; the male being created after the image of God, the female after the image of the male: it belonged, therefore, to the husband to choose principles for his wife; the wife's duty being implicitly to obey. As for herself it was doubly her duty, being blessed with a husband who was qualified by his learning and judgment, not only to prescribe articles of faith for his own family, but for the most wise and knowing of every nation." This artful speech led him

to exclaim, "By St. Mary, you are now become a Doctor, Kate; and better fitted to give than receive instruction." The day following, the Chancellor appeared with forty pursuivants to arrest her, and received the unlooked-for command to depart the royal presence. Poor Catharine, having narrowly escaped death, never ventured again to contradict her lord, and remained in his good graces to the end of life.

The relation of the Bible to English progress is a subject yet to be fully unfolded. It was during the reign of Henry VIII. that the first edition of God's book was published, by royal authority, in England; and every parish was obliged to set one of the copies in its church, under the penalty of forty shillings a month. The reading of the word of God let in such a strange flood of light upon the human mind that it was dazzled and intoxicated. Opinion in some degree became free, and ran into strange forms. Various sects sprang into existence, swayed by vague and visionary notions. The priests were alarmed; the Bible was again partly suppressed; and Henry now declared that "though the reading of it was necessary to the teachers of religion, it was not so necessary for the learners; and he decreed, by Act of Parliament, that the Bible should not be read in public, or seen in any private families, but such as were of noble and gentle birth. It was not to be read privately by any but householders, or by women who were well born. If any woman of the ordinary class, any artificers, apprentices, journeymen, servants, or labourers, dared to read the Bible, he or she was to be imprisoned for one month."

The decision of Henry, however, to allow the reading of the word of God was a starting point in the history of England, and of religion. He was King of England; and his conduct, in this instance, was one of those acts upon which mighty events depend. At this period the supple Audley was Lord Chancellor. To short-sighted man, with what strange instruments God works. One of the great errors of Sir Thomas More, his predecessor, was to oppose the free circulation of the Bible; and had he continued in office he would, probably, have rigidly opposed its authorized publication. But Audley was in power, and met, in this as in other things, the wishes of his master. Let the reader's eye rest a moment on the pictorial representation at the head of this Paper. It embodies a mighty fact. England's King had previously ordained the translation of the Scriptures into English, and now he delivered a copy of the English Bible to those who were his ready tools in the accomplishment of his purpose. But God, also, had designs, wise and comprehensive, to carry into effect. That Book introduced the age of which the progress of religion in the earth is the chief glory.

To the thoughtful student the treatment which that Book has received from those in power since the days of Henry, suggests matter for thrilling reflection. To arrest its progress Satan has essayed his most subtle and mightiest arts. In the days of Edward VI. it was restored to the people; suppressed again by Queen Mary; restored again by Elizabeth; and the edition at present read in our sanctuaries and

families was published in the year 1613. Amid abounding prosperity we are liable to overlook our obligation to this priceless boon. It sustains a close and glorious relation to literature, to science, to liberty, to morality, to social institutions, and to all the blessings by which we are daily surrounded. It has done for humanity what nothing else has done, or can do. No forms of government, no political systems, no theories of social order, nor refinements of human philosophy, have ever accomplished what the Bible has accomplished. "It has scattered the darkness of intellect, it has given security to life, liberty, and property. It has imparted mildness and efficiency to law. It has set in motion a thousand systems of sacred charity to bless the poor, the diseased, the widow, the orphan, the blind, and the dumb. It has strengthened the weak, and confirmed the strong; it has convinced the thoughtless, reclaimed the wandering, comforted the mourner, and directed the eye of untold millions to an 'exceeding and eternal weight of glory' after the afflictions of this life have passed away. Wherever it has come, it has been a stream of health and salvation." This great blessing was not secured for us, but by long and hard fought battles. To secure it, noble spirits fought and fell. They laid down their lives for our good. We reap the fruit of their toil and suffering. A thousand voices from the years that are passed call upon us to prize and love that Book which is God's revelation to the world,—man's guide along the pathway of life to a glorious immortality.

Chester.

J. F. M.

LESSONS FROM THE LILIES.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" (Matt. vi. 28—30.)

FROM the mountain-side where this discourse was delivered, Jesus looked into the vale below, which, like many valleys of Palestine, was thickly covered with wild-flowers of rich variety. The lily, sending up from the green bosom of the plain its tall and graceful stalk, surmounted by its brilliant cup, rose in queenly majesty among the more common meadow-growth. Among the precious flowers, however, were bands of villagers, armed with sickle or with scythe, ruthlessly cutting them down, and gathering them as fuel for their ovens. The Saviour points His hearers to the touching scene, and says, "Consider the lilies of the field:" not the lilies of the garden, carefully sheltered, watered, and tended by the nurseryman's hand. As He drew His former illustration from the wild fowls which fly in the midst of heaven, so now He calls attention to the wild flowers covering the face of the earth, exposed to every blast, whose culture never occupies a passing thought. "Consider the lilies of the field." How do they grow? "They toil not,"—like the patient and hardy husbandman, to

till the ground which they cover with a robe of beauty, and by which they are nourished: "neither do they spin,"—like the delicate hand of the thrifty housewife or innocent maiden, which dextrously throws the distaff, and spins the fine material for "divers colours of needle-work:" yet they are clothed, and even beautified. They have leaves, and colours, and a fine-spun texture, which human ingenuity cannot successfully counterfeit.

This beauty of nature far transcends the most magnificent creations of man's device. The artificial lily in your drawing-room is a beautiful exhibition of skill, and fineness of manipulation; but it lacks the nice shade, the delicate tint, the well-defined proportion of colouring, the silken softness, the living beauty, of "the lily of the valley." All the gorgeous trappings of orient monarchs are nothing, compared with nature's own Divine bloom. "Even Solomon,"—the most glorious of all Eastern kings, clothed in royal garments of gorgeous embroidery, with the golden crown upon his brow, and the imperial sceptre in his hand; whose kingly grandeur queens came from far to wonder at and admire,—"even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." His glory, bright and flashing beyond compare among earthly creatures, was forced in the hot-house of art: it had upon it the touch of human imperfection; it lacked a living lustre: but the beauty of the lily is the beauty of nature; its adornings are the adornings of God.

And whence comes all this embellishment of the lower forms of life? Who is it that gives greenness to the grass, and colouring to the lily? Is it all produced by "a plastic or formative nature;" by "a vital and spiritual, but unintelligent and necessary agent, created by the Deity for the execution of His purposes?" Or is it the result of certain active powers which, communicated to nature in her first formation, have been spontaneously working ever since? Surely these were low and infidel conclusions! There is, indeed, to use the Platonic phrase in a Christian sense, "a Soul of the world;" but that soul of the world is not the prolific powers of nature, not the omnific influence of mere secondary causes; it is the animating, vitalizing, personal influence of the ever-present God. He "*so clothes the grass of the field.*" It is He who—

" Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;"

whose direct agency flings forth over the wide creation an unlimited wealth of loveliness, a boundless flood of beauty, immeasurably beyond what the absolute necessities of man require, either for sustenance or enjoyment.

The ever-varying movements of the globe, so necessary to its productive and vegetating power, are the work of His hand. He wheels its revolutions, and leads up its changing seasons. At His command the freezing rigour of ice-bound winter relaxes, and the power of vegetation revives under the genial heat of vernal suns. "He giveth snow

like wool : He scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes. He casteth forth His ice like morsels : who can stand before His cold ? He sendeth out His word, and melteth them : He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow." (Psalm cxlvii. 16—18.) It is in consequence of a promise which He made when He smelled the "sweet savour" of Noah's sacrifice, that, "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night," do "not cease."

Talk not, then, of genial showers, of vitalizing sunshine, of favouring seasons, as the great productive powers of nature. They are but the agencies by which Deity works His sovereign will, and carries out His mighty designs.* Were not He to hear the heavens when they cry unto Him, the heavens would not hear the earth ; the earth would not hear the corn and the wine ; and the corn and the wine would not hear Jezreel. (Hosea ii. 21—23) The cry of man and beast would be in vain. The husbandman and the vine-dresser would be ashamed ; Bashan, and Carmel, and the flower of Lebanon, would languish. Were it not for His unceasing energy, the lights of the firmament would withdraw their shining ; the sun would forget to set and rise ; the seasons would cease to revolve, and the various provinces of nature, now beautified and gladdened with life, would be wrapt in darkness and the shadow of death. In obedience to His call the clouds distil their gentle dew, and pour their showers upon the furrowed fields. By Him, herbs and plants of every kind vegetate and live. The Hand that wheels the planets in their courses, and feeds the fires of unnumbered suns ; which "binds the sweet influences of Pleiades," and "looses the bands of Orion ;" which "bringeth forth Mazzaroth in his season," and "guides Arcturus with his sons,"—that self-same Hand makes green every blade of grass, and paints the petals of every flower.

O, how often is this great truth, that "God clothes the grass of the field," overlooked, or refined away ! How many "cultivated minds, with vividly-perceptive faculties, refined taste, and poetic fancy, stray among vernal fields, and groves, and gardens with a fond enchantment,—with a sentiment for each flower, and blooming shrub, and singing bird, and gay insect,—diffusing their soul in fine sympathy with all that smiles around them, but with no recognition of Him who

* "The poor untutored savage sees God in every cloud, and hears Him in the wind. The complacent philosopher smiles at the credulity of the savage, and, perhaps, deifies 'the laws of nature.' Both are alike ignorant : nor is the imagined Supreme Being of the untutored savage in any degree more absurd than the imagined Pantheism of the philosopher. The winds, we know, can be referred to other causes to which they are immediately owing ; so, with the progress of knowledge, the 'laws of nature' have been found to merge, and will continue to be found to merge, into other laws still more general ; still proving that these 'laws of nature' are all alike, mere delegated agencies. Hence the tendency of knowledge, and of its true application, is to abstract the attention from inferior things, and to fix the mind on the source of all knowledge and of all power,—the GREAT FIRST CAUSE ; who exists and acts throughout the universe."—*Prout's Bridgewater Treatise.*

creates and animates the whole scene! They look not towards the bright Reality, but take the faint reflection itself as the essential Beauty and Glory." * In how many instances do men of this character consummate their impiety by rushing into all the follies of a sentimental Pantheism, which converts nature into God. They fancy some kind of mysterious, all-pervading, yet not intelligent spirit, operating throughout the universe, ejecting the Divinity from His own world, and usurping His place! How foolish and criminal is such a doctrine! One of ourselves, a poet of our own, has declared, that "an undevout astronomer is mad." Such a man is "mad" because he rises not from nature, in her most magnificent operations, up to nature's God; and the man who can botanise among the fields and woods of earth, where tints so various, and touches so beautiful, from the Creator's pencil crowd upon his vision, spring up at his feet, and refresh him by their fragrance,—if he can meet all these without one upward thought to heaven, or one solitary recognition of God,—his soul must be unreasoning as well as undevout, and stupid as the brute. "O Lord, how great are Thy works! and Thy thoughts are very deep. A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this." (Psalm xcii. 5, 6.)

O give me not this frigid and uninspired philosophy, which coolly inspects with its lens, and dissects with its lancet, the glowing petals, without one feeling after God, or one swell of devout emotion! Give me, rather, the simple-minded thoughtfulness, the deep and warm-hearted piety, which stirred in the soul of Mary Cryer when she gazed upon the beautiful vale of Kirkstall. As it spread out before her, "like a living portraiture of the Divine mind in its contriving skill and profuse imagination, in its gracious benignity and benevolent munificence;" as she marked the lovely tints, and admired the living beauties, she stood for awhile absorbed in thought, and then, with filial confidence inspired, she lifted an unpresumptuous eye to heaven, and devoutly whispered,—

"My Father made them all!"

Yes, He made them all!" And feeling that, at the moment, having given *herself* to God, she had no more costly gift within reach, she plucked a handful of the Creator's own wild-flowers, and devoutly spread them before His shrine! This was, indeed, making nature a temple of devotion. And who shall say that such an offering, presented in such a spirit, was not acceptable to Him who clothes the lily, and cares for the plant-life of earth? "For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work: I will triumph in the works of Thy hands." (Psalm xcii. 4.)

This is the spirit in which you should study the flower of the garden, and the grass of the field. There is a true philosophy, very different

* Foster's Lectures.

from the philosophies falsely so called. This will not fail to recognise in earth's meanest flower the handiwork of Him who

"Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

Kneeling in lowly devotion before the throne of the great Preserver and Vivifier of all things, she will cast her coronet at His feet, and present her "gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." Her voice will be lifted up in the holy place, and in tremulous, but cheerful accents, she will adoringly exclaim, "Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: Thou preparest them corn, when Thou hast so provided for it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: Thou settlest the furrows thereof: Thou makest it soft with showers: Thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." (Psalm lxxv. 9—13.)

When a true faith thus opens and fixes her eye upon His works "as manifestations of His perfections, all sensible things become symbols of spiritual truth, and, like the sacraments themselves, are made auxiliary to the exercise of faith; so that we cannot open our eyes on the most common and familiar objects in nature without being reminded of Him who dwells, unseen, amongst the wonders which He has made, and whose wisdom shines in every adaptation, His power in every change, which they display." *

(*To be concluded.*)

CORNISH METHODIST WORTHIES.

No. V.

A DISTINGUISHED CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

(*Concluded from page 170.*)

In the early part of his ministry, Mr. Truscott was brought into association with Messrs. Benson, Gibbon, and Baldwin, and was greatly assisted thereby. He was led to read more systematically and profitably than he had previously done. He looked back, however, even on those years with deep humiliation, and self-condemnation. This feeling arose,

probably, from an extreme nervousness, which he himself considered was "his thorn in the flesh." It did not interrupt his health, nor hinder his labours; but it greatly depressed him, and led him to shrink from the larger Circuits to which he was invited. He successively laboured in Birmingham, Plymouth-Dock, Penzance, and in other localities, with great acceptability, and to the profit of many. "He was a man," says the *Minutes of Conference*, for 1833, "of uniform and deep piety, clear doctrinal views, solid judgment, most respectable pulpit-talents, and an undeviating integrity. No man ever

* Buchanan's *Faith in God and Modern Atheism*, ii. 398.

maintained a more unblemished deportment through life, or exhibited more amiable and engaging manners; in consequence of which he was universally beloved, and died deeply lamented by all who knew him; especially by his most intimate friends and relatives."

"How proud is the position
A Christian holds on earth!
No rank, and no condition,
Can boast of equal worth:
No man can rend asunder
The everlasting tie;
He is by faith, O wonder!
The son of the Most High."

Mr. Truscott was first called to act as a Superintendent in the year 1796. He was then stationed at Redruth; and had, as his colleagues, Messrs. Treffry, Trethewey, and J. Clarke. As usual, he felt what he called his insufficiency for the duties of his office, but acknowledged that his colleagues united to assist him; and that, the best of all, God gave them great prosperity. Previous to this appointment, he had married a Miss Melhuish; and "the union proved one of the happiest that earth ever witnessed." On replacing the wedding-ring on the finger of his wife, twenty years after their union, he wrote the following lines:—

"Let this memorial of regard,
Still warm and pure as in its prime,
Enjoy thy smile as its reward,—
A prize enhanced by lapse of time.
By long experience sweetly taught,
In quest of bliss I need not range;
I have what love at first besought,
And like my choice too well to change."

During the next few years following his marriage, as his family increased, his cares multiplied; and, although he received great assistance in his public work, he indulged his old feelings of despondency, very much to his discomfort. In 1806, he says: "I have felt myself reprov'd for my unfaithfulness to God, both as a Christian and a Minister." As a Christian, he condemns himself for

"sometimes neglecting secret duties, and at others carelessly performing them; also for the indulgence of vain thoughts, a waste of time, and a want of firmness and decision of character." As a Minister, he charges himself with "a deficiency in zeal for God's honour, and fervency of love for precious souls; with lukewarmness, and indolence in pulpit-preparations, often serving up old things when he ought to have laboured for something new;" that he had *thought* too little, *written* too little, and *prayed* too little; also with a carelessness in his conversation with the families and persons under his care. In the strength of God's grace, he resolved to live *by rule*, especially such rules as are given in the nineteenth chapter of *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. He sought to guard against those evils to which his nature was prone, and to practise the duties in which he had been deficient; and to observe one day in every month for particular self-examination, abstinence, humiliation, and prayer; to be firm in conforming to that method which piety and prudence dictate, and to persevere in this course. Thus he laboured to "keep his body under, and bring it into subjection: lest by any means, when he had preached the Gospel to others, he himself should be a castaway." Yet, amidst all his depression and self-reproach, he felt "an habitual sense of God's mercies." His intentions were pure, his purposes were good, and he desired life only that he might devote it to God. In all things he leaned on Jesus Christ.

"When our foes and fears alarm us,
And the heart with grief o'erflows,—
Then how sweet the voice that bids us
On the Saviour's love repose!

*Weep we may, rebel we must not,
Though by thousand cares oppress'd;
Low we're brought, but sink we cannot,
While we lean on Jesu's breast!"*

In the year 1813 Mr. Truscott was again appointed to labour in the Redruth Circuit. In the following year God poured out the Holy Spirit upon Cornwall, and on the neighbourhood of Redruth in particular, in a remarkable manner. There were in that Circuit two thousand four hundred souls added to the Societies. This was what was, and still is, there called, "*the great Revival*." There are many persons, still useful and happy, who were then converted; whilst very many are gone to the other side of Jordan, to the home of the eternally saved.

Mr. Truscott continued to labour as a Wesleyan Minister until the year 1832. He then became a Supernumerary. Some time in the preceding year, God removed from earth to heaven his beloved wife. She died exclaiming, "The conqueror's wreath I soon shall wear. I hope I shall see the face of my Jesus this night." She calmly and gently entered into her rest. The utterance of her husband's heart, at the occurrence of this event, was, "'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' The Lord gave that precious and invaluable treasure with which I have been so long favoured;—my helper, my guardian, my comforter, and my bright example. She is taken away, but does not cease to exist; for she still lives to God, and is engaged in glorious exercises. She is taken away from the frowns of adversity; from bodily pain and infirmity; from mental depression; from the buffetings of Satan; and from the possible evil of spiritual declension. She is taken away; but not into darkness, for she enjoys and reflects the effulgence of celestial glory. * * * She is taken away as a trophy to adorn her Redeemer's triumph; as an angel to augment His train; as a gem to enrich His crown; as a joint-heir to share with Him in

His conquests, His honours, and felicities.

' With all that loved the bleeding Lamb,
She stands, the great reward to claim,
Adorn'd with palm; and robed in white :
Shines, with peculiar glory graced,
In God's eternal temple placed,
To serve her Maker day and night.' "

Toward the middle of the year 1832, Mr. Truscott found himself unusually indisposed, through an affection of the chest. He did not suffer great pain, but was hindered from walking. He obtained some relief, yet was led to think seriously of the matter. He had formed some schemes for serving God longer as an Itinerant preacher; but he was willing to continue in retirement, if his brethren should think that to be his duty. After he had become a Supernumerary, he took up his residence at Plymouth. During the year he assisted the brethren who were labouring in that circuit, and he felt himself to be greatly quickened and comforted while so engaged. Soon after Christmas, however, there were apparent signs of decaying strength; and asthma confined him to the house. At the watch-night he had assisted in the service, and on the evening of January 3d, 1833, he preached his last sermon, from Exod. xvii. 11. At the close of the service he felt much exhausted, and was obliged to rest before he could return to his home. For some time previous to this he had evidently been increasing in spirituality, as was evident from his conversation, his desires, and his manner. On the 19th of January he discovered that his left hand was hanging helpless by his side. He used measures with the view of restoring circulation, but failed. He then calmly said, "It is an attack of paralysis; the right hand must help its lame brother." On one occasion he quoted an observation made by the Rev. R. Watson in his illness, who also died during

this Methodist year: "It was like the breaking of a spring, which let down one half of the machinery." Mr. Truscott lingered until February 17th; and then, being remarkably calm, and free from pain, he "thanked God that he had a home inviting him," and passed on to live in God's presence for ever.

"Render'd safe by God's protection,
He has pass'd the watery waste;
Trusting to His wise direction,
He has gain'd the port at last!
And with wonder
Thinks on toils and dangers past."

For nearly half a century Francis Truscott was a consistent Christian. His piety was deep, his love to God and man was earnest, and his life was upright. One who knew him well, and was no mean judge, said of him, "So much excellence in one man I never saw before, nor do I expect to see again in time. Never did I so contemplate and admire the holy and useful life of the blessed Saviour until I saw His grace so eminently displayed in the life of this His servant. Then it was I began to think, if so much goodness and usefulness can be found in the life of one who derives all the power from Christ, what shall we find in that of the Saviour Himself!" Another person says of him: "That Mr. Truscott had no faults, I will not say; but I knew of none. If humbleness of mind, tenderness of conscience, modesty of deportment, genuine sincerity, and love for God and His ordinances, possess any claims to be Christianity, then he lived and died a Christian." The historian of Methodism, Dr. Smith, says, "Francis Truscott, a still more 'distinguished Minister,' [than one he had just mentioned,] and a Cornish man, closed a long and honourable ministerial career at Plymouth, having travelled forty-four years. His judgment was sound; his heart full of Christian simplicity. He

possessed a rich fund of wit and humour, which, being subordinated to a sanctified judgment, were but sparingly used, except when the defence of truth might be promoted, and then they were employed with irresistible force."

As a Minister, Mr. Truscott was devoted to his great work. He preached what he felt and knew to be the truth of God,—the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. He was intimately acquainted with the Bible, and possessed much theological knowledge. His sermons grew out of his text. He was careful not to ramble, but to make out what he took in hand. He was entrusted not only with the superintendency of circuits, but was also placed in charge of the district, and became its representative to the Conference. He was not less attached to the discipline than to the doctrines of Methodism. He had no wish to mend the rules, but he strove to keep them. He was accustomed to hold "Society meetings," and to read the rules to the assembled members, and to urge them to keep them. He taught from house to house, and in Christian conversation he peculiarly excelled.

Mr. Truscott was the author of several essays on various subjects; of numerous sketches of sermons; a very great number of letters, and of some poetical pieces. These possess varying degrees of worth, but all display a vigorous mind, in harmony with a pure heart, and a noble design. He wrote a caustic and withering reply to *An Essay on Enthusiasm*; and several productions of his pen appeared in the *Wesleyan Magazines*, and were creditable both to his intellect and to his heart.

Although he had written so many bitter things against himself, and had often felt dispirited, yet he magnified the grace of God. When in his last circuit, and after he had

been placed on the Supernumerary list, he said, "I enjoy sweet peace with my God, with my own conscience, and with all mankind. I feel I am fixed on the never-failing rock, Christ Jesus. I am blessed with a lively hope, through grace, of a glorious immortality, confirmed by a covenant well 'ordered in all things, and sure.' I have heaven in prospect; and, till I arrive there, I shall have an interest in the promises, the providence, and perfections of God, and in all 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.'" Very shortly after thus expressing himself, one—not the least—of the "Cornish Methodist Worthies" entered that promised land where all toils are over, and perfect rest is eternally enjoyed.

"And thus he walk'd, loving and confiding,
Being conducted by God's faithful hand;
Or, beneath His sheltering wings abiding,
Shunn'd the foes that he could not
withstand:
Nor when conquering did he boast, but
rather,
Clinging like a child unto its father,
Smiled securely in His firm embrace.
Thus, he on God's faithful word relying,
Clasp'd Him with the arm of faith; till,
dying,
He, at length, beheld Him face to face."

Far North.

N. J.

A WORD TO THE SECRET BACKSLIDER.

It is to be feared that there are some in our church whose names are on the class-book, but who have lost the religion they once enjoyed; and to such this paper is especially addressed.

My friend, do you ever seriously reflect upon your state? Still connected with the people of God, you have, unhappily, lost the power of religion; and, although your voice is yet heard in the class-room, and in the prayer-meeting, and you are, perhaps, still actively employed in the Sabbath-school and in tract-

distribution, you are conscious that your heart is not right with God, and, at times, this knowledge gives you much uneasiness. But you stifle these convictions, and seek to obtain relief in a vain, uninteresting, because cold and formal, routine of duty. Have you seriously considered that you are thus adding the sin of hypocrisy to that of unfaithfulness; deceiving your Ministers, your leader, and your class-mates? But God, who looks at the heart, *sees you as you are!* But for the pleadings of your great Intercessor, the sentence, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" would, ere now, have been carried into effect concerning you; but

"Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood;
He disarms the wrath of God."

He prays, "Let it alone this year also." O be warned in time! Should death overtake you whilst unprepared, how could you stand before Him whom you have treated with such ingratitude, and whom you are every day neglecting? God is as faithful in His threatenings as in His promises; and He declares, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

But, perhaps, you *have* already been led to see your sin, and are now mourning on account of it. In that case, you are painfully feeling the difference between the present and the past; you are realizing "that it is an evil thing and bitter," that you have "forsaken the Lord your God:" you know on what a precipice you are standing; you tremble at your danger, but discern no way of escape; you cannot unburden your mind to any earthly friend, yet dare not go to God, fearing that He will not receive you; and, in an anguish of spirit, you exclaim,—

"Ah! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?"

so, yours is indeed a sad, but, God, not a hopeless case. says, "Him that cometh unto will in *nowise* cast out." He ot reject even you, my sorrowster or brother.

ut," you say, "I am too sint is impossible that I can be " Does God tell you so? Far it. He says, "Return, ye liding children, and I will heal backslidings." And again, "I blotted out, as a thick cloud, anagressions, and, as a cloud, ns: return unto Me; for I have ned thee." There is every rage ment, then, for you. The is full of "precious promises" e returning prodigal. God is ling to receive you now as He hen you first sought and found is still far more ready to r pardon than you are to ask ie would not have again thus oced you of sin, had He not led to forgive you. Come to then, just as you did at first, ng the precious blood of Christ, g your soul on the efficacy of onement. To your unspeakoy, you will then once more , with the *writer of this paper*, here is forgiveness even for the *backslider*.

A RECLAIMED WANDERER.

SELF-CONCEIT.

this distemper is so prevalent e human family, it is well, onally, to examine our own dual state and condition, and there be not some symptoms of iction in ourselves, that we more vigilantly guard against exciting causes which tend to then and develop this common e or infirmity. Self-conceit, many other chronic and heredi-complaints, is not specially ding in its first stages, seldom

attended with pain, and, for the most part, extremely comfortable, causing the patient but little uneasiness or disquiet. The most characteristic symptom appears in the general tendency to inflation, which increases with the progress of the disease; in obstinate cases causing the patient to assume such unnatural proportions as to become an offensive object of contemplation to everybody except himself. This obliquity of vision usually affects the carriage and manners of the individual, causing an undue elevation of the head; throwing the vertebral column out of the line of the perpendicular; giving emphasis to utterance and gesticulation, pompousness to the gait, and an air of immense importance to the whole bearing.

These are, perhaps, the most obvious symptoms and characteristics, though the disease may exist without these general manifestations. Sometimes the indications appear only in one part, or member,—as in the head or face; the facial muscles being generally most susceptible to the influence of the mind and temper. Then, again, there may be no special manifestations visible to the eye, and only become apparent to the understanding through familiar acquaintance. We see it in a morbid appetite for approbation and compliment; a disposition to be seen and heard; an itching for applause and admiration; a fondness for discoursing about self, and self-interests; an indifference in listening to others, except when the conversation tends homeward. These, and various other features, not unfrequently disclose themselves through the intimacy of acquaintanceship.

There is another form in which self-conceit sometimes appears: it is that of mock humility. This type is so inveterate and deep-rooted as to be beyond the reach of antidotes or applications, and can only be era-

licated by surgical skill. The less virulent forms may sometimes be mitigated or counteracted by certain inexpensive specifics. The simple application of a few grains of common-sense tends greatly to relieve inflammation, and cool the brain. Just make a sensible, impartial estimate of yourself, as you would of another for whom you had no predilection. Some writer has wisely said, "Other people think about as much of us as we think of them; and everybody knows how little that is." An excellent sedative for those who distress themselves about the opinion of others! You need not be greatly elevated, nor depressed, by the estimation in which you are held by others; for, in nine cases out of ten, it is only the reflection of your opinion of them. If you praise a man for his excellent qualities, he will give you credit for penetration and discernment: if you do not concede his supposed merits, he will charge you with something like stupidity. Few hold in high regard those who do not in some degree wink at their self-conceit; for, however conscious you may be of your own blemishes of character, you would not be particularly attracted to the person who should venture to give you a hint regarding them.

MEMORIES.

WHEN we reach a quiet dwelling
On the strong eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling
Who the vast creation fills;
When the paths of prayer and duty
And affliction all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God:

While we wave the palms of glory
Through the long eternal years,—
Shall we e'er forget the story
Of our mortal griefs and fears?

Shall we e'er forget the sadness,
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts are fill'd with gladness,
And our tears are dried by Him?

Shall the memory be banish'd
Of His kindness and His care,
When the wants and woes are vanish'd
Which He loved to soothe and share?
All the way by which He brought us;
All the grievings that He bore;
All the patient love that taught us,—
Shall we think of them no more?

No! we surely shall remember
How He quicken'd us from death;
How He fann'd the dying ember
With His Spirit's glowing breath:
We shall read the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarms,
As we trod the desert, leaning
On His everlasting arms.

And His rest will be the dearer
As we think of weary ways;
And His light will be the clearer
As we muse on gloomy days.
O, 'twill be a glorious morrow
To a sad and stormy day:
We shall recollect the sorrow,
But as clouds that flee away.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

IN the little rock-bound island of Ischia, on the shores of sunny Italy, near the northern extremity of the Bay of Naples, might have been seen, about the year 1600, two noble children at play. They were noble, not only by birth, but in appearance: the boy had a dash of the Spaniard in his look and manner, and the girl was exceedingly fair, giving promise of the rare beauty which poets have sung of, which artists were proud to paint, and whose fame has floated down to us after the lapse of more than three centuries. But not on account of her beauty alone did this young Roman girl grow up into a famous woman. For she was that Vittoria Colonna whose name is still held as a proud possession by her countrymen. She was famous as a poet in an age of poets; her classical attainments were admired at a time when classical learning was very widely

*Vittoria Colonna.*

diffused, and when no mere smattering would pass muster. She became the friend and patroness of art; and her name is linked with the short-lived, but wide-spread, movement which was like a dawning Reformation in Italy. On all these accounts, but chiefly on the latter, her life has an interest for us; in addition to the general interest that gathers round the history of a country, whose sufferings and whose efforts are causing the eyes of Europe and of the world to be fixed upon it in the present day.

As little as at any period of her history had Italy, at the close of the fifteenth century, any unity or national life. For the country was not only broken up into small and independent kingdoms, but its most fertile and beautiful provinces were at this time the theatre of conflicts between foreign

kings; the bone of contention between the rival powers of France and Spain. The kingdom of Naples was in this unhappy condition for years, and the great Italian nobles lent their aid on one side or the other, according as their interest and policy inclined them. It were long to tell how many sovereigns occupied the throne of Naples in a few short years, and what reverses of fortune they experienced; but it is easy to guess the wretched condition of the inhabitants, who were victims to the ambition of kings and princes. In general, it is enough to say, that the King of Spain supported the claims of the House of Arragon, while the King of France claimed the crown in right of the House of Anjou.

We are afraid the Popes, even the cleverest of them, must have had a hard time of it, during this stormy period.

They gave their influence on the side which promised most for the advantage of Rome: for where all was a wild and selfish struggle for power and advancement, they had to govern, even in their own territories, by balancing one interest against another,—one faction, or one great and powerful family, against another.

One of the most ancient and powerful of the old Roman families was the house of Colonna, and in proportion to its power it was turbulent, unruly, and a terror to its neighbours. Fabrizio Colonna, the head of this family, was the father of Vittoria. Of course he took part in the war, but it seems he was not very particular which side he fought for. About the time of Vittoria's birth, he had ranged himself, with his influence and his dependants, on the side of Arragon; and, therefore, often found himself in open collision with the Popes, whose policy generally inclined towards the French side of the quarrel. This was because they were anxious to secure the protection of France, and check the growing power of Spain. Fabrizio, being almost always at war, and his towns and castles in a state of siege, found it hard to bring up his family safely and suitably in such unquiet times. Having strengthened his fortunes by betrothing his young daughter Vittoria—who was born in 1490, in the little town of Marino—to Ferdinand, afterwards Marquis of Pescara, he sent her to be brought up by the Duchess of Francavilla, in the island of Ischia. Ischia was an important key to the kingdom of Naples; and Ferdinand II., who was for a short time generally recognized as King, appointed the Duchess of Francavilla to be "châtelain" and governor of the island. The Duchess, who appears to have been both good and wise, had also the care of her young half-brother, the little Marquis of Pescara, who was Vittoria's future husband; so the two children were brought up together in this safe retreat, far from the tumults of the great world. These were very happy days; but they were not mere butterfly days of childish enjoyment; for Vittoria gave her mind steadily to her studies, and, besides all

necessary feminine accomplishments, she received a thorough classical education.

For this was the age of the *renaissance*, when classical learning had revived to a remarkable extent, and had given a new and wonderful impulse to literature and art. With all the advantage of this state of things, it was accompanied by great evil; for the spread of ancient literature, and the old modes of reasoning and thought, combined, with the corrupt and worldly state of the Romish church, to make religion disbelieved, and its ordinances despised to a fearful extent. Vittoria was, however, wisely shielded, by the care of the good Duchess, from these evil influences, and from the worldly and selfish spirit which pervaded Italian society; and in matters of learning she got on rapidly, outstripping her young companion, and giving early promise of the talent that made her name so famous in after years.

It was a happy thing for these young people, who were destined for each other from infancy, that a genuine and very strong attachment really sprang up between them. Vittoria loved the young Marquis, who was, by all accounts, a fine fellow, though she invested him with ideal goodness and nobleness of character; and Pescara was proud, as he well might be, of the loveliness, and grace, and attainments of his promised bride. In due time they were married, with much pomp of retinue and gorgeousness of attire, as befitted their rank, and many illustrious persons assembled to do them honour. For two years they continued to live at Ischia, and then it was considered necessary for Pescara to take his part in the turmoils of the time, and join in the war. Whereupon his affectionate wife exalted him into a hero, and beguiled the weary time of his absence by writing sonnets to him, and pouring out her heart in loving letters and wise counsels. The time was only weary because he was absent, for it was not dull at Ischia. Already the fame of the young Marchioness had spread; and she was talked of as the most beautiful and accomplished woman of her day. Numbers of distinguished people and men of letters gathered round her, so that she was quite at the head of a

little court. Happily her head was not turned by all this admiration and flattery, young though she was; and she conducted herself so prudently and wisely during her husband's long absence, that no word of slander was ever breathed upon her name, and her true heart dwelt on the image of her soldier-husband in the midst of the attractions and gaieties that surrounded her.

One would like to think that Pescara was as noble as his wife believed him to be. But history says, No. He was but an ordinary man of his times, possessing no great talents, and certainly no very exalted virtues; but giving proof of the cruelty, the ambition, the double-dealing, and unscrupulousness, that unfortunately characterized so many of the Italian nobles of that day. There is, however, no doubt that he was personally very brave. They met occasionally, but not often; and about ten years after their marriage, Pescara was seized with a sudden illness, and died before his wife could reach him. His conduct just before his death was very questionable, if not absolutely treacherous. He received tempting offers from the French to abandon the Spanish cause, and betray his master, Charles V., and go over with his troops to the other side. These offers he is believed to have entertained for some time. He certainly received them without disapprobation; but when there was a danger of discovery, he sent a full confession of the whole plot to the Emperor, and shortly after died.

His death plunged Vittoria into deep and heartfelt grief; we will not say the deepest grief, for that is always silent, and in this case the stricken wife found relief and expression for her sorrow in poetry. She left Ischia, and secluded herself for a short time in a convent. Afterwards she spent some time in Naples and in Rome, occasionally visiting other towns; and she occupied herself chiefly with study and poetical composition. Her sonnets went the round of the literary circles, and were much admired and sought after, though she scarcely indulged in any other theme but the virtues of her departed husband, and her own bitter sense of loss. After

a while a change came to her; the current of her thoughts was diverted into another channel, and henceforth her muse was devoted not to human love but to Divine.

To understand this change we must glance at the religious state of Italy, and of Europe generally, in this early part of the sixteenth century. The whole of Germany was agitated and excited by the spread of opinions that resulted in the Reformation. The great cause of this was the preaching of Luther, and the hearty receiving by the people, of this one truth, that "justification is of faith, and not of works." The eyes of the people once opened, they saw all the abuses and corruptions of the Romish church; and the breach between the two parties widened so rapidly that it was soon impossible to effect any reconciliation. In Italy, numbers of thoughtful people recognized the evils of the time, as early as the days of Leo X.; and several distinguished men in Rome banded themselves together for mutual edification, for preaching, and spiritual exercises. We find among these the names of the Venetian, Gaspar Contarini, Sadolet, Giberto, and Caraffa, who all afterwards became Cardinals, and one of whom became a Pope. Though this movement never attacked the church of Rome, yet none the less had it the same object as Protestantism,—the revival of spiritual religion; with this great difference, that the one worked outside of, and against the Romish church; the other within it, and for it. The great object of these men was to counteract the general degeneracy by a revival of faith, and doctrine, and holy living; and every one will acknowledge that this was the starting-point of Luther and Melancthon.

After some years had elapsed, the same association was renewed at Venice. Here were literary men, and philosophers, and deep religious thinkers, both native Venetians, and refugees from other countries. Among the latter was Reginald Pole, who left England because he disapproved of Henry VIII.'s innovations. Among noted Italian names we read of Peter Bembo, Brucioli, and Mark of Padua. They were still led by the good Contarini, of whom Pole said,

"Nothing was unknown to him that the human mind has discovered by its own investigations, or that God's grace has imparted to it; and to that he added the adornment of virtue."

What startling contradictions we meet with in the history of some human lives. Here is Pole confessing that Scripture teaches nothing so much as the great doctrine of justification by faith, and saying to Contarini, who wrote a treatise on the subject, "Thou hast brought to light that gem which the church kept half concealed." A few years later we find him in England, conducting the fierce and bitter persecutions under Queen Mary, which pursued to the death those who held this precious doctrine to be dearer than life itself.

This dawn of a new religious life in Italy was not confined to the circles where it began. It had a representative in the pleasure-loving city of Naples, Juan Valdes; a Spaniard, and a man of high position, and universally respected. Many earnest seekers after God, and His truth, would meet at his house, where they would devote hours to the study of the Scriptures, and prayer, and religious conversation.

Vittoria Colonna was one of these. Under the guidance of Valdes she was led to receive and to embrace the vital, saving truth of the Gospel, and it henceforth ennobled and spiritualized all her life. Contarini was also her intimate friend; and she frequently listened to the impassioned sermons of Bernardino Ochino, a Capuchin monk, who was very bold in preaching purity of life, and in denouncing the prevalent sins of the day; and who was followed by earnest crowds. From this turning-point in her life, her writings breathe a spirit of simple faith, and self-renouncing love. They are touched at times with mysticism, such as we meet with in the works of Madame Guyon, and such as has its counterpart in some religious schools in the present day. Here and there may be found allusions to the intercession of the saints, and expressions of belief in the infallibility of the church; but these do not occur often, and contrast strangely with the evangelical tone of the rest. The following sonnet may be taken as a

specimen of her religious tone of thought, though the translation does scant justice to the original.

" Ofttimes to God through frost and cloud I go
For light and warmth to break my icy chain,
And pierce and rend my veils of doubt in twain
With His Divinest love and radiant glow.
And if my soul sit cold and dark below,
Yet all her longings fix'd on heaven remain;
And seems she, 'mid deep silence, to a strain
To listen, which the soul alone can know,—
Saying, Fear nought! for Jesus came on earth,—
Jesus, of endless joys the wide deep sea,—
To ease each heavy load of mortal birth.
His waters ever clearest, sweetest be
To him who in a lonely bark drifts forth,
On His great deeps of goodness trustfully."

About the year 1537, Vittoria Colonna made the acquaintance, and gained the friendship, of a great and good man, Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. It was one of those friendships which affect the whole future life through time and eternity; for this gentle and devoted lady led the great artist to an earnest and hearty reception of religious truth; and he spoke of her to the end of his days with a tender and reverent love.

By this time the views held by the Italian Reformers had spread so greatly, and had obtained so great a number of quiet adherents throughout Italy, that the Papacy began to take alarm. Books which had formerly been circulated with impunity, were condemned and forbidden. Valdes and Ochino were forced to leave the country, and their teaching was condemned as heretical. The Inquisition was organized after the pattern of the one in Spain, and suspected opinions were rigorously inquired into. In obedience to authority,—the authority which she had always been taught to consider the highest in matters of faith,—Vittoria gave up her intercourse with these two friends, and ceased to correspond with them. We do not hear that her opinions were ever questioned, or that she ever ceased to hold them. It would be easy to blame her because she became neither a martyr nor an exile, but remained till her death in the communion of the Roman Catholic church; but let us rather

take it as a proof that that church was not utterly left without "witnesses," since it retained within its bosom such spirits as hers, and that of the good Contarini, and leave all judgment to the Searcher of hearts, "who seeth not as man seeth."

Vittoria Colonna died in 1547, in the fifty-seventh year of her age. Only the main features of her life have been given here; but her character was one which for beautiful womanliness, for mental cultivation, and for fervent and active piety, was a bright example to her countrywomen, and deserves to be cherished and remembered, even in the present day.

M. A. H.

SKETCHES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

VI.

TEMPLES, KARNAK—HISTORICAL RECORDS,
SHISHAK—FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY
—EARLY RELIGION—IDOLS.

WITHIN the limits which we have prescribed to ourselves, it is difficult to give anything like a complete or adequate idea of the Egyptian-temple structures. Egypt was emphatically the land of temples, and the reference which we made to several of them, as we traced the course of the Nile, shows the extent to which they were erected. The most costly and magnificent were those of Karnak and Luxor, at Thebes. The temple of Karnak was dedicated to Amun, or Amun-ra, the chief god of Egypt. The inner sanctuary, or most sacred portion, of the vast edifice, was built of granite. It was surrounded by a number of cells, and was approached through gates and colonnades, enclosed by a wall of brick; a material seldom used in temple-architecture. Outside was a court, with two obelisks; and within a second court were two more obelisks, one of which was ninety-two feet high. On one side of this court a gateway led into a hall of surpassing size and grandeur. The principal entrance was approached through a broad *dromos*, or avenue, lined by rows of ram-headed sphinxes. These figures numbered about sixty or seventy, and they were placed at a regular distance

of eleven feet from each other. At the end of this road another avenue, with figures of rams on lofty pedestals, conducted to a temple and a lake. But the grandeur of these avenues was greatly exceeded by another, which stretched more than a mile long, reaching to the portico of the palace at Luxor, and was bordered by six hundred colossal sphinxes.

The vastness of the ruins of the temple at Karnak is such as to bewilder with astonishment every traveller who has visited them. One says: "The columns, with the soaring obelisks and the colossal statues, present to the mind the idea of a forest of gigantic pillars and figures; and the array of mysterious hieroglyphics excites our highest wonder. We pass through labyrinths of open courts and chambers, while the shattered fragments so dazzle the eye that we feel like one that dreams. It seems as though some mighty earthquake had shaken the temple to its foundation, snapping many of its gigantic pillars like dry sticks. I visited these ruins half-a-dozen times; but, like the pyramids, they appeared, on each visit, to have grown in magnificence and impressiveness."

Crossing from Karnak to the western bank of the Nile, we find ourselves again surrounded by almost endless remains of massive structures,—palaces where royalty dwelt in stately grandeur, exacting a superstitious homage; and temples, to which the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands once turned with profoundest reverence.

The temples of Egypt—walls, columns, ceiling, and doors—are covered with hieroglyphics, sculptures, and paintings. The Egyptian artists had no idea of perspective; but they seem to have been skilful in the composition of their colours, which, although limited to red, black, green, blue, and yellow, were brilliant with an almost imperishable lustre. When the wall on which paintings were to be executed was rough or uneven, it first received a coating of lime, to form a smooth surface. These temple decorations were designed to record some of the principal events of Egyptian history; and here were represented, at almost inconceivable toil, the warlike expo-

ditions and victories of kings whose pride, ambition, and cruelty, have thus found a lasting monument. One of the walls of a Theban temple,—that of Medinet Abou, opposite Karnak,—exhibits a conqueror sitting in a chariot, looking with triumphant delight on an immense pile of hands which have been barbarously cut off the arms of his enemies, while an executioner stands with an axe in his hand, and behind are more prisoners, doomed to the same cruel torture, and a scribe is writing down either the number of the captives, or of the bloody hands which are accumulating before the eye of the victorious warrior.

The principal object of interest in the numerous and richly-carved sculptures of the temple at Karnak, consists in a representation of a piece of history contained in the books of Kings and Chronicles: "It came to pass, that in the fifth year of King Rehoboam, Shishak King of Egypt came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the Lord, with twelve hundred chariots, and threescore thousand horsemen: and the people were without number that came with him out of Egypt; the Lubims, the Sukkiims, and the Ethiopians. . . . So Shishak king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house; he took all." (2 Chron. xii. 2, 3, 9.) This Shishak is Sheahonk, the first king of the twenty-second dynasty; and in the temple we now speak of, the exploits of this monarch are portrayed. The king himself forms the subject of an immense sculpture, equal in size to that of the gods; and he is called, "Beloved of Isis," "Beloved of Thoth," "Beloved of Amun." Before him are captives, whom he is about to put to death; and there are also shields bearing emblematical names of the conquered nations. Among these the *kingdom of the Jews* is mentioned. Champollion, who was the first to decipher the inscriptions, says: "I beheld Shishak dragging before the Theban trinity the chiefs of more than thirty conquered nations; and among them I found, as one might expect, written in

full, 'Joudah Melek, king of the Jews.'" Thus does this ancient sculpture offer its testimony to the record of the Hebrew historian.

In the wide desolations strewn all around on each side of the Nile, memorials of a powerful kingdom for ever passed away, it is instructive to see how the prophecies of sacred Scripture have been fulfilled. Thebes, the Pathros, No, and No Amon, of the prophet Ezekiel, was to be "rent asunder." "And I will make Pathros desolate. . . . and will execute judgments in No. . . . and I will cut off the multitude of No." (Ezek. xxx. 14, 16.)

And the faithful word has been accomplished; for the hand of the destroyer has laid the ancient glory of Thebes prostrate in the dust. Nearly thirty centuries intervene between our own day and the far-distant period when the mighty Pharaohs ruled over a land whose cities were adorned with the grandest architecture, and whose fields were fruitful with the most abundant produce; while a powerful military organization made the name of the Theban kings famous among surrounding nations, who respected and dreaded Egypt much as, in after times, other nations regarded Rome.

Early Religion—Idols.

Some of the traditions which have been transmitted from very early times seem to render it probable that the religious doctrines held by the first colonists of Egypt, and, perhaps, by their immediate descendants, were not marked by any serious departures from the faith held by the family of Noah.

The steps by which the debasing and loathsome idolatries of after days were reached, may not very clearly appear; but there seems to be pretty reliable evidence that, originally, one God was the object of worship; who was, moreover, considered to be self-existent and eternal. Some place Kneph at the head of the Egyptian divinities, and he was spoken of as "*the spirit without beginning or end*"; a fragment of truth broken off from its proper connexion. In the degenerate and corrupt days of Egypt's subsequent superstitions, this god was

ted with the legs, body, and a man, but with a ram's head. son of this was thus curiously i:—It was said that an ardent er of Kneph was so intensely of seeing the object of his adoration at length the deity appeared to bring the head and fleece of a ew, after all, is there not in this legend a dim remembrance of a sessed, but most miserably dis-uth,—that God had been pleased communion with man? And is t, also, something very signif- the name by which their first s called,—*Menes*? for we are t *Menes* signifies "one who ith [the god] Amon." Every- l familiar with the early Mosaic ust be forcibly reminded of the p with the Unseen One under ie piety of an antediluvian pa- s described,—"*Enoch walked d.*" Moreover, Plutarch men- remarkable inscription on a t *Lais*, in Lower Egypt, one of ; ancient Egyptian cities, and he earliest ports which opened cation with southern Europe Greece. It ran thus:—"I am was, is, and shall be; and my mortal yet uncovered." The hich bore these words was a fless structure, and was dedi- Neith, Egypt's great virgin Her name is said to convey veive meaning, "I came from Surely it does seem as if we ceive here the feeble rays of an d a brighter light, which lin- ile ere the darkness of deepest settled down all over the land. the first forms in which their y existed when they began the l and swift course of poly- appears to have consisted of a iad, embracing Osiris, Isis, and the remnant," remarks one his- of an earlier and purer creed, was contained the primeval t plurality in unity consti- Divine essence." nently, but at what period can- definitely ascertained, a new lolatry appeared. The ancient ph, was set aside; and there

was introduced in his place a deity called Amun, or Amun-ra. That he is a creation of more recent times is evident from the fact that his name is not found on the oldest Egyptian monuments; Num, or Nef, (Kneph,) being the name which they bear. Amun was worshipped at Thebes, the metropolis of Upper Egypt; and it was in honour of this god that the gorgeous temple of Karnak, as we have just mentioned, was reared. The Pharaohs of Thebes were called sons of Amun, and the claim which they thus laid to a divine descent invested their person with a peculiar sacredness.

In the mythology of Lower Egypt other idols received recognition and homage. There, the principal god was Phthah. He was adored at Memphis as the creator and ruler of the universe. "Some representations exhibited him as proceeding out of an egg which came from the mouth of Kneph. He was generally figured as a mummy swathed in bandages, with the head and arms protruding, as if to symbolize the first putting forth of the creative power. At other times he has his limbs free, and is forming an egg (the symbol of life) on a potter's wheel." Like the Theban monarchs, the Pharaohs of Memphis claimed a divine origin, and they styled themselves sons of Phthah.

There was also the sun-god; identical, doubtless, with the Baal of the Phœnicians; the god worshipped by the apostate Israelites in the days of Ahab, and memorable in sacred history by the discomfiture of his priests on Carmel when they accepted the fire test. This god was called Ra, and the image under which he was worshipped was a human form, with the head of a hawk. Besides these, were others, making eight divinities, belonging to what was known as the first rank, four male, and four female.

Then there were gods of a lower order. There was Thoth, the god of the moon; represented sometimes with a man's face, and on his forehead the moon's crescent; and appearing in other sculptures with the head of the ibis, Egypt's most sacred bird. To him was ascribed the invention of letters, and

perhaps music. He was the god of wisdom, and his temple was at Hermopolis. There was Athor, the daughter of Ra, who was worshipped under the symbol of a white cow, and to whom temples were erected in various parts of Egypt; and there was another daughter of Ra, called Ma, or Thmei. She was the goddess of justice, and her image was worn by the supreme judge when fulfilling the duties of his high office.

Among the objects held sacred by the Egyptians, their river occupied a conspicuous place. The Nile was worshipped under the figure of a man with aquatic plants growing on his head. At Philæ he was represented with a jar in each hand, from which he was pouring out a stream of water. The temple which was specially dedicated to him was at Nilopolis; but in the various cities built on the banks of the Nile, there were priests of this river-god who were appointed to perform the rites prescribed in his worship.

Among the gods with whose names we are most familiar in Egyptian mythology and history, and to whom the most general honour was awarded, were Osiris, Isis, and Anubis. Isis was both sister and wife of Osiris, and the legends with which they were associated were such as to raise them to a very high rank in popular esteem. Osiris was said to have been, at an immensely and most fabulously remote period, a king of Egypt, and to have occupied a most wise and beneficent reign in works of the greatest utility; one of the chief of which was instructing his subjects in the art of agriculture. It was believed that he was murdered by his brother Typhon, who, for this crime, "was condemned to perpetual abomination, as the spirit of evil, in the shapes of an ass and a hippopotamus." The ox was selected as the animal sacred to Osiris, in remembrance of the advantages which the god-monarch conferred upon his people as the teacher of agriculture.

To Isis, the cow was consecrated; and in some of the figures of this goddess she is represented with a cow's head on a human body. Anubis is represented with the head of a jackal. The rites and ceremonies belonging to Isis and Osiris

formed one of the most influential systems of worship ever practised; not merely exciting a mighty power within the land of Egypt, but telling upon foreign nations.

The Roman invaders of this country bore along with them memorials of a wide-spread superstition, whose native home was the far-distant valley of the Nile; and there is good reason to believe that "a temple to Serapis, the later form of Osiris, stood near the ancient Eboracum, on a site now covered by the York railway-station."

But we have not space to enter into minuter detail of the various shapes which Egyptian idolatry assumed, except to bestow some notice of one form of it; namely, the worship of animals; in which we discover some of the most strange and humiliating superstitions that could possibly darken and enthrall the human soul: superstitions in which the corruption of depravity, and the foolishness of folly, seem to have gone to the very utmost lengths in cursing and debasing the intellect and heart of man.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

IV.

Lycidas. You were certainly right, Penseroso, when you chose this as the best situation for a bower. I hardly know which I like most,—the bower itself, the woods which make it so cosy a shelter, or the splendid view of the sea which it affords. It must be easy work to sit here, and watch the vessels, home-bound and outward-bound, sail up and down the channel. How far does the eye command the sea?

Penseroso. We are three hundred feet above the level; so the sea and sky meet above twenty miles away.

L. You were soon home again.—How you must relish your quiet walks here, after the hurry and tumult of feverish London!

P. Yes; our turf walks and pine-groves are a pleasant contrast to the city.

L. Yet one may have too much of this. I marvel that solitude so little

affects your spirits. I must have genial society.

P. Do you know Thomson's lines on the subject?

L. I have the vaguest recollection that he says something in one of his *Seasons*,—Winter, I think.

Penseroso.—

"Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blythe or solemn, as the theme inspired :
With them would search, if Nature's boundless
frame

Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,
Or sprang eternal from the' ETERNAL MIND.

Then would we try to scan the moral world.

The sage historic muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of
time ;
Show us how empires grew, declined, and fell.

If doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
The ardent risings of the kindling soul,
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues : how to glide,
Through shades and plains, along the
smoothest stream
Of rural life ; or snatch'd away by hope
Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness and wonder ; where the mind
In endless growth, and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world."

L. At present, neither past nor future much occupies my thoughts. A year ago, a thick cloud was between me and the future : a thick cloud, and a black one, too. In truth, I hardly hoped ever to see England again.

P. Yet Providence preserved you.

L. Yes : I escaped by a hair's-breadth ; and, I suppose, a hair's-breadth is enough. We believe in Providence ; yet, I am free to confess, I hardly understand it.

P. Nor I. But surely it is not designed that we should understand everything. *Faith* is our lesson. Does not faith, in some sense, imply *ignorance* ? Who knows what the God of Providence and of Grace will do with any man ?

L. No one. Yet let us see how far we may reverently push our inquiries.

P. Agreed.—We may safely lay down this as an axiom,—*whatever is done on earth is known in heaven.*

L. Unquestionably. Yet I am afraid

that this great fact is but slightly appreciated by most of us.

P. Not, however, for want of being inculcated. In each of the seven Epistles to the churches we have these words, "I know thy works."

L. The words should bring warning to the oppressor, and consolation to the injured. What if there be no immediate interference ? All is known to the All-seeing,—

"The triple bolt that lays all wrong in ruin."

And there is always time enough to reward the righteous, and to punish the wicked.

P. Shall we proceed to another point ? *Nothing is done without God's permission.*

L. So far, our path is as clear as daylight can make it. This point, like the former, is indisputable and satisfactory.

P. It is. To a righteous man it should be no small consolation to know that God does not look upon his dangers, or injuries, as a helpless spectator, willing, yet unable to avert them : that there is always *power* to rescue him, whether that power be put forth or not : that, without God's permission, not a finger will ever be lifted, not a word will ever be spoken, against him. Every man stands towards his fellows, as Jacob stood towards Laban.

L. Either I must refer to Genesis, or you must explain your enigmas.

P. After Laban had pursued and overtaken Jacob, and the storm of words had blown over, "Jacob took a stone, and set it up for a pillar. And Jacob said unto his brethren, Gather stones ; and they took stones, and made an heap : and they did eat there upon the heap. And Laban called it Jegar-sahadutha : but Jacob called it Galeed. And Laban said, This heap is a witness between me and thee this day. Therefore was the name of it called Galeed ; and Mizpah ; for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." True, there is often neither visible barrier nor watch-tower between a man and his fellows, yet there is always the power of the Eternal.

L. Then, if need be, let everyone say to his neighbour, as the Master said to Pilate, "Thou couldst have no

power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above."

P. And sometimes, at least, Providence actually interposes between man and man, and otherwise controls human affairs.

L. Else I see but little meaning in the word Providence.

P. "The wrath of man shall praise Him: the remainder of wrath shall He restrain." And as for nature, she is simply, so to speak, the handmaid of Providence; for she is never able to thwart the counsels of THE PRESERVER; and her own laws have been more than once changed, or suspended.

L. Up to this point we have found no difficulty.

P. Without a doubt or a difficulty, then, we may say thus much: *God governs the world. He numbers the very hairs of our head. Nothing is done without His cognizance and permission; and, though the laws of Nature are generally respected, and all mankind are allowed to be, to some extent, masters of their own conduct, yet sometimes God, in various ways, interposes, both by suspending or changing the course of Nature, and by moving the hearts of men; the instruments of His Providence being nature, angels, and men themselves.*

L. Heaven interposes, then. But when, where, how, to what extent?

P. You do me too much honour in asking me these questions. The book which John saw was sealed with seven seals.

L. And John wept much that none was found worthy to open it. But, if we are ignorant of the future, we may look at the past.

P. In my opinion, even in looking at the past, one may sometimes choose between simple ignorance and the chance of being mistaken. For, though in some instances the finger of God is manifest, yet, in many more, Providence has acted without attracting observation; moving slowly and silently to its end; interfering with moral agents, perhaps, to the least possible extent; merely supplementing human efforts, or interposing slight and imperceptible, yet efficacious, barriers to the execution of designs.

L. Of one thing, however, we may be sure; that, though much is hidden from us, all is done in wisdom.

P. That we may well take for granted. Yet God's ways are not our ways, nor can we concede to any man either the right or the power of judging what it becomes the wisdom of God to do, or to leave undone. Apparently, the fairest occasion for a special interposition may pass away while Heaven seems not to regard it. Or again, wonders may be wrought, such as we should not dare to ask.

L. You are right. The martyr is fastened to the stake, and neither do angels descend to snatch the victim from his doom, nor does thunder shake the sky to show God's displeasure. On the other hand, the very sun is made to stand in the heavens, that he may the longer light the Israelites to the slaughter of their enemies.

P. In that stupendous miracle the moon, too, was made to stand.

L. The Israelites could not want her light while the sun was still in the sky.

P. No: but if the earth cease to rotate, the moon, as well as the sun, must (excuse my preciseness) cease to seem to move; or, rather, she must, from her own motion, very slowly retreat eastwards. I take it for granted that the earth gradually ceased to rotate; in which case a single act produced two miraculous appearances. If you will have only one miracle apparent, you must have it at the cost of two interpositions.

L. Of all which astronomy, I suspect, Joshua knew just nothing.

P. Very possibly; but it was known to the Spirit by whose afflatus the old warrior was moved. Hence, Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still.

L. We were saying that man was unable to judge of the course which it becomes Divine Providence to take. But may we not from the past sometimes guess the future?

P. Certainly we may guess. But a reverent soul would not be over curious. Besides, events are not always precedents.

L. You know the force of an example.

Elijah and Elisha led charmed
Who ever laid a finger upon
of them? Elijah more than once
lown fire from heaven. Elisha
his mockers in the name of the
marches off the helpless Syrians
Joathan to Samaria, and resists the
messenger. But other prophets
invulnerable. By and by comes
the Baptist "in the spirit and
of Elijah," yet he is cast into
and sold for a dance. What a
st was the executioner's axe to the
hariot!

You have made out your case.
re not disposed to concede much
an sagacity.

Not out of its own province. Still,
far from denying that we know
ing of the ways of God towards

In particular, I admit that a man
from the great book spell out a
respecting himself, or even read it
dance, and by the clearest light
red, or about to be favoured, with
wonderful deliverance, and con-
ly safe in the Cleft of the Rock,
all of awe and love, he may feel
the Eternal passes by, and may
Him in thought with a gust of
wonder: "'Twas He, and He is
on His way!" Yet even this
ed mortal knows not whence his
er comes, nor whither He goes.
True enough. To be hid in the
while the Mysterious passes by
e a solemn and delightful experi-
yet, assuredly, it cannot bring the
of exploring all God's ways, and
ing all His judgments.

"Verily He is a God that hides
Himself." "Clouds and darkness are
about Him." "His way is in the
and His path in the great waters,
His footsteps are not known."
unsearchable are His judgments,
His ways past finding out!"

Of course this need breed no dis-
no idle fears, in our hearts?

No: whatever has been, whatever
is, "Love Almighty reigns;" both
day of our wealth, and in the day
want, sorrow, or danger.

Let a weather-beaten traveller
What can you academics know
seas? Many a time at sea, and

more than once in tempest, have I
mused on these lines, which I picked up
I hardly know how:—

"Why those fears! Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship!
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us o'er the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

"Could we stay where death was hovering!
Could we rest on such a shore!
No, the awful truth discovering,
We could linger there no more:
We forsake it,
Leaving all we loved before.

"Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

"Led by that, we brave the ocean;
Led by that, the storms defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Winds obey Him,
And the waves before Him fly.

"Render'd safe by His protection,
We shall pass the watery waste;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past."

P. Enough for to-night: the stars will
soon be out. By all the signs, the
weather will be fair to-morrow. Let us
adjourn, and resume our conversation
twelve hours hence. How much will
happen meanwhile! Some of these
vessels will be in port, some in the
main ocean; and a little more of the
mighty drama of life will have been
performed. — Your nearest way home is
down the path fringed by the rhodo-
dendrons.

(To be continued.)

OUR COLONIES.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Ever since the war broke out between
the Northern and Southern States of
America, the eyes of the English nation
have been turning uneasily towards our
own possessions on that continent. This
uneasiness has been shared by the
colonists themselves to such an extent,
that they have seriously considered the
propriety of forming a confederation of

all the English colonies on the continent of America, or in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Some of these colonies oppose the scheme violently, and the question will probably take a considerable time before it is finally settled. While, however, this uncertain feeling exists with reference to the Americans on the one hand, and the colonists on the other, the British Parliament has voted £50,000 towards the defences of Quebec, and the public are trying to become better acquainted with the whole question. Our readers will probably think a few facts respecting these colonies not unseasonable.

Canada is by far the most important of our American possessions. Its area is the largest; its commerce is equal to that of all the others; and its population is four times as numerous as all the other British American colonies together. During the last fifty years, above a million and a quarter of emigrants have left the shores of the United Kingdom for Canada. This might be regarded as a sign that the Canadas were looked upon with favour by the adventurous British, did we not observe that in the same time nearly three times as many had chosen the United States as their home. It appears, indeed, that Canada has been less in favour of late years than it was formerly, for the emigrants have only averaged sixteen thousand per annum for the last ten years; whereas, in the ten years preceding, the annual average was forty-two thousand. Nearly as many persons left the ports of Great Britain and Ireland, for our North American colonies in 1847, as have left in the whole of the last eight years.

One of the chief reasons for the want of favour with which these settlements are regarded, is the severity of the climate. The bays and gulfs are generally ice-bound for nine months in the year, and immense masses of floating ice, at other seasons, render navigation dangerous. In the far North, sometimes the ice does not melt for two or three years in succession, while beyond the polar circle not a tree is to be seen; but mosses, lichens, and a few dwarf shrubs, constitute the sole vegetable covering of barren and dreary plains. In the

St. Lawrence, the second week in May is the earliest that vessels can reach Quebec; and, even then, thick fogs prevail till they give place to heavy falls of snow.

In the bay of Fundy the ordinary difficulties of navigation are greatly increased by the strength and rapidity of the tides, which sometimes rise to a height of seventy feet, and are thirty feet high even at neap tides.

The passage-money to Quebec is always one-third more than to the ports of the United States, and this has had the effect of keeping the more needy emigrants out of Canada. The fact that clerks, shopmen, and all women above the grade of domestic servants, are positively discouraged from selecting Canada as their home, has also limited the numbers considerably.

British Columbia is next in size to Canada; and as the gold-fields are proving a great attraction, both to the British and the neighbouring Americans, it is likely soon to become an important colony.

In population and commercial importance, Nova Scotia is second only to Canada. Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island are the least important of these colonies. Newfoundland is a large island, situated on the eastern side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is inferior only to Canada and Nova Scotia; in some respects, indeed, it is superior to the latter; for its debt is very much smaller, while its revenue and commerce are nearly equal. Labrador is attached to the government of Newfoundland. New Brunswick is separated from the United States by the river St. Croix. The gold-fields of Vancouver Island are attracting adventurers from all parts; and as there are already ten thousand native Indians there, the population is of a very mixed character. Hudson's-Bay Territory stretches over the entire breadth of the continent; but there are only a few stations, called *houses*, scattered over that vast area, and maintained for the purpose of collecting the skins of the numerous fur-bearing animals that live in that wild district. Rupert Land lies between the Rocky Mountains and Labrador.

The original inhabitants of the country were Indians. These are rapidly disappearing, but they have given names to parts of the country, which will probably remain long after the last Indian is forgotten. Thus we have the *rivers* Ottawa, Mississippi, Saakatchewan, and Iroquois; the *lakes* Winnipeg, Athabasca, Huron, Ontario, and Erie; the Falls of Niagara, and the town of Quebec.

After the Indians, the French were the masters of the country, and there are many names which remind us of their presence. Not only do we find the straits of Belle Isle, Richelieu River, Rideau Canal, and the towns of Côteau du Lac, and La Prairie, but villages, streets, hotels, and churches, bearing names of French origin. Near Montreal, a village much exposed to snow-storms is called *Côte de Neige*; its principal chapel, *Chapelle de Dame de Neige*; and its chief hotel, *Hotel de Neige*.

In 1759 Canada was taken by the English, and of course, English names have prevailed ever since. Thus we find London on the Thames, in the county of Middlesex; Oxford, chief town of Oxfordshire; and Grimsby, in Lincolnshire. There have, however, been several strange twists in placing towns and counties, and it seems very odd to an Englishman to be told that Windsor is in Essex, Newcastle in Durham, and Brighton in Northumberland.

For a considerable time after the French settlers came under British rule, rebellions and conspiracies were very common among them; but since 1837 they have had equal political and religious rights with the British, and a very pleasing change has been the consequence.

The different sections of the Christian church at home have not been unmindful of those who have gone to settle in these distant lands. In 1839, the Church of England sent out Dr. Strachan, as Bishop of Toronto; and since that time nine other Bishops have been appointed to preside over churches in different parts of our American possessions. Other churches have also sent out representatives, who have borne witness to the truth; but no body of Christians has done so much for this part of the world

as the Wesleyan Methodists. In 1822, they had forty-one Missionaries labouring there; in 1839, they had increased them to eighty-eight; and in 1863, no fewer than two hundred and two Ministers were employed in spreading abroad a knowledge of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Missions among the North American Indians have also been established by the same church, and the Ministers report that "Canadian pagans have cast away their superstitions; received Bible-truth into the mind, become devout worshippers of God, lovers of Christ, and sober, industrious, and respected men." They do not attempt to underrate the difficulties of the work; but they add, "The triumphs of Indian death-beds are an ample remuneration for the outlay and labour."

W. H.

THE QUEEN'S CHILDHOOD.

IN the second volume of the *Passages of a Working Life*, the following little reminiscence of the year 1827, while Mr. Knight lived at Brompton, occurs:—"I delighted to walk in Kensington Gardens, sometimes on a holiday afternoon, with my elder girls; more frequently in the early morning, on my way to town. Glancing, in the intervals of my present task of reviving old memories, at the work of a poet who ought to be more widely known, I find these lines:—

'Once as I stray'd, a student, happiest then,
What time the summer garniture was on,
Beneath the princely shades of Kensington,
A girl I spied, whose years might number ten,
With full round eyes, and fair soft English face.'

In such a season, when the sun was scarcely high enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington's green alleys, as I passed along the broad central walk, I saw a group on the lawn before the Palace, which to my mind was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air; a single page attending on them at a respectful distance; the matron looking on with eyes of love, whilst the 'fair soft English face' is bright with smiles. The world of fashion is not yet astir. Clerks and mechanics, passing

onward to their occupations, are few; and they exhibit nothing of that vulgar curiosity which I think is more commonly found in the class of the merely rich, than in the ranks below them in the world's estimation. What a beautiful characteristic it seemed to me of the training of this Royal girl, that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye; that she should not have been burthened with a premature conception of her probable high destiny; that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature; that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast-table, and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining parterre; that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the grove around her. I passed on, and blessed her; and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training."

THE SPRING-TIDE HOUR.

The spring-tide hour,
Brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay
Wears out the day,
In many a leafy grove:

Bird, flower, and tree,
Seem to agree,
Their choicest gifts to bring;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no Spring.

Dews fall apace,
The dews of grace,
Upon this soul of sin,
And love Divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within:
Yet, year by year,
Fruits, flowers appear,
And birds their praises sing;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
Its Winter has no Spring.

Lord, let Thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the soft wind blow;
Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow!
And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing;
Lord, teach this heart
To bear its part,
And join the praise of Spring.

—*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D.*

Memorials of the Departed.

DIED at Morice-Town, Devonport, January 20th, 1864, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, MR. JOHN COOMBS; "an old disciple," having been a member of the Methodist Society about fifty-six years. Being at Bideford, on business connected with his employment at the Devonport Dockyard, he attended the Wealeyan chapel, where he was convinced of sin, and led to seek mercy at the hands of God. Having at length obtained this blessing, he devoted himself heartily to the service of God, and aimed at doing good to the utmost of his ability. As a tract-distributor, and visitor of the sick, he was remarkably useful, and "longed to measure out a full cup of happiness to every one." The simplicity and spirituality of his con-

versation gained the attention, and secured the respect, of those whom he visited; and many, through his instrumentality, were brought into the enjoyment of religion, as well as into fellowship with the people of God. In these labours of love he persevered with indefatigable zeal, until his Divine Master laid him aside. Though poor in this world's goods, yet he was "rich in faith," and was always happy in the love of God, and grateful for His mercies. Eminently contented, and cheerful in his spirit, he could daily sing,—

"In every changing scene of life,
In trouble or in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ."

He had several remarkable escapes from

sudden death, which he gratefully attributed to an ever-watchful and gracious Providence. During his affliction he was never heard to murmur, but was constantly praising God. His last words were, "Happy! happy! happy! All is well! all is well! all is well!" and his triumphant spirit soared aloft to the regions of light.

R. B.

MRS. MARY RICE, of Kingsand, in the Devonport Circuit, was admitted as a scholar into the Ker-street Wesleyan Sunday-school, Devonport, in the year 1839, being then six years of age. Favoured with the example and instructions of a holy mother at home, and of Christian teachers at the Sabbath-school, she early became a seeker of salvation. In her fifteenth year it pleased God to lay her on a sick bed; but she was "brought low" only that she might be "lifted up," and enabled to praise her Divine and gracious Deliverer. During this affliction, from which she happily recovered, she paid the vows she had often made, to give to God her "undivided heart." She "sought the Lord" in penitence and faith, at the throne of mercy, and He graciously "regarded her prayer." Often had she entreated Him to "make her His own child" by adoption and grace; and now she was enabled to cry, "Abba, Father!"

"The Spirit answer'd to the blood,
And told her she was born of God."

She now willingly joined the people of God, and became a member of the Wesleyan church, in which she realized, in a high degree, the advantages of Christian fellowship. Anxious to glorify God, and to "serve her generation according to His will," she became a teacher in the Sabbath-school, a distributor of religious tracts, and a visitor of the sick and needy, in all which "labours of love" she excelled, and was, to all around her, "a burning and a shining light." Indeed, the language of one of her favourite hymns fully described her consecrated character and life:—

"The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies."

Having proved by happy experience that religion was "a glorious reality," she uniformly maintained a cheerful

confidence in God. In the midst of agonizing affliction her mind was "kept in perfect peace," and quiet resignation to the will of God. For her "to live was Christ, and to die was gain;" so that, "whether living or dying, she was the Lord's." For some months before her dissolution, she had a presentiment that her stay on earth would be short; and those words of holy writ were continually impressed on her mind, "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." But to her, death had no terrors, and was regarded not as a grim executioner, but as a smiling friend.

"She stood, and with her starry pinions on,
Dress'd for the flight, and ready to be gone."

A short time before her death, she begged her husband to give her up in submission to the will of God, assuring him that all was "ordered well," and would issue in their good. "Weeping," she said, "may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning:" and, having kissed her infant, and charged her husband to train it up for God, she fell asleep in Jesus,—

"And as a glad child seeks its father's house,
Went home!"

She departed April 2d, 1864.

R. B.

ON Sabbath evening, February 6th, 1865, the beautiful sanctuary in Wootton, Bedfordshire, was crowded; the extraordinary congregation being assembled to hear improved the sudden death of Jabez GRANBY, a member of the Wesleyan Society. The deceased was but thirty-four years of age. All the preceding week he had been at work on a lonely farm two miles from his home. The whole village was moved when it learned that a fall from a cart had rendered him insensible. He was borne to the Infirmary, lingered a day or two, then died, January 27th. He was blessed with a pious father, and regularly attended the means of grace. From childhood he was steady and well-conducted. At twenty-one years of age he became concerned for his salvation, and his friends well remember his kneeling at the communion-rail, a penitent before God. His conversion was as clear as the light of day. Jesus was revealed to his distressed spirit as

the Rest of the mourner, and as the Balm of the wounded soul. He was remarkably useful, and found in the Wesleyan church an appropriate sphere for his efforts to do good. His disposition was retiring; yet his light could not be hid, and it shone, we believe, nowhere more brightly than in his own home. He was the chapel-keeper, and as such, showed that the humblest officer in the church may be a priest to God. He gave his assistance in conducting cottage prayer-meetings, and often cheered the sick by his presence and counsel. He was a Sabbath-school teacher, a tract-distributor, and a steady collector for our foreign Missions. About seven years ago he also became a Class-leader, and filled his new and important office to the profit of his members. Some of them bore him to the grave; and the moist eyes, and subdued air, of these strong men, showed that they felt a gap was made which it would not be easy to fill. So much did Divine grace accomplish in this son of toil. He was a well-established Christian; and was, no doubt, prepared for his sudden end. In his spare minutes, the Testament was his companion; and he was often seen resting under a hedge with the word of life before him. Struck down as he was in a moment, he could leave no testimony behind him, but the best testimony of all,—a life fragrant with the spirit of faith and love. May many of the peasantry of England emulate his virtues!

GEORGE T. TAYLOR.

APRIL 23d, 1865, at Dartmouth, in

the Brixham and Dartmouth Circuit, aged nineteen, MR. HENRY STUTCLIFFE. He was made the subject of converting grace under the ministry of the Rev. Richard Roberts, of London. That the change he then felt was real, was significantly proved by the unblemished consistency of his conduct, and his endeavours to do good. He expressed his experience thus:—

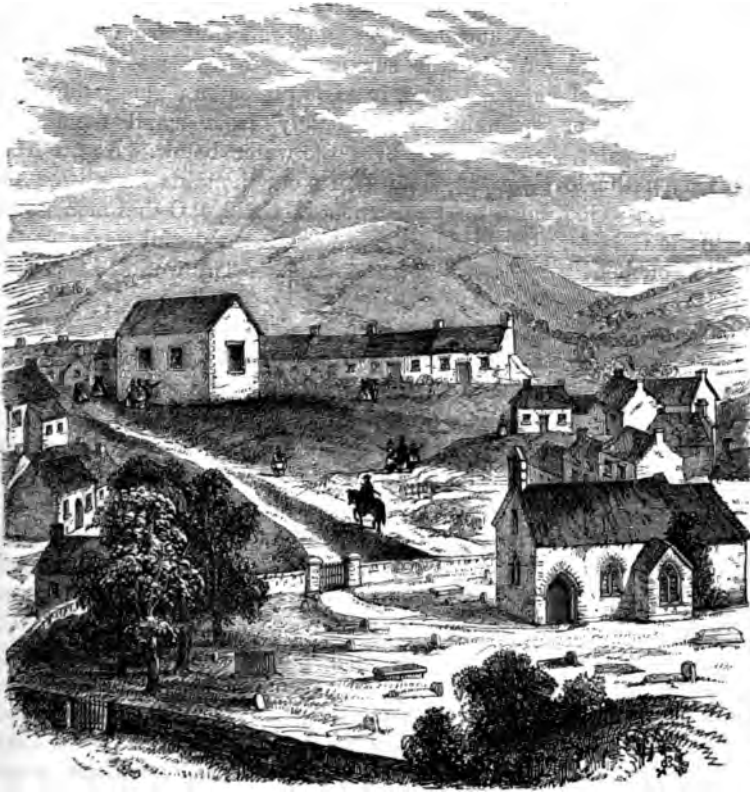
"Let others mourn their humble lot,
But I will work and sing;
For, though the world regard me not,
My Father is a King.
From His bright palace in the skies,
He sees me where I roam;
And soon He'll call me to arise,
And bid me welcome home."

Soon after his conversion he began to call sinners to repentance, preaching with much acceptance. He loved good books, and the study of the Holy Scriptures, and was never happier than when composing or preaching sermons. Some months prior to his last affliction he removed to Bath. There he caught a severe cold, which, fastening on his not strongly-built frame, issued in a rapid consumption. In the prospect of an early dissolution, he never repined at his lot, but drank the cup, and kissed the rod, with thankfulness; being fully resigned to the will of his heavenly Father. He had fostered the hope of being called to the Christian ministry; but He whose "councils are a great deep," suddenly called him to minister in the temple above. He died resting on the atonement of Christ, and his happy spirit rests with "God who gave it." H. H.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Atkinson, Mr. Matthew	Bramley,	Bramley,	24	April 23d, 1865.
Brown, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Batcombe,	Castle-Carey,	68	April 9th, 1865.
Neil, Mr. John,	Newcastle, N.S.W.,	Newcastle, N.S.W.	61	March 2d, 1865.
Standen, Sarah E.,	Rye,	Rye,	—	Feb. 15th, 1865.
Turner, Mrs. Mary,	Stanningley,	Bramley,	74	April 11th, 1865.



LANGUM; A VILLAGE IN "LITTLE ENGLAND
BEYOND WALES."

A FEW miles from the assize-town of Pembrokeshire, on the road to Her Majesty's Royal Dockyard at Pembroke, lies one of the prettiest villages in South Wales. Langum is situated on the borders of the magnificent harbour of Milford Haven, and near to the mouth of the River Cleddy. The waters of the broad Atlantic find their way to its beach, which always presents a lively appearance from the many nets and fishermen's boats lying about. It is a lovely spot! A splendid view meets the eye on every hand, your thoughts involuntarily turning to the beautiful scenery of the South of England, as well as to the lake-districts of the North; or they may fairly ramble away further still, even to the fairer clime of Southern Italy, so balmy is the air, so azure the sky. Standing at the entrance of one of its upland vales, bordered on either side with woods, interspersed with ruins, and enlivened here and there by groups of shepherds with their mountain-sheep, you look down upon a lovely sheet of water, here expanding itself into a noble stream, and fringed with rich foliage. Further on it is contracted into

the narrow Cleddy, flowing between sylvan banks, dotted with towers, ancient ruins, churches, and mansions, and reflecting from its glassy surface the varied forms of the surrounding hills. Strips of forest, straggling lines of detached trees, in some places run along the edge of the banks, or springing forth boldly from small fissures in their rocky sides, hang waving over the water below. As we have gazed upon the lovely scene, from nature our thoughts have been led up to nature's God, until we have shouted aloud, "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

This beautiful spot is inhabited by a race of hardy fishermen. Their cottages, which are in close proximity to the beach, are for the most part very neat and clean. The white-washed walls, the small *sashes*, the thatched roof, and the gardens attached to each, give them the appearance of farm-labourers' cottages in Kent, rather than the huts of weather-beaten seamen. The customs which prevail in this community are peculiar. Separate and distinct from the Welsh race, they claim descent from the Flemings, who landed at Milford, and took possession of that town, and also of Haverford, and possessed themselves of the surrounding country, in the reign of Henry I. From that time to this they have retained their distinctive character. You need not ask them the question, so often asked in the northern part of the Principality, *Fedrwch chiwi siarad Saesneg?* ("Can you speak English?") as all of them are essentially English, so far as their language is concerned. These people, though now for the most part on a level with their Welsh neighbours, have retained for them, and their language, a sort of hereditary contempt. For instance, they affect not to know the name of a single individual inhabiting that part of a canton, or of a parish in which Welsh is spoken. To the inquiries of strangers they will answer, "*I donna knaw; a lives somewhere i' the Welshery.*" Among these people it is very seldom that a family unites with another by marriage outside the precincts of their own hamlet. Quaker-like, they intermarry with each other, so that they form a family of about five hundred souls. But in many instances the women keep their maiden-name after marriage. "Betty Philpen" is the daughter of "John Philpen," for instance; she marries "Joseph Skrymes," but although recognised as the lawful wife of that good man, she still retains her maiden-name, and is known in the village by that alone. They are known wherever they go, not only on account of their remarkable acuteness in business transactions, but their very physiognomy and garments proclaim their name. The short flannel dress, the red petticoat, the blue worsted stockings, the conical-shaped hat, and their constant companion, the pannier, as well as the interesting countenance, which is peculiarly theirs, with its oblong form, its gipsy-like colour, its Jewish eyes, and well-formed mouth, all bespeak their descent.

Men, women, and children are all engaged in one calling, and that

is fishing. Night and day their home is much on the deep, dredging for oysters, and catching fish for the markets of London and Bristol.

It was among this people that we spent a pleasant twelve months. We have often wended our way along their winding roads, and shady lanes, to tell its simple inhabitants the tale of a Saviour's love, and of "the better country" prepared for His people. Many times we have publicly addressed those hardy children of toil, as well as mixed up with, and made ourselves as one of, them, in their humble abodes. Hospitable as they are, the preacher was always received as an honoured guest; all were ready to receive him, and show him every kindness. Our first appearance there will not be easily forgotten. It was a time of unusual excitement among them. From the moment our horse's head came in sight, old and young were peeping through the windows, and standing at the doors of their cottages, to get a glimpse of the "young Minister;" while a flock of others was waiting at the neat little chapel to give him a hearty welcome, in the name of the whole people, to his new field of labour. Wesleyan Methodism has a stronghold in their hearts. We do not know whether it was first introduced into the village at the time of Mr. Wesley's tour through this part of the Principality; but it is known that he did preach at a place very near, and for very many years Methodism has been the religion of the majority of the inhabitants.

Their original mode of worship, the peculiar style of singing, the distinction which is rigidly observed in the disposal of the sittings for male and female worshippers, the gaudy dress of the young people, and their fiery enthusiasm, cannot fail to strike the most careless observer. In the latter respect they remind us of the warm-hearted Cornish miner, and of the Yorkshireman. Hearty responses are sure to be heard, and the tear is often seen under an impressive discourse directed to the conscience. Earnest and simple, they readily contribute their humble expressions of love to their Lord and Master; and, out of their little "all," give with a generous heart to His cause.

And although few in number, and that few almost unknown to the great body of their fellow Christians, yet in that retired hamlet on the banks of the Cleddy, sons and daughters of Methodism have their homes; some noble hearts are found there. We shall always remember them, and we now look forward with pleasing anticipation to the time when we shall meet in "the better country," and shall gather round the throne of one common Saviour.

Our woodcut gives a view of the upper part of the village, including the church on the right, and the Methodist chapel on the left, hand.

Bangor.

W. C.

LESSONS FROM THE LILIES.

(Concluded.)

Now let us gather up these thoughts about God, suggested by the lilies of the field, and what do they teach us? How do they apply in the enforcement of the exhortation, "Take no thought for raiment?" Such unlimited profusion in adorning the plant-life of earth must convince us that He who can afford to lavish, even upon inferior objects, that which is so far beyond what is simply necessary, possesses resources, abundant and unfailing, for everything required to clothe us with attire suited to our circumstances and condition.

This is our Lord's own application of the whole discourse. "If God so clothe the grass of the field,"—a general name for every kind of meadow-growth,—which can neither toil nor spin, which possesses no power to provide for its nourishment, or adorning, "will He not much more clothe you?" You are not helpless as the lily: you can toil to extract sustenance from the generous earth; you can spin to produce materials for necessary clothing. And if, without their labour, He not only covers, but adorns and beautifies, the grass of the field, much more will His prosperous blessing so rest upon the industrious application of your natural powers as to provide your raiment. If not fine, or gay, or beautiful,—the gorgeous robes found in king's houses,—it will, nevertheless, be suited to your condition, and answer all the ends for which clothing is required. Yea, should you be so prostrated by sickness as to be unable to toil or spin, as utterly incapable of effort for self-provision as the wild-flower, yet He who robes the lily in its unrivalled splendour can, in a thousand ways, and by ten thousand instruments, clothe you in raiment of which you need not be ashamed.

The recognition of a superiority, also, enters into this argument, as well as into that drawn from God's care over inferior living creatures. As your sovereign nature is higher than all fowls of the air, is it not also infinitely more precious in the sight of your heavenly Father than all the grass of the field? Are ye not much better than the lily of the valley? What is the life of the fairest flower, the most magnificent shrub, the goodliest cedar of Libanus,—yea, what is all the vegetable life crowding the fields, and forests, and gardens of earth,—compared with the one life of a solitary human being? And if the meanest flower, so far inferior to you, be cared for and clothed in vestments of glory, will not your heavenly Father "much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

These productions of earth are but short-lived. To-day they bloom in all the vigour of beauty and life; to-morrow they are cut down, and "cast into the oven:" "the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." But you possess an unwithering life. You are, indeed, in reference to this present mortal body,—

"Frail as your silken sisters of the field;"

"for all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the

field." "Man that is born of a woman . . . cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down." But in another sense, you are not the grass of to-day. Your higher life will be life more abundant; life ever renewing its youth, ever rising to higher enjoyments. It will span the unending ages; it will traverse the everlasting cycles of eternity; it will be lasting as the throne of God. And if God so provide clothing for that which cometh up in a night, and perisheth in a night, which will never bud forth again in a higher state, will He not much more clothe you whose one life concentrates upon itself a deeper interest, a higher regard, in the Divine estimation, than all the vegetable life of the universe? Why, then, take ye thought for raiment? Look around you upon the flowers of the vale, and the grass of the field; and in the solemn presence of Him who clothes them with their gay attire, stand rebuked for your want of confidence in His resources and willingness to clothe you.

O how often has the contemplation of nature in this spirit rebuked distrust, and encouraged a cheerful confidence in God! When Mungo Park was heart-sick and fever-stricken, lying forlorn and dejected in an African wilderness, he was cheered, as by a sudden ray of light from heaven, by the sight of a little flower, opening its bosom to the sun, and growing in silent loveliness amidst the desert; where it was fed from the secret springs, and refreshed by the watchful care of Him whose "paths drop fatness on the pastures of the wilderness." "I saw myself," he writes, "in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone; surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. . . . I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land; yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call Himself the stranger's Friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for, though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, and watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image? Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed." What a beautiful and affecting commentary upon the Saviour's exhortation to "consider the lilies of the field!"

"I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." "This clause," says an old writer, "might be urged to a further purpose, were it not for a digression; namely, to reprove the vanity of those persons who affect fineness and gaiety of apparel unbecoming their place and condition; and especially of those who are proud of their fine dress, and have a greater respect for themselves, as well as they look to be much more respected by others, when and because they are gaily clothed.

"For what is there in fineness and gaiety of apparel that can reasonably be much affected, or desired? What good end or use of clothes does a fine garment answer more than another that is more mean and ordinary would do? Does a coat keep the body e'er the warmer, because it is cut out according to the newest mode? or does it cover it e'er the better, because it is of a gay, beautiful, or fashionable colour?

"But be that as it will, (for I suppose there is no hurt in any person's wearing, or choosing to wear, such clothes as are fine and fashionable, provided they be honestly paid for, if they are not above his rank or condition,) yet, what is there in clothes to be proud of? For, after all a man's care to dress and adorn himself, he can't be so gay and glorious as a flower. Even 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' And is it reasonable that a man should be proud of that, wherein he is exceeded by a flower of the field?

"With much more reason might the flower itself, if it could think, be proud of its own finery, which is native and inherent, and a part of itself: with much more reason, I say, might that be proud, which shines with its own beauty, and is glorious in its own colours. Whereas the beauty, the fineness, the gaiety of dress, which weak and silly people are apt to be proud of, and to value themselves upon, is none of their own, no part of themselves; but it is all borrowed from the beasts, or birds, or flowers, or from the earth. They are not, therefore, the persons themselves which are fine; but all that can truly be said is, that the wool, or the hair, of the beast is fine; or that the feathers of the bird are wonderfully gay; or that the dye and colour of the herb or drug is extremely beautiful; or that the glistening of the diamond, which was dug out of the earth, is very glorious. But what's all this to the persons that wear them? Take from them their borrowed ornaments, and then they are no better than other mortals; perhaps not so well to look upon as those whom they, when they are dressed up in their glorious attire, do disdain to cast an eye upon, or to change a word with."

How cheap must be all splendid attire in the estimation of Him who adorns inanimate nature with a beauty far more glorious than any which the most costly wardrobes of earth can supply! What to Him is the magnificent drapery of your persons or your palaces? "Consider the lilies of the field," and be reminded how little your purple and fine linen, your gold and silver trappings, your gems and your jewels, your

rings and brooches, your bracelets and artificial wreaths of flowers, can commend you to Him who so freely scatters the richest beauty upon the mere grass of the field. O, let not your adorning "be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." (1 Peter iii. 3, 4.) Outward glories, were they magnificent even as the glory of Solomon, are frail and fleeting; but the beauties of holiness, enrobing the soul with undying loveliness, are substantial and abiding. The one can advantage you nothing in the sight of Him who looketh at the heart, and seeth not as man seeth; but the other, "being much more precious than gold that perisheth," will "be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." (1 Peter i. 7.)

O Thou who clothest the grass of the field, and blessest the springing thereof, help us to remember that, as the beauty of the flower is unfolded by Thy Divine Power from *within*, by the laws and capacities of its own individual life, so must all our true adornment be unfolded from *within*, by the same Almighty Spirit which "reneweth the face of the earth!" From these delicate and lovely formations of Thy infinite wisdom and goodness, may we learn to grow up into a full preparedness for our flourishing eternally in the paradise of God! And when Thou, our true Beloved, shalt come down into Thine earthly garden to gather lilies,—not to cut them down with a ruthless scythe, and cast them into the oven, (the thorns and briers of earth are reserved for that sore fate,) but to gather them with gentle hand,—may we be found among them. Gently draw us from this worldly soil, and transplant us to the garden of God! There, unbroken by any blast, unscorched by any heat, refreshed by ever-falling dews of Thy sacred influences, and vivified by genial and unsetting suns, may we grow up into Thee, the Parent Source of all life and beauty, and reach the full bloom of our redeemed nature, hard by the throne of God!

J. K.

BREACHES IN THE FAMILY.

THEY will come. They may be very near. We ought not to shrink from forecasting them. They ought not to take us by surprise. As we gaze on the loved circle that fringes the winter hearth, as we hold sweet fellowship with them around the family altar, we ought to keep in mind how soon their places will know them no more.

The thought should sober; it

should not sadden. It should constrain us to associate all our affections, our hopes, our joys, with heaven; to look upon this as our lodging-place, that as our home. It ought to stir us up to strive with all earnestness, that each dear olive-branch may be grafted into Christ; that the ties of the flesh may be sanctified by the ties of the Spirit.

Our communings ought to be often about departing and being with Christ, "which is far better." It

behoves us to familiarize our minds with the idea of union in spirit, notwithstanding separation in body. *That* is the true union which does not depend on sense and sight, but lies in the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Even a heathen sage could say, "Friendship is one soul in two bodies." How much more truly may saints say, "Christian friendship is one spirit in two souls!"

That friendship never dies. How can it? It belongs to an undying life. It is not of the flesh; therefore the death of the flesh cannot affect it. "You talk to me of death," said a departing child of God; "where is it? I cannot see it: I see life, but not death." How beautifully true! "Verily, verily, I say unto you," said Jesus, "If a man keep My saying, he shall *never see death*." Death to such a one is the gate of life, and the grave the garden of immortality.

Well might the saint about to enter into fuller life, say to his mourning friends hanging round him, as Jesus said to His disciples, "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I go to our Father." As the Lord so sublimely said, "All live to Him."

Ought then the survivors of the righteous to "seek the living among the dead?" "They are not here: they are risen." *We*, in truth, are the dying, *they* are the living; *we* are on the way home, *they* are at home; *we* are tenants at will, *they* everlasting inhabitants. Then ought we not to think of them, to speak of them, to feel towards them, as the "living?" We are "come to the spirits of just men made perfect." We surround one throne with them; only *they* on the topmost step, *we* on the lowest. We draw near to one Father, through one Mediator, by one Spirit; only *they* in the inner court, *we* in the outer; *they* in praise alone, *we* in mingled prayer and praise.

Let us realize this to our consolation and joy. Christians insensibly glide too much into the language of the unbelieving world respecting death, and respecting those who have departed in the Lord. I have heard believers say, "They did not like to observe birthdays, because when their circle became thinned by death, the missing links were more sadly realized." But is this right? Is this of faith? O, no! It sounds more like the language of selfishness. Ought we to be saddened by the thought of their blessedness? Ought not the sense of our own bereavement to be swallowed up in the assurance of their unutterable gain? Be "our conversation" more "in heaven," and we shall more think, and speak, and feel as become the citizens of "the Jerusalem which is above."

We will not weep as others do,
Though toil and pain attend us here:
We have a blessed home in view,—
To faith's bright eye, how calm, how clear:
A blessed home where all is pure,
A home from every storm secure.

The weary there shall sweetly rest,
Far from the very thought of ill;
The wicked shall not there molest,
But every jarring sound be still:
The day shall never know a night,
Nor shadow dim the living light.

Yes, welcome toil, and loss, and pain,
If these our Father should assign;
Lord, we will count them all but gain,
So we may reach that home of Thine:
O glorious hope! through life's dark road,
It lights us onward to our God!

—Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A.

HE DIED CURED.

IN a certain hospital the attending physician had been experimenting upon a patient suffering under an eruptive disease. The remedies he used were severe and exhausting. They drove the eruption from the surface of the body, but in a few days the patient died. The doctor was

satisfied with the result, and declared exultingly that the man died CURED.

There are many doctors in the church as well as the state, who are quite satisfied to kill the patient if they can boast of curing the disease. God's way is a way to save. His plans of reform are all laid in wisdom; and they are so gentle, simple, silent, gradual, and effective, that they do not destroy while they cure. This is the great difference between God's plan and man's. Human devices to overturn evil and establish good are often violent, revolutionary, destructive, and sometimes bloody. God permits such plans to go forward, and sometimes His people fall in with them, and work them, and pray for their success. But the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Great obstacles are sometimes removed by physical forces, and even the wrath of man is made to praise God. Yet, in the end, it will be seen that the Gospel has its great power in the silent, secret working of the truth in the hearts of men. It does not kill men to cure them. They do not die cured. They are cured to live: to serve God, and glorify Him.

And this is the test of the spirit of reform. It is of God, if it saves the patient. If it kills him, it is of the devil.

"TOO BUSY."

SIMPLE words! Used by all sorts of persons: by earnest men who are really doing something; and by others whose busy idleness accomplishes nothing: used as an honest reason, and as a lazy excuse. Used, therefore, at times in a good sense, and sometimes in a bad one.

They are used in a good sense when an earnest man pleads that he is too busy to attend to trifles. So good Nehemiah, beset by mali-

cious men, who would have hindered his great enterprize, replied to them, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" Or when some labourer in God's great harvest-field, with his work before him, is assailed by idle talkers, who would divert his attention, replies, "I cannot attend to controversy. See, my heart, hands, and head are full; trouble me not: I am too busy." Then are the words rightly used. And thus do working Christians meet their doubts, at times. It is not, as some one has said, your earnest, hard-working Christian who has doubts as to his being accepted of God. The hearty labourer for Christ is "too busy" to listen to suggestions from the enemy as to whether he really is on Christ's side; really is in the vineyard or not. His works are his evidence,—and a strong one too,—following the inward witness of God's blessed Spirit. Talk not to him about doubts as to his personal salvation! He has left that in the hands of the Master, who said, "Son, go work." "Too busy" to hearken to the tempter; "too busy" to yield to unbelief! So these words are good when rightly employed. At once a sword to slay rising doubts, and a shield to ward off temptation to trifle.

But sometimes they are employed in a wrong way. Mr. A—— so uses them when he makes them his apology for the neglect of private devotion, and self-examination. He is a church-member, and, until he had so much business, ran very well. He is very regular, and apparently devout, on Sundays; but on Monday he is "too busy" to pray, except for a short time, in the morning; "too busy" to retire at noon; and "too busy" to leave business till a late hour. He is too tired to pray much at night, And thus passes Tuesday,

and Wednesday, and the remainder of the week; and thus pass all his weeks and months. He intends, some day, giving the affairs of his soul a close examination; but at present he is "too busy." The sermons he hears do not profit him as before; he thinks his minister does not preach so well as he did; but is "too busy" to search for the real cause. Christ has whispered more than once that he has left his "first love," and has spoken in his heart some awful words about loving the world; but he has been "too busy" to pay much attention. Well for Mr. A—— if he does not, like the tradesman who was "too busy" to take stock, discover himself, some day, to be spiritually bankrupt!

Mr. B—— ever employs the words as his reason for being found so seldom at his class, still more seldom at the week-night preaching, and for being never seen at the prayer-meeting. He ought to be there, for he holds office in the church. Others, who have as much business as Mr. B——, are regular in their attendance, thrive in spiritual things, and encourage others by their presence. But he is "too busy." So the life of his soul languishes; and, while his trade thrives, the treasury of his soul is emptied; his zeal is dying, and his hopes of heaven clouded. His soul, once fat and flourishing, now starves, and that because he is "too busy" to use the means God has appointed for its nourishment!

Miss C—— was "too busy" last week to prepare her Sabbath-school lesson. She is teacher of one of the upper classes, and has a dozen interesting young girls entrusted to her care. She doubts not the necessity of preparation, but, by some means, is mostly prevented. And the reason she assigns is, that she is "too busy." Usually postponing the duty to the latter end of the week, matters crowd in upon her

then, so that Sunday morning finds her unprepared. She has not even looked at the lesson. She is, however, found in her place, with the *Sunday-school Magazine* in her hand; but her way of handling the lesson shows that she has not studied it at home. "Too busy!" So the afternoon passes. A weary time! The girls read, but she cannot keep their attention. Glad when the bell is rung, and school closed, she returns home, conscious that her work has been anything but a pleasure, and her conscience reproaching her with having wasted a priceless opportunity of doing good.

Mr. D—— has always been "too busy" to pay proper attention to the religious training of his children. He, too, is a professor of religion. "I and my house will serve the Lord," he said when he became settled in life. No doubt it would give him great satisfaction to see his children converted. It would be a wrong to him to imagine him careless as to their eternal interests. To think of their being among the lost in the great day would pierce his heart with sorrow; to see them on the Judge's right hand would fill him with joy. Yet he is "too busy" to use proper means for the conversion of his children. He is far "too busy" to have family worship, except on Sundays; "too busy" to take his place as their instructor, and form their principles. None of his sons or daughters are converted. The children of other parents have become decided, joined the church, and bid fair to take the place of their parents when their heads are laid low; but his children are undecided. Nor do they manifest the least inclination to attach themselves to the church of Christ. They might have so decided long ere this,—probably would have done,—had they been rightly trained, and had not their father been always "too busy" to do it.

And so with many. Alas! some

so busy" to seek salvation; "too to prepare for death; "too to lay up treasure in heaven. Thus many miss heaven because re "too busy" to strive for it; All into hell because they are busy" to heed the voices which them to escape it. Unspeakably! Religion is the grand of life, and it is unpardonable neglect it. We must take time other things and attend to our God sent us into the world for not purpose. When "diligence inees" robs God and the soul, fulfil. We cannot neglect God's without guilt. Let us not de- ourselves. "Whatsoever a man s, that shall he also reap." Ham. I. E. P.

USELESSNESS OF UNDUE ANXIETY.

ask of you by taking thought can s cubit unto his stature?" (Matt.

like our translators, we under- the term "cubit" and "sta- in this sentence as referring physical stature, the meaning be, that we cannot, by any ide of our own, add to the of our persons.

this exposition does not bring s meaning of our Lord's words, not consonant with His main . With the exception of chil- a the very dawn of reason, few s are anxious about increas- air bodily growth; and it is ay to see how inability to in- our height,—a thing very connected with our happiness y way,—forms a reason why ould not be anxious about absolutely necessary for the nance of life.

s plain, also, that our Lord's s called for the mention of a rifting increase; whilst a cubit length of an ordinary arm,

from the elbow to the extremity of the middle finger,—is a large addition, and bears a considerable proportion to our whole stature. Add a cubit to the height of an ordinary man, and you make him a giant.

It is clear, then, that the Lord Jesus speaks not here of care about the length of our persons; but of the care we are so prone to take for sustaining and prolonging life. The idea, therefore, of stature must be abandoned for one more in harmony with the spirit and design of the discourse.

The truth is, that the word, here rendered "stature," is a designation of time as well as of growth, and is often used to denote the length of our existence,—our age. The parents of the blind man said, "He is of age, ask him." And Paul uses the same word when he says that Sarah was past age when Isaac was born. And this is, no doubt, the sense in which it is here to be understood. Literally, it means, "which of you by anxiety can add one cubit,* or the smallest measure, to his age, or the length of his life."

And here we have a subject, which, more or less, excites the solicitude of all. For who would not lengthen his life, were it in his power to do so? What youth would not live to old age? What old man would not add to the number of his months or years? The prayer of the Psalmist is in full accordance with the in-

* "A cubit of time" seems to us a very odd expression, though it is to be found in an old Greek poet, to denote a very short space. It is by no means uncommon for us to apply measures of length, to time; and to human life particularly. We speak of the span of human life, and of lengthening or shortening that span. 'Behold,' says the Psalmist, 'Thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth!' Human life is often, in the classical poets, represented as a thread spun by the Fates, the cutting off of which is the terminating of life."—Brown's *Discourses and Sayings of our Lord*.

instincts of our being. "O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more." (Psalm xxxix. 13.) But to extend, even by a hair-breadth, the thread of human life, is not in the power of our hand. We enter into, and pass through, the various stages of our mortal growth without any volition or effort of our own. We are borne along the stream of existence by a power which we cannot resist. We may comprehend the times and the seasons; we may span the years that are past, and anticipate the ages to come; but can we either slacken or quicken the tide that speeds us onward to eternity? Can we hinder ourselves from growing old? Can we prevent on-rushing time from whitening our locks, wrinkling our brow, or stealing energy from every limb? Can you, O hoary man of years, bring back to that withered cheek one faint tint of its youthful freshness? Can you brighten that time-dimmed and sunken eye, with the lustre, and play, and kindling glow of younger days? Can you, O young man in thy youth, hurry your life into its mid-years, or give to it the strength and settledness of maturity? Are you not all powerless here? borne on to eternity by a constraining force, which you can no more control than you can check the ebbing, or accelerate the flowing, tides? When you are sick and nigh unto death, employ the physician's skill, and commend your case to the Father and Fountain of life; but your anxious thought will avail nothing. It may hasten your death; but it cannot prolong your life. God alone can command the sun-shadow to retrace the seconds or degrees on the dial of your days. He only can add to your age, whether fifteen years, or the smallest measure.

The bearing of this upon the exhortation, "Take no thought for your life," is plain and forcible.

St. Luke distinctly puts it, "If ye then be not able to do that which is least, why take ye thought for the rest." If, with all your anxious efforts, you cannot add to your allotted years, how can you control the arrangements of Providence, vast and intricate as they are? How can you command, by your heavy solicitude, the supply of your wants, the gratification of your wishes? Will the grass be more green, the lily more beautiful, the fruit more clustering, the harvest more teeming, or commerce more prosperous, simply because you are more anxious. "If, by all your anxiety, you cannot secure the great object,—the lengthening out of life,—for which a supply of food is chiefly desirable, why should you be anxious for that which is valuable only because it is fitted to gain this object? As long as it is the will of God that you should remain in life, and enjoy its comforts, He will prosper your endeavours to provide for your wants. But when the hour comes in which He has determined that you shall cease to live, all your anxieties will not protract your life a single moment. Though you had all the means of life in abundance, they would not, in these circumstances, avail you in the slightest degree."

Why, then, indulge a disposition which tends to shorten rather than to prolong your days? It cannot subtract a single unit from your roll of evils, nor add one to your list of blessings. Had you not better industriously ply your calling, and trust in the prospering blessing of God, than fill your mind with self-consuming care? Without that blessing, your utmost carefulness and anxiety will be in vain; and with it, they are unnecessary and useless. Why not ease yourself, then, of this unprofitable trouble? Do your duty in your place and calling; be diligent in the work which you

have to do, and then with quietness leave the issues to God. Commit all your interests to that tender and ever-wakeful Providence, which never takes advantage of your weakness, but "ministers as the gentlest nurse to your need." For which of you by taking thought can add one hour to his age? K.

THE PLEASURE OF GIVING.

OF the many sayings which our Lord must have uttered besides those recorded in the four Gospels, the only certainly authentic one which has come down to us is this: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts xx. 35.) "He that sheweth mercy," says the Apostle Paul, let him do it "with cheerfulness." (Rom. xii. 8.) And in another place he tells us, that "God loveth a cheerful giver." (2 Cor. ix. 7.) It is noticeable that neither of these words, "cheerful" and "cheerfulness," is anywhere else found in the New Testament. And what is true in this respect of the English words, is equally true of the Greek words answering to them. These original words are, in fact, even more expressive than the English ones. For while with us the words *cheerful* and *cheerfulness* are now almost synonymous, in such connexions, with *willing* and *willingness*, (though according to their derivation, and strict propriety of speech, they have a much more positive and emphatic meaning,) the original Greek words express much more than bare willingness in distinction from reluctance; they express a positive joy and *exhilaration* in giving. That latter word as, in fact, the same origin with the Greek word which the Apostle uses. If we wished to preserve, as nearly as possible, the form of the original words in our own tongue, without regard to purity or elegance, we might render the passage thus: "Let him that sheweth

mercy, do it with *hilarity*:" "for God loveth a *hilarious* giver." Giving, then, according to the Apostle's view, should be an *exhilarating recreation* to the Christian. He should give not only without grudging, but *cheerily*, with zest and delight. He should count it as his liveliest joy, his merriest pastime. They who have by experience, "learned the luxury of doing good," will not wonder that the Apostle used such expressive and lively words in recommending this duty. "To give is to live."

"He is dead whose hand is not open'd wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the life of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortunate place to
another:
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies."

—*British Messenger*.

A WISE MOTHER.

MRS. S. was a poor, industrious woman, living in our village some years ago, who seemed to me to be a pattern of good mothers. Her husband was employed at a brick-kiln; and she assisted in the maintenance of their large family of little children, by going out washing, periodically, in a few respectable families. At the time I am first speaking of, they had seven children; the eldest, a boy about ten years of age, who had just begun to work with his father. They had given him a good education at the village school, where the second boy was still attending. Many of their neighbours thought they kept their boys too long at their books, when they might have been earning something for their support; and they took care to let their opinion be known.

Mrs. S. could neither read nor write herself, and so often had she reason to regret this, that she was

doubly anxious to have her children well taught. With her girls her plan was this: she sent them to school till they could read and write well, and then she took them under her own teaching at home. And let me here observe, she made a point of sending them regularly and punctually; and she, moreover, took pains to make them learn their appointed lessons at home. She would make them hear each other repeat them in her presence, whilst standing at the wash-tub or ironing-board. Many a time I have known her to send the eldest girl to school, when she would gladly have had her help at home; but she wisely reflected that it would be a loss of time in the end.

Mrs. S. had been a cook, as well as housemaid, in good families before her marriage, and was, therefore, able to teach her girls everything calculated to make them useful members of society. We all know that it is far less trouble to do a thing ourselves than to teach an ignorant person how to do it; and, I fear, some mothers are very selfish in this respect. Now, Mrs. S. was one who took the trouble to teach her girls early how to do the different work about the house, in a neat, orderly manner. Whilst quite little children, I have known them to sweep the room, and brighten up the hearth, in a creditable way; not because they were naturally more clean and tidy than other children, but simply because their mother had shown them how to do it, and made them do it over and over again till they did it right. This plan answered in the end; for while her neighbour was constantly complaining what a plague her daughter Jane was to her, Mrs. S. could, on the contrary, leave her Mary Ann (just about the same age) to cook for the family, nurse the baby, and take entire charge of the house during her absence on washing-days.

Mrs. S. was particularly careful to teach her daughters plain sewing, and they were much assisted at the village school, being able to fix and make a shirt before they left. Now, let me ask any mother with a large family, if it would not be a comfort if the girls could make and mend the clothes? I am sure one and all would answer, "Yes." Then let me tell you it will be your own fault if they cannot help. Teach them *early* yourself, or send them somewhere to be taught, and you will be surprised to find how useful they may be made. Ay, and they will be far happier children too; for girls and boys are active by nature, and if you do not employ them usefully, they will only get into mischief.

Perhaps, from what I have said of Mrs. S., you will think her a stern, loud-talking woman, who ordered her children about in a tyrannical manner; but nothing could be more unlike her. She was of the middle height, plump, fair, with rosy cheeks, mild blue eyes, and a smile so sweet you could hardly look at her and feel cross at the same time. Her voice was very gentle, and she had an unusually tender way with her children; and with all this she was as firm as a rock. "Harry, my boy, 'tis time for school; get your cap at once," was quite sufficient. Harry went; he knew his mother meant what she said, and expected to be obeyed. She had made all her children mind what she said when they were little tiny creatures, and when they grew older, obedience came naturally to them. Some mothers have a foolish habit of saying, "I will tell your father," or, "I will call the policeman." Now, children soon know very well that father is far enough away, and the policeman is not likely to be really called; and, therefore, such training does not answer. No; make your child feel he is to obey you, because you are his mother, and do

not appeal to any one else. A mother's word ought to be a child's law; and this is the key of domestic management. (See Lev. xix. 3.)—*Mothers' Treasury.*

MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

THE foundation of all mental discipline consists in the power of mastering the mind. We can direct the thoughts to any subject we please, and keep them directed to it, with steady and continuous attention. This is a mental exercise, which lies at the foundation of the whole moral condition. By the neglect of such culture, the mind is allowed to run waste amidst the trifles of the passing hours; or is left to the sport of making dreams and vain delusions, entirely unworthy of its high destiny. This due regulation, and stern control of the processes, of the mind, is indeed the foundation of all that is high and excellent in the formation of character. He who does not earnestly exercise it, but who allows his mind to wander, as it may be led by its own incidental images, or casual associations, or by the influence of external things to which he is continually exposed, endangers his highest interests, both as an intellectual and a moral being.—*Abercromby.*

DEPENDENCE DOES NOT JUSTIFY DELAY IN OBEYING.

WE are dependent for our ability to do what is acceptable to God upon the help of His grace. That grace is to be prayed for, and depended upon, rather than our own abilities or any human reliance. But this does not authorize a delay to do any duty in order to obtain the needed strength beforehand. On the contrary, it is to be looked for in the obedient and believing exercise of the required activity. The man with the withered

hand was told to stretch forth his hand, and the ability to do so came with the effort of his will to obey. The impotent man was healed when his heart yielded obedience to the command, "Take up thy bed and walk."

When a multitude was to be fed, Jesus did not first create a large quantity of food, and then direct its distribution; but He commanded the disciples to undertake to feed them all out of their own scanty store, and then made the five loaves and two fishes more than sufficient to supply the need.

While, then, we confess that we are not of ourselves able to do the commandments of God, but need His helping grace, we are not allowed to remain inactive until His grace shall have enabled us beforehand. We are, on the contrary, to proceed at once to do, expecting that we shall be enabled to do. From the first exercise of penitence, to the last exercise of faith here below, grace and obedience, duty and privilege, doing and empowering to do, are joined together. Dependence is no excuse for delay, no argument for discouragement. It is, on the contrary, the ground of our only sufficient encouragement. If we could not depend upon God, what would become of us?

INFLUENCE OF A HOLY LIFE.

THERE is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen, but silent, beauty of holiness, speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child, is a virtuous example; a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness, beaming through the life of a loved

relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts and parables of Jesus Christ, but to His own character.—*Chalmers.*

LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

How many denizens of heaven I know,
Who once with me walk'd through this
nether world;
But now beside celestial rivers go,
And golden streets enclosed by gates
empearl'd.
Many whom I have loved, and love, are
there;
And ah! how few the scenes of banish'd
years,
Save where in memory's retrospect
appears
One, and another, now a seraph fair:
It doubts me, whether those who yet
remain
To glad life's circle, be in number great
As those I cannot hope to see again,
Till I may meet them in a deathless state.
That land, whenever I its shores may see,
Can scarcely seem a stranger's land to
me.
—*Edmeston.*

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

O! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might go round
Without the village tattling!
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossip's endless prattling!
If such a spot were really known,
Sweet Peace might claim it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne
For ever and for ever.
There, like a queen, might reign and
live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

The mischief-makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of
love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure;
They seem to take one's part, but when
They've heard our case, unkindly then
They soon retail it all again,
And that with no short measure.

And they've such a cunning way
Of telling tales. They simply say,
"Don't mention what I say, I pray;
I would not tell another."
Straight to your neighbour's house
they go,
Narrating everything they know,
And break the peace of high and low,—
Wife, husband, friend, and brother.

O! that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them
Then would our village sure forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
With things so much below them.

For it's a sad, degrading part,
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish.
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, peace, and joy abound,
And angry feelings perish.

SKETCHES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

VII.

ANIMAL WORSHIP — ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE — PRIESTLY ORDERS.

REFERRING to the strange and miserable homage which the Egyptians paid to the lower animals, Clement of Alexandria says: "Among the Egyptians the temples are surrounded with groves and consecrated pastures; they are furnished with propylæa, and their courts are encircled with an infinite number of columns; their walls glitter with foreign marbles and paintings of the highest art; the *naos* is resplendent with gold and silver and electrum, and variegated



(*The Worship of Isis.*)

stones from India and Ethiopia ; the adytum is veiled by a curtain wrought with gold. But if you pass beyond, into the remotest part of the enclosure, hastening to behold something yet more excellent, and seek for the image which dwells in the temple, a *pastophorus*, or some one else of those who minister in sacred things, with a pompous air singing a Pæan in the Egyptian tongue, draws aside a small portion of the curtain, as if about to show us the god ; and makes us burst into a loud laugh. For no god is found within, but a cat, or a crocodile, or a serpent sprung from the soil, or some such brute animal : the Egyptian deity appears a beast rolling himself in a purple coverlet." Even plants received Divine honours ; and

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foreigners, who were struck with admiration as they gazed upon the splendour and magnitude to which the Egyptians had carried many of the arts, could not conceal their astonishment and contempt as they saw grand temples, and an expensive ritual, consecrated to the worship of the monkey and the mouse, the leek and the onion.

The old Roman satirist pours his scorn upon them thus :—

" Who has not heard, where Egypt's realms are named,
What monster gods her frantic sons have framed ?
Here Ibis gorged with well-grown serpents ; there
The crocodile commands religious fear :
Where Memnon's statue magic strings inspire
With vocal sounds that emulate the lyre ;

Q

And Thebes,—such, Fate, are thy disastrous
turns,—
Now prostrate o'er her pompous ruins mourns:
A monkey-god, prodigious to be told!
Strikes the beholder's eye with burnish'd
gold:
To godship here blue Triton's scaly herd,
The river progeny is there prefer'd.
Through towns Diana's power neglected
lies,
Where to her dogs aspiring temples rise:
And should you loeks or onions eat, no time
Would expiate the sacrilegious crime.
Religious nations sure, and blest abodes,
Where every orchard is o'er-run with gods!"

The animals which received the highest honours were the sacred bulls of Heliopolis, Memphis, and Basia. At Memphis a gorgeous hall was built for the bull-deity, who was called Apis. The pillars of the edifice consisted of colossal figures of the king by whom the temple was reared.

The cause of the veneration paid to this divinity, was the belief that in it was contained the soul of Osiris, which at the death of one animal passed into another of the same class.

The body of the dead bull was embalmed, and its interment was attended by honours such as nations pay to their most distinguished monarchs; and until a successor could be found, a general mourning was observed. The priests pretended that the true Apis was black with a white spot on the forehead, the figure of an eagle or vulture on the back, and a beetle under the tongue. An active search was instituted for a calf bearing the necessary marks, and when one was said to have been discovered, he was conducted to his temple amidst the ceremonies of a stately procession.

In that singular event recorded in the Book of Exodus, when the children of Israel worshipped the golden calf, there is, most likely, an imitation of a practice which they had learned in Egypt. Impatient at the long-continued absence of Moses on Mount Sinai, and corrupted in their conceptions of Divine things by the idolatries to which they had been so long accustomed in the land of their captivity, where they must have seen the image of the sacred bull or calf, carried as it was at the head of the Egyptian armies, they demanded, "Make

us gods which shall go before us." The timid and pliant Aaron yielded to their clamour, and made a *mollen calf* as the visible form under which they might see and worship the invisible One, and around which they might celebrate the rites of Egyptian idolatry, while at the same time they proclaimed "a feast to the Lord."

Probably, next in religious veneration to the bull, was the hawk. There were cities containing temples consecrated to it, and in such reverence were these birds held, that when any of them, which were carried by the soldiers in their warlike expeditions, died in a foreign land, they were actually brought back to Egypt to be embalmed and buried. The ibis, a bird of the curlew kind, and whose form the god Thoth was said to have at one time assumed, and thereby escaped from imminent peril, was worshipped at Hermopolis and Ibeum.

The asp and the cerastes, deadly forms of the serpent tribe, were sacred to Kneph. The dog, the cat, the shrew-mouse; the ape, the goat, the sheep, and the hippopotamus received Divine honours; and among the wretched objects of Egypt's most heathen idolatries, the explorer, amidst the ruins of her ancient sepulchres, meets with the embalmed remains of toads, rats, snakes, and various kinds of fishes. In some of the cities of Upper Egypt the crocodile was worshipped, while elsewhere it was viewed with abhorrence, as the emblem of the evil spirit; and at Heracleopolis, the ichneumon, the great foe of the crocodile, held the rank of a god. The pig was regarded with the utmost detestation, being regarded as the abode of unclean souls; and yet, by a strange vagary of a most incomprehensible mythology, it was offered once a year in sacrifice to the moon.

Even insects were exalted to a place in the all-comprehensive pantheon of Egypt; and among these diminutive divinities, the scarabeus, or "sacred beetle," occupied the chief rank. It was very widely worshipped, and honours of the highest kind were rendered to it. At Heliopolis and Memphis it was held in special consideration, and at Thebes it is found embalmed.

In view of this most revolting system of animal worship, how weak and debased does human nature look. But for the plainest, as well as the saddest, evidences, it would surely have been deemed impossible, that man could, by any means, wander so far from God, so far from everything that is true, and pure, and noble. In material greatness and grandeur, the old Egyptians occupied a conspicuous and commanding distinction. They reared magnificent temples, and palaces, and adorned them with a lavish profusion of beautiful paintings, and sculptures. They farmed their fields, and cultivated their gardens with a husbandry which showed no little proficiency in the pursuits of agriculture. They had an ingenious and elaborate system of writing; and, regardless of toil and expense, they diligently employed both chisel and pen in recording events of national and domestic history; and they paid considerable attention to mathematical and astronomical studies. We find mention made in Scripture of "the wisdom of the Egyptians."

But by the side of all this industry and skill, and this high degree of civilization, we see philosophy and science utterly impotent to arrive at the knowledge of the only true God. Verily, "the world by wisdom knew not God." Most humiliating and saddening is the sight of a priesthood actually set apart to conduct the worship of beasts, reptiles, and insects! "that were endowed with fixed revenues, besides the vows and oblations made to them by private persons. These creatures were provided with the choicest food; cakes of fine flour, steeped in milk, or smeared with honey, were prepared for some; the flesh of geese, roasted or boiled, and that of birds and fish, uncooked, were given for the carnivorous class. They were placed in warm baths, and anointed with costly perfumes, and everything was supplied to them which could gratify their appetites. The custody of the sacred animals was an honourable employment, descending from father to son; the persons who enjoyed it were distinguished by a peculiar emblem, and received the salutations of the people as they passed." There is not a country with whose history we are

acquainted, which more opens out to us the profound meaning of St. Paul's striking description of human apostasy and degradation. "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things." And yet, will it be believed? a dignitary of the Church of England speaks in apology of this miserable development of early Pantheism. He looks at the animals before which the old Egyptians bowed down, simply as "forms under which the human mind loved to set forth the Divine nature," and he considers them as the best figures which could be used in those primitive ages; and thinks, moreover, that "we may learn something from seeing how, out of these earthly shapes, they drew lessons of that which is heavenly and Divine." Nay, nay, hardly "heavenly and Divine!" O, it is a thing to be deeply sorrowed over, that a man of high position in the Church of Christ can talk thus of these wretched caricatures: not instructors "of that which is heavenly and Divine!" Not so was Moses taught to speak of idol similitudes. "Thus shall ye deal with them; ye shall destroy their altars, and break down their images.... The graven images of their gods shall ye burn with fire: thou shalt not desire the silver or gold that is on them, nor take it unto thee, lest thou be snared therein: for it is an abomination to the Lord thy God." (Deut. vii. 5, 25.)

The system of animal worship which prevailed in Egypt, will serve aptly to illustrate one form of Hebrew idolatry referred to by Ezekiel. "Go in, and behold the wicked abominations that they do here. So I went in and saw; and behold every form of creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, portrayed upon the wall round about. And there stood before them seventy men of the ancients of the house of Israel, and in the midst of them stood Jaazaniah, the son of Shaphan, with every man his censer in his hand; and a thick cloud of incense went up." (Ezek. viii. 9—11.)

These are not spoken of as "earthly

shapes," teaching "lessons heavenly and Divine." They are "*great abominations.*"

The Priestly Orders.

In no countries, perhaps, of either ancient or modern times, did the priesthood attain greater distinction than in Egypt. This arose from the fact that the ministers of religion were not only members of a sacerdotal class, which monarchs and people upheld in great honour and state, but they were, at the same time, the depositaries of the literature and learning of the country. The hands that offered sacrifices, held also the key of knowledge. The priests were the lawyers, the annalists, the philosophers, and the physicians of Egypt. Their power and influence are very plainly brought to view in a circumstance mentioned in the Book of Genesis. When the sore and prolonged famine had pressed so heavily on all classes of the population, that they had been compelled to part with their cattle and their lands, in exchange for the corn which Joseph had stored up in the royal granaries, it is significantly stated, that the priests retained their lands, and continued, by special privilege, to receive from the king a regular supply. "And Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; for the Egyptians sold every man his field.... Only the land of the priests bought he not; for the priests had a portion assigned them of Pharaoh.... wherefore they sold not their lands." (Gen. xlvii. 20, 22.) A third part of the country seems to have belonged to them. Their immense possessions, thus inalienably secured to them, were also exempted from taxes, and must have been amply sufficient to maintain in great splendour the services of the temples. In so high esteem were the person and office of the priest held, as the fountain of all real power, that if the heir to the throne did not already belong to the sacred order, he received the initiatory rite at his coronation: hence, on the walls of the temples, the Pharaohs are frequently represented performing sacerdotal as well as regal functions.

The priests were distributed into well-

organized ranks, to each of which were assigned particular duties, and at the head of all, there was a hierarch, known as the pontiff, or high priest; a very distinguished office, which appears to have been hereditary. The four principal grades were the Prophets, the Sacriats, the Scribes, and the Horologists. To the Prophets were committed the charge of the temple revenues, and sacrifices; and they were supposed to possess a complete knowledge of everything relating to the gods, and the laws of the country. To the Sacriats belonged the custody of the sacred vestments, and certain sacred books which contained regulations for a part of the temple services. The Scribes studied the system of hieroglyphics; they also gave attention to mathematics, and took the oversight of the temple vessels and furniture. The Horologists were the astronomers and astrologers, and possessed an intimate knowledge of these sciences, so famous and curious in the literature of the early oriental nations. Among this class, and the scribes, would doubtless be found the "magicians and wise men," to whom Pharaoh looked for the interpretation of his dreams. (Gen. xli 8.)

The ordinary attire of the priests consisted of white linen garments; but in celebrating the services of the temples they wore robes of great costliness and beauty. They were required to bathe in cold water four times in every twenty-four hours, and to conform to the rules of a strict ritual with respect to their food. Particular herbs and vegetables were forbidden, and the flesh of swine, sheep, and cows.

So powerful was the influence of the priestly orders, to which their learning and territorial wealth must have largely contributed, that, as in the case of the Romish ecclesiastics of the middle ages, there were periods when their authority rose above that of the throne itself.

There is clear evidence, that in some of the religious ceremonies, *human beings* were offered in sacrifice. One of their own historians admits that this was the custom in early times; and in one of the tombs a representation has been met with of human victims, immolated according to the mode usually observed

in sacrificial worship. In this old pictorial record there appears "a row of men on their knees, each held down by a priestess, while the blood is spouting from an incision on the crown of the head into a vessel placed in front. The stamp or seal, also, has been found with which the victims were marked for sacrifice; it represents three men bound and kneeling beneath the jackal," the emblem of the god Anubis. One really cannot refrain from asking, is this one of the "lessons heavenly and Divine," which the ancient Egyptians learned from the "earthly shapes" of their idolatry? And we ask the question, not so much in sarcasm as in sadness.

Our limits will not allow us any further notice of the rites of worship,—the offerings, libations, incense, and processions which formed so prominent a feature in Egyptian life.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

IV.

(Concluded.)

Penseroso. So the signs, at least, *happened* to tell truth. One need not wish a brighter day.

Lycidas. Nature positively seems rejoicing. How clear the air is! Yet I cannot well trace the line between the sky and sea.

P. Go down to the beach, and you will soon trace it.

L. Yes. To one standing there, the liquid abyss soon curves away out of sight, leaving the sea-line strong and clear. I prefer your commanding eyrie to sea-weed, sand, and shingle. Lend me your glass a minute, and I will do my best to prove yon steamer, climbing on to the horizon, to be a French man-of-war.—A good glass; but it does not make my point quite clear.

P. You see, the glass, unlike the fertile brain, cannot *invent*; can only *show*.

L. It is easy to invent; but to show things as they are will ask some toil.—I think we ended yesterday with this,—that in God's ways much was obscure, but that His love forbade distrust.

P. Much is obscure, but all is not.

L. I shall be glad of any light.

P. In how many ways beside, I know not; but at least in these three ways is Providence displayed: *in rewarding righteousness, in punishing sin, in answering prayer.*

L. I thought that the reward of the righteous, and the punishment of the wicked, began at death.

P. Why, yes; virtually at death, and formally after the judgment. But God sometimes, to some extent, anticipates. If you want an example of a righteous man rewarded in this life, I may surely bring the man whom the Lord knew "face to face," whose eye at sixscore years was not dim, and whose natural strength was still unabated.

L. Does this reward given on earth promise special glory in heaven?

P. If it implies—as in some cases it might—the high approbation of God, it must also imply special glory in heaven. Otherwise, it argues no future advantage whatever over fellow-saints who for the present are less favoured.

L. Will there be *any* difference made between the favoured saint and his fellows?

P. It does not become me to affect to hold the scales. Where conduct and holiness are equal, I should not think that there will be *much* difference. I will not take it upon me to say that there will be any. If there be a difference, it will not be in favour of the man indulged on earth.

L. You are bold.

P. Is the answer any bolder than the question?

L. No; and, after all, I know not how to gainsay you. If a saint receive on earth an earnest not given to his fellows, he must sadly misjudge to think himself entitled, *on that account*, to a special reward also.

P. What you assert is too clear to be proved. *Now*, Jacob is "loved," Esau "hated;" *then*, every man receives according to his conduct. The only question—which let us leave unanswered—is this: "Does indulgence on earth diminish glory in heaven?"

L. We may well leave the question unanswered; for I see the subject is complicated by one or two considera-

tions which neither of us has mentioned. How easily will the All-wise decide! And who will presume to be His counsellor? Let us find our way back to daylight.

P. Some of the saints are specially called to *suffer*.

L. Their case is clear. Other things equal, the saint who drinks deepest of the Master's cup will be His nearest friend in glory.

P. Scripture and reason say Yes. In common with many myriads, these sufferers are redeemed and saved:—

"Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed kings and priests to God."

But as on earth they could say, "Out of the depths have we cried unto Thee, O Lord!" so in heaven they will outsoar their brethren. We will not guess at their joys and their triumphs, Lycidas; their communion with the Eternal; their awful bliss: too happy if we know much of these things even when we reach home!

L. You said that Providence was displayed in *punishing wickedness*.

P. The doctrine that God punishes sin has more than once been preached in thunder.

L. Once in Noah's days, when "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up," and when—

"The thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood."

P. And once in Abraham's days, when the cry of five wicked cities had gone up, and not the united strength of Abraham's intercession and Lot's righteousness could avert God's wrath. The storm, though ready to burst, is restrained indeed awhile, till a righteous man is out of danger, and for his sake one of the guilty cities escapes; but Lot once safe in Zoar, the impatient fiery deluge descends on the four doomed cities.

L. And long after, the solemn truth is proclaimed once more, when the elect but faithless race had brought upon itself "all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias," slain "between the temple and the altar." A tale so terrible as that

which Josephus has told, can never be told again.

P. Nor will another flood ever sweep away mankind; nor, perhaps, an overthrow like Sodom's electrify the world. There remain the sword, famine, pestilence, earthquake. Let the Voice say, "Sword, go through the land!" and the rider is soon mounted on the red horse. Or, let it say, "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny," and lo! the black horse, and the rider with the scales in his hand!

L. Of course one is not justified in regarding all calamities as "judgments?"

P. No: but sometimes a visitation is so plain that none but the blind can help seeing it.

L. Sometimes the child is punished for the father.

P. Which points to a future state.— Sometimes sin has killed the body, though the soul has escaped. But for David's repentance, he had sinned a sin unto death. As it was, he escaped only with war, trouble, dishonour, rebellion.— David's prayer could not save his child, yet Providence has signally displayed itself in *answering prayer*.

L. What is the strength of a righteous man's "effectual, fervent prayer?"

P. I should be more than man to be able to tell you. It has accomplished much. Who can say how far the world's history has been made by prayer before it has been written by the pen? How often has the door been shut against apparently inevitable ruin! How often has heaven been shut and opened by the prayers of the saints!

L. What a manifest answer was given in Peter's deliverance from prison!

P. Yes. There, one man—a very important one, no doubt—was delivered. Paul's prayer, offered on the great deep, saved many lives. In this case, though the announcement of help was extraordinary, the help itself was concealed. Did it come in one, or in many ways? The storm still raged, the hinder part of the ship was broken, some swam for their lives, some were floated on pieces of the ship; *but*, in the end, all came safe to shore.

L. So, after all, we have some light.
As the poet,

"Who sang of Nature with unceasing joy,
Some easy passage, raptured, could translate;"

so you and I have spelt out something
of Heaven's mighty providential scheme.

P. Yes; and if we can do no more,
we shall do well to *trust, observe, and follow* Divine Providence.

L. How much better is faith than
speculation! Faith simply says what the
Teacher said before,—“The very hairs
of our head are all numbered.” How
well the Master practised His own
lesson, putting His trust in God, till
He came to make “the noblest of all
ventures in the worst of all storms!”

P. That storm is for ever past, and
our Redeemer is seated at God's right
hand. Before He ascended, He said to
His disciples, “All power is given to
Me in heaven and earth.” The patient
Man of Sorrows is both Head of the
church, and Ruler of the world. Already
crowned with glory and honour, He
waits till His enemies be made His foot-
stool. Meanwhile, He opens the door
which no man shuts, and shuts the door
which no man opens. When the last
enemy shall have been destroyed, the
Son, too, shall be made subject, “that
God may be all in all.” *Then, all things*
will be new: there will be—

“New heavens and earth wherein the just shall
dwell.”

And then, perhaps, the Mysterious may
condescend to explain His counsel; or,
at least, the great book may be opened,
wherein, with holy curiosity, we may
read what are now the Almighty's
secrets.

“And see!

'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! Awakening Nature
hears

The new-creating word, and starts to life;
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now
Confounded in the dust, adore the Power
And Wisdom oft arraign'd! See now the
cause

Why unassuming worth in secret lived
And died neglected: why the good man's
share

In life was gall, and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude; while luxury
In palaces lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born
truth

And moderation fair wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licensed pain—
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe—
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few, who here unbending stand
Poneth life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of WINTRY LIFE will quickly pass,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.”

L. Well, by and by, we shall see it
all. Meantime, what is the next duty?

P. I think you need not look far to
find one. Mine calls me home.

OUR COLONIES.

NEW-ZEALAND.

IN no country are the associations of
home stronger than in England, and yet
no country sends forth its children in
such numbers to people other lands.
Within the last fifty years, upwards of
five millions, mostly British subjects,
have left the shores of the United King-
dom, anxious to begin life again in a
strange land. It would be difficult to
enumerate all the causes for this great
movement; but there can be no doubt
that the chief reason with the emigrants
themselves is a desire to improve their
condition; while an All-wise Providence
is employing this desire as a means of
preparing fresh fields for the spreading
of the truths of religion. When the
determination to emigrate has been
formed, many anxious inquiries will be
made before the new home is decided
on; and if any country can be found
bearing a strong resemblance to their
native land, that country will present
to emigrants special attractions.

Such a country is NEW-ZEALAND. It
is situated about thirteen thousand miles
from England, and requires a voyage of
four months to reach it. Being nearly
at our antipodes, it is noon there when
it is midnight with us, and our July
will be its coldest month.

The climate of New-Zealand greatly
resembles that of the British Isles; but,
being more equable, it is even better

adapted to the English constitution than England itself. Indeed, neither Italy, the South of France, nor the Madeira Isles, are superior to it. It is without the severity of our winter; snow is seldom seen, except on the mountains; hail is neither common nor destructive; fog is altogether unknown; and its coldest nights do not produce more frost than a morning's sun can dissipate. Winter games, such as skating and snowballing, cannot be indulged in there; and an overcoat is generally reckoned an encumbrance. Indeed, our April and October fairly represent the winter of New-Zealand: though more rain than the average falls in those months of the year, they are not inconveniently cold. It is true that the prevalence of high winds in the spring and autumn is disagreeable; but, unlike the parching east winds which are so troublesome in England, they increase the salubrity of the climate. The summer is a little warmer, and much longer, than in England; but sultry weather is unknown, and thunder and lightning are great strangers. From the extreme cold of winter to the extreme heat of summer, there is only a difference of nineteen degrees. There are more rainy days there than in England, and a greater quantity of rain falls; but this, also, adds to the attractions of the country, for a luxuriant vegetation everywhere covers the land, and at all seasons abundance of nourishing grass is to be found. Cattle and sheep, in consequence, never require any special provision, even in winter, as they often do in this country. Potatoes are planted at all seasons; flowers scarcely recognise the presence of winter; grapes ripen in the open air; and, in some parts, the palm and sugarcane are familiar objects. No doubt there are places, and there are seasons, of which these remarks would not be strictly true; but it is certain that, for agricultural purposes, New-Zealand is not surpassed by any country in the world.

Such a country has proved very attractive to English farmers, many of whom have sold off their farm-produce, and, taking with them the best agricultural implements they could obtain, have re-

commenced farming on a much larger scale than in their former home. The *lots* of land consist of three hundred and twenty acres, and are sold for ten shillings per acre. Some emigrants, before leaving England, receive Government grants of land, which entitle them to a certain plot, unless at the auction which is held in the country itself, more than ten shillings per acre is offered; in which case the holder of the Government order has to pay the difference, or resign the plot. A pastoral *run*, consisting of three thousand acres, can be obtained at the rent of £5 per annum.

The native vegetation of New-Zealand is deficient in plants capable of being used as food, but all kinds of English fruits and vegetables flourish abundantly. As fifty millions of acres, available for settlement, still remain to be allotted, there is no fear of fresh adventurers finding the country "used up."

Fifty years ago the natives were savages and cannibals, and, to all appearance, as far beyond the pale of civilization as the most degraded races on the face of the earth. Even the Europeans who had settled among them were unlikely to improve them; for they consisted chiefly of whalers, sealers, shore-traders, speculators, and adventurers from all parts of the world, with a large sprinkling of deserters from merchant vessels, and of convicts who had escaped from the penal settlements of New South Wales and Van-Diemen's Land. Indeed, the outrages perpetrated by these runaway criminals were so numerous, that the more peaceful settlers sought protection from the government of New South Wales.

The miserable condition both of natives and settlers had previously led the Christian world to send out Missionaries to spread among them the knowledge of the Gospel. The Rev. Samuel Marsden, who was at that time living at Sydney, headed the first Missionary settlers. In 1819 he purchased 13,000 acres of land from one of the chiefs, and there he settled his Missionary labourers. His plan was taken up by the Church Missionary Society. The first Wesleyan Missionaries landed in New-Zealand in January, 1821; and, for a time, Hokianga

and Kipara became their head-quarters; but they have long since established Mission-stations in several other parts of the country. In 1862, this Society employed no fewer than twenty-two Missionaries, and six Assistant-Missionaries. Since then nearly all denominations of Christians have aided in the great work of evangelizing the people.

Wherever Missionaries go, commercial men soon follow. Such was the success that attended the preaching of the Gospel in New-Zealand, that in 1839, a company, consisting of physicians, naturalists, barristers, clergymen, agriculturists, merchants, &c., and numbering in all a thousand persons, set out for that region, and founded a colony. The English government had previously refused to recognise New-Zealand as British territory; but, being stimulated by these enterprising colonists, they obtained a cession of a large tract of land from the native chiefs, and on Thursday, May 21st, 1840, the authority of Queen Victoria over it was recognized. Since that time above eighty thousand emigrants have left the shores of the United Kingdom for a New-Zealand home. In several instances emigrants have formed settlements, in which religious creeds have been the chief bond of association. The Canterbury settlement was formed exclusively on the principles of the Church of England; and that of Otago was founded by an association of gentlemen connected with the Free Church of Scotland.

It is interesting to observe the extent of British influence, even in the names that have been adopted in this important colony. Thus, New-Ulster, New-Munster, and New-Leinster, represent the three islands of New-Zealand. Milton, Shakespeare, and Newton, are names given to three bays in the middle island. There are *points* bearing the names of Raffles, Napier, Metcalfe, and Rodney; and there are *rivers* which are called Thames, Ashley, Molyneux, Buller, and Grey. Among the *towns*, the familiar names of Wellington, Nelson, Marlborough, Russell, and Victoria are found; while in the various Mission-settlements, names have been chosen that indicate some special con-

nection with each particular denomination. This is strikingly prominent in the Episcopalian settlement, where the names of Canterbury, Christchurch, Sumner, Whately, and Wilberforce, are specially honoured. Cook's strait, Hawkes' bay, Banks's peninsula, and Queen Charlotte's sound, also prove that English names have long been associated with New-Zealand.

The present disturbed state of the colony, owing to the war with the natives, renders it less attractive to peaceful settlers than it has been for many years past. Missionaries are mourning that the work of God among the natives has been greatly checked; and good men everywhere are praying that the time may speedily come when the disputes between the natives and the colonists shall receive a satisfactory and permanent settlement.

W. H.

THE VICISSITUDES OF GAS-LIGHTING.

MORE than one hundred and thirty years ago, a writer in the *Philosophical Transactions*, in a narrative of the sinking of a coal-pit, belonging to Sir James Lowther, near Whitehaven, described, with remarkable minuteness and precision, the principal properties of coal-gas. A jet of natural gas had been discovered by the workmen, issuing from the coal-seams at the side of the pit. By means of a funnel, the writer tells us that he found it easy to fill a bladder in a few seconds; and he adds, "The bladder, being tied close, may be carried away and kept some days; and being afterwards pressed gently through a small pipe into the flame of a candle, will take fire, and burn at the end of the pipe as long as the bladder is gently pressed to feed the flame; and when taken from the candle, after it is so lighted, it will continue burning till there is no more air left in the bladder to supply the flame."

These facts, it appears, were demonstrated before the Royal Society in May, 1733; when the gas was found to give a brilliant flame after it had been confined in the bladder nearly a month. Six years later, Dr. John Clayton describes

in the same journal, how he has actually manufactured this gas, or "spirit of coal," as he calls it, from pieces of coal placed in a retort; and how he had been in the habit of preserving it in bladders, and diverting his friends by illuminating his room with jets of gas obtained by these means. Thus was the principle of gas-lighting fully developed; but more than eighty years later the streets of our cities were still lighted—if lighted it could be called—by the feebly-glimmering oil-lamps which many persons yet remember.

In 1767 the subject engaged the attention of Dr. Richard Watson, (afterwards Bishop of Llandaff,) who published the result of his researches. His experiments show that he had examined the products arising from the distillation of pit-coal with great care. The publication of these experiments excited others to apply themselves to the subject in the coal-districts of various parts of the kingdom, for the purpose of extracting the tar. In the year 1784, a Mr. Diller exhibited, in London and other large towns, what he called "Philosophical Fireworks," which were produced by the combustion of the inflammable gases, and they were deemed great curiosities.

All these experiments, however, can hardly be considered as practical. It is to Mr. Murdoch, of Soho, near Birmingham, the intimate friend and fellow-worker of Watt and Boulton, that we are indebted for the first application of gas to house-lighting.* It was this ingenious gentleman who first exhibited the mode in which it might be employed, instead of lamps or candles, for all the usual purposes of artificial lighting. While staying at Redruth, in Cornwall, Mr. Murdoch made gas from numerous substances. He lighted his house, and also a street lamp, and had bladders filled with gas to carry at night, with which he astonished the country folks. Finally, in 1798, he constructed an apparatus at Soho, which enabled him to exhibit his plan on a far larger scale; and the Peace of 1802 afforded him an opportunity for a great display of these

brilliant lights. The illumination of the Soho works on that occasion was one of extraordinary splendour. "The whole front of that extensive range of building," says one who was present, "was ornamented with a great variety of devices, which admirably displayed many of the various forms of which gaslight is susceptible. The spectacle was as novel as it was astonishing, and Birmingham poured forth its numerous population to gaze at and admire this wonderful display of the effects of science and art."

One of the most industrious and useful of the pioneers of gas-lighting was Mr. Winsor, who had the undoubted merit of first lighting a street with coal-gas on a system which, defective as it was, was an immense advance upon the old oil-lamp. Winsor was one of those buoy, sanguine men who frequently make up for their want of knowledge by their perseverance in carrying a favourite point. Although he obtained a patent in 1802 for certain improvements in gas-lights, he can scarcely lay claim to the character of an inventor or discoverer. He possessed scarcely any knowledge of chemistry, and was so deficient in mechanical information, that it is stated he was unable to give proper directions for the construction of his apparatus. He is believed to have obtained his notions from a Frenchman named Le Bon, who, acting upon the ideas disseminated by Murdoch, had lighted up his house and gardens in Paris, in 1801, with gas obtained from wood and coal, and had contemplated lighting up the city of Paris by the same means. Winsor, who was a German, returned to England immediately after this, and in 1803 and 1804 publicly exhibited his plan of illumination by coal-gas at the Lyceum Theatre in London. Here he delivered lectures on the subject, which he illustrated by a number of experiments. Among others, he showed the manner of conveying the gas from one part of a house to another; and, by the use of different kinds of burners, he was enabled to display something of that variety of forms which may be given to its flame.

Winsor's exhibitions were eminently useful, and tended, in a high degree, to turn public attention to gas-lighting.

* Some account of Mr. Murdoch, and his inventions, was given in the *Christian Miscellany* for November, 1864.

While he was engaged in exhibiting and lecturing at the Lyceum, he was occasionally subject to great vexations. It is related that he was so unfortunate as to select for his assistants some men who were remarkable for their ignorance rather than for ability or skill, and that scarcely any dependence could be placed upon their attention or diligence. He was also sometimes exposed to their impositions; and, being a foreigner, he was under the necessity of engaging a person to read his lectures to his audience. Sometimes, too, when the auditors were assembled, his reader failed to appear, and probably had the manuscript lecture in his pocket; and of course they were obliged to retire, disappointed and disgusted. The character of his mechanical assistants was much the same; and they were generally such as to be incapable of rendering him any effective service in his pursuits. These and other mortifying circumstances engaged him in frequent altercations; and he bitterly complains of these disastrous occurrences in his pamphlets. His gas, too, from being burnt in a very impure state, was offensive to the smell, which greatly annoyed his audience; and these circumstances tended to produce a dislike to gas-lighting.

There is no doubt that Winsor's great pretensions also tended to prejudice the public. He was much given to boasting, and he told the world that, by a deposit of £5 for a share in his National Light and Heat Company, a person might secure a handsome annual income. "All gas-lights," he says in one of his boastful, but curious and characteristic, addresses to the public, "exhibited before my illuminating the large theatre in the Lyceum, early in 1804, I fairly consider as so many Will-o'-the-wisp lights, known for centuries past. The gas of these lights has been caught and collected in bladders, in marshy ground, the same as all coal-gas has hitherto been produced in bladders for philosophical amusement. The principle, that coal and other combustibles contained, among other products, a most beautiful and valuable flame, has been known by the most learned of the last century; but how to make applica-

tion, how to save and analyze, how to preserve and refine, how to conduct gas in proper air-tight tubes; how to introduce gas-fire and gas-lights into a drawing-room, shop, and street-lamp; how to cook, melt, boil, and distil by a gas-fire, either in a kitchen or dining-room; how to introduce coke, tar, and ammoniacal liquor, for the advantage of a whole nation; how to make gas-fire and gas-lights applicable to light-houses, telegraphs, and culinary purposes; in fine, how to save and employ all the valuable parts of raw fuel with the greatest possible advantage,—all these most difficult points of my discovery were left a problem to theorists, who could write, but not practise; who could fill bladders from retorts, tobacco-pipes, pots, pans, and gun-barrels, with raw smoke, but could not illuminate; whose delicate hands and noses would have shrunk with horror from my numerous dirty and laborious experiments in kitchens and wash-houses, where my own labourers complained of being suffocated, and often refused to assist me, until I shamed them by the example of stripping to perform what they thought was too dirty work for them." And he continues in the following magniloquent strain:—"Animated by the life and example of Peter the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, who performed the most abject labours to teach his ministers and generals how to civilize a barbarous nation, I did no longer deem it beneath me (who had been a merchant in the city of London) to do that work which some of my labourers, actually in want of bread, refused to do for victuals and payment."

Notwithstanding these high pretensions, it does not appear that Mr. Winsor ever thought of a plan for storing gas in anything except the main-pipes. In 1809, however, he removed his exhibitions to Pall-Mall, and lighted up a part of one side of that street, which was the first instance of this kind of light being applied to such a purpose in London. This practical demonstration of the practicability of his schemes was of great value in calling further attention to the subject; although the shareholders in the National Light and Heat

Company reaped no benefit, and the practical art of making and supplying gas had still many steps to make.

Thanks to the valuable scientific labours of Dr. Henry, and to the practical experiments of Mr. Clegg, a pupil of Boulton and Watt, the cause of coal-gas lighting finally triumphed over all obstacles, including the claims of its rival, "oil-gas," which, even as late as 1825, was still preferred by powerful supporters. A charter was granted in 1812 to the Company known as the Chartered Gas Company, which was a kind of resuscitation of Mr. Winsor's association; and, in 1816, this Company extended mains from their works in the Curtain-road into the City. The opposition to this Company was very great. The chief chemists of the day, including Davy and Wollaston, maintained that coal-gas never could be safely applied to street-lighting; and Sir Humphrey Davy inquired, ironically, "if it was intended to take the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer."

From this time, gas-lighting began to extend itself; and, in the course of the following ten years, it had almost entirely superseded the old systems; but the manufacture was still extremely rude. Some terrible accidents in the Chartered Company's works alarmed the public, and the process was closely watched by Government inspectors. Sir William Congreve, who made a report to Parliament on the subject, in 1822, states that he saw two large canvas bags in some works at Whitechapel of about fifteen thousand cubic feet each, which were for some time used as gas-holders, and lay in close proximity to a blacksmith's forge; and he pointed out the frightful consequences which might ensue "were the tar to be discharged and inflamed, like the emission of a large quantity of burning lava from an artificial volcano." The dread in which the public long regarded the Gas Companies, and the general tendency to interfere with their operations, could not be better exemplified than by the fact that a deputation from the Royal Society, headed by Sir Joseph Banks, having visited the gas-works of the Chartered Society at West-

ey strongly recommended the

Government to forbid the Company constructing gas-holders exceeding six thousand cubic feet in capacity, which were to be confined in very strong buildings. Gas-holders are now constructed in the open air, in the midst of the metropolis, made to hold from a quarter of a million to half a million of cubic feet each. Mr. Hollinghead, in his work, entitled *Underground London*, says, "We have now, within the metropolitan area, twenty-three gas-manufacturing stations, and six gas-holder stations, used solely for storing gas. The total length of mains laid down by the thirteen Companies, in underground London, is seventeen hundred and fifty miles, besides about four hundred and fifty miles of branch service-pipes. The house service-pipes, in addition to this, must be at least eight thousand miles long. The total number of London public street-lamps supplied with gas, is thirty-seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight; the average distance from each other being seventy-five yards. The consumption of gas is at least double what it was ten years ago; and the annual quantity manufactured in London is about eight thousand millions of cubic feet."—*Temple Anecdotes*.

HARLAN PAGE.

THOUGH the life of Harlan Page had been short, and himself a private Christian, he could say on his death-bed, "I trust, through the blessing of God, I have been the means of saving not fewer than a hundred souls."

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

"SOME years since," said Dr. Leifchild, "a respectable young woman accosted me at Craven Chapel, requesting me to dedicate her child to God in baptism. 'First of all,' said I, 'I must ask you some questions. Have you given yourself to God? If not, how can you give your child to Him?' She replied, 'I have given myself, Sir.' Then I inquired, 'Are you a member of my church?' 'No, Sir; but of Mr. Stratton's church at Paddington.' 'Why, then, come to me to baptize your child? I would

: not do so. Go to your usual
of worship.' 'I ask you, Sir,'
said she, 'because I myself was the
child you baptized at Hornton-street
1, Kensington.' 'Nay,' said I, 'that
t be, for I remember that baptism
well, and have the name of the
in my pocket-book.' 'What was
' she eagerly inquired. 'Clarence
' I replied. 'That was my name,
ejoined she. 'My mother told me
you, and what you said when you
ed me. As soon as I could read,
ve me a Bible; and afterwards I
to hear you preach, and your
ing was blessed to my conversion.
sure you will be so kind as to
e my child; will you not, Sir?'
said I, 'and a dozen, if you had

I stated these circumstances to
gregation, and they were specially
sted in the dedication to God of this
if my first baptized child."

THE CHILDREN ABSENT.

: weary solemn silence
ouse without the children;
strange, oppressive stillness
There the children come no more!
re longing of the sleepless
e soft arms of the children;
re longing for the faces
eping through the opening door:
aces gone for evermore!

e it is to wake at midnight
t hear the children breathing;
g but the old clock ticking,
cking, ticking by the door.
e to see the little dresses
ig up there all the morning,
e slippers—ah! their patter,
e shall hear it never more
our mirth-forsaken floor.

a home without the children?
e earth without its verdure,
e sky without the sunshine;
le is wither'd to the core!
I leave this dreary desert,
'I'll follow the Good Shepherd
greener pastures vernal,
here the lambs have "gone
before,"
ith the Shepherd evermore!

O, the weary solemn silence
Of a house without the children!
O, the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children;
Ah! the longing for the children
Peeping through the opening door:
Faces gone for evermore!

TESTIMONY TO THE SUPREMACY OF RAFFAELLE'S GENIUS.

FRANCESCO FRANCA, painter, of Bo-
logna, astonished at the great renown
Raffaelle had gained for his paintings,
experienced a strong desire to see some
of the works of so celebrated an artist.
But, as his great age would not permit
him to travel to Rome, he wrote to
Raffaelle, expressing the high opinion
he had formed of his talents from the
great character he had heard of him.

These two artists were severally
pleased with each other's sentiments,
and kept up a regular correspondence.
Under these circumstances, Raffaello
finished his famous picture of St. Cecilia,
designed for a church at Bologna, and
sent it to his friend Francisco, requesting
that he would himself see it fixed up,
and modestly adding this request, that
he would correct any fault he might
perceive in it.

The artist of Bologna, overjoyed at
the opportunity of seeing a production
of Raffaello's, hastened to examine the
picture, but had no sooner cast his eyes
on it than he was greatly agitated, feel-
ing sensible of the wide difference between
his talents and those of Raffaello. He
fell into a deep melancholy, and died of
the grief which he experienced at having
toiled so much to become only a painter
of mediocrity.

JOSEPH II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

AN aged half-pay officer met the
Emperor as he was coming out of the
palace, and begged that his Majesty
would graciously condescend to stop for
a few moments to listen to a request he
had to make. The Emperor assented.

The hardy veteran then told his Majesty that he had a wife and large family who depended solely on him for support; that he had nothing but his half-pay, and that stipend being inadequate to the great demands upon him, he was obliged to throw himself upon his Majesty's paternal love for his subjects, and implore his assistance.

The tender heart of the Emperor was moved at the pathetic manner in which the old warrior expressed his distress, and putting his hand in his pocket, he found only twenty-four gold pieces; which he was going to give to the officer, saying at the same time, "he was sorry he had no more;" when an ill-natured, officious courtier suggested to his Majesty that twenty-four ducats would be enough.

The Emperor, instantly resolving to punish the courtier, for endeavouring to set bounds to his humanity, pretended to think that twenty-four ducats would do, and asked the courtier "if he had so many about him." He replied in

the affirmative, and taking them out of his purse, gave them to his Majesty. The Emperor put both ducats and gold pieces into the old officer's hand, and desired him to thank the courtier for his generous gift of twenty-four ducats. The Emperor's humanity thus made the ill-nature of the courtier turn to the advantage of the poor officer.

GOLD DUST.

TRUE PLEASURE.—Heavenly pleasures satisfy, but never surfeit: earthly pleasures surfeit, but never satisfy.

ORDINANCES.—God has tied us to ordinances, but He has not tied Himself to them.

CHEERFULNESS.—God is a Master who likes His servants to sing at their work.

A HOLY LIFE.—Thanksgiving is good; thanksgiving is better.

TEARS AND SORROWS.—God has a book and a bottle for the tears of His saints: He notes whether they are for sorrows or for sins.

Memorials of the Departed.

MARY SIMONS was born at Wheal-Hope, March 14th, 1844. From a child she was fond of reading, and it might with truth be said of her, as of Timothy, —she knew the Scriptures from her youth; indeed the Bible was her hand-book. At the age of eleven she was deeply convinced of sin, sought the Lord, and found Him, to the joy of her soul. She then joined the Church, and evidenced the truth of the change by her walk and conversation for twelve months. After that period, being taunted and persecuted by her associates, she became unwatchful, and discontinued her connection with the people of God. In this state she remained two years, during which she was very unhappy, though she continued to read the word of God, and prayed for the peace which she had lost. At last Mary's mother was heavily afflicted. The affliction of the mother was sanctified to the soul of the child, and was the means of bringing

her back to the Lord, who healed her backslidings, and loved her freely. Having again given her heart to God, she gave her hand to His people. From that time she sought to work for God, and did what she could to send that Gospel to others, that had found its way to her own heart. She set a high value on all the means of grace; but it was her chief delight to sit under the word of God. In this happy state she lived until about a month before her death. At that time, while pleading in her closet for a new heart, she was enabled so to rest upon Christ, that she was then fully sanctified, and enabled to say, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Though always attentive and dutiful to her mother, after this change she became still more so, as well as more loving to all around. Her duty was evidently her delight, and she was eminently imbued with the spirit of prayer. It appears that the eventful

change, to which reference has just been made, was preparatory to her being gathered to the blood-washed throng in heaven. The afflicting hand of God was speedily laid upon her; the command was given, "Go up and die;" and she gladly obeyed. In her affliction her constant cry was, "Heaven is my home." Two days before her death, she was so filled with joy, that she longed to be taken "home;" and her language was, "How long!" Even at this moment, however, she was not without temptations; but these were successfully resisted. Fount on "the Rock," the enemy could neither move her steadfast feet, nor disturb her peace. She held fast her confidence, and entreated her friends to meet her in heaven. A little before her death she sank into a slumber; but, when she awoke, she exclaimed,—

"My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

She then exclaimed "Glory! glory! glory!" and her spirit was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, in the twentieth year of her age.

"A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

RUSSELL.

DIED, at Devonport, October 14th, 1864, Mr. ROBERT YOUNG, in the eighty-second year of his age. When at sea he was "sweetly and powerfully drawn by Divine influence to inquire for what end he was born? why he was made an intelligent creature? and how he could become prepared for another world?" Light gradually dawned upon his mind. He saw and felt himself to be a sinner, and pleaded for, until he obtained, mercy at the hands of a pardoning God. His Bible, the throne of grace, and the ordinances of religion, then became the solace of his spirit, and his daily delight. He was remarkable for the simplicity of his trust in Christ. He never lost the sense of his adoption, which he evidenced by a life of obedience to his Saviour as his Sovereign Lord and King. His faith became increasingly vigorous as he approached the termination of his earthly course; and the

prospect of the glory that would follow death, often filled him with transporting joy; leading him to exclaim, "I am almost home, and shall soon be with Christ my Saviour." In this happy frame he continued until he passed away to the "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

R. B.

JOHN JOHNSON was born at Smallwood, near Congleton, June 27th, 1778. Very little is known of the early history of his life, excepting that it was spent in the service of Satan and sin: hence he took delight at that time in frequenting the public-house, sitting at the ale-bench, and following the amusements of the card-table. This seems to have been his favourite pursuit. As he was physically strong and powerful, he occasionally tested his skill in pugilistic encounters with those who happened to quarrel with him, and not unfrequently came off victorious over more than one combatant at a time. It is somewhat singular that he was convinced of his state as a sinner during the time that he was at a public-house, engaged in his favourite game at cards. The season was the Christmas-eve of 1811, when some singers were chanting the Christmas hymn. The burden of their theme reached his ears; and, whilst the cards were in his hands, the Spirit of God convinced him that he was a sinner. He determined to touch the cards no more, threw them into the fire, and was soon found worshipping in the house of God. The convictions thus realized proved deep and lasting, for they ended in his conversion. He was kindly taken by the hand by those who felt an interest in his spiritual welfare, and led to a cottage prayer-meeting. Those friends, for whom he ever cherished a warm affection, pointed him to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." His faith apprehended the merits of his Saviour's sacrifice, and he realized in his soul that change which he felt he needed. He now knew "the powers of the world to come," and became a new man in Christ Jesus his Lord. Having himself tasted that the Lord is gracious, he sought to benefit others, and became a useful visitor of the

sick, a Sabbath-school teacher, &c. At a later period of his life he often spoke with delight of those days: they were times of happy and holy employ. As he had formerly been valiant in the service of sin, he now became an earnest labourer in the work of righteousness. He loved the house of God, and, when health permitted, his seat there was seldom vacant. Listening to the word of truth his spirit was refreshed with the streams which flow from the fountain of the water of life, and he sympathized with the Psalmist: "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" His love to his Ministers was great; nor did he forget to remember them, and their labours, in his daily private devotions. His attendance on the more private means of grace was also very regular; and his earnest pleadings at the throne of grace were not without their blessed influence on his Christian brethren. A revival of God's work was a delight and joy to his soul; and, as far as his strength would permit, he joined in it. For a number of years he was the leader of a small class; and although bending beneath the weight of age, and scarcely able to walk, he continued, till within a very short time of his death, to find his way to his accustomed place of meeting. He was fond of giving out the hymn commencing with these lines,

"Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart;
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where Thou art."

He did not restrict himself simply to morning and evening for private prayer, but *five* times during the day, of late at least, he was accustomed to hold intercourse with God. On these occasions, intercessions for his Ministers, classmates, and the church generally, were blended with his supplications. His last affliction was but of short duration. He was only confined to his bed for about a week; exhausted nature gently sunk beneath the weight of years. But whilst his "heart and flesh failed," the Lord was the "strength of his heart, and his portion for ever." He had a desire "to be with Christ, which is far better." On the Sabbath morning before his death, the words of the poet were repeated to him:

"For ever here my rest shall be
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!"

when he exclaimed, "He is my Jesus." He exchanged life for immortality on the 15th of February, 1865, in the eighty-seventh year of his age; having been a member of the Wesleyan Church for fifty-three years.

JAMES S. THOMAS.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Andrews, Sergt.-Major,	Artillery-Barracks,	Devonport,	60	May 17th, 1864.
Balls, Mr. J. P.,	King-Street,	Yarmouth,	28	Jan. 12th, 1863.
Crome, Mrs. M.,	Yarmouth,	Yarmouth,	83	Dec. 1st, 1861.
Farman, Mrs. S.,	Wickhampton,	Yarmouth,	86	Sept. 18th, 1862.
Ferrier, Mr. Joseph,	Ormesby,	Yarmouth,	70	Oct. 3d, 1862.
Harris, Mr. George,	Ormesby,	Yarmouth,	47	Mar. 2d, 1862.
Harris, Miss Elizabeth,	Chapel-Street,	Devonport,	71	Dec. 31st, 1864.
Hicks, Mrs. Rachel,	St. John's,	Devonport,	87	Dec. 12th, 1864.
Quance, Mr. Richard,	Navy-Row,	Devonport,	73	Dec. 24th 1864.
Ryall, Mr. Richard,	Wilcove,	Devonport,	62	Mar. 12th, 1865.
Steward, Mrs. Rosanna,	Crown-Road,	Yarmouth,	47	Dec. 11th, 1862.



Inauguration of Cromwell as Protector.

ENGLAND'S GREAT SEAL, AND THE COMMONWEALTH.

IN commencing this Paper, the writer would express an earnest wish that the readers of the *Christian Miscellany* would carefully study the period to which it refers. It was the age of strong-minded men, and of great events.

After the death of Wriothesley, eleven Chancellors successively prepared the way for the renowned Lord Bacon. No man has been more eulogized or vituperated than he. In reviews of his works we have often been dazzled by brilliant contrasts between his good and bad qualities, and between the vicissitudes of prosperous and adverse fortune which he experienced. His mother taught him his alphabet early; Queen Elizabeth patted him on the cheek. We trace him in his course;—mocking the worshippers of Aristotle at Cambridge; associating with the learned and gay at the court of France; devoting himself to the study of law at Gray's Inn; throwing aside the musty folios of law to make experiments in natural philosophy; roused from

his experiments and speculations by the stings of vulgar ambition; playing all the arts of flattery to gain official advancement by royal and courtly favour; entering the House of Commons; for a brief space, seduced by the love of popular applause, becoming a patriot; again defending all the worst excesses of prerogative; publishing essays on the principles of morals; arrested for debt, and languishing in a spunging-house; seeking, by a mercenary marriage, to repair his broken fortunes; on the accession of a new sovereign, offering up the most servile adulation to one whom he utterly despised; truckling to a worthless favourite, that he might be appointed a law officer of the crown; then giving the most admirable advice for the completion and emendation of the laws of England; next helping to inflict torture on a poor parson whom he wished to hang as a traitor for writing an unpublished and unpreached sermon; while universally admired for his writings, basely writing secret letters to his Sovereign to disparage his rivals; practising corruption, abetting bribery, engaging in new literary undertakings, swelling with vanity; and ultimately coming to the grave, bequeathing his name and memory to men's charitable speculations, to foreign nations, and the next ages.

Running on through the Keepership of Lords Williams, Coventry, Finch, Littleton, and Lane, we approach the Commonwealth, and gaze upon Cromwell as the centre about which all things seem to revolve. Here let our readers make an effort to transport themselves from all the associations of modern times, backwards into the midst of that period when their loved island, now the happy abode of peace and religion, rocked in a great and terrible crisis. Never in any age or country had such an army appeared as that which Cromwell led. The majority of them know little of the science of fighting, but the principles of liberty were dearer to them than life. Among them were men who read everything, and sifted everything. They were all devoted to their leader, and were prepared to follow whithersoever he might lead. "Civil and ecclesiastical oppression had goaded many to distraction, and the hope and the love of liberty inspired that heroic ardour which nothing could subdue. Authority had lost all its weight; and truth, stripped of all its adventitious ornament and recommendation, seemed clothed with irresistible charms. The period of darkness and the reign of terror were regarded as having passed away; and the dawn of peace, liberty, and religion, all over the world, was supposed to have commenced. The tempest which had been so long collecting, at length burst with tremendous fury; but, though for a time it scattered dismay and desolation all around, it fully cleared the political and religious atmosphere, and rendered it capable of being breathed by free men and Christians."

During that great transition period England's Great Seal passed through strange vicissitudes. Upon the flight of Lord Keeper Littleton to York, in 1642, after long and violent disputes, a new one was engraved, and given into the custody of the Speaker. Afterwards,

by a special ordinance, it was placed in the hands of six Commissioners, who were to possess the "like power of any Lord Chancellor or Keeper ever had, used, or ought to have." The Court of Chancery, which had been closed for two years, was now opened, and the Commissioners on the first day "sealed above five hundred writs." In 1648, four new Commissioners were appointed, among whom Whitelock was chief. He was one of the most interesting characters of the age. After a long and arduous course of study he was admitted to the House of Commons. He ultimately took up arms against the King, and took the command of a company of horse in Hampden's regiment. Presently we find him a lay-member of the celebrated Westminster Assembly, and after a course of opposition to Cromwell, becoming one of his staunchest supporters. A new Seal was ordered, with a representation of the House of Commons, and the inscription, "In the first year of freedom, by God's blessing restored 1648."

One of the most powerful and interesting addresses ever delivered by Whitelock was in defence of the legal profession. One of Cromwell's officers having made a motion "that all lawyers should be excluded from the Parliament, or at any rate while they sit in Parliament they should discontinue their practice," Whitelock showed that the multiplicity of suits in England did not arise from the evil acts of lawyers, but "from the greatness of our trade, the amount of our wealth, the number of our contracts, the power given to every man to dispose of his property as he pleases by will, and the equal freedom among us, by which all are entitled to vindicate their rights by an appeal to the courts of justice." After a time he was dismissed from office by the absolute authority of Cromwell. On this he plaintively writes: "Thus my fortunes and interests decreased; and now my pretended dear friends and frequent visitors withdrew themselves from me, and began neither to own nor to know me: such is the course of dirty worldlings." Nathaniel Finnes succeeded him, and adroitly adapted his course to the shifting circumstances of the times.

After Cromwell's death another Great Seal was ordered, and Whitelock again attained to office, and became its sole Keeper. Upon the Restoration he came to court, and asked pardon of the King for all that he had transacted against him; but Charles bade him, "Go live quietly in the country, and take care of his wife and children."

The influence of Whitelock on the character of Cromwell has not received that attention which it merits. Doubtless, in these days, his uniform submission to dominant power will be regarded as a fair matter of criticism; but it must not be forgotten that he had valuable qualities, and that he invariably resisted usurpation as far as he could with safety, and that he constantly strove to mitigate its evils. "In many instances he successfully contended for the extension of clemency towards State offenders, and for protection to oppressed communities. He was ever an advocate of a tolerant and humane administration of the executive authority, and he has a right to a considerable share of

the praise justly appropriated to those from whose mild disposition the English revolution, in the seventeenth century, contrasts so favourably with the French revolution a century and a half later, when knowledge and civilization were supposed to have made such progress in Europe." But for him, Cromwell would probably have been much more despotic than he was.

In connexion with England's Chancellorship, Cromwell's character as a lawyer has been severely handled. In his celebrated ordinance for amending the jurisdiction of the High Court of Chancery there is much that would naturally excite the opposition of modern lawyers. One rule was,—“Every cause shall be heard and determined the same day it is set down; and for this purpose the Lords Commissioners shall sit, if necessary, in the afternoon as well as the forenoon, except upon Saturdays.” It would, perhaps, be presumptuous to argue this question here; but it must be remembered that at that period—a period so prolific of great events—the wildest notions were entertained on the subject of law reforms, as on every other subject, and members of the legal profession were generally denounced as “a purse-milking generation,” and were accused of always “bleeding their clients to death.” Certain it is that they had made law one of the most difficult and contradictory of all terrestrial subjects; and Cromwell, probably, was guided less by a consideration of its innumerable difficulties, than by a perception of what common sense suggested ought to be done.

The general character of Cromwell it is no purpose of this Paper to discuss. There is, however, point in the statement of Burke, “the government of Cromwell, was, to be sure, somewhat rigid, but for a new power, no savage tyranny. The country was nearly as well in his days as in those of Charles II., and in some points much better. The laws in general had their course, and were admirably administered.” Richard Baxter, who lived during those eventful times, thus wrote: “If, after so many others, I may speak my opinion of him, I think that, having been a prodigal in his youth, and afterwards changed to a zealous religionist, he meant honestly in the main, and was pious and conscientious in the chief cause of his life till prosperity and success corrupted him.” But here, perhaps, Baxter, like many other good people, took his opinion of character from mere report rather than from certain knowledge. At any rate no proof has ever been afforded of Cromwell's profligacy, and amid all his extravagancies, he publicly maintained justice, morality, and what he deemed for the interests of religion. During that period religion flourished more than many are now willing to admit, and great souls from a thousand pulpits poured great truths into heads and hearts strong and eager to receive them.

The great event of Cromwell's life was that in which he was offered the crown of England. His position at this time was a momentous one; there appeared nothing between the nation, and all its old confusion, but his one life. It was on the 23d of February, 1657, that

Sir Christopher Pack craved permission to read a paper to the Parliament, proposing a new form of government, including a House of Lords and Cromwell for King; and on the 31st of the following month an address was carried to Cromwell at Whitehall, praying that he would be pleased to adopt their resolution, and take upon him the state and title of king. But he was perfectly alive to the gravity of the proposal. The natural ambition of his nature, doubtless, rose in all its strength, and struggled with his sense of duty to the nation. What would the people say? Three-fourths of them would at once conclude that he had only fought and put down the Stuarts to set up himself. A dark cloud would at once settle upon his fair fame. His generals and army sent a deputation of a hundred persons to protest against the proposal. A committee, including Whitelock, Glynn, Broghill, and other influential ones in the House, sat in consultation with him, urging reasons for his acquiescence. The Fifth-Monarchy men were especially exasperated at this attempt to set up another king. The struggle was great. The nation became intensely excited. At length, Cromwell having weighed the matter in all its bearings, summoned the House to meet him at Whitehall on the 8th of May, and gave the anxiously looked for answer. Surrounded by the representatives of power, learning, and religion, he stood forth, and with firm voice and commanding attitude, thus addressed that brilliant assembly: "Having taken all the circumstances into consideration, both public and private, he did not feel at liberty in his conscience to accept the government with the title of king; that 'whatsoever was not of faith was sin;' and that not being satisfied that he could accept it in that form to the real advantage of the nation, he should not be a honest man if he did not simply, but with every acknowledgment of infinite obligation they had laid him under, decline it." This was his answer to this great and weighty business.

On the 26th of June, 1657, Westminster Hall was the scene of another of those gorgeous pageants for which, for centuries past, it has been distinguished. Oliver Cromwell was publicly inaugurated into the office of Protector. Gentlemen, Heralds, Aldermen, Lords Commissioners, Mayors, in their robes of office, accompanied him. The Lord Mayor and the Dutch Ambassador stood on Cromwell's left, and the French Ambassador and the Earl of Warwick on his right hand; behind him his son, sons-in-law, and the Privy Council; a little lower stood high officers of state, with drawn swords. The Speaker of the Commons and Whitelock attired him in a superb robe of purple velvet, lined with ermine. The Speaker then presented him with a costly and elegantly bound Bible, and delivered into his hand a sceptre of massive gold. Manton offered prayer; the trumpets sounded; the heralds proclaimed Cromwell Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland; again the trumpets gave forth a loud triumphant blast; a loud shout of "God save the Protector!" rose from the people, and Cromwell and his train returned to Whitehall.

Throughout the period of the Commonwealth, nothing is more remarkable than the attachment of men to their principles, and the fearlessness with which they maintained them. Eminent characters were not then rare. Men differed from each other, but they acted conscientiously, and dared to suffer for it. It is difficult, in these modern times, to appreciate the sacrifices they made in defence of their principles. Illustrious hosts of God's noblest heroes toiled hard on the high places of danger, to leave a heritage of liberty and religion to their children. And they succeeded. Earnestness and perseverance will succeed in any cause; how much more in that which has God for its Author, and His glory and the good of humanity as its objects. The seed of truth scattered by the hand of God-sent men, shall germinate and grow. Delayed, perhaps, by rude tempests, chilling storms, and biting frosts; yet the fruit, in luxuriant clusters, will appear. Let no young man fear being designated a "Puritan" by the latitudinarians of these modern times. In the labours, discouragements, reverses, victories, of many noble spirits included under that name, we have inspiring examples, and press them with confidence upon modern attention. In imitating them, the youthful aspirants for honour and fame will secure for themselves laurels that will be green and flourishing when superficial sentimentalism, which so often accompanies a feeble religious principle, will have lost its lustre and attractiveness.

Chester.

J. F. M.

"PRECIOUS PROMISES."

At a Bible-meeting which I recently attended, one of the speakers, in advocating the claims of the society, said, "I have often thought if we could bear in mind how even *one* text has sometimes been made a comfort and blessing to ourselves, we should be more in earnest that this 'book of texts' should be in the hands of every sinning and suffering fellow-creature. The promises that have supported *us*, were written also for *them*; the words of hope that have cheered *us*, may also cheer *them*."

These remarks brought powerfully to my mind a scene in my past life; and, hoping that my experience may prove useful to some suffering and fearful brother or sister, I will try to relate it.

At the time of which I write, I was a patient in a London hospital,

surrounded by suffering in various forms, and expecting soon to undergo a somewhat serious operation. I was no stranger to pain; I had long suffered, but my sufferings had, until then, been alleviated by the thoughtful care of a beloved mother, sister, or friend, whose sympathy and companionship had been of untold comfort to me. Now, only strangers were around me. I missed the many comforts that had become almost necessities to one in my situation, and I yearned for the familiar home faces, and the clasp of some loved one's hand.

The chief surgeon, attended by a large staff of assistants and students, had just been visiting the ward, and, on leaving me, he had said kindly, "Well, my girl, we will try what we can do for you on Saturday." O how my heart sank! I had thought myself courageous, but now my courage seemed to forsake me. I

knew I was to take chloroform, and the thought that possibly I might die, without one loved one near me, was almost more than I could bear. "Lord, help me!" burst from my heart; and instantly the answer came, "Lo, I am with you *always*." Ah! then I felt how precious is that ever-present "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother;" and with a quieted and trusting spirit I turned to my Bible to find further comfort. I opened it at Isaiah xli., my eye falling on the tenth verse: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." Many times I had read that verse, but never had I seen its beauty and fulness until now. How much of consolation and strength does it contain! All I needed was there promised: the presence of a loving and powerful Friend; strength to bear what was laid upon me; help when strength should fail; and support through all! But the thirteenth verse came home to me with still greater force: "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." Surely I had seen that verse before, but I did not remember it; and now it seemed expressly written for me. I had longed for some dear one from home, to stand by me, and hold my hand, during my time of danger. That could not be; but now the promise was, "*I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.*" O blessed words! My heart rested in them, and my fears gave place to grateful trust.

And the Lord was faithful to His word. On the Saturday I was enabled not only calmly, but cheerfully, to meet the assembled doctors, and with full confidence in Divine help, I placed myself in their hands.

Just as I was losing consciousness, the nurse who attended me took hold of my right hand. I could not then remember the words of my promise, but I still felt its power, and my last thoughts were of my *present* and loving God. When I awoke the danger was past, and I was again in my bed in the ward. Then followed weeks of pain and weakness. Often my memory seemed too feeble to remember even one text; but my Bible was close at hand, and in every time of special fear I could turn to my short verse, and in the strength of that promise I was enabled patiently to bear my pain.

If any of my readers are now passing through trial and suffering, let me remind them that the promises which supported and comforted me are *theirs* also; and, if God be their Friend, they also may sing,—

"When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay:
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away."

J. R.

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF STRANGERS.

We do not mean in the family, but in the congregation. They visit your sanctuary every Sunday. What are you doing with them? These occasional visitors,—what provision is made for them?

Customs vary. In some churches each one looks out for himself, with the inevitable risk of discommoding somebody in his own pew. In others, the chapel-keeper is sole master of the situation, and places the stranger in any convenient opening. In others, the pew-holders are expected to be on the alert, and intercept the stray visitor as he walks doubtfully up the aisle.

It is sometimes a problem among the zealous members of a church, how to increase the congregation. One man takes a business view of the

question. Another looks at it in its *social* aspect. A third studies it only in its *spiritual* bearings. One short rule will contribute to the solution of the problem. *Take care to make the congregation which you already have as courteous as possible.* Nothing impresses a stranger so much as *civility*. He may be delighted with the singing, but he can hear equally good music elsewhere. He may be enraptured with the sermon, but one week in the out-of-doors whirlpool drives it from his mind. But he will not forget the smile of a friend, nor the kind invitation to "come again," that accompanies the hand-shaking after service.

It is just as easy to secure these occasional visitors, and convert them into permanent attendants, as it is to lose them. Eloquent preaching will not do it. Artistic music will not do it. Fashionable appointments or arrangements will not do it. *Kindness* will. It costs nothing. Let the vestibule doors be well supplied with courteous, affable men, who will give as cheerful a welcome to a stranger as they do to a new customer in their place of business. Let the occasional visitor be tenderly approached before he leaves the church; and, with a warm grasp of the hand, and an honest expression of kindness, place all the means of grace at his service. An inexpensive Missionary work of that character cannot fail to produce the most gratifying results. What miserable artificiality is this, that deems it indecorous to accost an immortal soul in the house of God without an introduction! The social element in a church is the most attractive feature in it. Degenerate into a mere ecclesiastical crystallization, and social spirits, seeking friends and sympathy, will leave you to the glitter of your Sunday coldness. A half-dozen warm-hearted men and women in each aisle, with social courage enough to "entertain stran-

gers," will revolutionize a congregation. Give the new visitor a Christian greeting, and you fill his soul with a most delicious home-feeling. Small the investment, but inestimable the return. And "thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

ENGLAND'S WORK.

WE may safely assert that, in many respects, England stands at the head of all nations. An Englishman is respected amongst all the civilized, and many of the uncivilized, peoples of the earth; the British flag flies in every breeze, from the cold blasts of North America, to the hot winds of Hindostan. Go where you may, you will find something English; our ships and steamers dot every sea; our army is equal, and our navy superior, to any in the world. The name of the "British tar," has become synonymous with courage and generosity; and the nation does not exist that has not a wholesome respect for the scarlet coat. The colonies and possessions that these soldiers and sailors have won, or protect for us, have an extent *forty* times that of the kingdom itself. Our facilities of internal communication are almost incredible, and are increasing. Englishmen are full of enterprise; they push their way anywhere and everywhere. North, South, East, and West, they travel, carrying trade and civilization with them. John Bull is ubiquitous.

England is the land of freedom! Chartists and party-politicians may rave on "the rights of man," but what country can boast such liberty as ours? Free press, free trade, liberty of speech and opinion,—where else will you find them?

What was England one thousand nine hundred years ago? An island at the ends of the earth! What is she now? Mistress of the sea, and head of the nations! The ruler of

a sixth part of the human race! The mother of a new world, that emulates its parent! And, best of all, she is to a gratifying extent, *the upholder of Christianity!*

To what do we owe this supremacy? and how is it that wherever she sends her sons, the result is so largely for good and not evil; tends to the spread of civilization and of the Gospel of Christ, rather than to extension of dominion?

A country must of necessity become civilized and exalted herself, before she can really benefit other countries. England owes her exalted position, and high state of cultivation of manners, *chiefly* to her reception and practice of true Christianity, on which her constitution is based.

Opinions differ as to the time and manner of the introduction of this religion into our island; but, among other accounts, not the least probable is, that it was brought over in the second century by some of the soldiers who had joined the Christian church at Rome. Among other benefits derived from their conquerors, the new faith was to the native Britons a happy release from the cruel and unintelligible rites of the Druids. Having embraced it, there were those among them who clung to it with the utmost pertinacity, suffering much persecution from successive Roman emperors.

The Romans left the island, but the religion remained among the people. The Saxons then brought over their idols; and, after a long night in which Christianity languished, were themselves gradually converted, and gave in their adherence to the Pope, the then head of the church. About A.D. 596, Austin, a monk sent over by Pope Gregory, is said to have baptized ten thousand people on Christmas-day.

By the attainment of immense power and wealth, the church became exceedingly corrupted; the Popes used their power in a most

arbitrary manner, till in the sixteenth Christian century, Henry VIII., King of England, threw off his allegiance, and declared himself "Head of the Church of England;" the doctrines of Martin Luther were accepted, and "the Reformation" commenced in England. Gradually, in spite of the cruelties of Mary, the immoralities of Charles, and the bigotry of James, the good effects were seen. A healthier state of mind prevailed the people, who were no longer under the eye of priest and confessor, and no longer feared excommunications, penances, or purgatory. They read the Bible for themselves, and learnt the truth; obtaining it free from the false constructions of the Popish clergy. The government and laws were, to a great extent, framed in accordance with the teaching of Scripture, and we see the result in our day.

We believe that God has chosen England as His main instrument in the conversion of the world. He released her from the trammels of Roman Catholicism, that He might endow her with His liberty, and make her a light among the nations. Amid all the infidelity and immorality of the seventeenth century, He watched over His own cause, raising up such men as Whitefield and Wesley, to awaken the church and people from their apathy. His blessing followed, and still follows, all the enterprises of our country. He, and He alone, has made her the richest and most powerful country of the world, that through her that world may be made acquainted with the Gospel.

F. H.

THE TRUANT ENGINE:

A DREAM CONCERNING THE
"ACHILLES."

I do not happen to be a shareholder in any line, much less a director; yet those who are best acquainted with my circumstances

will not be surprised to learn that railways sometimes give a colouring to my dreams. In many respects my present place of abode is much preferable to that in which it is generally supposed Bunyan wrote his most popular work. He speaks of himself as being in "a certain place where was a den," and informs us, "I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream." Men will never allow the glory of that dream to pass away; and it would be a dismal den indeed into which I would not enter in order to be favoured with a similar one.

Now certainly I could not fairly speak of my present abode as "a den." It is very far from being so. But, on the other hand, I may safely affirm that I am subject to annoyances, trifling, perhaps, they may be, but such as Bunyan never experienced at Bedford, or anywhere else. I happen to live near a railway station, which is, unfortunately for me, the junction of several important lines. Throughout the day, trains are incessantly arriving or departing; but, as the Act against organ-grinders does not reach to railway whistling, there is no use complaining. But never, in olden times, was night startled, and silence put to flight, by noises so horrid. During the hours of darkness,—especially during those which I conscientiously wish to devote to sleep,—the passenger trains, north and south, east and west; coal and coke trains, cattle trains, ballast trains, luggage trains, one after another, rush into the adjoining station, pause awhile,—giving audible evidence of their presence meanwhile,—and then rush off towards their destination with shrieks horrible enough to startle their own kindred. I firmly believe that John Wesley was as mighty a man during the six hours devoted to sleep, as during the eighteen spent in active service. He slept with a

will, and to a purpose; but I am ready to doubt whether he could here always have commanded the attendance of "tired nature's sweet restorer," unless the engine-drivers would have moderated their alarm-signals.

My friends, however, must not regard me as complaining. We all have our trials, and I wish they may sustain theirs as comfortably as I have learned to endure this. My only intention in referring to it is to introduce a dream which I *might* have dreamed some time ago, and to account for its peculiar form. Let us suppose, then, that I was endeavouring to compose myself to sleep, meditating, at the same time, on a sermon listened to that Sabbath morning, from the words, "I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think." Let us also suppose that the puffings, and whistles, and shrieks at the station, (for we have too much Sunday-traffic here,) mingled in my brain with certain valuable thoughts expressed, and appropriate passages quoted, by our highly-valued Minister. Let us once more suppose that, having become somewhat accustomed to my situation and its attendant noises, I fell into a doze, and began speedily to dream. We shall then be prepared for what is to follow.

Once upon a time, of course since the opening of the "Liverpool and Manchester railway," it so happened that a locomotive engine, named the "Achilles," regarded itself as slighted. I could not clearly and fully ascertain the occasion. There were several meetings on the subject; and I duly attended them, and paid strict attention. But the "Achilles" came to each meeting in considerable excitement, and some of the other locomotives speedily fired up in return; and, as they talked loudly and

y, and addressed each other : than the Chair, and some- several of them were speaking ier, I could not make out very ctly what they meant. Be-

I observed that there was contradiction in their state- : than I could account for, be- g, as I did, that they were all ful and well-meaning engines. ld only suppose that the super- lance of burning coals and hot prevented a cool and clear ap- sion of their own affirmations.

far as I could gather, amid onfusion, the "Achilles" re- d itself as undeservedly slight- Moved by envy of its superior and success, inferior loco- es had combined to insult and de it. On the other hand,

appeared a wide-spread im- ion that the "Achilles" had really caressed and flattered d its merits, and that the chief ion of its present discontent and was that another engine was oyed in conveying the mail-

Many derisive remarks were by those on the outside of the d respecting the vanity of the hilles;" and some reference was to one occasion when, in an gency, it had been appointed to the express train northward and , when it was overtaken by an ary train, and was thus the ion of great inconvenience to y of the passengers. Indeed, all letters were sent to the *Times*, of them threatening an action damages on account of loss of

On the whole, the prevailing ment was that the discontented as had no claim upon the post mour. It was no more powerful its fellows, and no swifter, and inly no handsomer. Wonder expressed at its pretensions, and question was asked if the claim founded upon its having had the "Achilles" recently displayed

upon it in huge gilt letters. "Put him to Government train work; he is fit for nothing else," was loudly and angrily uttered.

The "Achilles" was not, however, satisfied with any such arrangement. It withdrew from the excited assembly in a very dignified manner. It uttered no farther remonstrance, but moved away as an offended king might have done. It appeared to become larger, swelling with vexation, and mortified vanity; and its internal fires burned the more fiercely, showing themselves somewhat, but it deigned not to speak again. There appeared a remarkable determination in its manner, which led me to wonder what it was about to do; and I could perceive that a feeling of anxiety, mingled with a degree of awe, was extending among its late associates.

Meanwhile, the "Achilles," moving slowly on, in what was intended to be regal style, passed the station, left the train appointed for it to convey far behind, and paused not until, having quitted the main-line, it had reached a disused siding. There the Achilles paused, turned off its steam, extinguished its fires, and remained motionless. It was now evident that the offended locomotive intended to withdraw its aid from the concern until satisfactory terms were offered. It might easily be discerned that there was no small consternation on the part of the other engines, now separating from each other. Many of them were honestly and intently desirous for the prosperity of the "line;" and they knew within themselves that the "Achilles," though not all it thought itself, was a very useful kind of engine, and had done good service to the concern. Had the runaway been looking on, it would have been flattered, if not appeased, by the look of blank astonishment and dismay depicted on the faces of

its deserted colleagues. It was evident that, notwithstanding all their hasty and unguarded observations, they really did not know how they could get on without it. The "Achilles," however, was not so gratified, being at a distance, in the spot where it had shunted itself.—When a lad, I had read with deep interest concerning the wrath of that Grecian chieftain after whom the truant locomotive had been named. I dimly remembered that in consequence of the anger of that Achilles, the fall of old Troy was long delayed, and many a brave Greek died before its walls. I felt, therefore, some degree of curiosity to know what would be the result in this case, and determined to watch the affair narrowly. The errant engine evidently hopes that its terms must be granted. Will it prove so? Are there no other means by which the closing of the "line," the injury of the public, and the insolvency of the company, may be averted? The other locomotives look grave; but time will show. Time has shown the results following this freak of the "Achilles." I have merely to note them with the utmost brevity.

1. *The work belonging to the "Achilles" was, for a time, undone.*—Every engine seemed to have an engagement, and proceeded to fulfil its own task. Certainly we have seen three or four together at our junction that then appeared to have nothing to do, but run to and fro with an empty truck or two attached, puffing and smorting at their pleasure. We had uncharitably supposed these to be idlers, not disposed to stir very briskly, either at work or play. But we had certainly been mistaken, and are prepared to make suitable apology when we have opportunity. Every locomotive had a place, and hastened thereto, somewhat ashamed of the time expended, and the temper manifested, in the recent debate. The

Government train was, in consequence, at a stand-still. The telegraph wires were set in motion at the principal stations, inquiring the reason of its non-arrival, and messages arrived to the same purpose from the smaller stations. It was worthy of observation and reflection that in this case, as in many others, the chief inconvenience and suffering had to be endured by the feeble and the poor. Those persons who were waiting at the various stations on the line, who had first and second-class tickets, for the most part obtained seats in the quick trains, which, from time to time, did arrive. A few, also, who had third-class tickets, and who happened to possess vigorous arms, and loud voices, and strong nerves, contrived to force their way into these carriages, and retain possession of the seats they thus gained. But those who were poor, and, at the same time, were feeble or timid, had no chance whatever. They were rudely pushed back, and told that the carriages were full, and that they must wait until a Parliamentary train did arrive.

Many were the cases of painful inconvenience which were duly recorded in our local papers. The wife of a sailor who was taking her children to Liverpool that they might bid farewell to their father, who had been suddenly ordered off on a long voyage, was distressed because they might not see him for two or three years. A family group returning to Ireland, opened out a small bundle, and were evidently engaged in determining how to make the most of the provisions therein contained, as they could not cross the Channel that day, and their exchequer was empty. They must suffer hunger. The question was, could they keep themselves alive? A rough-looking man was the only one that really wept. He soon, however, dried his face and explained

that his wife had written to say that their girl was worse, and if he would see her alive he must not lose an hour.

These and several other cases were, one by one, made known to the Truant Engine. Certainly its withdrawal from its appointed task had made a considerable sensation. But the "Achilles" somehow did not appear any happier. It was rather tender-hearted, and had sense enough to discern that the penalty exacted by itself had been paid chiefly by the innocent. The other engines were running as usual, though perhaps somewhat pensively for that one day. The directors would, no doubt, dine as usual, though fresh arrangements must be made before morning. There was, I really believe, somewhat of relenting within the boiler, and a little moisture about the funnel; for, as I have said, the "Achilles" was, like many heroes, only at times hard-hearted. I did hope, indeed, that the runaway would at once resume its place. But, it quelled the rising emotion, and merely said to itself, "I am truly sorry for these sufferers, but I am here *upon principle*. I cannot conscientiously return, unless I can be put into my proper place." So there was no movement towards the station.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

(Hebrews xii. 1.)

AN exciting scene would be one of those same ancient races. On a wide extended plain are assembled a tumultuous crowd, waiting for the struggle, and gazing on the competitors who stand yonder, anxiously waiting for the word which shall dismiss them on the race. How the eyes of the runners sparkle and gleam with excitement, while their compressed lips, and flushed countenances, denote their eagerness for the con-

test! And now the signal is given, and they start. On! on! on! every nerve strained, every sinew braced to full exertion. On! on! one thought, one aim with each,—to reach the goal, and receive the coveted crown. One might imagine they would all surely be successful. But mark! Here is one whose determination has failed, whose patience is already exhausted, and who gives up in despair. And here another, whose attention being distracted by surrounding sounds and scenes, has ceased to look directly to the goal, and has stumbled and fallen. And here a self-confident one, too boastful of his own powers, and too certain of success, has allowed time to pass, and his opportunity to slip by, and now has the mortification of seeing those whom he might easily have outstripped winning rewards, while he slinks back abashed into the jeering crowd. But there are those who strive lawfully, and win the goal. The King's hand places crowns on their brows, and heralds proclaim their name and country, while multitudes rend the air with applauding acclamations. "So run that ye may obtain."

There is a close analogy between the Christian life and a race. There is *decision* required in its commencement, *effort* and *progress* in its accomplishment, and there is glory—a crown—as its *reward* and consummation. The cross of Christ is our starting-point; the heaven of God our goal. Life is the time in which to run this race. With death will die all our opportunities: if we begin not to run in life, we cannot in the grave; if we run not well and worthily now, then we can nevermore regain the position we have lost by our indolence or unfaithfulness.

"So run that ye may obtain." What may be the purport of this injunction, and how are we to run easily and successfully?

It will at once be seen that, in order to ensure a runner's success, he must lay aside every cumbersome hindrance: "lay aside every weight." (Heb. xii. 1.) How foolish he who persists in hugging to his bosom some valued but weighty treasure! He finds the race hard toiling; his frame is pained, his footsteps lag, and he is soon convinced, that if he will be the winner of a crown, he must be the loser of his treasure! How often is it thus with the Christian; persisting in carrying some heavy burden, his soul is distressed, and the course weary. He seems to get no nearer the "King in His beauty," and the light of the city gleams yet but dimly in the far, far distance. He comes to the sanctuary, but while other hearts glow, and other lips are eloquent with the Redeemer's praises, he alone is cold and silent.

1. It may be the burden is *sin*, unconfessed and unforgiven. No relief for thee, Christian, until thou comest with thy burden to the cross; only then shall it roll into the sepulchre of thy Lord, and shining ones shall bid thee run forward and rejoice.

2. It may be a weight of *worldly care*. Poverty is thy portion; and, filled with fears for the future, thou art grown despondent, and thou sittest in the dust, forgetful of thy God, who has bidden thee "take no thought for the morrow." Rise from thy unbelieving doubts and fears, press to the Father's footstool,—"they that wait on the Lord shall not want any good thing;"—light, and joy, and peace, and trust shall flow afresh into thy soul as thou look-est up in faith to thy Father's face.

Many other weights beset the Christian in his progress. Each heart knows its own bitterness. If we are conscious of indulging in any amusements, companions, books, engagements, which dull the edge of *our spiritual appetite*, render our

souls gross and sluggish, we must, by God's help, "lay aside every weight" of this kind.

A companion injunction is to cast off every sinful besetment. The long garments of Eastern runners had to be laid aside, or they would assuredly have entangled the wearer's steps, and have caused him to stumble. So there are certain peculiar sins, and sinful habits, which cling to the soul, and which will most certainly prove ruinous to us if not laid resolutely aside. For example, very prevalent among Christians is the habit, or state, of unbelief. By this the church is paralyzed, the efforts of Ministers defeated, and the Gospel's "free course" is obstructed. But for this general and subtle unbelief, we should long ago have had pentecostal seasons, and victorious displays of saving grace. By this same unbelief, the soul of the individual Christian is dwarfed and crippled. God's promises are vast and wide, but our faith is puny and narrow. God says, "Open thy mouth *wide*, and I will *fill* it;" we refuse to take God at His word, and hence when we might be "filled with all the fulness of God," we struggle on with scanty spiritual powers and stunted piety, just gaining here and there a glimpse, and no more, of that fulness. This is why our Christianity is yet so feeble. Our life should be a vigorous race, a continued effort, and a continued progress. "So run that ye may obtain."

Some besetments seem peculiar to certain temperaments and dispositions. It is "my unfortunate temper," "my treacherous tongue," or "my misleading flow of spirits." We are not inclined to ridicule some of these distressing failings; we believe them often to be better known, and more bitterly felt, by their possessors than by any one else. But the Christian is required to rid himself of these besetments. There is grace in Christ to destroy all the works of

the devil. This subtle, insidious pride, this irascible temper, this traitorous frivolity,—there is power in Christianity, if I use it faithfully, to enable me to subdue and cast off all these. “Sin shall not have dominion over you.”

“So run,”—with *patience* and *perseverance* run,—so shall ye obtain. It is possible to start fair, and for a time to run well; but unless there be patient endurance, and persevering effort, the goal will not be reached. Over some there is cause to mourn, “Ye did run well; who did hinder you?” There must be no resting till the work is done; no sword must be sheathed till the cry of victory resounds throughout the host; no diligence nor endeavour relaxed until the crown is fully won. There will be times of difficulty and darkness; times of weariness and heart-sickness; seasons when the way will seem interminable, and the goal absolutely unattainable; when the sunlight may seem to die out of our life, and the powers of darkness crowd around our souls; but then is the hour and the trial of our patience. Like stars, seen only in the night, our faith and fortitude should then most brightly shine. The course is measured and appointed by Infinite love, and every step has been tracked by the Forerunner, Jesus Christ. His servants have ever followed in the same royal road; the noblest of them weeping, sorrowing, persecuted, and martyred; the path reddened with blood; but they pressed on, and “faithful unto death,” obtained the “crown of life.”

We are not called thus to resist “unto blood;” our path is smooth and easy compared with that they trod. Let us “endure to the end,” so shall we be “saved.” Always distrustful self, always “looking unto Jesus,” we shall run so as to obtain.

Leominster.

J. Y.

WORKING FOR GOD.

LET us, in doing the Lord's work, remember that the harvest may be deferred, but also that it *may* be quick and immediate. Let us desire the one, and fall back on the certainty implied in the other. The one will stimulate zeal; the other prevent disappointment.

Let us never despise a small opportunity. The greatest results have often originated in the most unlikely beginnings. Take the first opportunity you have presented to you. Lay hold on the first persons, no matter what they have been previously. The worse they are, the more they need Christ. If they have been depraved, it is because they have not known Him. But He can, and often has, transformed the worst. In the conversion of one, you may be raising up a host. Let the following brief reference to the apostle of the Karens, by an aged member of the Mission, suffice for an example:—

The American Missionaries in the earlier period of their Missionary labours in Pegu, had schools, and a few converts, at Moulmein. The Karens at that time were only known as tribes, more or less savage, inhabiting the mountains and valleys of Burmah. The few Burmese converts had heard their Missionary teachers express a wish to become acquainted with them; and, finding one who was a debtor slave to a Burman, one of them paid the small debt, and took him into his family. His excessive rudeness and passionate temper rendered him anything but an acquisition to a Christian household; and, although he gave some attention to the new religion, it was found necessary to put him away. This was the embryo Karen apostle. Dr. Judson paid the debt that was due on him; and, in order to give him one more opportunity, took him into the Missionary “compound.”

It soon became perceptible that

Christianity was beginning to exercise upon him its healthful power. Gradually light dawned on his dark soul. He seemed deeply penitent, confessed his sins, and sought earnestly by prayer the pardon of his offences, and reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ. After baptism he gave himself, heart and soul, to the acquirement of Christian knowledge, and then went forth to awaken and instruct his countrymen. He loved much, for much had been forgiven him; and, having received mercy, he fainted not. The preaching of Christ crucified was, in his estimation, the work of paramount importance. He had experienced the power of the great sacrifice for sin, and felt an unquenchable desire to proclaim it to his people. His efforts were blessed. The Karens from the mountain villages of Tavoy flocked in from the distant jungle; for Kothah-byu had found them out, and they came in to see and hear the white teacher of whom he told them. So great was his usefulness, that he has been called "the apostle of the Karens," and his labours are perpetuated in Sau Quala; for one of the first houses which he entered to make known Christ was that of Sau Quala's father, and his simple words so touched the heart of the youth, that he received and welcomed the message as the great boon which the Karen people had been waiting for.

Only let us be in earnest. Let us go fresh from Christ, and full of Christ. Let us go and be alone with Him, and then go back to our kith and kin. Then there will be a life, a freshness about us; and there will be that about us which will carry conviction to the minds of others.

GOLD DUST.

THE DISCONTENTED MAN. — The proud man hath no God; the unpeaceable man hath no neighbour;

but the discontented man hath not himself.

DEPENDENCE UPON GOD ALONE. — We cannot expect too little from man, nor too much from God.

ALL eternity lifts itself up against the passion of a day.

"EVENING BRINGS US HOME."

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,

The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,

And we, O Lord! have wander'd from Thy fold;

But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks

Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox

Watches the straggler from the scatter'd flocks;

But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet

Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat

Their pitiful complaints; — O, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home!

We have been wounded by the hunters' darts;

Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming. When the light departs

At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star

Rises to guide us. We have wander'd far:

Without Thy lamp we know not where we are:

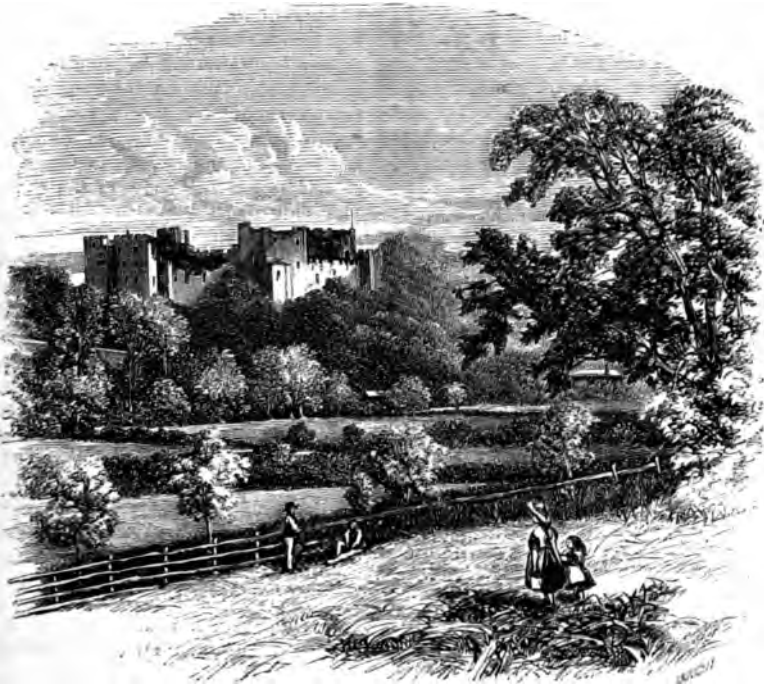
At evening, bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken;

O, Thou, good Shepherd! leave us not to sicken

In the waste night; our tardy footsteps quicken:

At evening, bring us home.



LUDLOW CASTLE.

LUDLOW CASTLE, situated on a bold eminence above the river Teme, was formerly one of the most extensive fortresses in Shropshire; and its ruins are, perhaps, the most perfect of those on the Welsh border. It is generally supposed to have been founded by Roger de Montgomery, who was related to William the Conqueror. It was afterwards held by his descendant, Robert de Belesme, from whom it was taken by Henry I., and granted to his favourite, Joco de Dinan, who completed the building. It was besieged by King Stephen, the castle having been previously seized by Gervase Paganel, who joined the Empress Matilda; but, as it was manfully defended, the King was obliged to raise the siege. It, however, subsequently fell into the King's hands; and Henry II. gave the castle and the valley called Corve-dale, to Fulke Fitzwarine, surnamed De Dinan. His successor, Joccas de Dinan, seized and confined Hugh de Mortimer, Lord of

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Wigmore, in one of the towers of the castle, which still bears his name. In the reign of Richard I. the castle was seized by Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, on behalf of the crown. King John presented it to Philip d'Aubigney, from whom it eventually passed to the Mortimers, and from them hereditarily to the crown. In the reign of Henry VI. it was possessed by Richard, Duke of York, who had raised forces in the Welsh marches. On the advance of the King's army, however, in 1459, the Duke and his sons abandoned the castle and town, which were given up to plunder. It is said that the Duchess of York, with her sons, and the Duchess of Buckingham, were confined as prisoners here a considerable time.

In 1631, Ludlow was visited by the ill-fated Charles I., who was entertained with great magnificence. It is also associated with the name of the immortal Milton. Within the walls of the castle, his celebrated *Mask of Comus* was represented in 1634. The circum-

stances which gave rise to this exquisite effusion are exceedingly interesting. The Earl of Egerton, having been appointed governor of the castle, was visited by many of the neighbouring nobility and gentry. - His sons, Lord Brackley and Sir Thomas Egerton, and his daughter the Lady Alice, being on their journey, were hemighted in Haywood Forest, in Herefordshire. The lady for a short time was lost; and their adventure being related to their father on their arrival, Milton, at the request of his friend Henry Lawes, who was music-master to the family, wrote the *Mast*. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas night; the two brothers, the young lady, and Lawes himself, each bearing part in the representation. It is no small honour that the lofty halls of this noble structure should have echoed some of the first aspirations of the muse which, in after years, sang so sublimely

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our
woe."

During the civil wars between Charles I. and his Parliament, Ludlow was occupied by the royal party. In 1645, a force of two thousand men, drawn from the garrisons of Ludlow, Hereford, and Worcester, were defeated at Stokesay, near Ludlow. In the following year it fell into the hands of General Sir William Brereton, by whom it was given up to Sir Michael Woodhouse. In 1648 Lord Carberry was appointed governor, and Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, was appointed his secretary and steward. A tower is still shown in which he wrote part of his well-known work.

Since that time the castle has rapidly fallen into decay. On the accession of George I. to the throne, an order was received for unroofing the buildings, and stripping them of their lead. The ruin of this magnificent structure soon followed. It is now in the possession of the Earl of Powis, who obtained it in 1811.

The grey ruins of this ancient fortress are still strikingly fine. The foundations are laid upon the solid rock. The part towards the north consists of square towers, with high connecting walls,

which are embattled. The old fosse, and part of the rock, have been formed into walks, and planted with trees. The principal entrance is by a gateway under a low arch. Beyond the ruins of the court-house rises a lofty tower, known as "Mortimer's tower." On the north and west, a deep fosse, cut in the solid rock, guarded the body of the castle. The only portion which dates from Roger de Montgomery is the keep, a large square embattled tower, the doors and windows of which are distinguished by their round Norman arches. The chapel was built by Josce de Dinan in the reign of Henry I.; the only remaining portion of it is the nave. The ruins of these desolated halls, once the scene of feudal pomp and revelry, form a conspicuous object in the landscape.

Ludlow.

R. W. B., JUN.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

V.

Lycidas. Yes, I find that, with returning health and spirits, comes my old love of travel. I hardly seem to be able to breathe freely at home. Our fair England seems dwindled into a garden; her hills into hillocks, her woods into mere shrubberies. Within the four seas I shall find, I dare say, no fairer ground than this. Your woods and your hills are enchanting; and art has improved nature, while leaving her much of her happy freedom. Yet I long for a day in some forest, where there is a chance of starting his majesty; of seeing some handsome tiger go glaring by; or, at least, of meeting some affectionate old Bruin! O to hear the campanero

"Tolling, tolling, tolling!"

O to climb once more some tolerable hill, or to cross some decent river, half frightened at the ugly alligators! Have you geography enough, *Penseroso*, to tell me whether within a thousand leagues of this hill I can find a forest in which, if I leave the path, I must cut my way with a hatchet?

Penseroso. You talk gaily enough. I should have thought that the forest was sobering and saddening.

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
Indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic;
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

L. The truth is, we assimilate. If we were in the forest, you would still be Pensive, but a shade or two more sober than you are; and I should still be Lycidas, but a *little* wilder than I am; yet, perhaps, doing nothing worse than catching gay birds to bring home.

P. To bring home! You travellers are wont to return.

L. Yes. First we sigh to wander, and then sigh for the old country. We have an energy which makes us restless till it is spent. By and by, that energy must succumb to old age. There will be no courting of danger *then*.

Pensive.—

"The verdant rising of the flowery hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,
The ocean rolling on the shelly shore,
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more.
When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps or dim suffusion lie.
Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain;
But to the aged blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude: he still must mourn
The sun and moon, and every starry light
Belieged to him, and lost in everlasting night."

L. Shall we sit down, and give one hour of our lives to a consideration of life's close? When my time shall come, I should wish to rest in yonder church-yard.

P. What matters it whether you rest there or elsewhere, if, when Death comes, he finds you believing and hoping in God and in Christ?

L. Not much, I dare say; yet one ever clings to some fond wish or other. How came death into the world?

P. You ask that question in a reverie, else you could tell me that "death came by sin."

L. Adam could scarcely have known what he was doing when he ate of the forbidden fruit.

P. Of course he knew enough to make

him guilty; he knew what God had forbidden. For the rest, as you say, he could hardly have known what he was doing. Had he seen a tithe of the world's misery, he must have forborne.

L. What a flood-gate he opened!

P. And what bitter streams are still flowing!

L. So death was no part of the original plan. Must we, or must we not, call it an evil?

P. It is certainly a penalty; though, for the Christian, that, and every other evil, (sin excepted,) becomes a blessing.

L. How exact, and yet how flat, is the definition one sometimes hears!—"the separation of the soul from the body."

P. Yes. That is not exactly the way in which Scripture speaks of death: "I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."

L. Nor the way in which the great bard describes him:—

"The other shape,

If shape it might be call'd that shape had none

Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,

For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,

Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seem'd his head,

The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

P. One or two have escaped that dreadful dart.

L. Yes. Happy Enoch and Elijah!

P. Thrice happy, doubtless; and far more happy in having pleased God, than in having so singular a departure. The beast and the false prophet are not happy. What does it avail them to escape death, since they are cast *alive* into the lake of fire!

L. All this makes death a secondary thing.

P. Certainly. Of the four last things, —death, judgment, heaven, hell,—death is the least important. Death has been eluded, and, at our Lord's coming, will be eluded again. But who will ever defy or escape the Judge?

L. Yet even death is solemn. At what different ages the Archer shoots! The shaft has reached many an infant

long before the first word could be lisped, yet respected some till centuries have rolled slowly over their heads.

P. Yes: men lived long when the world (man's world) was young, and when

"History, not wanted yet,
Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose
course
Eventful might supply her with a theme."

Now, our life is dwindled into a narrow span.

L. A narrow span indeed!

"A flower that does with opening morn arise,
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies;
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;
A fire whose flames through crackling stubble
fly;
A meteor shooting from the summer sky;
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A noontide shadow, and a midnight dream,
Are emblems which with semblance apt
proclaim
Our earthly course: but, O my soul! so fast
Must life run off, and death for ever last!"

Brief is the longest sojourn, though we depart at widely different ages.

P. We fall, too, in many different ways: a sad proportion by the sword.

L. No marvel; for when Clio finds her theme, that theme is almost always strife, and often violent strife. She ought to dip her pen in blood. Must we reckon those who fall in battle by myriads or by millions?

P. By millions, at least; "and so their knell is knolled." Many have sunk under disease.

"Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark:
A lazar-house it seem'd; wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased: all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture; qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds;
Convulsions epilepsies, fierce catarrhs;
Intestine stone and ulcer; colic pangs;
Demonic phrensy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness; pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence;
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking
rheums.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans: Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;
And over them, triumphant, Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good and final hope."

L. Myriads have died as Christ's martyrs. Some have fallen in the arena,

when "*hoc habet!*" has been roared by the spectators. Some have gone at the nod of a prince, who, if he could do nothing else, could shed blood. Others have died by the assassin; or, as poor Lady Jane, laid their heads on the block. Some have passed through the fire to Moloch; or have been burned in the Druids' wickerwork; or have been crushed beneath the car of Juggernaut.

P. And yet our catalogue is incomplete. For some have sunk through grief, riot, or intense application; a few in heroic effort to save others; more by fatigue, hunger, and cold. Some have perished by flood or fire. Thousands have fallen a prey to hyenas, tigers, sharks, and who knows what rapacious animals. Some have died of sudden joy. Chrysippus, some say, died of laughter! Some have laid hands upon themselves. A few have undergone death twice. And some, as once a whole generation, (eight persons excepted,) have died by the visitation of God.

L. Yet some escape malice, accident, disease, and judgment; and come to a good old age.

P. Yes, thank God; and a few to a green old age: yet, their case excepted, old age brings with it much to sadden one.

L. Light from the future world can brighten it.

P. To be sure. I only want you to look at the sombre side for a minute. Where is the buoyant step, the vigorous arm, the piercing eye, the courage, the enterprise? Desire fails, the grasshopper is a burden, and "all the daughters of music are brought low." "I am this day fourscore years old: can I discern between good and evil? can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?.... Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother."

L. Is this the end then? And is life all vanity?

P. Gambold shall tell us. In his epitaph upon himself a question is asked and answered,—

"What points of knowledge did he gain?
That life is sacred all and vain."

L. Well, it is a sad tale: all gone or going, the Barzillais and all. Well might Death

"Grin horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd."

What led us to this sombre subject? Truly the delicious air, and the bright sky, cannot have inspired it. The lark has been carolling over head as if death

had never reigned, and never would. I have heard, too, some melodious notes issuing from the woods behind us.

P. That is the cooing of my wood-pigeons, which you will please to accept as a substitute, by no means an equivalent, for the romantic "tolling" of your snow-white campanero.

(*To be continued.*)



(*A Chinese Travelling Tinker.*)

CHINA.

NO. IV.—TRADE AND HANDICRAFT.

UNDER this title we do not refer to the merchants who transact business with Europeans in European style, and whose operations are considered to be of magnitude, even in the City of London; but rather to the tribe of craftsmen who work for the million, and who, with very simple mechanical means, contrive, nevertheless, to turn out very creditable results. For instance, no one would suppose that their neat buttons, and small metal castings, are made by grinding down the surfaces of two bricks, and

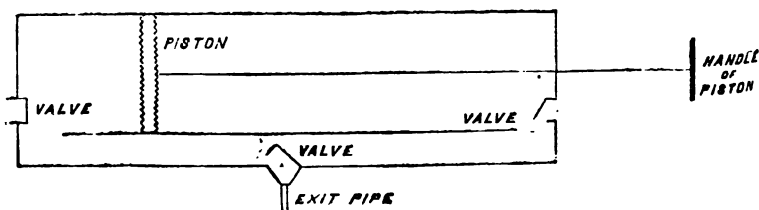
then cutting out the pattern, half from each; the bricks being furnished with stops and hollows, so as to fit exactly. The file and split reed (which is the equivalent of our sand-paper) finish off the work very creditably. Again, although they can make clocks and watches, they cannot make watch-springs; but they import them from Europe, and frequently cut them in two lengthwise, so as to make two springs out of one. To do this with exactness would be neat work, even with an English lathe and turning-tools. But the Chinese workman, instead of a steel chisel, has only a thin disc of iron,

which he assists with a sort of emery-powder, and his lathe, instead of affording a steady revolution by means of a crank, makes two or three revolutions one way, and then two or three revolutions the other; and yet with this imperfect machine he accomplishes his task with very tolerable accuracy.

Files are made in a way equally rude. A small bar of soft steel is placed on the anvil by a lad, who steadies the bar with one hand, and holds a sharp chisel in the other. The edge of this latter he places on the bar, and as it is struck by the workman with a heavy hammer, it is moved a little further after each blow, and so a succession of cuts is made. The file is then hardened, and a handle fixed at each end, so as to give a better purchase. Their needles are made out of thin steel wire, cut in lengths, sharpened at one end to a fine point, and flattened at the other by a blow on the anvil; the eye is then made by another stroke on a sharp-pointed tool, and a

little polishing-powder completes the whole. These needles are somewhat rough; but the tailors are expert, and sew with them very neatly.

The small iron boilers which are used for cooking rice are made remarkably thin, in order to save fuel; so thin, indeed, that when one was sent to Birmingham as a pattern, the metal being made a trifle thicker, the entire set was, in consequence, unsaleable. These boilers are frequently cracked and leaky, and in need of repair; and the tinkers are a busy race. They carry a pole on their shoulders, with a basket slung at one end, containing their tools, and at the other a small box, less than twelve inches square. This box is a miniature chest of drawers, containing nails, scraps of iron, solder, small crucibles, and odds and ends. Below the drawers, and forming part of the box, is a pair of double-action bellows, not more than six inches square, working with a piston, and really a most ingenious little machine.



(Tinker's bellows.)

The exit pipe is at the side, and not at the end. A partition, carried five-sixths of the length, separates the box into two portions. In the larger one works a square piston, the edges of which are wrapped, not with leather, or cloth, or some equally firm substance, but with *feathers*, which are very carefully and regularly sewn on. The three valves will be noticed, one at each end of the box, and one in the centre; which last is double, and acts on either side of the opening. Thus, when the piston is forced in, as in the diagram, the valve at the end is shut, and that at the exit-pipe is thrown open, so that the wind is driven along the partition and through the pipe. When the piston is drawn back, the valve nearest the handle is closed, and the opposite one is opened;

consequently, the wind is driven along the partition, and raises the valve at the exit-pipe in the reverse direction; and thus a continuous blast is maintained by this very simple means.

When a boiler is brought for repair, the operator takes a stool out of the basket; also a miniature furnace, three inches square, about half full of coal; a light stand, on which the damaged boiler is placed; several little crucibles, in each of which is a corresponding scrap of iron. Next he scrapes the edge of the hole, or crack, that the new metal may adhere. All being ready, he attaches the bellows-pipe to the furnace, and blows up the fire to a white heat, in which are placed the crucibles, with their homœopathic contents. When the iron is melted, which it very shortly is,

he takes a pad of felt, and presses it, after being dipped in ashes, against the hole from the inside of the boiler, and taking one of the crucibles in a pair of nippers, he pours the single drop which it contains, on the edge of the hole, immediately flattening out the metal with another similar pad. A second crucible is taken up, and another drop poured against the edge of the first, and so on, if necessary, until the hole is filled up. He then tests the boiler by filling it with water, and, if sound, files down any irregularities, scours the inside with sand, and charges what is equivalent to twopence or threepence for the job. He then throws water on the fire to reduce his coal-bill, packs up his tools, indulges in a pipe, and goes off to seek another customer. Mr. Lockhart says that the skill of these men is of a very high order, and he has often admired the ingenuity which effects so much with such a toy-apparatus as we have described.

Most people have admired the curious ivory balls, five or six enclosed in one, which are our most common specimens of Chinese carving, and are as great a riddle to children as Sir Walter Scott's reel in the bottle, or King George's apple-dumpling. The process by which the little balls find their places is somewhat more difficult than the manufacture of apple-dumplings. A piece of perfectly sound ivory is first turned by the lathe into a globular form. It is then drilled with holes, or, more properly, hollow cones, in every direction, from the circumference to the centre. These holes will be at once recognised, though they generally appear to form part of the pattern, or as if made simply to show the series of balls. A sharp tool, with its point bent at a right angle, is passed down one of these holes to the depth intended for the smallest ball. The depth is marked off on the tool by a wooden stop. The piece of ivory is placed in the lathe, and the chisel is steadily worked round each hole, when, if the work is true, a ball will have been cut out, and will move freely in every direction within the larger one. The chisel is then fixed in one of the holes, and the little ball is moved against it until the required pattern has been cut,

and the first ball is now finished. The stop of the chisel is then moved to the proper depth for the second ball, and the process is repeated until the series is complete; the number of the balls, and the complexity of the carving, depending upon the skill of the workman.

As showing the ingenuity of the people in little things, may be mentioned the method of removing the sediment from their large water-jars without drawing off the water. It is simply a pipette on a large scale, and is a very neat contrivance. A thick bamboo is chosen, as the cheapest kind of tube, and all the joints are cleared out except the last one. Just below this joint (for when in use the joint, or closed end of the tube is held uppermost) a hole is cut in the side of the bamboo, large enough to be covered by the thumb. In using it, the thumb is pressed over the hole, and the tube is passed down to the bottom of the jar. As it touches the bottom the thumb is removed from the upper end, when the mud is instantly driven up the tube by atmospheric pressure. The thumb is again placed over the hole, and the bamboo is drawn up and emptied, and is again passed down into the jar. In this way the mud is cleared out of the vessel, and the water is only very slightly disturbed.

Ingenuity is a general characteristic of the Chinese, and extends down to the lowest classes. They all seem to be neat-handed. Even among the beggars (who are, as a rule, a truculent set, and a great nuisance in the smaller towns, where they are not so closely looked after) there are some who drive a profitable trade by sketching for the amusement of the street-passengers. These pictures are quite unique, and are done literally by hand, and not by the pencil. The operator, sitting on the ground, holds on his knees a small board, painted white, on which a few dabs of indigo are made, apparently indiscriminately. Lifting up the board, a sharp puff from the lips sends the colour in various directions; then trailing the colour here and there with the tips of his fingers, and giving it an occasional fillip with his nails, he shapes various birds, sometimes sitting, sometimes on the wing, as

the fancy takes him. A favourite sketch is that of two or three swallows flying round each other; the different positions of the birds being very truthfully drawn. Another represents deer feeding in a wood. All this is done with surprising quickness, a few simple touches of the finger serving to complete the figures. After receiving a trifling donation, the artist rubs all out, and changes the subject.

The merchants are keen and shrewd, and are not easily overmatched in a bargain. They are much more enterprising than would be supposed, and carried out the tactics of the Stock-Exchange long before that questionable institution found place in the West. The leading money-dealers send the prices, and any political information that transpires, to their correspondents in various towns; not by telegraph, it is true, but by carrier-pigeon. Thus, from Suchan to Shanghai, a distance of eighty miles, is accomplished by the birds in about three hours; and in certain states of the market large operations are undertaken on the strength of information thus obtained.

As affording a glimpse of another class of traders, we must condense Mr. Lockhart's sketch of a ginseng merchant. Ginseng, be it known, is a medicinal root having valuable tonic qualities, and which is in such repute that the common sort fetches nearly its weight in gold; while the finest root has been known to sell for three hundred, and even four hundred, dollars an ounce. This merchant's office is a picture of cleanliness and neatness. His stock is contained in two strong boxes. These boxes, on being opened, appear to be filled with paper parcels. These are parcels of quick-lime, placed there to absorb any moisture that can by possibility have passed through several thicknesses of wood. Below the papers is another box, containing the actual drug. This innermost box, as a further precaution, is lined with sheet-lead. Within it are a number of little silk-covered boxes. Each of these contains a piece of the finest root, enclosed in a silken wrapper, to which it is stitched with a thread of silk. Such precautions, almost equal to

those of a London jewel-merchant, could only be taken for the sake of a most costly article; a course of which medicine must be something like Cleopatra's famous draught. Presents of ginseng are made between friends, and accompanying the gift is often a kettle for preparing it. This kettle is of most careful workmanship. It is double; consisting of an inner silver vessel, and an outer one of copper; and between the two is a narrow space for holding water. The ginseng is put in the inner vessel with a little water. Fixed on the silver kettle is a cup-like cover, in which rice is placed. When the rice is sufficiently cooked, the ginseng-tea is ready, and the two are taken together. * * *

THE DISADVANTAGE OF IGNORANCE.

We hear it not seldom said that "ignorance is the mother of admiration." A falser word was never spoken, and hardly a more mischievous one; for it seems to imply that this healthiest exercise of the mind rests, for the most part, on a deceit and illusion, and that with better knowledge it would cease. For once that ignorance leads us to admire that which, with fuller insight, we should perceive to be a common thing, and one demanding therefore no such tribute from us, a hundred, nay, a thousand times, it prevents us from admiring that which is admirable indeed. — *Trench*.

HARDSHIPS OF THE FIRST SETTLERS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

MANY of the first settlers in Pennsylvania were scantily furnished to encounter the severity of a North-American winter, and had not even houses to shelter them from its inclemency. Their first dwellings were caves or caverns scooped out of the banks of the river, sufficiently capacious to afford them room for lodging, cooking, &c. In one of these caves the first child in the settlement was born!

Deborah Morriss, a lady who died about the year 1800, has preserved a family anecdote, by reciting it in her will, to the following purport:—"Item, I give to my nephew, Thomas Morriss,

arge old-fashioned silver salver belonged to my dear aunt, Eliza-Hard, who, with her husband, over with William Penn and friends. All that arrived in those days wanted lodgings in the then mess, and hastened to provide them with temporary accommodations. of the first settlers were of the ring class, and help of that sort scarcely to be had at any price; so many of the women set to work had never known before. My good (great aunt) Hard was accustomed to her husband at building, and the end of the cross-cut saw with her. She also fetched the water for the fire, wherewith to build a chimney in her cave. At one time, her husband perceiving her to be overwearied, to her, 'My dear, thou hadst better come over and see about dinner.' On the poor woman, she walked away, and as she went, for she knew their resources were all spent, (of which she told her husband,) except a small quantity of biscuit, and a little cheese; he thought she would try if any of her neighbours had anything to spare. Reflecting on herself as she went, for coming to America to be exposed to such hardships, she felt red in her mind for distrusting a Providence, who had hitherto provided for them. In this humbled state she reached her cave, and on her knees begged forgiveness for having murmured against the will of her Heavenly Father. When she arose to go and call on her friends for their help in her emergency, the cat came home from her fishing expedition, bringing a fine fat fish in her mouth, which she thanked and dressed for her husband's dinner. When he was informed by her that she had come by the rabbit, they wept with reverential joy, and fully partook of the food thus so abundantly provided for them."

Israh Morris also bequeathed to his wife, John Morris, another family—a silver tureen, upon which was engraved the device of the cat bringing a rabbit in her mouth.

R. W. T.

"COME UNTO ME."

HEART-BROKEN and weary, where'er thou may'st be,
There are no words like these words for comforting thee;
When sorrows come round thee like waves of the sea,
The Saviour says graciously, "Come unto Me."

There are no words like these words,
"Come hither and rest,"
Afflicted, forsaken, the thorn in thy breast:
All lonely and helpless, He thought upon thee,
And He said, in His tenderness, "Come unto Me."

O, Saviour, my spirit would fain be at rest!
There are passions which rage like a storm in my breast:
O, show me the road along which I must flee!
And strengthen me, Saviour, to come unto Thee.

There are no words like these words:
how blessed they be;
How calming when Jesus says, "Come unto Me!"
O! hear them, my heart, they were spoken to thee,
And still they are calling thee,— "Come unto Me."

I will walk through the world with these words on my heart;
Through sorrow, or sin, they shall never depart;
And when dying, I hope He will whisper to me,
"I have loved thee, and saved thee; come, sinner, to Me."

THE WRONG WAY OF PRAYING.

It is refreshing, in this world of sin and sorrow, to remember how many prayers are offered every day. The mercy-seat is not forsaken. No throne has so many attendants as the throne of grace. Eager multitudes flock around it hourly. No rank, condition, or period of life is unrepresented there. In imagination we see little children, who are

as yet strangers to the troubles of the world; young men full of hope; maidens looking wistfully towards the future; old men tottering under the burden of years; and aged women whose course is well-nigh ended,—all bending in supplication before the beneficent Hearer of prayer.

And yet there is a sad side to the subject. Many prayers are successful, but many also are fruitless. "Ye ask and receive not," may be said of not a few. The reason, moreover, is the same in each case,—*"Because ye ask amiss."*

Mistrust is a danger into which we are all liable to fall. It is not difficult to fall into the serious practical mistake of imploring certain blessings without believing that we shall obtain them. There are many who would be astounded if God were to take them at their word, and grant them just what they have sought. Nor is this evil a novel one. It bears an ancient date. Even the first disciples knew something of it. When the Apostle Peter was imprisoned, prayer was made on his behalf by the church. Notwithstanding, when he was miraculously released, and appeared at the house wherein his brethren were assembled, although they had been asking his deliverance, they could not believe that it was he.

Some years ago there was a terrible drought, and so great was the distress occasioned thereby, that a number of pious persons in a certain village resolved to have a prayer-meeting, at which they were to ask the Almighty One, who holds the clouds in the hollow of His hand, to send rain. Shortly after the time for commencement, a little girl entered the room with a large umbrella. The occurrence created a little amusement, but it also taught a great and salutary lesson. The child had such utter faith in the power of prayer, that she believed that rain would be sent, and she provided against it accordingly.

Another error which we sometimes commit is that of *impatience*. We want things in a hurry. We must have what we ask at once. Certain blessings are sought, and because they are not granted *at once*, we begin to think it useless to

persevere in our request. But God has His own time, as well as His own method, in which to do His own work. Not seldom does He see that it is better for us to be kept in an expectant attitude, rather than to receive an answer immediately. Delay makes the blessing all the more valuable when it *does* come. We prize it more after having sought it for weeks, months, or even years. Long time has elapsed with yon poor old widow since her wayward boy would leave her, and seek his fortune over the wide ocean. How often has she prayed for him! Again and again she has strained her dim eyes to catch a glimpse of the vessel which she hopes may bring him back to her; but when she hears a well-known footstep outside her cottage-door, and the next moment her arms are thrown around the neck of her beloved sailor-son, she has all the greater joy for her past waiting. Nor is it otherwise with us as touching prayer. Let us pray on. "Go again, seven times," and when the gift is bestowed, we shall prize it the more for our patience.

There is one other mistake, and that a fatal one, made in connexion with the privilege in question. *Prayer is sometimes unaccompanied by appropriate effort.* The old adage is a golden one, "God helps them that help themselves." All power is His, and He could, did it seem fit to Him, accomplish His high and glorious ends without human agency. But what He could do, and what He does, are two different things. He has been pleased to make man His "co-worker." While, therefore, we pray, we are expected to do something besides. Work is ours, as well as prayer. Some people seem strangely forgetful of this. They attend a place of worship week after week, joining in the plea, "Thy kingdom come;" they even offer supplications in meetings for social worship, and entreat God to give success to the preaching of His word. Here they stop. They do no more. Reputable members of the church, the family, and society at large they may be; but as to earnest and persevering effort for men's conversion, this is what they never attempt. Mournful inconsistency!—*The Appeal.*

DANIEL DANCER THE MISER.

DANIEL DANCER was the son of a miser, and seems to have fully followed out his father's example. His sister was quite of a congenial character. On Sunday they boiled a piece of beef with fourteen hard dumplings, which lasted for a whole week. But once he found on the common (Harrow-Weald) a sheep which had died of disease. This, Miss Dancer cut up, and made into pies, on which they feasted for a long time. When his sister died, an elder brother claimed her fortune, £2,000; but Dancer set up a claim at law for her board and lodging during thirty years, at £30 a year, and £100 for the last two years, in which, as he said, she had done nothing but eat and lie in bed. On this claim he received £1,040. He scarcely ever changed his linen, or cleansed his skin. When he performed his ablutions, he used sand instead of soap, and dried himself in the sun. He was fond of snuff, but would never buy any, contenting himself with occasionally begging a pinch. Nor would he always use this cheap luxury, but kept it in a gallipot, and would exchange it for a rushlight at the chandler's shop. He lived quite alone, and was often robbed by burglars, who forced him to point out his hoards by great cruelty, sometimes suspending him by the neck before he would make confession where he kept his money.

Lady Temple had been very kind to him, and to her he left his whole property. An objection being taken to his will, because he had made no provision for his brothers, he replied, "If I were of an ancient family I would not disinherit the male heirs, it would be unjust; but I have long meant to leave my property to a stranger who is entitled to my gratitude. My brothers are old, have more than they can spend, or use properly, and they have no children. I am ashamed of myself, and of them. I have not even improved my property, and were I to live my time over again I would not do as I have done."

In his house, after his death, bowls were found buried in the garden, filled with guineas and half-guineas, parcels of bank-notes were stuffed under the covers of old chairs, jugs of dollars and

shillings were found in the stables; the cowhouse dungheap contained £2,600; a tattered jacket nailed to the manger, was padded with £500 in gold; in the chimney £200 was hidden; a cracked teapot contained £600, and it was labelled, "not to be hastily looked over." He died in 1794.

He passed the greater portion of his life at Harrow, but frequently spent a few days in London, when his usual associate was Mr. Taylor. They were both well known in and about the Bank of England, the Exchange, and Stock Market. Business brought them together at short intervals, but it was a source of much pleasure to both to feast their eyes on the heaps of coins constantly changing hands on the counters of the Rotunda. They were frequently the prey of pickpockets, who knew and waylaid them; but quite as often, being mistaken for mendicants, they would receive even pence from the charitable.

COALS OF FIRE.

DURING the revolutionary war of America lived Peter Miller, "a man of great learning, and highly respected by the first men of the revolution." He was the leading member of an humble community of Baptists, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Near to this community lived a man who became notorious for his base conduct towards the society to which Mr. Miller belonged, and ultimately for his treason against his country. On the latter charge he was arraigned, convicted, and sentenced to death.

No sooner had this been announced, than Peter Miller set out on foot to Philadelphia, to crave an interview with General Washington. He saw the General, and stated his plea; it was for pardon for the life of the condemned. But Washington, with characteristic decision, replied that, much as he esteemed the character of the applicant, yet Mr. Miller's prayer on behalf of his "unfortunate friend" could not be granted. "My friend!" exclaimed Mr. Miller, "on the contrary, I have not a worse enemy living than this same man." "What!" rejoined Washington, "have

you walked sixty miles to save the life of your enemy? that, in my judgment, places the matter in a different light; I will grant you his pardon."

The pardon was made out, and placed in Miller's own hands. Without a moment's delay he hastened to Old Chester, fifteen miles distant, where the execution was to take place that afternoon. Miller arrived just as the man was being led to the scaffold, who, seeing Miller with his long, white, friar robe, and tall staff, approach, remarked to a bystander, "There is old Peter Miller; he has walked all the way from Ephratah to have his revenge gratified to-day by seeing me hanged." The words had scarcely been uttered before Miller produced the pardon, and announced that the life of his enemy had been spared.

"Not rendering evil for evil;....but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing."

THE SABBATH.

Blessings, and ten thousand blessings, be upon that day; and let myriads of thanks stream up to the throne of God for this Divine and regenerating gift to man. As I have sat in some flowery dale, with the sweetness of May around me, on a week-day, I have thought of all the millions of immortal creatures toiling for their daily life in factories and shops, amid the whirl of machinery and the greedy cravings of mercantile gain, and suddenly this golden interval of time has lain before me in all its brightness,—a time, and a perpetually-recurring time, in which the iron grasp of earthly tyranny is loosed, and Peace, Faith, and Freedom, the angels of God, come down and walk once more amongst men.—*Howitt*.

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

THERE resided in the town of Truro, in Cornwall, a clergyman of the name of C—, who also filled the office of a civil magistrate at Redruth, where he held a house, which not only served the *purpose of his personal accommodation*

when he came to preach in his church, but one of the rooms of which (up stairs) was appropriated to the administration of justice. Hearing that Mr. Wesley was in the neighbourhood, and that multitudes of people attended on his ministry, his imagination forthwith took alarm for the safety of the peace; and he, without delay, sent officers to apprehend him as a vagrant preacher, whose coming into that country was likely to produce the most disastrous consequences. The justice-room was accordingly prepared for the important occasion; the table spread with green baize, and furnished with pens and ink, paper, &c.; the great chair set in its place as the throne of judgment, and the reverend magistrate in due form took his seat.

After a while the officers of justice, who had apprehended Mr. Wesley and several others, who were supposed to be ringleaders, appeared before the reverend magistrate; to his utter astonishment he recognised in the reverend prisoner, Mr. Wesley, an old college acquaintance. After he had, in no measured terms, animadverted upon Mr. Wesley's irregularity, and expressed his surprise that he should condescend to such manners and vulgarity, in preaching about the country as a vagrant, and exciting tumultuous assemblies of the common people, to the great disgust and annoyance of all persons of condition.

He was proceeding to take the evidence, when the floor of the room, which was filled with spectators, gave way! The magistrate was hurled from his seat, his wig flew off his head, the table and its apparatus was overturned, and screams from all sides increased the confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was done. Mr. Wesley quietly kept his standing, and after a while the astonished justice was once more set upon his chair. As soon as order was somewhat restored, Mr. Wesley, with his usual coolness and presence of mind, said, "Well, Sir, shall we proceed any further in this business?" "No, no," replied the agitated functionary. "Go your way,—go your way, Mr. Wesley: 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof!'"

After this affair, Mr. Wesley had no further trouble from his reverend acquaintance, Mr. C——; and was enabled to pursue the even tenour of his

way in that part of Cornwall as an itinerant ambassador of Christ, to the eternal salvation of many a precious Cornish soul.

Memorials of the Departed.

MR. ISAAC SPENCER, late of Winteringham, in the Barton-on-Humber Circuit, was in early life the subject of deep religious feelings. On one occasion, when he made some inquiry about heaven, his mother informed him that "all would go there who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ;" on which he immediately replied, "I will believe, mother." In his youth he joined the Wesleyan church, and was connected with it nearly fifty years; being also a Class-leader more than thirty years, a Local preacher twenty, and a Society and Chapel steward for nearly as long a period. Conscientiously attached to the church of his choice, where he had obtained his spiritual good, he was eminently faithful to Methodism in times of trial; thus proving the strength of his affection, and the unquenchable fervour of his devotion. He could say,—

"Long be our fathers' temple ours!
Wee to the hand by which it falls!
A thousand spirits watch its towers,
A cloud of angels guard its walls."

"If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; . . . let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces!" Like many of God's people, he was tried in the furnace of affliction, and sometimes seemed to feel keenly the severity of the process. Yet ultimately he always bowed in humble submission before a chastening God, and said, "The will of the Lord be done." He was often a subject of powerful temptations. The "enemy came in like a flood;" but he proved that He in whom he trusted was faithful to His promise, that no temptation should overtake him but such "as is common to man," or above that he was able; but that "with the temptation" He would "make a way to

escape," that he might "be able to bear it." So that, though

"Hell was nigh, yet Christ was nigher,
Circling him with hosts of fire."

Next to the Bible, one of his favourite books was Bunyan's *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, the perusal of which was always made a blessing to his soul. As a Christian parent, he took great and persevering pains with his children, to lead them to Christ. One evening in particular he gathered them all around him by the fireside, and with great earnestness entreated them to give their hearts to God, observing, at the close of his address, "Now, my dear children, if I never talk to you again, I am clear of your blood." The impression made at that time on more than one of them was never obliterated; and the "bread" thus "cast upon the waters," was "found after many days." He never left his home without praying with his family; and, generally, he read to them a portion of the word of God, which he "esteemed more than his necessary food." At length affliction came, with all its severity, affecting both his body and mind, and bowing down the strong man to the dust. On recovering his recollection after a severe attack, he expressed his joy and gratitude that "the promises of Holy Scripture were so abundantly poured into his mind." "I saw," he remarked, "all my sins standing on one side; but I also saw Christ my Saviour on the other side, answering for them all: so that I felt no more fear than a child, but could sing,—

'Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.'"

In his last hours he was favoured with delightful manifestations of God's presence, and was as a servant waiting for

the coming of his Lord. "The morning of heaven dawned before the shades of death gathered upon him." By and by the messenger arrived, the earthly warfare was accomplished, the last storm weathered, the last enemy conquered; and his happy and sanctified spirit joined the assembly of glorified saints around the throne, on Sunday, January 31st, 1858, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. R. B.

MR. JOHN RATTENBURY, of Morice-Town, Devonport, was born at Moreton-Hampstead, March 8th, 1793. He was a subject of deep religious impressions in early life, but, mingling with other spirited boys of his own age, and yielding to surrounding temptations, he became careless and wicked. His convictions for sin appear to have been afterwards deep and effectual, working within him "repentance to salvation not to be repented of." The terrors of the law led him to flee for refuge to the cross of Calvary, where he found rest to his soul, and peace in believing. The struggle to "take the kingdom of heaven," was with agonising "violence;" but he came out of it with the "indubitable seal" of the Holy Spirit witnessing his "acceptance in the Beloved," and his adoption into the family of God, whereby he could cry, "Abba, Father!" In referring to this important crisis in his religious history, he was accustomed to quote the following verse as descriptive of his experience,—

"Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee."

From this period he exhibited all the fruits of a regenerate nature,— "the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God." His heart being "set on fire," his devotion to the "God of his salvation" was ardent and constant; and he ran with "willing feet" in the path of holiness and usefulness.

"In duty prompt, at every call,
He watch'd and wept; he pray'd and felt for all."

His worldly employment brought him

into contact with some of the roughest class of sinners; yet amongst these he maintained a Christian consistency which did honour to his religious principles. He was "slow to speak;" but when he opened his lips in the cause of his Divine Master it was in wisdom and love; though sometimes, perhaps, mingled with severity, especially when reproving sin; in doing which, he spared none, whether rich or poor. Faithful to his employers, he was much respected by them for his uncompromising adherence to duty. "My righteousness," he seemed to say, "I hold fast, and will not let it go.... I will not remove mine integrity from me:.... my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live." His business accounts were invariably made up at the close of the day, so that he could always lie down to rest in peace. As a Christian, he held intimate and frequent communion with his Maker in his closet, as well as in the social and public means of grace. "Nothing," he thought, "was so painful to the feelings of a Minister, when he came to water his flock, as to find many of them not at the well." As a Wesleyan Methodist, he was a lover of order, as well as of peace. Strongly attached to our connexional discipline, he would frequently say, "Let us try to *keep* our rules, not to *mend* them;" knowing full well that if these were disregarded, "Ichabod" might be written,— "the glory is departed." In the year 1850, he was appointed a Leader in the Morice-Town Society. In this office he conducted himself with much fidelity and Christian zeal; and when, through the infirmities of age, he was compelled to retire from its duties, his members deeply felt the loss of his faithful and affectionate oversight. He was liberal in supporting all funds of the church to which he belonged, accounting it an honour and a privilege to assist in bearing up the Ark of the Lord. One of the last acts of his life, and one in which he felt a deep interest, was to forward, through the writer, a subscription to the Jubilee Fund. His last affliction was long and painful, but he bore it with exemplary patience; often exclaiming, "Not my will, but Thine be done." In calm anticipation of

story over "the last enemy," he repeat with deep and holy emo-

but O when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies."

end drew near, his piety seemed give a richer and more beauteous

Affliction had so refined him, e seemed as one standing on the of the celestial world, and "his s were plumed for glory before he d the commission to take his

"Often he would break out into sions of praise and holy ecstasy,— usic of the church in heaven, as well t on earth,—"Praise the Lord, e is good." "Bless the Lord, O ul, and forget not all His bene-

"I will praise Him as long as I A short time before he expired, claimed, with all the emphasis of he was capable, "All is well! well!" and then quietly sank he arms of that Saviour who had ed him with His precious blood. as "removed from the burden of th, to everlasting joy and felicity," 23d, 1864, in the seventy-second f his age.

The Master calls His own
Up to His golden throne;
When they are gather'd there,
Thou, Death, shalt pass away."

R. B.

FEBRUARY 11th, 1865, at Brixham, Mr. WILLIAM DART, aged twenty-one years. He was a young man of more than average intelligence and promise. Full of youthful aspiration, he diligently applied himself to the mastery of his business as a ship-builder, forming prospects of worldly advancement which God saw fit to thwart. The good providence of God, however, brought him into association with a family through whose instrumentality he attended the Methodist ministry, which was owned of God in the conversion of his soul. He united himself with God's people at Topsham, but subsequently removed to Cardiff. There, also, he maintained his connexion with the church. Affliction overtaking him, he was brought home, where the best medical advice was procured; but in vain. He was confined to his bed for many months; consumption gradually sapping his strength, and drying up life's springs. The writer frequently visited him, and always found him praising God. His confidence was unshaken, and his peace undisturbed; his hope bright, and his submission entire. It was beautiful to behold the refining process advancing to its completion; the happiness of his spirit being reflected even in his countenance. He died, at length, in the full triumph of holy faith. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

H. H.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

STEVENS, of New-York, has us a most able *History of the last Episcopal Church in the United of America*. Dr. Stevens' reputation as a religious historian is already so established, that his present work e hailed with pleasure. It will repay a careful perusal, and will, we find numerous readers on this f the Atlantic. — *The Scripture say to the Holy Spirit*, by Dr. W., of Edinburgh, is an important reasonable addition to works on this

subject. It is written in a most devotional spirit, and we trust will find a place in many Christian homes.—What a suggestive title is *Earth's Cure and Heaven's Cure*: "by the Rev. JOHN PHILIP, of Fordoun. Too many of earth's burdened ones are only too willing to carry their burden, instead of seeking and finding Heaven's appointed cure. To such, we trust, Mr. Philip's volume will be found useful and comforting.—The Rev. THOMAS THOMPSON has given us a little volume on a very

important topic, *The Lips of Prayer opened to Purpose*. We should be glad to know that our youthful readers, especially, gave this book a careful and prayerful perusal, as we fear too many do not open the lips of prayer to "purpose."—*Climbing*, by the REV. BENJAMIN SMITH, has reached a third edition; and no wonder, so full of interesting anecdote and illustration as it is. It cannot fail to prove a favourite book with the young; who, we trust, will lay its precepts to heart, and practically show their appreciation of them.—The REV. ADOLPH SAPHIR gives us a very useful work, *Conversion Illustrated by Examples recorded in the Bible*. Those engaged in the work of religious instruction, will find a careful reading of this book of much value to them.—*Lost Friends found again* is a number of small essays compiled from various writers, and edited by MR. EDWARD SHEPHERD SMEDLEY. With the Bible in our hands, we wonder much that any can be found doubting as to the possibility of meeting those dear to us in another state of being; but to such as need their faith strengthening in this particular, we can say they will find much to interest and console in this volume.—When a religious book reaches its fourteenth thousand, we may be quite sure there is something attractive about it; and such, indeed, is the case with *The Lighted Valley*. This is a memoir of a grandchild of the late Rev. William Jay, of Bath; an accomplished girl, who

delighted to use her accomplishments in the cause of Christ, whom she loved. There is a preface by Mr. Jay, well worthy of attention.—MARIA E. CATLOW shows us, in her *Star of Poland, and other Tales*, how much might be done with history in giving us pleasant home-reading for young people. Perhaps some of the historical events are loosely given; but, on the whole, she has succeeded in giving us a readable little book. "Truth is stranger than fiction;" and we wonder how so many people of unquestioned ability draw exclusively on their imagination, when so many gems of truth are lying scattered about, waiting for a suitable setting.—MR. GOUGH gives us, in *Lyra Sabbatica*, a number of "Hymns and Poems for Sundays and Holy Days," some of which have appeared in a separate form, and others here for the first time. As they are on many different subjects, readers will have the opportunity of selecting what best suits their taste.—Also, we have *Poems*, by H. MAJOR. We confess to being rather fastidious about the poetry we read, and wish that no one would rush into print who has not indisputably "the gift." But, alas! who is to be judge? In the present volume there is a good deal which might have profitably been left out; also, there are a few good things, and we have really enjoyed reading the last one, entitled the "Cobbler and Jackdaw."

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bagby, Thomas,	Bradley,	Wednesbury, 1st,	80	May 24th, 1865.
Foster, Mary,	Darlaston,	Wednesbury, 1st,	25	March 6th, 1865.
Lancaster, Samuel,	Darlaston,	Wednesbury, 1st,	21	Nov. 10th, 1864.
Longmore, William,	Darlaston,	Wednesbury, 1st,	66	March 1st, 1864.
Parke, Jane,	Bradley,	Wednesbury, 1st,	68	Aug. 31st, 1863.
Taylor, Joseph,	Darlaston,	Wednesbury, 1st,	56	Feb. 24th, 1864.
Taylor, Mary,	Darlaston,	Wednesbury, 1st,	81	Feb. 20th, 1864.



CAER-CARADOC.

THE late historian Buckle, whose wonderful acquaintance with facts claims respect for his learning, though we must receive his generalizations with distrust, lays it down as a rule that reverence for the past is one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of civilization. Be that as it may, this feeling has taken deep root in the English mind, as our literature and art bear manifest tokens; and if our literature could suddenly cease to exist, many names and places would at once become utter blanks to us, that are now clothed with a special and almost poetic interest. There is scarcely a spot of English ground that is not made sacred by historic association, or has not been made the subject of diligent antiquarian research.

The county of Shropshire is peculiarly rich in records of a past time. Attractive as it is from its own intrinsic beauty,—its rich variety of hill and dale, of wooded slope and winding river, and fair meadow-land,—it has a still stronger claim on our interest in its castles, and abbeys, and churches, and halls; its tumuli, its intrenchments, and its caves.

The architect may find specimens here of every stage of Gothic art; the antiquary meets with endless treasures; and the historian is every moment treading upon memorable ground.

Every century, from the very beginning of our written history, has left its mark, or rather its lasting monument, in Shropshire. Here are the camps and intrenchments of the early British, some of which we shall speak of more particularly by and by. The buried and recently explored city of Uriconium has given us many interesting revelations of Roman times; and the long straight road called "Watling-street," which crosses the county from east to south, reminds us of the energetic and civilizing character of the Roman rule. As a relic of Saxon times, we find a portion of Offa's dike, which was made to keep the turbulent, though conquered Celts within the borders of Wales, and which, consequently, passes through a part of Shropshire. The age of the Norman conquest is marked throughout the county by the erection of feudal castles and strongholds; and to this fact, Ludlow and Shrewsbury bear witness. In the course of the eleventh and the following centuries, rose the great abbeys of Wenlock, and Buildwas, and Lilleshall, in rich well-watered plains. Their ruins, picturesque and suggestive, bear traces of the gradual change from the stern Norman architecture, with its round arches and zig-zag mouldings, to the more flowing lines and the pointed arches of the early English style.

Near Shrewsbury is the battle-field where Harry Hotspur met with his death. Many country churches, and fine old halls, bear marks of the Tudor age; and the oak still waves at Boscobel that sheltered a Stuart king. These names and places, rapidly glanced at, and selected from a host of others, are sufficient to prove the claim of Shropshire to historic fame, and to bear out the assertion that every age has there left its visible traces.

We will, therefore, for a little while, look back upon the stream of time; far back from our modern stand-point of knowledge and civilization, through the last century, fast becoming dim and historical; past the revolutions, and the civil wars, and the earnest throbbing life of the century before it; back, past the manly Elizabethan age, the age of dawning liberty and enterprise; back quickly, through the mediæval times of knights, and crusades, and baronial halls; past the rude turbulence of Saxon times, back to the very days of England's infancy, and the savage struggles of its earlier race.

But in order to this, and that time and place may fully accord together, I must beg you to follow me. About midway between Shrewsbury and Ludlow, in a fertile valley between long ranges of hills, lies the little town of Church-Stretton, or the "town on the street;" so called from its nearness to Watling-street, which was *per excellence* the street, when this town first had a name. It is a quaint old-fashioned town, and its cross-formed church bears tokens of great age and beauty in spite of modern restorations.

It is market-day, and along every road are coming the farmers' wives and their ruddy daughters, with baskets of fresh butter nicely packed with beet and strawberry leaves; and the town is all astir. They come, some on foot and some on ponies, from little hamlets miles away, across the hills that seem to shut in the town on every side. But these hills invite us, so we must not linger in the pleasant bustle of market-day, watching the bargains, and the greetings, and the quaint costumes; but we will ask our way to the Caradoc. "The Caradoc? that is it, Sir; you pass the station, and go up a narrow lane to the left. It's most ways very dirty, Sir; and you'll find the cave to this side, near the top." It is a noble-looking hill, not conical but long, reaching its highest point towards the north. Here and there along its ridge, bold masses of rock stand out, looking from below like ruined castles or fortifications. We are soon shut in from every view by the steep banks of the little lane, which may well be always dirty, inasmuch as it is also the bed of a mountain stream. We are glad to find a field-path which brings us out at the same spot where the lane ends. We will not stop to follow the winding road that leads gradually to the top, but make a straight course, scaring the sheep and the wild ponies; stopping now and then to take breath, and to gaze on the panorama spread out beneath us in ever widening extent as we rise.

With a little labour and patience we reach the top. Standing on the highest point, looking east and west, and north and south, the words of Coleridge rise spontaneously to our lips. "O, what a goodly scene!" Such an expanse of meadow-land, with its network of hedges and trees, and the shadows of the clouds passing lightly over it; such richly-wooded slopes and vales, such a billowy mass of hills, ridge beyond ridge fading away into the hazy distance. Looking westward, these hills have a most peculiar effect. The nearest is the Longmynd,—a great flat hill extending for miles at a height considerably above that of the Wrekin. It branches out on one side into smaller hills, all rounded or flat-topped, as though they had been suddenly cut short of their former height. In the valleys between these run tiny brooks, making a thousand falls. To the north of the Caradoc, and in the same line with it, runs the Lawley, a little sharp-backed bare hill, of effective outline and a golden brown colour in the strong sunlight. Still further to the north, distinct, separate, and determined-looking, rises the Wrekin. Near it you may discover Shrewsbury, and beyond that stretches an unbroken plain. But long ago, in the far off times we have been thinking of, the scene was quite different. No corn-fields were waving then in successive shades of colour; no towns or hamlets, no railway with its long line of smoke, no distant spires, could be traced then. There was nothing but the wild majesty of nature,—hill, and moor, and wood. In those woods wild beasts prowled; wolves and boars, the like of which old England has not seen for many a hundred years. And there were

wild men ; fierce and untamed children of the woods, yet not without a certain savage nobleness, a rugged simplicity, about them. Foremost and brightest among the scanty annals of those days stands the name of Caractacus.

Nearly a hundred years after Julius Cæsar had withdrawn his armies from Britain, the Romans resolved to conquer it again. The Emperor Claudius invaded the island in person, with a large army, in the year of our Lord 43. At his departure he divided the command between Vespasian and the legate Plautius, who found the conquest no easy task. The Britons resisted with a wild courage, and the struggle lasted for years, the Romans gaining ground in one part of the country and losing it in another. Caractacus, Prince of the Silures, an important tribe who inhabited the territory now divided into the counties of Radnor, Brecknock, and Glamorgan, with Hereford and Monmouthshire, distinguished himself by his determined valour, and successfully opposed the Romans for a long time. But, meanwhile, tribe after tribe in other parts of Britain were subdued, savage valour giving way as usual before the discipline and skill of the Roman legions ; the want of unity and combined action among the British tribes contributing very much to their downfall. Two tribes occupied Shropshire, the Cornavi and the Ordovices. Of these the former soon submitted to the Romans ; but the Ordovices allied themselves with their neighbours, the Silures, and sought the leadership of Caractacus.

For some time the progress of the Romans was steadily resisted, Caractacus skilfully leading the war into the hilly districts, where the advantage was so much greater to the natives, from their knowledge of the country. Camps, and tumuli, and intrenchments among the hills, now rounded by time, but unmistakable in their character, show how hardly the ground was contested, and how frequent were the battles. It is affecting to wander among these old relics of that early race, and to think of their desperate endeavours to preserve their independence, their blind struggles in the face of that inevitable law which makes barbarism everywhere fall before advancing civilization.

At last, in the year 52, came a decisive battle, a battle on which Caractacus himself felt that the issue of the war depended. This struggle, there is some reason to believe, was fought upon the Caradoc. Local tradition is very strong indeed upon the subject, and points out a small cave on the north-west side of the hill, where it is said that the old British warrior took refuge when the day was lost. Noble old savage ! One hardly likes to fancy him crouching there, in the dark mossy cave, the shouts of the victors sounding in his ears, and the defeat of his countrymen weighing down his soul. Rather let us think of him as the bold and defiant leader, choosing the hill for his position, setting his men to work upon the ramparts to fashion that double intrenchment that surrounds the summit, and stirring up their valour by his noble words. He went backwards and forwards in the midst of his army, bidding them consider that the work of that day would be the

beginning of new liberty, or of perpetual slavery. He reminded them of their ancestors, who had driven the dictator Cæsar out of Britain, and by whose prowess they had been preserved from taxes and tributes, and their children from slavery. The people received these animating speeches with loud acclamations, and pledged themselves to conquer or die. The Romans were led by Ostorius Scapula, and his soldiers were rather dismayed, when they reached the foot of the hill, to see the heights they had to climb, and the formidable ramparts that protected the British army. But soon the attack began, and the courage of the imperial troops rose with the difficulties before them.

Standing here on a bright summer's day, let us, if we can, fancy the scene. Below, toiling up the hill in close, compact masses, came the Roman troops, their helmets glittering in the sun, but numbers of them falling from the ranks as the showers of darts and stones reach them, doing deadly work. Above, the Britons crowd the ramparts, painted and half clothed, armed with slings, and axes, and darts, uttering wild shouts and savage yells when the Romans waver or fall. But the assailants toil on, and as they come closer to their foes, they become surer of conquest. They reach the first ramparts, and with closed ranks, placing their shields over their heads, they rush forward against them, tearing down the piles of stones, and driving the Britons further up the hill. Now, the deep intrenchments, dug out of the solid rock, are crossed, and on the Romans rush, attacking with their swords and spears, and bearing down the defenceless natives. The day is gained. The bodies of the Britons strew the hill; the women and children are taken prisoners, among them the wife and daughter of Caractacus; and his brothers surrendered to the conquerors. But the British Prince is neither killed nor taken, and the next we hear of him is that he threw himself on the protection of Cartismandua, Queen of the Brigantes. It is, therefore, highly probable, that when the battle was lost, he hid himself in the cave which is called after him to this day; and that he afterwards made his escape to the north of England which was occupied by the Brigantes. But their Queen, who was his step-mother, proved treacherous, and gave him up to the Romans, in order to secure their favour.

Caractacus was loaded with irons, and taken in triumph to Rome. It was no light thing to have braved for nine years, as he had done, the greatest military power in the world, and his fame had travelled before him to the imperial city, as an illustrious Prince and a great warrior. We all know the story, how he was led in triumph through the streets of Rome, with head erect and undaunted bearing; but an extract from the old Roman historian, who describes the scene, will scarcely be out of place. "Nor was the name of Caractacus inconsiderable at Rome. And the Emperor, in advancing his own glory, added to that of the conquered Prince. The people were assembled as to some great sight. The Prætorian cohorts were under arms in the field before the camp. First came the King's dependants and retinue, and the trappings

and collars and the trophies which he had won in foreign wars ; next, his brothers, his wife, and daughter ; and last, he himself was presented to the public view. The rest expressed their fears in unworthy supplications. Caractacus, neither by looks or language, pleaded pity ; and when he came before the Emperor's seat, expressed himself in these words : ' Had I made that prudent use of my prosperity which my rank and fortune enabled me to do, I had come hither rather as a friend than as a prisoner. Nor would you have disdained the alliance of one descended from illustrious ancestors, and sovereign of so many nations. My present condition, disgraceful as it is to myself, reflects glory on you. Possessed, as I once was, of horses, men, arms, and wealth, what wonder if I parted from them with reluctance. For since universal empire is your object, we must all be slaves. Had I been given up at the first, neither my fortune nor your glory would have been set in a distinguished point of view, and my punishment would have sunk all remembrance of me. In giving me my life, you make me an eternal monument of your clemency.' The Emperor immediately pardoned Caractacus, his wife, and brothers. As soon as their chains were taken off, they proceeded to pay their respects, in the same forms as before, to the Emperor, and to Agrippina who sat on a raised seat not far off."

Here the record ends. What was his after life, whether he returned to his native land, where and how he died, we know not. This, the grandest scene in his written history, is the closing one ; for his life-drama is played out. It is pleasant to take leave of him thus, most a king when his kingdom is gone from him, standing face to face with imperial power, in his own simple manliness, unappalled. It is pleasant to reflect that, among the earliest tribes of whose existence we have any record in this island home of ours, there were men whom we may call "great ;" men whose names are bright in success, and brighter in misfortune. We need not blush for our Celtic forefathers, uncouth and rude though they were. When Christianity was introduced, it flourished rapidly among them. With their further history we have now no more to do ; but, reader, you and I will tread this green hill with a deeper interest, after this brief looking back to the events and the man that made it famous. We leave it with a lingering step. May the steep of Caer-Caradoc never again be stormed but by the feet of adventurous tourists ! May its venerable brow be the scene of no conflicts but those of the sun as it struggles with the wreaths of mountain-mist, or the wind as it chases the rain-clouds from hill to hill !

H.

"GO WORK TO-DAY:"

ADDRESSED TO PROFESSORS OF
RELIGION.

AN anxious desire to work for
God is implanted in the heart of

every one who has experienced His
pardoning love. And surely, if we
look around on the moral state of the
world, we shall find ample scope for
labour. There are thousands upon

thousands in this Christian land, who, through negligence or abject poverty, seldom or never enter the house of God. They regard sin as a trifle, and consequently slight and abuse the offers of mercy and salvation; and they are perishing. How are these people to be brought under Gospel influences? If they perish, their blood will be required at the hands of those whose duty it was to warn them of their danger. Will not every true servant of Christ go among them, and convince them, by words and acts of love, that their souls are cared for; that Jesus loves them, and wants to save them? For "as I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." (Ezek. xxxiii. 11.)

The Apostles of Jesus were commissioned to go "into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It was of them He spoke when addressing the Father: "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world. And for their sakes I sanctify Myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word." As Jesus came into the world for our benefit, and as believers have received out of His fulness, so they are required to present their bodies as a "living sacrifice" to God, and devote themselves to the search of His lost ones.

All mankind have sinned; but to the servants of Christ has the truth been given, that the world, through them, might believe. How inconceivably weighty, therefore, is the responsibility resting on them with regard to the world; and yet how high the privilege of being "co-workers," "labourers together with God," "in bringing many sons unto glory." Redeemed souls, blinded by

"the god of this world," are seeking death in the error of their ways, and are fighting for Satan, to the ruin of their own eternal interests. O could we but get them to consider what each lost soul will suffer in a future state, to consider what is meant in being shut out for ever from the presence of God! Could they but be led to think seriously of eternity, to remember that when millions of ages have passed away, it is eternity still. Its end is no nearer; its torments not only undiminished, but ever increasing; its flames unquenchable, and its worm undying.

"Infinite years in torments shall I spend?
And will they never, never have an end?
Ah! must I lie in torturing despair
As many years as atoms in the air?
When these are spent, as many thousands
more
As grains of sand that crowd the ocean-shore?
When these are done, as many yet behind
As leaves of forest shaken with the
wind?"

With these considerations distinctly in view, surely sinners would not neglect that salvation which the Saviour purchased with His own blood. But our wily enemy seeks to conceal these important truths from "the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." (2 Cor. iv. 4.) And those who have been enlightened by the Holy Spirit, who have tasted the word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and consequently know the value of souls, are *the* persons whom God has appointed in their several spheres to work for Him. It is their privilege and business to bring these lost and blinded ones to Jesus. Although we may feel conscious of our deficiencies and inability for so great a work, we are not on that account

excused from doing what we can. The command of God to each of His children is, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." If we fail to work for God, the curse pronounced on Meroz is ours, because we come "not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord, against the mighty."

Let us, therefore, seize every opportunity of usefulness presented to us. Not merely those congenial to our tastes and feelings, but those which are otherwise: those which require us to make sacrifices of ease, pleasure, time, and property. Let us each of us, in the spirit of David, say to himself, "I will not offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." "Enter into thy closet," and there pray to be filled

"With boundless charity Divine."

Let each earnestly inquire, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

To be equipped for this service, we must "put on the whole armour of God," and consecrate all our talents, gifts, and graces, whether they be many or few, to the work. Having enlisted under the banner of Immanuel, let us go forth into the battle-field, not deeming anything trivial which is done for Him. The word spoken to a little child, or to a wayside traveller, or to a beggar at your door, may result in his eternal good. We should work as though our own salvation depended upon our bringing sinners to Jesus. The connexion between working for God and the maintenance of the life of God in our own souls is most intimate; "for as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also." Backsliders would not be so numerous, we have reason to believe, if, when they received the

light of the Gospel, they had been zealous for the Lord of Hosts, and had sought to bring the wanderers to Jesus. The most humble Christian, who is not known beyond the sphere of his own residence, can, by showing piety at home, and letting his light shine, counteract the influences of evil; or may, by his secret intercessions at the throne of grace, bring down blessings, the results of which eternity alone will reveal.

No person is neutral in this strife. There are some who are neither serving Christ nor Satan *conspicuously*; but their influence, though unseen, is powerfully working upon others. The inconsistent professor, who wears only the garb of religion, is a more successful agent of Satan than even his professed followers, such as drunkards and swearers. Their character is quite obvious, but the character of the hypocrite is masked. He is a stumbling-block to many who, but for him, would probably enter the kingdom of heaven. There are many practical inconsistencies which would be avoided by Christians themselves, were they more deliberately to consider that by such things occasion is given to the enemies of Christ to blaspheme, and lightly to esteem the "Rock of their salvation." For instance, the Sabbath day is not always so strictly observed as it ought to be. Its sacred hours are too frequently frittered away in worldly conversation, and sometimes even in railway travelling. Again, the members of some families are allowed to waste their time in the study of music and songs more becoming the opera and theatre than a Christian household; while others are allowed to join in those fashionable gaieties which tend to banish serious thoughts, and eventually to harden the heart. These evils, in conjunction with others, are not confined to the immediate circle in

which they are found, but exert a baneful influence on the outer world, by causing a general apathy and indecision as to vital godliness.

In many a heart has the thought again and again revolved, "If my parents, or friends, who profess religion, really believed that my soul is in danger of eternal destruction, and that I am in the broad way leading thereto, they would certainly warn me: but they are silent. I may conclude, therefore, that I am not far wrong. God is merciful; and hell is not so dreadful as it is represented to be."

Christian friend, wherever thou hast influence, either with relative or neighbour, friend or foe, use it for God. "The night cometh, when no man can work." Let your conversation be such as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Never indulge in a trifling spirit, and so preclude the opportunity of speaking seriously to those around you. Deal faithfully with them; bring home to them those fundamental truths, — "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." Seek, by all and every means, to bring sinners to Jesus; for

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling:
To be living is sublime!

* * * *

"O! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad;
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God."

If angels were commissioned to be the "ambassadors for Christ," and to persuade men to be reconciled to God, with what earnestness, zeal, and love would they accomplish their mission! Yet this high honour is given to the followers of Jesus. But this short life is the only opportunity granted us of bringing sinners to

the Saviour. How great is the peril of neglecting it! "Woe unto them who are at ease in Zion!"—In Zion, wherein we are favoured with the means of becoming acquainted with the whole will of God, as it concerns ourselves, and as it concerns others. We shall be judged not by what we know, but by what we *ought* to have known and done. If thus "at ease," the Saviour speaks to us as He did to the church of Laodicea: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth."

"Am I my brother's keeper?" will not serve its purpose as an excuse for negligence in the last great day. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me," will, we fear, be a most unexpected utterance to not a few.

O that every follower of Christ would "stir up the gift of God" which is in him! Then soon would "the wilderness and the solitary place be glad for them; and the desert rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

P. B.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.

THE mother's charge is a *rational* being. True, indeed, you see nothing in its earliest infancy to indicate that it possesses any higher faculties than the lamb, or the lark, or any other of the animal creation. But, helpless as it seems, unconscious as it seems, there is a glorious principle of intelligence belonging to it which time will ere long reveal, and which, if rightly developed, and directed, may render it a fit companion for an angel. Where all seems blank and dark, the light will soon shine; and a mind that can discriminate, that can reason, that can feel, will be seen coming up in its strength and glory. Who knows but that it

may be the mind of a Newton, who shall measure the heights, and fathom the depths, of the material creation? Who knows but that it may be the mind of a Locke, that shall bring out the mysteries of thought, and display to man the secret springs of his own conduct? Who knows but that it may be the mind of a Milton, attuned to heavenly melodies, and touched with a seraph's fire? What the particular character of her infant's mind is to be—whether of high degree, or of low degree—the mother knows not; cannot know: enough that she knows that it is a spiritual, thinking, active principle, destined by the decree of Heaven to an indefinite expansion.

But to the power of thought is also joined the susceptibility of feeling: the infant is born with a *moral*, as well as a rational, nature. In it are the elements of passions and affections, of desires and aversions, in which its happiness or unhappiness will chiefly be found, and which must decide, in a great degree, the complexion and destiny of the soul.

HEARERS AND PREACHERS.

ON one occasion a friend made a remark that impressed me deeply,—I hope abidingly.

We together attended the ministry of one whom he well knew. Adverting to certain criticisms that had been heard on his discourses by some who seemed to sit in judgment on their teacher, I asked him, "How is it that, while they call one of his sermons fine, and another dry, and so forth, I find them all so profitable, and always come away well fed?" He replied, "I'll tell you how it is,—you pray for him!" "Indeed I do; and that he may be taught to teach me!" "Ay, there it is; and your prayer is answered. We should not forget that the preacher

and the flock either feed or starve one another; what they withhold from him in prayer, they lose in doctrine. Those who merely listen to cavil or admire, come away empty of spiritual food."

Those who give liberally to their minister, in secret prayer for him, have their souls made fat by the very same doctrine that falls unblest upon others. He added: "Bear—more and more upon your heart before the Father's throne, and you will feast more largely upon the banquet that He spreads."

I have to be thankful that my friend's counsel was not lost on me. From that shepherd, indeed, I was soon removed; and very soon after my friend followed his minister to glory. But I had already carried the lesson into another pasture, where, richly and abundantly as we are fed, mine always appears a Benjamin's mess; for I had learned the secret of the profitable barter, which I would commend to every Christian hearer,—instant, affectionate, individual intercession for the teacher, in the spirit of faith. Then may we sit contented and humbly confident to receive the assured answer, in the portion which he is commissioned to divide.

"On all Thy flock Thy spirit pour;
All saving grace convey:
A sweet refreshing Lord's-day shower
Will make them praise and pray."

A.

THE TRUANT ENGINE:

A DREAM CONCERNING THE
"ACHILLES."

(Concluded from page 269.)

2. The place recently occupied by the offended locomotive was speedily supplied.—During the hours immediately succeeding the departure of the "Achilles," its friends asserted that its late associates and the

must speedily yield, and y terms it chose to dic- was well known that locomotives, like itself, an astonishing premium. any was bidding against and could not obtain them ce. Except from the con- that it was really attached re, it might have gone in ion, and had its choice of , who would have allotted r mail-train, or even the tself. But, perhaps, it etter to wait a short time, quier on its own ground.

' engine, speedily made ance. We were never in- m whence it came. But ne. It seems that there one to spare somewhere. ' have been an overplus in or it might have been r a line in the Highlands, ld not be finished because melling; or it may have ' work by losing itself in ll this is nothing to the The "Ulysses" arrived. mer was a modest-looking was doubtful whether the " had ever been painted. s there, able and willing e Government train. Day he work was well done. 1, all went on as usual. ffirm that the absence of illes" made no difference. ors, no doubt, could have both, as the concern is a isive one. Far too much arrange is such an affair. as now arrived and departed station as in former days. wice an old traveller was quire of a fellow-passenger becoms of the "Achilles." al reply was that they had d of such an engine; and rer concluded that his gusintance had been used shed, or cashiered as not

equal to those go-a-head sort of times. All proceeded as usual, except somewhat more punctually, expeditiously, and carefully, as the little disturbance had occasioned a searching investigation into various railway matters.

3. *Those having the charge of the "Achilles" received no wages.*—Let it be said, to the credit of the engine-driver and stoker, that they had previously acted in a praiseworthy manner. They had worked diligently since they had entered the company's service, and had made good use of the liberal wages paid to them. Hence, they had lived in much comfort, and laid by a considerable sum against a future time.

As for the company's integrity and generosity, we cannot say too much. It was desired that the present happiness of the employés should be secured; but, still more, that their future welfare should be ensured. There was no fear of being forsaken in old age, or famishing when unable to work, if the men continued in the company's service, and did their work faithfully. Yet those who had the charge of the "Achilles" received no wages at all. They received no wages, because, through their own fault, they did no work. Had the "Achilles" needed repairs, the affair would have been altogether different. If the men had been thus, unwillingly, kept inactive for one week, or for many months, their wages would have been paid as usual. They could have had as much to spend, and as much to lay by, as when actively employed. But, when the matter came before the board, it was not judged that the reason of inactivity was a sufficient one. The sophistry concerning "maintaining principle," and "acting conscientiously," did not impose on the directors, though the "Achilles" had thereby imposed on itself. The decision arrived at was,

"This locomotive could work, and will not work; therefore, let no money be paid on that account." The driver and stoker were, consequently, in a sad condition. They had not the daily supplies to which they had long been accustomed; much less could they lay up in store, as they had for a long time done. Indeed, they were fast losing the things for which they had wrought. Instead of daily laying up something, more or less, they were becoming poorer and poorer every day.

4. *The self-shunted one, through inactivity, got out of repair.*—"Better wear out, than rust out," is a very useful adage. The "Achilles" had been accustomed to grumble a little concerning long hours, and wearing out; though, to tell the truth, it was not afraid of a little hard work, if it might have its own way. It did seem a little hard, especially in winter-time and bad weather, to have to start away before some of the other locomotives were awake. At six o'clock, on the shortest day, the Government train must start. That was two hours before sunrise; and then two hours had been previously spent in lighting fires, and getting up steam, and forming the train, pulling the carriages hither and thither, until they suited the officials. The "Achilles" knew that the engine drawing the morning mail was fast asleep until day-break; and the express engine would be later still. Then it was very provoking to be shunted for one to pass, and detained at some uninteresting station until the other went by.

But it was most irritating of all to learn, when the terminus was at length reached, that the other locomotives, which started much later, had been at rest for hours. Often had the "Achilles" grumbled out, "I shall soon be worn out. Those who will work, may work. 'Some are born

with a silver spoon in their mouths, and others with a wooden ladle," and such like "wise saws." But there was never any real bitterness felt concerning the amount of labour. The now motionless engine really liked work. It was dignity, not repose, for which it sighed. From three in the morning, until nine at night, it would have run uncomplainingly, coke and water being supplied, if it might have taken the mail; and, as an express, it would have steamed on until it broke down or blew up. Now, the poor "Achilles" discovered that "wear" was nothing to "rust." The evil did not fully appear at once; but it was nevertheless there, and constantly spreading. Within the boiler, on each cylinder, over the wheels, in the valves, and everywhere, the horrid rust made its appearance. Farther it spread, deeper it penetrated, more firmly did it take hold, the longer inactivity was allowed. Nothing would remain bright, or in good condition, when nothing was done.

5. *The Truant Engine was very glad to get to work again.*—At the first it expected to receive overtures by weighty deputations; and, having dictated its own terms, to reappear in heroic style, amid the plaudits of numerous admirers, and the suppressed mortification and shame of opponents. Indeed, some steps were taken towards appointing a deputation, at the head of which was to be the engine of the express. But that locomotive had very little time to spare, and before the affair could be fully arranged, the appearance of extreme urgency had passed away. Several of the engines did, however, wait on the "Achilles," and urged its return in a friendly, informal manner. Messages were constantly sent by kindly-disposed porters; and, even after the lapse of several weeks, there were some of the locomotives

nxious for the return of the wanted one. They did not attempt to justify its conduct; but did recollect many useful and good deeds which it had performed, and they were prepared to say that those who had, against the "Achilles," maintained the good had spoken some words which might have been left unsaid, and had done what had better have been undone.

Some were pleased, and some were delighted, when the long-absent friend made its re-appearance. It was Christmas-time. The trains were more heavily laden than

There was not an engine in the company's service but was fairly laid out. Then there came a fall of snow; and, the wind high, the snow drifted very fast, and, in places, was very deep. It was impossible to keep the rails clear. Besides, as the frost descended, the rails, when swept, were very slippery. Every nerve was strained by all concerned. It happened that a heavily-laden passenger train came to a dead standstill in sight of the siding whereon the "Achilles" had placed itself. Some minutes before, the train was seen moving very slowly, and the engine attached, an old acquaintance of the "Achilles," was evidently in great distress. By the noise the engine made, an observer might have supposed that it was afflicted with spasmodic asthma. It is true influenza was very prevalent in the neighbourhood, with attendant fever; but the labouring engine did not seem to be troubled with something worse than influenza. At last, though the strugglings did not cease, all motion onwards did.

They do not attempt to analyze the reasons which led the "Achilles" to make an effort at once to afford assistance. The machinery within the engine breast is very complex, to

say nothing of that appertaining to a locomotive engine. We may suppose that the heart of the "Achilles" was softened by the associations of the season; or that its compassion was awakened by the moanings and shrieks, which were certainly very affecting; or that, having heard of recent collisions, it generously dreaded more widows and orphans being made by accidents on our line, as a passenger-train was then due; or that it was completely wearied of inactivity and rusting; or that there was a small flutter of self-importance within its bosom, as it thought that no other help was at hand but such as it could render. Most likely there was a small quantity of each of these motives, and of several more; for that which determines the will, is often a highly compounded admixture.

Certain it is that the "Achilles" proceeded at once to do its best. It is not for me, or any other dreamer, to dogmatize respecting mental and moral phenomena. We have only to do with the plain facts of our vision. The "Achilles" hastened to get up a little steam, but found that a difficult task. Then it tried to raise its voice, as in former times, to encourage its old friend, now in trouble; but the noise was very weak and tremulous. When, at length, it did begin to move, it was at a snail's pace. As it crept along, every joint creaked, and it seemed likely that, if it did reach the motionless train, its cumbrous presence would only add to the horrors of the impending catastrophe. It managed, however, to arrive at the place. Then came the pull. The ancient strength of the "Achilles" was not there. The returning truant could not persuade itself that it did much. But it helped a little. The other engine had rested, and, encouraged by this unexpected aid, took heart again. They pulled; they pulled,

cheerily, they pulled together. The train moved a little, and a little more, until it reached the station. In a short time the train moved off at a moderate pace, drawn by the two engines, the "Achilles" immediately behind its friend, and closely linked thereto.

A little anxiety was felt throughout the day as to the result. But that train certainly did arrive safely, for in a few days the "Achilles" appeared in its old place, drawing the Government train. It was said that the "Ulysses" had served so well, that it was, on the reappearance of the truant, appointed to the mail train, on another part of the line. Certainly the "Achilles" appeared very contented and thankful with its former post, and, after a time, seemed to become even cheerful. The good-natured among its friends greatly rejoiced. They called to mind former services, and said to each other, "There was, after all, always something good about that 'Achilles.' It was a pity that it ever left the line; but we are right glad to see it once more running to and fro every day." And indeed it was a pity that the work was ever forsaken. As we have partially explained, the loss was considerable to itself and others, and was irretrievable. But we will not dwell upon what cannot be mended. We would not willingly grieve any locomotive which is now endeavouring to do its duty. We seek to benefit some, but not to hurt the feelings of any. We dwell not, therefore, upon that which is irremediable in the past, but express sincerely our gladness at its return, and wish for the "Achilles," and all other locomotives, a happy future.

We need not inform our readers that nothing of this sort ever really happened; we only spoke of a dream. But the text of Scripture with which we commenced is worthy of serious

consideration, as well as similar inspired lessons. There is a vast amount of neglected or unimproved power within the church of Christ; and one reason why this precious talent is unused, and, therefore, unblest, is that many of us think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. Some, because the way has never been opened to such office and position as they imagine would be suitable, have remained comparatively inactive from the commencement of their spiritual life. They would do well to consider, thoughtfully and prayerfully, whether they are prepared to give a sufficient reason for the non-improvement of that which has been entrusted to them. To the close of the present life it may remain an unsettled question whether they have *four talents* or *six*; but an account must be rendered to the Master how the precious loan, whatever it is, has been employed. Others were once exceedingly active in the church, but, in consequence of some person being promoted beyond them, or on some similar pretext, they have withdrawn themselves from the vineyard of the Lord altogether.

We do well to ponder the gentle, yet solemn, expostulation of St. John: "Look to yourselves, that we lose not those things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward." It is quite possible that we may have been placed in a position beneath our desert and ability; but we had better work for Christ there than not accomplish anything for our Lord. In some cases, our brethren may be so far mistaken as to appoint us to a task for which we are not specially adapted, and in the accomplishing of which we have sufficient reason to believe we shall do less good than we might if another task were assigned to us. This will be painful to any servant of God. But, until the more appro-

private sphere be opened to us, we had better work in the other. To do a little good for Christ and on behalf of precious souls, is preferable to doing none. Besides, we cannot be sure that our judgment, especially when deciding on our own case, is really correct. We must give credit to our brethren for sense and piety.

While we are idling, the hours are flying, and inactivity enfeebles our gifts; whilst a diligent use thereof, in any department, invigorates them. Before the question of our relative importance can be fully settled, the last sands in the life-glass may have fallen. If the decision where we are to labour rests with others, the responsibility is theirs also. The most faithful will feel thankful, in the great day, that *any* corner in the great field was assigned to them for culture. Let us be mindful that Christ's disciples are taught that abounding love is more highly esteemed by the Master than any superiority of talent: "Covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet show I unto you a more excellent way." Let us be ready for any kind of work that comes to hand, so it be pleasing to Him whom we serve; ploughing or sowing, harrowing or reaping. So shall our Lord say to each one, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." B. S.

THE BIBLE.

THE following extract is from Dr. Schaff's Preface to the American edition of Dr. Lange's *Commentary* :—

Viewed merely as a human or literary production, the Bible is a marvellous book, and without a rival. All the libraries of theology, philosophy, history, antiquities, poetry,

law, and policy would not furnish material enough for so rich a treasure of the choicest gems of human genius, wisdom, and experience. It embraces works of about forty writers, representing the extremes of society, from the throne of the king to the boat of the fisherman. It was written during a long period of sixteen centuries; on the banks of the Nile, in the desert of Arabia, in the land of promise, in Asia Minor, in classical Greece, and in imperial Rome. It commences with the creation, and ends with the glories of the Apocalypse; after describing all the interesting stages of the revelation of God and the spiritual development of man. It uses all forms of literary composition; it rises to the highest heights, and descends to the lowest depths of humanity; it measures all states and conditions of life; it is acquainted with every grief and every woe; it touches every cord of sympathy; it contains the spiritual biography of every heart; it is suited to every class of society, and can be read with the same interest and profit by the king and the beggar, by the philosopher and the child; it is as universal as the race, and reaches beyond the limits of time into the boundless regions of eternity. Even this matchless combination of human excellencies points to its Divine character and origin, as the absolute perfection of Christ's humanity is an evidence of His Divinity.

But the Bible is, from first to last, a book of religion. It presents the only true, universal, and absolute religion of God, both in its preparatory process, or growth under the dispensation of the law and the promise, and under the dispensation of the Gospel; a religion which is intended ultimately to overturn all the other religions of the world. It speaks to us, as immortal beings, on the highest, noblest, and most important themes which can challenge our attention.

and with an authority that is absolutely irresistible and overwhelming. It can instruct, edify, warn, terrify, appease, cheer, and encourage as no other book. It seizes man in the hidden depth of his intellectual and moral constitution, and goes to the quick of the soul; to that mysterious point where it is connected with the unseen world and with the great Father of spirits. It acts like an all-penetrating, and all-transforming leaven upon every faculty of the mind, and every emotion of the heart. It enriches the memory, it elevates the reason, it enlivens the imagination, it directs the judgment, it moves the affections, it controls the passions, it quickens the conscience, it kindles the sacred flame of faith, hope, and charity; it purifies, ennobles, sanctifies the whole man, and brings him into living union with God. It can not only enlighten, reform, and improve, but regenerate and create anew, and produce effects which lie far beyond the power of human genius. It has light for the blind, strength for the weak, food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty. It has a counsel, in precept or example, for every relation in life, a comfort for every sorrow, a balm for every wound. Of all the books in the world, the Bible is the only one of which we never tire, but which we study and love more and more in proportion as we use it. Like the diamond, it casts its lustre in every direction; like a torch, the more it is shaken the more it shines; like a healing herb, the harder it is pressed the sweeter is its fragrance.

THE STORM.

A SHIP was stemming the ocean tide,
And O! how gallantly did she ride!
A storm came on; it was sad to see
How she roll'd, a wreck on the fathom-
less sea.

Her mariners left her, one by one,
In that season of peril, almost alone;
But a few there were who endured the
blast,
And succour'd her in her distress at last.

She righted again, and she braved the
tide,
And O! how gallantly did she ride!
It was strange to see, when she stemm'd
the main,
How her mariners all came back again!

While ocean winds her canvas swell,
That ship of the terrible storm shall
tell;
And her log-book the names of the crew
shall bear

Who abandoned her not in her hour of
despair.

—*Old Humphrey.*

SKETCHES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

VIII.

ANCIENT RECORDS—FIRST SETTLERS—
THEBAN KINGS—MILITARY POWER—
CONTEMPORANEOUS SCRIPTURE HIS-
TORY—END OF THE NATIVE DYNAS-
TIES.

THE history and chronology of the Pentateuch have frequently been set aside to make way for an immense antiquity, reaching back to many thousands of years before the Mosiac account of the creation of Adam, to which it is alleged that Egyptian records carry the foundation of the earliest kingdom.

But the question is, are these records trustworthy? They may be found in Egyptian historians and traditions, just as the suckling of Romulus and Remus by a she-wolf was found in Roman history; and just as English history at one time traced the name of Britain, and the rise of the British monarchy, to "Brutus, King of Troy;" but are they any more worthy of credit? Most decidedly they are not. The evidence on which we are required to believe that there were dynasties, bearing rule through a period of "fifteen thousand years before the flood," is utterly insufficient to sustain these marvellous pretensions. The fact is, the Egyptians, like most other early nations, sought

*(Procession in honour of Apis.)*

both to delude themselves, and impress foreigners with the belief, that the annals of their country enable them to carry back their descent to a most exaggerated antiquity. But it will be sufficient to show that these pretensions belong to the fabulous and not the real, —when we mention that the very same records which speak of these distant eras, also require us to believe that, prior to the kings of ordinary flesh and blood which sat on the throne of Egypt, the gods ruled in person, and after them, for several centuries, a succession of demi-gods.

Besides, a mistaken historical arrangement in the way of an intentional deception, or a careless or ignorant confusion in the statement, with respect to the order in which various kings reigned,

would easily throw back their reckoning to a very remote period. The whole of Egypt was not always under one monarchy. Kings reigned contemporaneously, and exercised an authority as independent of each other as the rule of the king of Northumbria was distinct from that of the king of Wessex, during the Saxon Heptarchy. Now, if in the chronology of the Anglo-Saxon times some historian had put several of these contemporaneous kings in succession, he would very greatly have extended the period which intervened between the formation of the first kingdom, A.D. 457, to the union of the whole, under Egbert, A.D. 827. In this manner it is pretty certain that many of the Pharaohs who reigned at the same time—

some, for instance, at Memphis, and some at Thebes—have been put down as reigning *successively*.

Let us now, as briefly as possible, state what appear to be some of the most probable facts with respect to the early sovereigns of Egypt, rejecting all those accounts which bear evident marks of mere legend and error, and which are no more entitled to credit than the myths and false traditions which historical criticism has eliminated from the annals of other countries.

The Hebrew name of Egypt is generally Mizraim. Mizraim was the name of one of the sons of Ham, and the opinion which regards him, and the colonists who accompanied him in his migration from the east, as the first settlers in the fertile valley of the Nile has much to support it. Some identify Mizraim with Menes, whom the Egyptian historians rank as the first human king; to whom also, is ascribed the foundation of Memphis; and who, after a long and beneficent reign, is said to have been torn to pieces by a hippopotamus. The name of Menes is also met with on the walls of a grand edifice at Thebes, and the hieroglyphic inscription is interpreted to mean "founder."

It is, however, not improbable, that Zoan (Tanis) and On (Heliopolis) are both of a somewhat more ancient date than Memphis; although the latter, conveniently situated at the apex of the Delta, would naturally appear a suitable site for the metropolis of the first kingdom. According to the chronology of Hales, which we accept as the best authority, the early emigrants who travelled to the south-west from the plain of Shinar, pushing their adventurous way into the African continent, would arrive at the fruitful lands of the Delta about four hundred years before the time when Abraham, driven from the place of his sojourn in Canaan by the appearance of famine, "went down into Egypt;" (Gen. xii. 10;) a country famed, doubtless, at that early period, for its abundant harvests.

After Menes, a second dynasty is mentioned as setting up an independent state at This, (Abydos,) in Upper Egypt. And here, perhaps, we may date the

rise of the Theban kingdom, which some centuries afterwards rose to a position of so much power and renown. The Pharaohs who reigned at Thebes ultimately subdued the Memphite kings, and spread their conquests far into the east. Manetho says of one of them, that, "he conquered all Asia in nine years, and Europe as far as Thrace, everywhere erecting monuments of his victories." This, however, looks a little like Egyptian exaggeration.

These Theban monarchs seem to have been a warlike race, and they contrived a military organization remarkable for discipline and effective strength. The predatory inroads of the fierce sons of the desert, whose "hand was against every man," may have first suggested the idea of a body of men set apart for the defence of the country against its marauding neighbours. But in the growth of the Theban power, the value of a standing army for the purposes of aggressive ambition, as well as home security, would be readily perceived. The profession of arms rose in importance; and among the social divisions, or castes, into which the Egyptians were separated, the military class held a rank next below the priestly order; the latter enjoying the highest distinction. To each soldier was allotted six acres of land, free from taxation. Some were placed in garrisons, others occupied military settlements; and a body-guard, consisting of a thousand men, was in attendance upon the king. The weapons of the foot-soldiers, were bows, spears, and battle-axes, or clubs. But the main strength of the army lay in the cavalry, or more correctly speaking, the *charioteers*; for horse-soldiers, such as we now understand by cavalry, were evidently unknown in Egyptian warfare, as they are never seen on any of the monuments. "The chariots were two-wheeled, drawn by a pair of horses; as afterwards imitated by the Greeks. Each contained two men,—the warrior and his charioteer: the chief was commonly armed with two spears, a sword, and a bow; and the chariot was decorated with carving and colour. In one of the sculptures, a lion is seen running by the side of the king's chariot, chasing his enemies."

It is not until we reach the eighteenth dynasty, that we approach a period bearing anything like marks of historic credibility. It was then that Egypt is considered to have reached the zenith of its grandeur and fame. This was the age of splendid architecture, as is seen in the massive structure and elaborate finish of those superb edifices of which we have spoken. Karnak, Luxor, and the principal cities, were then adorned with palaces, temples, obelisks, and statues, in a style that indicates almost boundless resources of power and wealth.

One of the most famous kings was **Rameses III.** He was the founder of the grand temple at Medinet Abu; and on one of the walls there is the representation of a stately procession, in which this monarch is borne along beneath a canopy, attended by a company of priests and soldiers, while some are seen carrying figures of the god Khem, and the bull Apis. In other monuments the same monarch appears engaged in the enterprise of foreign conquests; and far away in Asia, near Beyrout, is a rock on which the chisel, in enduring record, has carved the memorial of some of his triumphs. The lid of this king's sarcophagus is now among the antiquities preserved in the Museum at Cambridge.

Passing on to the twenty-second dynasty, we come to Sheshonk, the Shishak of Bible history, to whom we have already referred. He comes before us affording protection to Jeroboam, a young man whom Solomon had raised to considerable distinction; but who, in consequence of a prophetic announcement, designating him as the future king of the ten tribes, had been compelled to escape from the jealousy of his sovereign, and seek shelter in Egypt. (1 Kings xi. 40.)

Subsequently to this period, Egypt seems to have fallen under the power of Ethiopia; a country which it formerly held as a province. This introduces an Ethiopian dynasty, including three kings; one of whom, called Sabek Sua, or So, is supposed to be the So mentioned in 2 Kings xvii. The kingdom of Israel was at this time tributary to Assyria; and, in the hope of freeing himself from this irksome yoke, Hoshea sought the

friendship and help of the Egyptian ruler. This policy, however, altogether failed. Egypt proved to be only a "broken reed," and Shalmaneser, irritated by the revolt of Hoshea, invaded the land of Israel. Samaria was besieged, and after a defence, continued for three years, it fell into the hands of the Assyrian foe, and the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

Among the ten kings which are enumerated in the twenty-sixth dynasty, Psammetichus may be mentioned as one of the most remarkable. He was one of the twelve princes who exercised an independent authority over as many provinces; but, by the aid of some Greek adventurers, he succeeded in raising himself to supreme and sole power, and became king of Egypt. Psammetichus revived the military renown of the country, and succeeded in retaking from the Assyrians the city of Ashdod, (Azotus,) although this costly enterprise was protracted during a siege of twenty-nine years. He also enlarged and beautified various sanctuaries, and built the great temple of Apis, at Memphis.

This king was succeeded by Necho, the Pharaoh-Necho of Scripture, who appears to have been a sovereign of an energetic and warlike temper.

The great power of the east at this time was Babylonia. Nabopolassar was master of Nineveh and Babylon, and had extended his kingdom from the Caspian sea to the Mediterranean. Necho, jealous of the growing power of his great eastern rival, and aroused probably by some incursions which had been made within his own territory, as well as encouraged by the remembrance of his father's success at Ashdod, made preparations to invade the Chaldean empire, resolving to attack his proud enemy in the very heart of his dominions on the banks of the Euphrates. It is this expedition which connects the Egyptian king with a portion of Hebrew history. Josiah was now on the throne of Judah, and hearing of the approach of Necho's army, whose line of march lay through part of Palestine, he determined to oppose its progress. A battle was fought in "the valley of Megiddo," in which Josiah was defeated, and received a

mortal wound. (2 Chron. xxxv. 20—24.) The Egyptian conqueror then pushed on to Carchemish, which, after a siege of three months, fell into his hands. On his return, he seized Jehoahaz, the successor of Josiah, and carried him a prisoner into Egypt. He also impoverished the kingdom of Judah by the exaction of an oppressive tribute, and the Jews were again made to feel the heavy hand of their ancient foe. (2 Kings xxiii. 33—35.)

Three years after this Nebuchadnezzar raised an immense army for the purpose of avenging the humiliation which the Chaldeans had received at the siege of Carchemish. He entered Egypt, and obtained so complete a triumph over Necho, taking possession also of a large portion of his dominions, that the power of the Egyptian monarch was effectually broken, and he was confined henceforth within his own restricted territory. The grandson of Necho was Hophra, or Apries. He ascended the throne as Psammetichus III., and is the Pharaoh-Hophra mentioned in Scripture history, with whom Zedekiah entered into alliance in order to resist the oppression of Nebuchadnezzar. (Ezek. xvii. 15, and Jer. xxxvii. 6.)

This king is spoken of as a man of unbounded pride, and is said to have declared that not even a god was a match for him. But humiliation and disasters were coming from a very unexpected quarter.

Greek colonists had established themselves on the African continent in a fertile region on the Libyan side of Egypt; and about fifty years of persevering industry had greatly enlarged and strengthened the original settlement. Attracted by what they heard of the flourishing condition of the new colony, emigrants had arrived from all the Grecian states; and five cities were built, which were joined in a common league, and called the Pentapolis. The Libyans, a large portion of whose territory had been absorbed by the Greeks, requested help from Egypt. Hophra, ready doubtless to check the rapid growth of this new and threatening European power, sent an army of succour. 7. the encounter which took place,

Grecian valour and military tactics prevailed; the Egyptian troops were completely routed, and only a few soldiers returned to relate the story of their utter defeat. The army now rose in revolt against Hophra; Amasis, one of their own officers, was raised to the royal dignity, and the dethroned monarch was first confined, and then strangled, in his own palace. And thus was fulfilled a prophecy of Jeremiah, uttered against the vain-glorious king when he seemed so secure in power: "Thus saith the Lord; Behold, I will give Pharaoh-Hophra king of Egypt into the hand of his enemies, and into the hand of them that seek his life." (Jer. xliv. 30.)

Amasis enjoyed a prosperous reign of forty-four years, during which he conquered the island of Cyprus; an object of unavailing ambition to many of his predecessors. Scarcely had his son Psammenitus succeeded to the throne, when a vast Persian host, under Cambyses, entered Egypt, and laid siege to Pelusium. The Persians, aware of the superstitions of the Egyptians, placed in their front, as they approached to the assault, a number of dogs, cats, sheep, and other sacred animals. The soldiers of the garrison would not discharge their weapons against the foe, lest they should kill their own gods, and the citadel fell at once into the hands of the invaders. Psammenitus soon after came up with his whole army, and a fierce battle ensued, in which the Persians were victorious. Cambyses next took possession of Memphis, where he demanded of the priests of Apis to show him their god. On their producing only the sacred calf, in contempt and rage he drew his sword, and gave the animal a mortal wound. He then proceeded to Laïs, where he ordered the mummy of Amasis to be disinterred and thrown into the flames. Psammenitus and his subjects suffered the severest indignities and cruelties at the hands of the Persian tyrant; and the unfortunate king of Egypt was shortly put to death by being compelled to drink bull's blood.

Egypt now became a tributary province of Persia; native kings were permitted to exercise a subordinate sovereignty under the name of *moish*,

while the supreme title of Pharaoh was claimed by the Persian monarch.

The Asiatic conquerors found it difficult to retain the Egyptians in subjection, and Amyrtæus, a Saitic prince, put himself at the head of a general revolt of his countrymen, and accomplished their deliverance; his reign forms the twenty-seventh dynasty of Manetho.

For a while the attention of the Persians was absorbed by the insurrection of the Medes; but Ochus, the son and successor of Artaxerxes II., resolved to attempt the recovery of Egypt. After losing a considerable part of his army on the way, he arrived at Pelusium; and another expedition, consisting of Persians and Greeks, sailed up the Nile to Memphis.

Nectabeno, the Egyptian sovereign, was completely vanquished, and fled into Ethiopia: with him ended the long line of native princes.

Ochus, a monster of cruelty, who put to death eighty of his own relations in order to ascend the throne, inflicted the keenest humiliations, and the severest sufferings, on the Egyptians. He ravaged the country, putting many of the people to death, defacing the beautiful architecture of the cities, and plundering the temples. He ordered the sacred Apis to be offered in sacrifice to an ass, and then compelled the wretched priests to eat the flesh of their own divinity. This occurred about B.C. 350; and with the overthrow and exile of Nectabeno, the last of the Pharaohs, we conclude our "Sketches of Ancient Egypt."

E. L.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

v.

(Continued from page 277.)

Lycidas. After I left you yesterday, *Penseroso*, I returned home by the alight path which, running parallel with the coast, winds in and out through the woods facing and almost overhanging the sea, of which, sometimes through, sometimes over the trees, I caught occasional glimpses. I could not bring myself to waste the delicious weather by hastening indoors. Moreover, our grave

talk had made me serious, and almost sad. So I lingered in the woods in a reverie, and, for a time, almost wished, as many others have done, that "life's fitful fever" was over, and that I was sleeping in the clods. Life seemed such vanity.

Penseroso. So thought King Solomon.

"Happy the mortal man who now, at last,
Has through this doleful vale of misery
pass'd;

Who to his destin'd stage has carried on
The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
Whom the cut brass or wounded marble shows
Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes.
He happier yet, who, privileged by fate
To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
Ordain'd to-morrow to return to death:
But O! beyond description happiest he
Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous
sea."

L. Yet, when death really comes, one might wish to live a little longer. So fond is human nature.—By and by, a perplexing thought presented itself:—"Why should one man be subjected to death for another man's fault? Justice seems to require that every man should answer for himself, and should be treated not as one of a race, but as an individual."

P. If faith is our universal solvent, why not solve this difficulty by our compendious method?

L. I am content to do so. Still—

P. I confess I see but little to perplex.

In a secondary matter, you are treated as one of a fallen race. Justice requires, you think, that every man should answer for himself. So he will. The same justice, it seems to you, demands that a man should be treated not as one of a race, but as an individual. On the main point he will be thus treated. As a man, you die in Adam; and as a believer, you are saved in Christ: but when all things are for ever fixed, you are treated as *Lycidas*, and as no other person in God's wide universe.

"Dost thou desire to know and see
What *thy* mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then thou searchest out in vain,
What only conquest can explain."

L. Nevertheless, I wonder the poet

did not guess; for poets are an adventurous race.

P. He *did* guess.

L. Correctly?

P. Of course not. Yet he fails gloriously; and we may forgive his theology for the sake of his verse.

"But when the Lord hath closed thine eyes,
And open'd them in Paradise,
Receiving thy new name unknown,
Thou read'st it, wrote on the white stone:
Wrote on thy pure humanity,
GOD THREE IN ONE, AND ONE IN THREE."

L. I hope that all is well with young Arthur, whose sudden death so much astonished us.

P. I hope so.—After all we said yesterday, there are only two kinds of death; that of the saint, and that of the sinner.

L. Yet some sinners die easy deaths.

P. Shockingly easy! It is sad when a man is too careless, too ignorant, too stupid, to know that he is sinking into perdition, and in his ignorance dies like an ox. Yet more terrible is the case of the raving, blaspheming wretch. And worst of all, perhaps, is that of the man who, on this side of the grave, has learned to say, "Evil, be thou my good," and who thinks hell his home!

L. Can man be so wicked?

P. It seems so.—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," much as the circumstances of their several deaths may vary. All depart in safety; some in great peace, some in rapturous triumph.

L. Old Jacob, after all his troubles, went in peace. "Few and evil," he says to Pharaoh, had been his days; but surely his life brightened somewhat in Goshen. What a history he gives in that parenthesis when he is blessing his sons!—"I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord!" The blessing ended, he charged his sons to bury him in the cave in the field of Machpelah. "There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah. The purchase of the field and of the cave that is therein was from the children of Heth." This said, the patriarch "gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost."

P. One knows not with what feelings

the old saints departed; for Scripture deals in more momentous matters than death-bed scenes. But what marvellous dismissals we have had in modern times! Have not the waters sunk so low in their bed, that the Christian has but dipped his feet, and passed over? Has not the glory of the unseen world reached across the river into this? And have not the friends of the departing known, as well as if a voice from heaven had spoken it, that all was well?

L. But some unquestionably holy men have found difficulty at last.

P. Yes; for the Divine election to love Jacob, to neglect Esau, may appear at any time in this life, perhaps all life through, and on the death-bed itself; for the close of life is not the day of judgment. Still, with or without triumph, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

"For them no further test remains
Of purging fires and torturing pains."

L. But would you not wish to be honoured of heaven in your sick chamber?

P. God forbid that I should court trial in life or in death; and I should be too glad to be honoured with the true honour at any time. Yet I should rather covet honour at the great day than a triumphant dismissal from life; (though, of course, the two things are perfectly consistent;) for it is clear enough that Heaven's higher or lower estimate of holy men is not to be gathered from the circumstances of their deaths. Happy the man who can say before the Judge, "Lord, Thy pound hath gained ten pounds," and who hears from the Judge, "Be thou over ten cities." Happy the man who receives from the Faithful and True not a bare acquittal, or even some slight commendation, but a plain and emphatic approval: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

L. Well said. It cannot be wise or becoming in us to choose the manner of our deaths. And after all, the main point secure, the circumstances signify but little. What matters it when, or

how, or where, if only at some time, in some way, some where, one touches the blest clime? What matters it whether one enters into the haven with sails swelling, with colours flying, with pomp, and acclamation, and music; or reaches land by clinging to a plank of the ship; or even without a plank is obliged to cuff the waves for very life, and weary, panting, faint, is thrown by the last billow upon the long-sought shore?

P. Thus, if not otherwise, may we find the stormy ocean for ever behind us! All we want is a safe conduct from heaven. Friends are kind, and angels are glad to minister; but let our only hope be, where our only help is, in our great Forerunner.

L. We will hope the best. For my part, I wonder how any man dare think that Christ will fail him at last.

P. Especially if he has once read the words, "As ye have spoken in Mine ears, so will I do to you."

L. All will be well, I trust. But, happen what may to us, many have safely crossed the flood. *Without trembling*, one may rejoice for them.

P. You remember that Cowper's mother died when the future poet was quite a child?

L. I will take your word for it.

P. The receipt of his mother's picture long after inspired the bard. He has expressed your thoughts with a master's skill.

"Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin;
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head,
and smile;)

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here!

I would not trust my heart,—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no; what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weather'd, and the ocean
arous'd,)

Shoots into port at some well-haven'd Isle,
Where spousal breathe, and brighter seasons
smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd
the shore,

"Where tempests never beat, nor billows
roar;"

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always dis-
tress'd,—

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest
toss'd,

Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and com-
pass lost;

And day by day some current's thwarting
force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, O! the thought, that thou art safe,
and he!

That thought is joy, arrive what may to me."

L. While we converse, time flies, and death is busy. How incessantly the tyrant plies his dart! What widows, what orphans, he is making! How steadily he is peopling the grave, which, like himself, never says, "It is enough."

P. Thus will he destroy for generations:—

"Till, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In cloud, one half to mortal sight reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball."

That note proclaims death's empire ended. The sea gives up the dead which are in it, and death and hell deliver up the dead which are in them.

L. By that time death is "crammed and gorged, nigh burst:" and now

"At one sling

Of His victorious arm, the Only Son,
Both sin and death, and yawning grave, at
last,
Through chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of
hell

For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws."

P. Enough said, I think. And now it remains only that we *live*.

OUR COLONIES.

BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA.

NEARLY two hundred thousand of our restless and enterprising countrymen leave the shores of the United Kingdom, every year, to seek a home in a foreign land. These scatter themselves over the

earth, wherever there is a prospect of improving their condition; but extremely few of them ever find their way to Africa. When, however, we consider the difficulties and dangers attending a residence on that continent, we cannot wonder that so few set their hearts upon it. Nearly six hundred thousand people in that land acknowledge the sovereignty of Queen Victoria, but of these only a small proportion are white. In Natal coloured people are twelve times as numerous as the whites; in Western Africa not one person in five hundred is white; and even in Cape Colony, the most prosperous of our African settlements, more than half the people are coloured. When we ask a little more particularly after the character of our fellow-subjects in that country, we find but little that is tempting. The Boers, or descendants of the original Dutch colonists, are quarrelsome, mean, and tyrannical. The Caffres are a source of continual annoyance to the colonists; and a war has recently broken out with the whole Basuto nation, which has resulted, thus far, in considerable loss of life and property. The Basutos, who occupy a mountain region between the Orange Free State, Natal, and Kaffirland, have hitherto been the victors; but what may be the extent to which the war may spread it is impossible to say: the colonists in the neighbourhood are full of fear. The Caffres have, for the last fifty years, been a source of continual annoyance to the settlers; war with them has broken out half a dozen times, and has always been attended with great loss of life and property. The Hottentots are among the most degraded members of the human family. The Bechuanas have had periodical outbreaks from time immemorial; and nearly all the native tribes are in the habit of sending out companies of foragers to seize the cattle of any one who is unable to withstand them.

In Western Africa, our neighbours have still less to recommend them. Many of the petty sovereigns encourage the slave-trade, because their own luxuries are increased by the profits of that iniquitous traffic. England has for many years maintained a blockading squadron on this coast for the stoppage of the slave-

trade. By this means nearly a thousand vessels engaged in the abominable commerce have been seized, and one hundred and fifty thousand slaves have been liberated. Our fellow-subjects on the Gold-Coast are unpleasantly near to the kingdoms of Dahomey and Ashantee. In these countries the estimate of human life is frightfully low; the sacrifices offered to their imaginary deities are often human beings, the decorations of their public places being human skulls.

As so little can be said in favour of the neighbours of African emigrants, we may ask whether the *productions* of that continent are so rich, varied, and certain, as to compensate for the presence of such objectionable folks. No doubt there are districts lovely and fertile, and there are seasons which well second the efforts of the industrious farmer; but it must be admitted that, even respecting the most highly-favoured localities, there is much painful uncertainty experienced. For four years in succession, Cape Colony has suffered from the drought; provisions have been very high, bread has been four times as dear as in England, and other necessities of life have been proportionately high. In consequence of this drought the Government resolved, last year, that for the present they would not encourage emigrants to settle there.

In other parts of Africa there is even more danger of the necessities of life being cut off. Some districts are entirely destitute of common salt; in others, water required for family use must be fetched from a distance, and buried till it is required. Wells, rivers, and lakes, that contain abundant supplies one season, are sometimes dry for years after. On the Gold-Coast, fresh water has to be imported or filtered. At Kolo beng, where Dr. Livingstone was stationed for a time, not ten inches of rain fell in two years; and even in the most favoured parts the fall of rain is very uncertain. Natives of Africa may be able to bear privations arising from a scarcity of water, but we cannot expect British emigrants to settle where it prevails.

In addition to the objections already named, there are those arising from the climate. Cape Colony and Natal are, on the whole, temperate and healthy. Yet

ture of "twenty oxen slowly toiling the farmer's waggon over dry soil, baking, broiling, dry, yet *yet*," is not very tempting to an human. The islands of Ascension, e Mauritius, have a very agreeable ; while that of St. Helena is the healthiest within the tropics. islands, however, can never attract settlers; for they are very small, their productive capabilities very l.

tropical Africa the heat of the y sun is so intense, that "all droops as in absolute exhaustion; inds of birds and beasts are alike l, and the wild animals retire into sepest solitudes of the forest or ; while man is scarcely able to t the languor which creeps over me and deadens his vital powers." rra-Leone seven times as much falls annually as in London; f this immense quantity one half i July and August. The intense which follows originates a steam-and a pestilential atmosphere, pro; such fevers that even the strongest ations often fail to resist them.

it may be asked, "Why do people such a land at all?" A bare list ; class of people who visit these rous parts will suggest the reason ich they go. Travellers, hunters, rcial men, and Missionaries, are ief among these visitors. "Where aries go traders will follow," says ivingstone. This has been proved y part of the mission-field. The agers of the Gospel of peace have ited for the march of civilization pare a way for them, but have themselves forward among tribes ad never seen the face of a white and who had never heard of the sin-friend. They have lived and taught ; these benighted people; and their ace has encouraged men who have eaking only their own ends to follow

Hunters have been attracted by ove for the chase, and the peculiar ment which an African hunt pre-

Travellers have sought the sources mysterious rivers; and traders in eculiar productions of the land established permanent settlements

for traffic in gold-dust, ivory, palm-oil, &c. Many of these men have borne honourable testimony to the influence which the Missionaries exert, and have not been unwilling to acknowledge their own obligation to them. Many agents are employed by different religious denominations, the Wesleyan Missionary Society employing no fewer than a hundred Missionaries in spreading the truth among the Africans. From such a body of men it would be easy to select names that have long been known to the Christian world as successful labourers in that distant land. One only shall be selected, and an impartial judge shall choose the name. In 1860, Sir George Grey, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, publicly declared that "he had received very great assistance from the Missionaries in the management of the colony;" and he specially referred to the Rev. William Shaw, now President of the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference, as having offered suggestions to him in writing, at a crisis in the history of South Africa, which he had found of the utmost value to himself and his Government.

W. H.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

Who is there that does not painfully know what is meant by the *perplexities* of life? those oft-recurring emergencies in which we unutterably long for a wisdom better and surer than our own to teach us the good and the right way. There are perplexities of outward and temporal affairs; and there are perplexities of inward and spiritual anxieties and questionings. Our own forethought and judgment are utterly at a loss to determine what we should decide upon. Yet decide we must. And what adds to the weight of our care, and makes all the more serious and pressing our sense of responsibility is, that we can often see how much our decision will affect our own future life, and the future life of others dearer to us than ourselves.

Now is there anything in God's blessed word that gives us a reasonable expectation that *He*, the infinitely wise and good, will become our Instructor and Guide? Unquestionably there is. Do

not the histories of the past plainly speak to us of the Lord's loving-kindness in guiding the children of men in "the days of old?" Did He not lead His "people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron?" Did He not go "before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night?" And did not David pray, "Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk?" More than once we meet with such a prayer. He expected that the Lord would lead him "in a plain path." And is not the light of Heavenly instruction clearly promised to us? Else what meaneth this word, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with Mine eye?"

In remembrance, then, of what God has done, and in view of what His faithful and unchangeable word tells us that He will do, surely we ought not merely ourselves to think and contrive, and take counsel of our wiser and more experienced friends, but we should trustfully and patiently "wait upon the Lord," and judging "Him faithful who has promised," ask "Make Thy way plain before my face." If we were thus simply and truly reliant upon Him, O, how would "the crooked become straight," and the obscure clear! How should we rejoice in the fulfilment of the good word, "unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

Only, when God makes known to us our way, the sure way of His will concerning us, let us not waver in our purpose to follow where He leads. His way will sometimes thwart our way; it will for the present disappoint us, and require of us to forego our own wishes, and alter our own plans, and surrender our own will, and go forth along an untrodden, and, for a while, a difficult path. Yet how sure the confidence, and sweet the peace within, to feel that God, our most wise and loving Father, is with us; that it is His hand leading us. We shall feel that the ground is firm beneath our feet, and that the future is bright before our eye. We shall be like Abraham, who, "when he was called to go out into a

place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." We shall say, "I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope:" the "word" which says, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." And we shall learn, to our unspeakable joy, that "all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies." E. L.

BE THYSELF.

Be substantially great in thyself, and more than thou appearest to others; and let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the lights of heaven. Hang early plummets upon the heels of pride, and let ambition have but an epicycle or narrow circuit in thee. Measure not thyself by thy morning shadow, but by the extent of thy grave; and reckon thyself above the earth by the line thou must be contented with under it. Spread not into boundless expansions, either to designs or desires. Think not that mankind liveth but for a few, and that the rest are born but to serve the ambition of those who make but flies of men, and wildernesses of whole nations. Swell not into actions which embroil and confound the earth; but be one of those violent ones who force the kingdom of heaven.

While thou so hotly disclaimeth the devil, be not guilty of diabolism; fall not into one name with that unclean spirit, nor act his nature whom thou so much abhorrest; that is, to accuse, calumniate, backbite, whisper, detract, or sinistrously interpret others.

Give no quarter unto those vices which are of thine inward family, and, having a root in thy temper, plead a right and property in thee. Examine well thy complexional inclinations. Raise early batteries against those strongholds, built upon the rock of nature, and make this a great part of the militia of thy life.—

Sir Thomas Browne

CHINA.

NO. V.—TEA AND OPIUM.

In China, as might be supposed, tea is the universal beverage, both indoors and out. Shops, or saloons, are fitted up with little tables, at which four persons can sit. The attendants furnish to each person a cup having a cover, and containing tea-leaves. Boiling water is then poured into it, and the cover replaced, the infusion being slowly sipped rather than drank off. The tea-house is equivalent to our beer-house, or inn, and the French cabaret, or café, and is generally filled with groups of visitors, who sip for hours at cups of tea, boiling hot. Many of the drinkers eat a portion of cake with it, others prefer salted melon-seeds, a favourite condiment; and the incessant crackling of seeds in a room full of people is a very curious feature in their usages.

The Chinese kettle is somewhat of a curiosity; and, on a smaller scale, might furnish a hint to housekeepers in our own latitude, especially in summer weather. It is a copper vessel, holding five or six gallons of water, and is simply two cylinders, one within the other, connected together, and having the water between them. The inner cylinder contains a fire-grate, in which charcoal is burnt; the fumes passing off through a pipe at the top of the kettle. The handle of the kettle is, of course, on one side, and the spout on the other. But the spout would hardly do for English kitchens. Instead of the familiar serpentine curve, the spout, which is square, turns upwards, and ends with a closed face, in the centre of which is a small hole. The kettle is so balanced as to be easily tilted up. The moment this is done a jet of boiling water springs from the small opening in the spout, and is caught in the cup, or in any required number of cups, without a drop being spilled. When business is brisk, the waiter will carry three cups at once in his left hand, and, having filled them, will place three more upon them, and after filling these, will even place a third tier, and then distribute them among the customers. Sometimes a smaller kettle, of similar construction, is carried

about the room; a stream of boiling water being shot here and there, between the guests, wherever a cup requires filling, not only without mischance, but without interrupting the conversation for a moment; it being taken for granted that the attendant is sure of his aim to a hair's breadth.

In some of these tea-houses other attractions are called into operation. A clever man is engaged, who can tell a story with spirit, or sing a good song; and if he be a man of reputation in his calling, as is frequently the case, the hall is crowded during his recitation. No charge is made for entrance; but every one orders tea, and pays a trifle to the performer. The latter is versed in his craft; and just as a serial story breaks off in the middle of a most thrilling situation, so at the climax of his narrative the speaker pauses, and sends round his open fan, upon which his fees are placed. They must reach a certain sum if the story is to be concluded. These tea-shops are the Chinese casinos. Others are political, and are a sort of English coffee-house of Queen Anne's time; and the resemblance is the more complete as newspapers are unknown, and all political news filters through these assemblies. Such shops have their distinct shades of reputation, according to the class which most frequent them; and, as in the palmy days of Garraway's and Brooke's, in London, if a statement is current at such and such a house, it is at once stamped as authentic. Other houses again are scientific, and occupy the place of our lecture-halls.

Tea, indeed, is indispensable under all circumstances. If you call on a friend, a little table is placed by your side, and a cup of tea is handed to you, as a matter of course. If you enter a shop, the ubiquitous teapot stands on the counter, and you take as hearty a drain as the heat will allow, preliminary to the purchase. Along the high-road, over the hill passes, in scattered hamlets, as well as in the crowded thoroughfares of the cities, are tea-sheds; the grateful beverage being frequently supplied to the public without charge, by some wealthy individual, as we supply water at our drinking-fountains; but in ten-fold greater numbers. If a workman has

some distance to go, he carries his teapot as certainly as his tools; and another little luxury besides, for no man is so poor as not to own a pipe as well. Happy for him if he smokes nothing worse than tobacco; but opium-smoking has become frightfully common, though chiefly carried on in places set apart for the purpose.

The use of opium is quite a modern practice, and it was the English who introduced it. Rather less than a century ago, (in 1770,) two hundred chests were imported into China from India, as a valuable medicine, and a heavy duty was imposed upon it. Its qualities as a narcotic were soon discovered, and the demand for it rapidly increased. The consumption is now so great, that *eighty thousand chests* are imported from India alone, while at least an equal quantity is grown by the Chinese themselves. The pernicious effects of the drug have become so apparent, that of late years the Celestial Government has felt, or affected to feel, much alarm, and has made great efforts to stop the traffic. But the profits of the opium-trade have become such an important item of our Indian revenue as to be (politically speaking) indispensable. Thus, notwithstanding that the outcry of the Chinese government was in great measure hypocritical, and that the mandarins wanted the trade for themselves exclusively, we are in the position of a Christian nation forcing a trade full of deadly mischief upon an unwilling people.

Opium has become the disgrace and pest of the country, and, in the opinion of many travellers, is destroying the energy of the people. A week or two of indulgence in opium-smoking is sufficient, in the case of most men, to fix the habit for life. The effort necessary to break it off is so violent, and the suffering so great, that only here and there is to be found an instance of a determination to succeed at all costs. Not the smallest part of the evil is the ruinous expense of the luxury to the labouring man; and a large proportion of the victims are working-men, and small shopkeepers. Sixty cash a day is as little as can be spent by a confirmed smoker,—it is no longer matter of choice with him, but is a necessity,—and one hundred, or perhaps

one hundred and twenty, are often spent. The daily wages of a coolie are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty cash, so that as much as two-thirds of the wages will sometimes disappear in this way. In the worst cases it is as though an English labourer, earning fifteen shillings a week, should regularly spend ten shillings at the public-house.

Some of these opium-smokers die from the effects of opium than from deficiency of nourishment,—actual starvation. Of the two, opium must be had rather than food, poison though it be. Archdeacon Cobbold says: "The gnawing agony of the unsatisfied craving is maddening; besides which, there is a prostration of all physical strength; the eyes are weak and watery, the mouth runs with saliva, the mind itself has become weakened; and, in the presence of all this suffering, there is the certainty of relief a few seconds after the opium-pipe has touched the lips: a relief which lasts perhaps half, perhaps only the third or fourth part, of the day, when the same craving again comes round."

The smoking-houses are of various degrees of respectability. Some of them are well and even richly furnished; others are wretched dens, resorted to by the very lowest class of the population. They are all fitted up with couches, upon which the smokers recline. The drug is previously refined to a substance not unlike thick treacle in appearance. With a small bodkin the attendant takes up a little, and applies it to the small hole in the bowl of the pipe. The quantity used is not larger than the head of a good-sized pin. It is then lighted, and the smoke is inhaled into the lungs, and kept there as long as possible. The effect upon the exhausted man is almost instantaneous, and without any food or other refreshment he seems ready for any exertion. It may be guessed how excessive is the wear and tear of the system when thus subjected day by day, and generally twice or thrice daily, to these violent extremes of tension and languor. If the customary hour for taking the stimulant should be deferred, the results are often quite alarming. A man carrying a burden has been known to

drop suddenly, and almost lifeless, upon the road, though quickly restored either by a pipe, or a small dose of the drug in the form of a pill. * * *

THE VANITY OF LIFE.

"We all do fade as a leaf." (Isaiah lxiv. 6.)

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
With a sad and solemn sound.

"Sons of Adam! once in Eden,
Blighted when, like us, you fell;
Hear the lecture we are reading,
Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

"Maidens! much, too much presuming,
On your boasted white and red;
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

"Gripping misers! nightly waking,
See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare.

"Sons of honour! fed on praises,
Fluttering high on fancy's worth!
Lo! the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

"Learned men! in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call;
Cease, at length by us persuaded,
Every leaf must have a fall.

"Youths! though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

"Venerable sires! grown hoary,
Hither turn the unwilling eye;
Think amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a winter tale.

"Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth unerring,
'Heaven and earth shall pass away.'

"On the Tree of Life eternal,
Man let all thy hopes be stay'd;
Which, alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that ne'er shall fade."

—*Bishop Horne.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"Some time since," says Dr. Payson, in a letter to a young clergyman, "I took up a little work purporting to be the lives of sundry characters, as related by themselves. Two of these characters agreed in remarking that they were never happy until they ceased striving to be great men. This remark struck me, as you know the most simple remarks will strike us when Heaven pleases. It occurred to me at once that the most of my sufferings and sorrows were occasioned by an unwillingness to be nothing, which I am, and by consequent struggles to be something. I saw if I could but cease struggling, and consent to be anything or nothing, just as God pleases, I might be happy. You will think it strange that I mention this as a new discovery. In one sense it was not new; I had known it for years. But I now saw it in a new light. My heart saw it, and consented to it; and I am comparatively happy. My dear brother, if you can give up all desire to be great, and feel heartily willing to be nothing, you will be happy too."

AN UNHONOURED BENEFACTOR.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, two youths of the name of Wilson went from a place in the parish of East-Kilbride, called Flakefield, and began business in Glasgow as merchants. Frequent mistakes having occurred from both having the same name, one obtained that of Flakefield, the place of his birth, and this was adopted instead of Wilson, as their surname, by his posterity. A son of his enlisted in the Scots Guards; and, while with King William's army on the Continent, procured a blue and white checked handkerchief woven in Germany. It struck him that should he ever return home, he might attempt to weave something like it. In 1700 he did return; collected, it was all he could, a few spindles of yarn,—ill-bleached white, and not very dark blue. About two dozen of handkerchiefs composed his first web. When the half was woven, he cut out the cloth, and disposed

of it to the merchants, who then traded in salmon, Scottish plaiding, &c. That dozen of handkerchiefs was the first of the kind ever made in Britain. Several looms were soon filled with handkerchiefs of the same kind. The article found its way into England, and was liked. A variety of patterns and colours was introduced. Glasgow first, soon followed by Paisley, became famous for the manufacture; and from less to more, when linen cloth for printing and muslin were added, the total yearly production at last, in 1793, amounted in value to nearly two millions sterling. But neither Flakefield, nor any of his descendants, ever received any acknowledgment, beyond the appointment of the old man himself to the office of town-drummer, he having learned to beat the drum when in Flanders.

DIVISION OF THE YEAR INTO MONTHS.

This division of the year appears to have been used before the Flood; * and as it is naturally framed by the revolutions of the moon, the months of all nations were originally *lunar*; that is, from one new moon to another. In a more enlightened period, the revolutions of the moon were compared with those of the sun, and the limits of the months, as the component parts of a year, were fixed with greater precision. The Romans divided each month into *Calends*, *Nones*, and *Ides*. The *Calends* were the first day of the month; the *Nones* were the seventh, and the *Ides* the fifteenth, of March, May, July, and October. In the other months the *Nones* fell on the fifth, and the *Ides* on the thirteenth. The days of each month, according to this form, were counted backwards; thus the 18th of October was called *the fifteenth day before the Calends of November*, &c. In the year 1793, the French Government had a new calendar constructed, in which they adopted the

following fanciful designations for each month:—

French.	Signification.
AUTUMN.	
1. Vindemaire,	Vintage month.
2. Brumaire,	Foggy month.
3. Frimaire,	Frosty or sleety month.
WINTER.	
4. Nivose,	Snowy month.
5. Pluvisoie,	Rainy month.
6. Ventose,	Windy month.
SPRING.	
7. Germinal,	Springing or budding month.
8. Floreal,	Flowering month.
9. Prairial,	Hay-harvest month.
SUMMER.	
10. Messidor,	Corn-harvest month.
11. Thermidor,	Heat month.
12. Fructidor,	Fruit month.

This *new* calendar, which, after all, was only a plagiarism, or copy of one used in Holland from time immemorial, like many of the absurd institutions which sprang from the French Revolution, was laid aside in a few years, from the circumstance of its utter unfitness for the seasons, even as they occur in the several provinces of France itself. How much less applicable, therefore, must they have been to other countries, where the climates and seasons vary so much from each other! A calendar, to be worthy of universal adoption, must be capable of universal application. Not so that of the French *philosophers*, which, independently of its discordance with those of all civilized nations, had not even the merit of indicating those very seasons from which it professed to derive its character. The late Mr. Gifford ridiculed this new-fangled method of registering time by the following ludicrous but happy translation of the republican months and seasons:—

AUTUMN . .	Wheery, sneery, freezy;
WINTER . .	Slippy, drippy, nippy;
SPRING . .	Showery, flowery, bowery;
SUMMER . .	Hoppy, croppy, poppy.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

How small is our knowledge in comparison to our ignorance! and how little doth the knowledge of learned doctors differ from the thoughts of a silly child! For from our childhood we take it in but

* Noah, as we find it recorded in the Bible, reckoned by months of thirty days each; and from him that mode of computing the year is supposed to have been adopted by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and other Oriental nations.

and as trifles are the matter of knowledge, so words and artificial forms, do make up the learning of the world than is understood; and many such men know little more of any excellent things themselves than what are contemned by them for ornament. God and the life to

little better known by them, much less, than by many of the world. What is it but a child game for logicians, rhetoricians, grammarians, metaphysicians, and other persons, in their eagerest studies, to be exercised in? Of how little is it to know what is contained in hundreds of the volumes that libraries; yea, or to how many most glorious speculations in mathematics, &c., which have

given some the title of virtuosos and ingeniosos, in these times, who have little the more wit or virtue to live to God, or overcome temptations from the flesh and the world, and to secure their everlasting hopes; what pleasure or quiet doth it give to a dying man to know almost any of their trifles?—*Baxter.*

LIFE A TRUST.

THERE are two views which we may take of the situation of those on whom God has seen fit to confer the blessing of existence. This existence may be regarded as a *gift* and as a *trust*; and life will never assume to any man its sublimest aspect, nor have its duties fulfilled in the most effectual manner, till the latter mode of considering it becomes the habitual and favourite one.

Memorials of the Departed.

LATELY was born at Moreton-
road, December 25th, 1843. On
removing to Devonport,
eight years afterwards, she was
in the Ker-street Wesleyan
school, to which, and to the
she was much attached. When
years of age, she had a severe
which brought her very low. At
the removal of a beloved
who "died in the Lord," pro-
found and lasting impression
on mind, and led her to serious
thought about her soul, and the necessity
of preparation for eternity. Through-
out affliction she was visited by her
father, (now Mrs. P. N. Andrews,) whose
zealous and Christian efforts
were successful, through the blessing
in bringing her to the feet of
her Redeemer and Saviour.
In recovery, she was introduced to
which she at once joined; and
soon afterwards obtained a sense of her
union with God,—a blessing she
retained to the time of her death.
In the last three years of her life,
she laboured with diligence and fidelity
in the Morice-street Sunday-

school; and when, through illness, un-
able to attend, she urged her fellow-
labourers to be faithful in the discharge
of their duty. Her illness was long and
painful; but she was kept by Divine
grace in constant, perfect, and unruffled
peace of mind. Not a murmur escaped
her lips. She would often say, "The
Lord knows what is best for me. I
always say, 'Father, not my will, but
Thine be done!' My sufferings here
are nothing compared with the glory
hereafter, and nothing compared with
my Saviour's sufferings for me. He gives
me no more to suffer than He affords me
strength to bear, and all will soon be
over for ever!"

'Soon shall I learn the' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.'

On receiving the sacrament of the
Lord's Supper, a short time before her
departure, which she described as "a
precious season to her soul," she re-
marked, "I shall soon sup with my
Saviour, and the feast will be everlast-
ing love." When her young friends

called to see her at the close of the Sabbath, she would inquire how they had spent the day, and whether they had been faithful in their duties. Such visits were always found to be profitable to them, and on retiring from her room, where they had witnessed the beauty, and felt the importance, of genuine piety, they resolved, through Divine grace, to be more in earnest in securing their own salvation, and in promoting the salvation of their youthful charge in the Sunday-school. On being asked just before her departure, "Is Jesus still precious?" She replied, emphatically, "O yes!" and shortly afterwards calmly "breathed her soul away," and ascended to the rest of her Father's house. She exchanged mortality for endless life on Sunday, September 11th, 1864, in the twenty-first year of her age. Her death was improved in a sermon from Job xxx. 23, preached to the young by the Rev. Robert Bond, on the occasion of the Morice-street Sunday-school anniversary.

R. B.

DIED, January 23d, at Midsomer-Norton, Mr. W. J. SMITH, in his sixty-ninth year. He was one of the first scholars that attended the Sabbath-school at Norton, and was from his earliest recollections a subject of Divine impressions. When he was about eighteen years of age, those impressions became deeper; and, at that time, he often stood in the street near the chapel, hoping, though in vain, for an invitation to a lovefeast or a class-meeting. In 1818 he joined the Society; but not apprehending the way of salvation through faith in the atoning blood, he

carried the burden of sin for some time longer. In 1821, he, with many others, received good from the ministry of the late W. Worth, and was led to greater earnestness. At length, one Sabbath afternoon, while reading Wesley's sermon on "Salvation by faith," he was enabled to believe with all his heart. He retired to his closet, where was applied with power the Scripture, "Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious;" and then, truly, he rejoiced in the God of his salvation. He now began to labour to do good in every way, and by his exhortations many were brought to decide for God. In the year 1823, Mr. Smith became Superintendent of the Sunday-school, which office he held to the last. Here he excelled; for he was quite a favourite with the young, who will not easily forget his racy words and his apt illustrations. Many of these his young friends were brought to the Saviour, and will by and by be the "crown of his rejoicing." He was for many years an efficient Leader; and, indeed, at one time or another, filled several offices. All who knew him held him in great esteem. His last illness was severe, and his sufferings were often extreme; but they were lightened by inward peace, and borne without a murmur. He felt he had done with the world, and longed to depart, yet acquiesced in the will of his Heavenly Father. He requested that his friends would, on his release, sing the hymn,—

"Rejoice for a brother deceased."

In his removal the Circuit has lost a friend, and Methodism a liberal supporter.

R. D.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Dodworth, James,	Crookes,	Sheffield-West,	62	July 14th, 1865.
Hadfield, John,	Crookes,	Sheffield-West,	77	June 8th, 1865.
Rhodes, Thomas,	Crookes,	Sheffield-West,	26	July 12th, 1865.



THOMSON, THE POET.

ALTHOUGH one hundred and seventeen years have elapsed since the mortal remains of James Thomson were removed from an elegantly-furnished cottage in Kew-lane to their last resting-place in Richmond churchyard, his writings continue to be re-published, and admired. Nor is that oblivion in which lie buried the name and works of many a poet once famous, and who had flattered himself with the prospect of a literary immortality, likely to overtake very soon the memory and poetry of the author of *The Seasons*. Indeed, the productions of Thomson's pen have a greater probability of being perpetuated than those of some others who were scarcely his inferiors in genius. To this end two causes contribute. The publication of *The Seasons* began a new era in English poetical literature; and the subject of his great

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poem is likely to interest man so long as there are the vicissitudes of "seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night."

English poetry had been raised to the loftiest summit of excellence by the great poets of the times of Elizabeth and the Commonwealth: by Spenser, the singer of strange, sweet songs; by the marvellous dramatist who "warbled his wood-notes wild," but whose genius, alas! was too often misdirected; and especially by Milton, the mightiest of minstrels, whose "thoughts"—like those of the creations of his own colossal imagination—"wander through eternity." To these great masters of the lyre succeeded Dryden and Pope, who, although masters in their own line, by introducing what may be called the French style, succeeded in vitiating to a considerable extent the national taste for the more genuine poetry. In their pages poetry ceased to be the elevated language of emotion and imagination, and degenerated into a thing of polished diction, well-poised antitheses, witty epigrams, and correct rhymes. From the elegant restraints of this condition of mere art, in which the poetical literature of the day, like water between the paralleled banks of a canal, was cramped and confined, the current of English poetry was brought back by the genius of Thomson to the channel of nature, there to wander at its own sweet will. The reformation, in this direction, begun by Thomson, was well continued by Cowper.

Although *English* in language, sympathies, and literary connexions, Thomson was born, reared, and educated in Scotland. Ednam, near Kelso, in Roxburghshire, has the honour of being the place of his nativity. He was born there on the 11th of September, 1700; and was removed, when about a year old, with his father's family, to Southdean, near Jedburgh. In this neighbourhood of rich and varied scenery, and romantic memories, little Jemmy spent his early days; like Pope, "lisp[ing] in numbers," and gazing with a poet's eye upon the beautiful landscapes that surrounded his father's manse. Like many another gifted but needy Scotchman, he crossed the Border, to seek in England a sphere for his talents, and to find there a home, and ultimately a grave. Although he never returned to his native place, he acted kindly towards his kindred, and remembered with affection his early haunts. In his *Autumn* he addresses the Tweed as the

" ——— pure parent stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook."

His father, the Rev. Thomas Thomson, was a Minister of the Scotch church. How remarkable that so many men of genius, and especially so many of the poets, should have had clerical fathers! Addison's father was Dean of Lichfield; the author of the *Night Thoughts* was the son of the Rev. Edward Young, Rector of Upham; the father of Oliver Goldsmith, "passing rich with forty pounds a year," was

Curate of Pallas; Charles Wesley was born at the Epworth rectory; James Montgomery's sire was a Moravian Missionary; before Cowper's parents "passed into the skies," his father held the living of Great Berkhamstead; the father of Coleridge was a vicar in Devonshire; Churchill's father, like himself, was an Essex clergyman; Thomas Warton was the son of a Vicar of Basingstoke; and Alfred Tennyson, the solitary great poet of the present, first lisped his mother-tongue in an English parsonage. Besides, the time would fail us to tell of Ben Jonson, Otway, Pomfret, John Philips, Sprat, (himself a bishop,) Tickell, Gilbert West, and others, who were the sons of clergymen. Would that all had written in a manner worthy of the sacred office which their fathers held!

It was after the death of his father that James Thomson went to London to push his fortune. He had previously, with a view to the Presbyterian ministry, studied divinity in the University of Edinburgh; but, discouraged by Professor Hamilton, who discovered in his exercises more of the poet than the theologian, and from other causes, he abandoned all idea of the ministry. Would that other literary men, who were evidently not "called of God as was Aaron," had been so deterred from intruding themselves into an office for which they had not the necessary moral and spiritual qualifications! How shockingly incongruous is the dark story of the lives of Swift, Sterne, and Churchill, with the very name of "holy orders!" And even Sydney Smith, with his unintermitting levity and ceaseless fun, although a canon of St. Paul's, was scarcely the man to whom St. Paul himself would have committed the "cure of souls."

Thomson arrived in London in March, 1725, where his first misadventure was to have his pocket picked of a parcel containing letters of introduction to some persons of distinction in the metropolis. He was befriended, however, by David Mallet,—himself a poet,—who assisted him in his long hunt after a publisher for his *Winter*. For this poem the author received only three guineas; but Sir Spencer Compton, to whom it was dedicated, sent for Thomson some time after its publication, and presented him with twenty guineas. It might have dropped unnoticed from the press in those days, when there were no literary reviews, only that a gentleman of taste, discovering its beauties, ran about the coffee-houses of London, sounding its praises. The result was, that in the year of its publication (1726) it went through three editions. The other *Seasons* followed, and the complete edition appeared in 1730. Meanwhile, the author had been for a short time tutor to the son of Lord Binning, and subsequently assistant in an academy in Tower-street. Afterwards, through the influence of Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry, who admired his poetry, he was sent for two years to the Continent, as travelling-companion to the son of Lord Chancellor Talbot. Before he went abroad he published *Britannia*, and his noble verses, *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton*. After his return he gave to the public *Liberty*, the least admired of his poems.

Through his connexion with the Lord Chancellor, he was appointed, in 1731, Secretary of Briefs to the Court of Chancery; but in consequence of his patron's death, being too indolent to apply to his successor for a re-appointment, he lost this easy post in 1737. Thrown upon the precarious profits of his pen, he suffered some privations, until he was pensioned by the Prince of Wales with £100 per annum; and subsequently, through the influence of the Lord Littleton, was appointed Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands; a sinecure by which he netted £300 a-year. In 1748 he published the most remarkable of his poems, *The Castle of Indolence*; and in the same year he died. Posterity—or rather his surviving cotemporaries—recognised his claims upon public gratitude by giving him a niche in Westminster Abbey.

In some respects Thomson resembles, and in others differs from, Cowper. The patriotism of both are remarkably brought out in their poetry. The national song, *Rule Britannia*, is said to be Thomson's; although some ascribe it to his friend Mallet. A more remarkable trait of similarity between them is, that both are pre-eminently *the poets of nature*. As a delineator of landscape scenery, however, Thomson is not so strictly picturesque, or so curiously minute, as Cowper; although he generally excels him in the *toute-ensemble* of his pictures, in grandeur and sublimity. In the religious element, the author of *The Seasons* is much inferior to the author of *The Task*. Thomson's pages abound with excellent sentiments, and eloquent commendations of virtue. In his denunciations of war, and of the cruel treatment to which, in those days, prisoners were subjected, and of other evils, we have pleasing evidence that the author was a good-natured man. Sympathizing, too, with the sufferings of the brute creation, he condemns field-sports, and other cruel practices of "the steady tyrant, man." Indeed, his censures extend beyond the human destroyer of life. Cowper would not enter on his list of friends the *man* who "needlessly sets foot upon a worm;" but Thomson, going further, denounces "the villain spider, cunning and fierce," sitting in his dark corner, amid the carcasses of murdered flies, watching for more victims! But, notwithstanding the kind-heartedness of the poet, we look in vain through his pages for *Gospel* truth. If you want to read rapturous praises to the God of nature, you will find them in *The Seasons*; but if you wish to join with an English poet in reverent adoration to "Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood," you had better repair to the author of *The Task*. If Cowper be superior, in this respect, to Thomson, we must not forget that he was the more favourably circumstanced of the two. When Thomson composed his great work, there was little true religion in the land; but before Cowper wrote, the revival which wits called Methodism had begun; and the timid poet, alarmed on account of his sins, received Gospel instruction from a convert of Wesley's,—Martin Madan by name. Coleridge, in speaking of the two, says, "Thomson was the *born* poet." We may add, Cowper was the *baptized* poet; baptized with the grace and Spirit

of God. In Thomson's day the poets generally employed their pens in writing for the stage, and by this connexion with the drama, received themselves not a little moral and spiritual injury. Thus, while Thomson, as the author of *Sophonisba*, *Agamemnon*, and *Edward and Eleonora*, was associated with Mallet, the dramatist, and with Quin and Garrick, the actors, Cowper enjoyed the godly fellowship of the good John Newton, and, yet more closely, the society of the pious Unwins. Still, the death of poor Thomson, which occurred in his forty-eighth year, was not without hope. It has been said that he died penitent for his sins, and saying in effect, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!" It is of him that Johnson says that he wrote nothing which, dying, he "would wish to blot." It may be added, that there was more reason to regret what he omitted to write, than what he actually penned. We, at all events, are sorry that the gifted poet, who gloried in the God of nature, did not more distinctively, in his life and writings, "glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

T. M'C.

THE LAST TEAR.

My friend was, I believe, a thoroughly good man. His conversion had been clear; and, from his conversation and life, you would have seen at once that he was a genuine disciple. When I knew him, he was pastor of a church in Wales. I can testify to his love for God, the simplicity of his faith, and the yearning of his heart to lead men to the Saviour. Nor have I met a more kind-hearted man. He preached the Gospel for a few years, and then God laid him aside. It was a sharp trial for him, for he loved his work. Weeks and months passed wearily, and he grew no better. His hopes of recovery sometimes rose a little, but only to be dashed down again. So at length he submitted to the mandate which bade him die. It was hard work to leave his wife, his little ones, his work; but he was a Christian, and like a Christian he met his fate. The final hour came at last, after a long lingering. It was in the dead of night, and a brother Minister was watching by his bed. His breath grew faint, the well-known death-

symptoms appeared, and as one tear stole from his eye and fell down his cheek, he died.

The last tear,—there was something expressive in it. The last representative of many he had shed; and they, every one, representing sorrows felt in his soul. There was something as suggestive as touching in that farewell tear.

It was the last of many. He had had sorrows, for who has not? He was a man, and, therefore, an heir to trouble. And in his brief life-time of half threescore years, he had had his share of grief. There had been burdens upon his heart which were known only to the God who laid, or permitted them to be laid, there; sorrows that had disturbed the depths of his spirit, when the surface, to all human eyes, seemed calmest; and cares that cast dark shadows along his path, when men thought the sun shined on him! He had felt griefs that, through Divine grace, he could bear, but never tell in a human ear. Times there had been when his heart, heavy and oppressed, complained not but by tears; when, under the pressure of griefs, he wept,

but murmured not. "I was dumb, because Thou didst it." But when that tear rolled from his eye, his heart had felt its last sorrow, and that tear was his last!

He had wept for his sins. When, years before, he had been convinced of sin, and shown his ingratitude to God, he had wept. When the cloud that had hid from him his God broke, then fell the rain-drops of penitential sorrow. And when God forgave him, he wept! Strange, that joy should make us weep! Since then he had shed many tears over his hardness, his unbelief, his coldness of love to his Saviour. I know he wept over these things, and felt there was cause for weeping. He was under a cloud sometimes, and mourned his absence from Christ. I once met him after such an hour of sadness, and to my "Well, brother, how do you get on?" he said, "Ah, it has been a dark time with me. I could not get a glimpse of Jesus. 'My Beloved had withdrawn Himself, and was gone: my soul failed when He spake: I sought Him, but I could not find Him; I called Him, but He gave me no answer.'" Thus did he feel when Jesus was away. His distress continued, and his tears fell, till he found his Saviour's presence again. But with his death this ended. No more weeping because he could not see his Saviour! No more tears because his heart was hard, and cold, and Jesus was away! Beholding Him "as He is," he mourns His absence no longer. It was *his last tear*.

He was, we said, a Minister of Christ; and certainly he had a pastor's griefs. "Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended, and I burn not?" If there were inconsistencies, lack of zeal, weakness of faith, want of union, he grieved over it as every true pastor does. Nor could he look upon those to whom he continually preached

Christ, but who refused His salvation, without real sorrow of heart. God only, whose eye never sleeps, saw the tears he shed when, after inviting and warning, and beseeching his hearers, he had to return to the Master who sent him, crying, "Lord, who hath believed our report?" He was one of those who felt the solemnity of his work, and preached from his heart. A lover of souls because Christ loved them, he truly went "forth weeping, bearing precious seed." Over some he had to rejoice, but for many he mourned continually, in that they were destroying themselves. On his very death-bed he sorrowed for these. Every true Minister of Christ has so to weep. Did not the Lord Himself shed tears over Jerusalem? Griefs he had felt in connexion with his pastorate, and these griefs had cost him tears. But, dying, he shed his last. Good man! he had shared his Master's sorrow, and now he has entered his Master's joy. That tear he shed in dying, as he gave up his office into his Lord's hands, was his *last tear*.

His sufferings had wrung from him tears; and anguish which no medicine could relieve had forced them from him when—brave heart!—he strove hard to keep them back. But he had felt his last pain when that last tear fell. So it was a farewell tear. He was bidding adieu to griefs that had been his constant companions hitherto. Farewell, sorrows of my heart; farewell pain and anguish; farewell temptation and death; farewell "night of weeping," for my "morning of joy" has come. Farewell winter of woe; the "time of the singing of birds" is at hand.

And so he passed away into the griefless world. His heart is joyful now, his head crowned, his tongue eloquent with praise.

"And God shall wipe away all

tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

Hankam.

I. E. P.

THE HELP OF HINDRANCES.

ALL our lives long we are looking forward to some possession just beyond us, thinking if we only had that, our satisfaction would be complete. Yet no sooner is it obtained, by dint of much effort and skill in planning, than the desire is over, and some new object of pursuit takes its place. Have we not all said to ourselves, over and over, if I only had that possession, I would ask for nothing else? But if we were at once put into the possession of everything we wished, it would give us little pleasure. If the lover of art were to receive his choice collections of pictures by cart-loads, they would be vastly depreciated. If the most beautiful shells were deposited by the bushel in your cabinet, they would soon be turned over as carelessly as pebbles. As one has said, "we need suspense, uncertainty, and difficulty to give a zest to success; certainty and abundance depreciate the value." There is a strange perversity in the human mind which seems to require the force of opposition to wake up all its energies. No doubt many of the great inventions and discoveries that have blessed our race, have found their main-spring in the many obstacles which rose in the way of the tried originator. Instead of looking upon such hindrances as great evils that kept back the work, we may rather regard them as so many spurs to urge on the workman to put forth more strength in his labour.

So if you have a chosen plan, a wise course marked out, which you feel is the right path for you to walk, enter it boldly, and tread the ground

firmly, no matter how many lions may seem to be in the way. Only come up to them courageously, and you will find them all chained. If you desire an education that shall fit you for a higher place than a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water," the way will open up before you, if you will only improve those opportunities now at your hand. You cannot at a bound leap over all the obstacles and find yourself on the coveted platform; but you must, step by step, patiently surmount each one as it rises before you. If there is anything in a young man, this exertion will bring it out. If he gives way to the opposition, and sits down to idly whine over his ill fortune, he may as well go back to his hewing. He has not the element of success. —*Mrs. J. E. M. Conaughy.*

GLEAMS OF LIGHT IN THE DARK AGES:

ANSELM.

AT the close of the eleventh century, and the beginning of the twelfth, the see of Canterbury was filled by Anselm, an eminently learned and pious prelate, and a man who, amidst many errors and superstitions, nevertheless well understood and maintained the leading doctrines of the Gospel of Christ. Some of his earlier years were passed in worldly frivolities and sins, over which, to the end of his days, he deeply mourned.

The recollections which he cherished of the evil and bitterness of sin, enabled him all the more heartily to welcome the glad tidings which speak to man of an all-sufficient Saviour; and it was his delight to dwell on the infinite fulness of that atoning sacrifice which secures forgiveness and eternal life to every one that believeth.

For some time he was a scholar of Lanfranc, when that eminent man

was a monk of Bec, in Normandy. Anselm himself entered upon the monastic life at the age of twenty-seven, and soon became distinguished by his rapid progress in religious knowledge, and by many Christian virtues, among which charity and meekness were most conspicuous. Eighteen years afterwards, he became Abbot of Bec monastery, and was ultimately raised to the still higher dignity of Archbishop of Canterbury.

Partly owing to an excessive veneration for the Papal chair, which then held Christendom in abject bondage to its imperious claims, and too ready, moreover, to exalt the privileges of his own order, Anselm was embroiled in fierce controversies with his sovereigns, William Rufus, and Henry I. It should also be borne in mind that the former was an overbearing and irreligious monarch, impatient of any restraint upon his lawless passions. He had seized upon the revenues of vacant abbeys, and appropriated to his own use other portions of church property. Anselm fearlessly withstood these sacrilegious spoliations; but he found the disputes in which he was involved so uncongenial to his temper, which rather loved the quiet and peaceful, that he resolved to seclude himself, for a time, from public life; and, in company with two monks, he withdrew to the Continent. His season of retirement was well occupied in the preparation of a work on the Trinity and the Incarnation; and it did good service in resisting some early errors on these vital doctrines, which at that time were revived.

But we must restrain ourselves. It is not our intention to write a life of Anselm, but rather to give a few specimens of the truly scriptural views which he held on some of the most important points of experimental religion, and equally illustrative of the life of faith, and of

communion with God, which he evidently led. How much, for instance, of the real spirit of prayer, and the earnest importunity of a soul following hard after God, have we in such fervent pleadings as these:—"Draw me, Lord, into Thy love. As Thy creature, I am Thine altogether: make me to be so in love. See, Lord, before Thee is my heart: it struggles, but, of itself, it can effect nothing. Do Thou what it cannot do. Admit me into the secret chamber of Thy love. I ask, I seek, I knock. Thou who causest me to ask, cause me to receive. Thou givest me to seek; give me to find. Thou teachest me to knock; open to me knocking. To whom dost Thou give, if Thou deniest him who asketh? Who finds, if he that seeks is disappointed? To whom dost Thou open, if Thou shuttest to him that knocks? What dost Thou give to him who prays not, if Thou deniest Thy love to him who prays? From Thee I have the desire: O may I have the fruition! Stick close to Him: stick close, importunately, my soul."

These devout longings reveal to us the inmost heart of Anselm. They occur in his *Meditations*, and show him to be a man in whom the Divine life had been powerfully quickened. They remind us of Jacob wrestling with the Angel,—“face to face” with God,—and pouring out his soul in the one impassioned resolve, “I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.”

Anselm's entire self-renunciation, and his complete reliance upon the mediatorial work of the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, appear beyond doubt when he says, “Thus, Father Almighty, I implore Thee by the love of Thy almighty Son, bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks to Thy name. Free me from the bonds of sin. I ask this of Thee by the only co-eternal Son; and by the intercession of Thy dearly-

beloved Son, who sitteth at Thy right hand, graciously restore life to a wretch, over whom, through his own demerits, the sentence of death impends. To what other intercessor I can have recourse I know not, except to Him who is 'the propitiation for our sins.'"

Elsewhere, in a similar strain, he declares his sole confidence and trust in the free, unmerited grace of God: "I have asked many good things, my Creator, though I have deserved many evils. Not only have I no claim on Thee for these good things, but I have merited the severest punishments. Yet the case of publicans, harlots, and robbers, in a moment snatched from the jaws of the enemy, and received into the bosom of the Shepherd, animates my soul with a cheering hope."

He loved to think of the Incarnate Son of God in the overflowing fulness of His power and mercy to bless and save the ruined children of men. He speaks of Him as "the Redeemer of captives; the Saviour of the lost; the strength of the distressed; the sweet solace and refreshment of the mournful soul; the crown of conquerors; the only reward and joy of all the citizens of heaven; the copious source of all grace."

In thus magnifying Christ, Anselm shows himself to be of one spirit with all true believers of every age and every place; for Jesus is their peace, and hope, and consolation, and strength. He is made of God unto them "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." He is "as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." "Our fathers trusted in Him, and were not confounded." And He remains to us, and will remain to all after us, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

And while the views of Anselm on the Person and work of the Son of God were thus clear and correct, so with equal distinctness does he seem to have apprehended the Person and offices of the Holy Ghost. Hence the following most appropriate prayer:—"Thee, Holy Spirit, I implore, if through my weakness I have a very imperfect understanding of the truth of Thy Majesty, and if, through the concupiscence of sinful nature, I have neglected to obey the Lord's precepts, when understood, that Thou wouldest condescend to enlighten me with Thy visitation, that through Thee, whom I have called upon as my succour, in the dangerous ocean of life, I may, without shipwreck, arrive at the [haven of eternal rest]."

Anselm was very anxious that his clergy should faithfully discharge the duties of their solemn office; and, aware of the ignorance and negligence about the work of the pastoral charge which so generally prevailed, he prepared for them a form to be used in the visitation of the sick. According to the directions contained in this deeply interesting manual, "two questions were to be asked by the Minister; the first was, 'Dost thou believe that thou deservest damnation?' The second was, 'Dost thou intend to lead a new life?' When the sick man had returned an answer in the affirmative to these questions, he was further asked, 'Dost thou believe that thou canst not be saved but by the death of Christ?' The sick man answered, 'I do so believe.'" Then the Minister is directed to say to him, "See, then, while life remains in thee, that thou repose thy confidence only in the death of Christ; trust in nothing else; commit thyself wholly to this death; cover thyself wholly with this alone; involve thyself wholly in it. And, if the Lord will judge thee, say, 'Lord, I cast the death of our Lord Jesus Christ

between myself and Thy judgment; otherwise I will not engage in judgment with Thee.' And if He shall say to thee that thou art a sinner, say, 'I place the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and my evil deserts, and I offer His merits for that merit which I ought to have had, and have not.' If He shall say that He is angry with thee, say, 'Lord, I cast the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and Thy displeasure.' "

Very refreshing is it, at such a time of general superstition and spiritual darkness, to meet with so eminent an example of substantially sound religious experience and teaching in a man occupying the influential position of Archbishop of Canterbury. One only regrets that Anselm could not see how utterly irreconcilable were these views of the truths of the Gospel with many of the doctrines of the Romish Church which formed part of his creed. And we may be ready to ask, How was it possible for a man, so far enlightened, to suppose that there could be any efficacy in priestly absolutions, and pilgrimages, or any power in the Virgin Mary, and in departed saints, to comfort and succour sinful, helpless man?

He seems to present us with such a case as St. Paul has in view when he says, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." (1 Cor. iii. 11—15.)

In the false doctrines and evil

practices which a sadly corrupted form of Christianity was preaching and teaching in our land seven centuries ago, Anselm built upon the true foundation, "wood, hay, stubble;" but at the same time, in those pure truths of God's word, which he both experienced himself, and taught to others, he brought to the edifice which he was rearing with so much diligence and prayer, "gold, silver, and precious stones;" and these we are sure will abide the test in that "day" when "the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."*

Of this devout and earnest, though imperfectly instructed, prelate, Milner says: "His knowledge of the Scriptures was, I am persuaded, so sound, and his love of them so sincere, that if he had met with direct opposition on these infinitely momentous subjects from the court of Rome, he would sooner have pronounced the Pope to be antichrist, than have parted with his evangelical sentiments and professions. But the course of events threw him into such circumstances, that it became the temporal interest of the court of Rome to cherish and honour the Archbishop." E. L.

THE DESIGN OF AFFLICTION.

JOB for a long time was a pupil in the painful school of affliction. And he was not alone. When he said "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward," he spoke of every age, and every class. Different people regard affliction differently. Some regard it as an arrow without an archer, as a wild steed

* Our esteemed correspondent intimates that it is possible to present another side to the picture which he draws of Anselm. This is true. In what the "wood, hay, and stubble" consisted, amidst so much that was doctrinally sound and practically good, is shown in "The Theology of Anselm," in the October number of the *Westonian-Methodist Magazine*.—*Editor.*

it a rider. But affliction is no wanderer; no wild unmanage-truder, trampling down what comes in its way. The Book is that a certain strong man, lion, and left it in the way. nger, on approaching the car-might have thought it a lion, and have started off affrighted. oing courageously up to it, uld have found it harmless; moreover, the carcass was filled weetness. And so, often with fflictions; they are but *dead* after all, and in their results are far sweeter than honey. I look at this matter a little.

Affliction gives time for religious t.—Men of business have much ik of. They have to compete their neighbours. They have sme so that every pound sent all win back a golden com-a. Some allow these thoughts gress them; and even in the ary their intense worldliness he door to serious consideration. hen a man is in his sick cham-ropped up with pillows, with use at his elbow, and nauseous ine prescribed, what a change place! "I haven't time to be he used to say; but now the lie on his hands. Having ig outward to think about, he ng back upon himself. He is enabled to take the candle of word, and walk leisurely about chambers of his heart, and ine the foundations of his hopes. d of riding hundreds of miles 7 in the pursuit of gain, he s of that journey from which ill never return. Instead of eing accounts, and posting re, he thinks of that account i he must render to the Judge ll. Instead of commanding at, he thinks of the command i has reached him from the Great r: "Set thine house in order; ou shalt die, and not live."

II. *Affliction shows us our own weakness, and the need of Divine strength.*—Men in health have strange conceits of themselves. They overrate their physical strength, and talk of iron constitutions, and their powers of endurance. Some even overrate their spiritual strength. Like the Psalmist, they are tempted to say, "My mountain is strong, I shall never be moved." And here lies the danger of unceasing health and prosperity. During a continuous calm even the frail vine may lift up its head, and fancy itself a strong oak tree; but when the tempest is abroad it soon looks about for something on which to hang. So the storm serves to show us that the only safe resting-place is Christ, and teaches us to say,

"Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away."

III. *Affliction tries and strengthens the Christian graces.*—When we want wood of close grain and tough fibre, we do not seek it in greenhouses. We climb into the mountain,—into the region of storms; and that which has been most exposed, and most rudely shaken, is often found to be the best suited for our purpose. The old Spartan mothers, who longed to see their sons heroes, supplied them with hard beds and coarse fare. And the best Christians are those that are reared in the atmosphere of adversity. The more a grace is tried, the stronger it grows. How precious, for example, is the grace of patience. "Your cattle are carried off," says the messenger; "your houses are fallen; your children are dead!" The man—the father—staggers, and emotion fills his heart; but patience "lives and sings" even in this new and crushing trial. Amid the darkness a low, plaintive voice is heard, "Naked came I out of my mother's

womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." O, who would not sell all that he has, in order to purchase a power like this! But it is in affliction that patience chiefly is tried and strengthened. Though the process may be painful and tedious, yet it results in days of increased strength and peace.

IV. *Affliction makes us dissatisfied with earthly things.* "My soul cleaveth unto the dust," says the Psalmist. These few words record a humiliating but universal experience. The world has a fascination for us, and the more we live in it, are our thoughts and affections let loose on it, and the more dangerous does that fascination become. But affliction breaks the force of this fatal influence. When the once comfortable home becomes clouded with calamity; when the cheerful fireside becomes desolate, and there is scantiness instead of plenty, and sickness instead of health, and sadness instead of songs; then we long for wings that we might "flee away and be at rest."

Some feel as if they never should be able to give up earthly for heavenly things. But God has a strange way of dissolving cords and setting captives free. We see it in nature. You have watched the leaves of the trees, and how steadily they have held on by the branches. The spring gales have shaken them, and yet they have held on; the summer sun has shrivelled them, and yet they have held on. At length God has sent autumn, with its heavy damps and frosts. These have silently touched them; and then the faintest breath of air sends them by thousands to the ground. So, though we may cling fondly to earth, affliction will certainly unfasten such ties; so that at the last we may even long for the messenger that is to summon us away.

V. *Affliction, patiently borne and carefully improved, will enhance our future blessedness.*—These "light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "All things work together for good [and afflictions are not excluded] to them that love God." The position that we take in heaven will depend upon the position that we take here. The finer the wheat, the more honourable the place in the garner. The purer the diamond, the more conspicuous its position in the cabinet. So the afflicted one, all his afflictions past, will be all the more fit to take a conspicuous and honourable place among the Almighty's most precious things.

Then let us not dread the chastisement of the Lord. It is a part of God's plan for the full development of the Christian character. Earthly trouble is the dark, unshapely seed which, cast into the furrow of a humble, loving soul, shall blossom into a joy and blessedness for ever. If we faithfully follow our suffering Master here, He will not disown us hereafter; but He will "lead us to living fountains of waters," and "wipe away all tears from our eyes."

T. R.

THE WAY TO BE HOLY.

THAT which, among men, so frequently takes the name of holiness, is very unlike the Bible reality. Whether used in connexion with the hardness of an unliving orthodoxy, or the genialities of a fond idealism, or the smooth regularities of a mechanical devotion, or the religiousness of pictorial superstition, or the austerities of self-righteous mortification, or the sentimentalisms of liberalized theology, or the warm dreams of an earnest pantheism, the words "holy," and "holiness," and "spirituality," have become mis-

rs or ciphers, as ambiguous in ing, and profane in use, as would been Aaron's ephod upon the ders of a priest of Baal. This tion of Bible formulas and a terminology, after the expulsion version of Bible meaning, is f the sacrilegious dishonesties of ge, which are so uncomfortably ive to a straightforward stu- of the word.

liness may be called *spiritual* tion, as righteousness is *legal* leteness; and both are exhibit- Christ. He is the Representa- the Illustration, the Model. ness to Him is holiness. He is holy is conformed to His a. Every other ideal is vanity. must learn from the four gospels *living* holiness is; and for a *nal* exposition of it we must to the epistles. Thus we shall stand both what it is not, and it is.

abide in ME," "learn of ME," ow ME," are the contents and ring-up of the Christian statute- constituting our true directory guide in the pursuit of holiness. we have,

The life.—From the Prince of the new life comes to us, even f His death and tomb; for "we lanted together in the likeness is death," that we may be also at of His resurrection; "we are " (have died,) "and our life is rith Christ in God." Thus we alive unto righteousness;" we and yet not we, but Christ in We come to Him for life, or r, first of all, He comes to us life; we "apprehend Him," or r, first of all, "are apprehended im;" and the "abiding in " is but a continuance of the act of "coming;" a doing the thing all our life which we did st. Thus we live. Thus life ases by a daily influx; and as rday's sunshine will not do for

to-day, nor to-day's for to-morrow, so must there be the constant communication of heavenly life, else there will be immediate relapse into death and darkness. Because He liveth, we live, and shall live for ever. His life is ours, and our Christianity must be (like its Fountain-head) a thing of vitality, and power, and joy; our life the most genial, earnest, and useful of all lives; *out of us* flowing "rivers of living water."

2. *The scholarship.*—"Learn of ME." His is the school of heaven, the school of light. Here there is all truth, and no error. The Tutor is as perfect as He is "meek and lowly." He is at once the Teacher and the lesson. With Him is the perfection of training, and discipline, and wisdom. There is no flaw, no failure, no incompleteness, in the education which He imparts. He teaches to know, to love, to act, to endure, to rejoice, and to be sorrowful, "to be full, and to suffer want." The range of scholarship enjoyed by His disciples is only to be measured by His Divine stores, His "treasures of wisdom and knowledge." And the end of His instruction and discipline is to make us holy men, conformed to His likeness, and imitators of His heavenly perfection.

3. *The walk.*—"Follow ME." It is not a *life* merely to which we are called, but a *walk*; (a "walking about," as the Greek implies;) not a sitting alone; not a private enjoying of religion, but a *walk*; a walk in which we are visible on all sides; a walk which fixes many eyes upon us; a walk in which we are "made a spectacle" to heaven, and earth, and hell. It is no motionless resting or retirement from our fellows, but a moving about in the midst of them; a coming into contact with friends and foes, a going to and fro upon the highways and byways of earth. As was the Master, so must the servant

be. On His way to the cross He looked round, and said, "Follow Me;" on His way to the throne, after He had passed the cross, He said the same. To the cross, then, and to the crown alike, we are to follow Him. It is one way to both.

He, then, that would be holy must be like Christ; and he that would be like Christ must be "filled with the Spirit;" he that would have in him the mind of Christ, must have the same "anointing" as He had, the same indwelling and inworking Spirit; the Spirit of "adoption," of life, faith, truth, liberty, strength, and holy joy. It is through this mighty Quickener that we are quickened; it is through "sanctification of the Spirit" that we are sanctified. (2 Thess. ii. 13; 1 Peter i. 2.) It is as our *Guest* that He does His work; not working without dwelling, nor dwelling without working; (2 Tim. i. 14;) not exerting a mere influence, like that of music on the ruffled soul, but coming into us, and abiding with us; so that, being "filled with His company," as well as pervaded by His power, we are thoroughly "transformed;" not merely plying us with arguments, nor affecting us with "moral suasion," but impressing us with the irresistible touch of His Divine hand, and penetrating us with His own vital energy; nay, impregnating us with His own purity and life, in spite of desperate resistance, and unteachableness, and unbelief on our part [until every thought is brought into subjection to Him.]

He that would be like Christ, moreover, must *study* Him. We cannot make ourselves holy by merely *trying* to be so, any more than we can make ourselves believe and love by simple energy of endeavour. No force can effect this. Men *try* to be holy, and they fail. They cannot by direct effort work themselves into holiness. They must

gaze upon a holy Object, and so be changed into its likeness, "from glory to glory." They must have a holy Being for their bosom Friend. Companionship with Jesus, like that of John, can alone make us to resemble either the disciple or the Master.

He that would be holy must steep himself in the Word, must bask in the sunshine which radiates from each page of revelation. It is through THE TRUTH that we are sanctified. (John xvii. 17.) Exposing our souls constantly to this light, we become more thoroughly "children of the light," and,

"Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon."

For, against evil, Divine truth is quick and powerful. It acts like some chemical ingredient, that precipitates all impurities, and leaves the water clear. It works like a spell of disenchantment against the evil one, casting him out, and casting him down. It is "the sword of the Spirit," with whose keen edge we cut our way through hostile thousands. It is the rod of Moses, by which we divide the Red Sea, and defeat Amalek, and bring water from the desert rock. What evil, what enemy, within or without, is there that can withstand this unconquered and unconquerable Word? Satan's object at present is to undermine that Word, and to disparage its perfection. Let us the more magnify it, and the more make constant use of it. It is, indeed, only a fragment of man's language, made up of human letters and syllables; but it is furnished with superhuman virtue. That rod in the hand of Moses, what was it? A piece of common wood. Yet it cut the Red Sea in twain. That serpent on the pole, what was it? A bit of brass. Yet it healed thousands. Why all this? Because

that wood and that brass were connected with Omnipotence. So let the Bible be to us the book of all books, for wounding, healing, quickening, strengthening, comforting, and purifying.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCIPLE OF TRUE SERVICE.

THIS, and this alone, is the secret of our power to serve the living God: that we have ceased to exist before God as sons of Adam, and are now the sons of God in vital union with His raised and glorified Son. The life which Jesus has at God's right hand is the life that is in us, through the quickening energy of the Holy Ghost. We can now serve God "in newness of life." Having the life of God's Son, we are possessed of the Son's nature, and have "the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." It is very encouraging to us in all our weakness to be able to count upon the power of Christ resting upon us for every service; "the power of an endless life" sustaining us in every trial. We can then understand the meaning of "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;" "strengthened with all might by the power of His glory." "The power of His glory" is to us "life for evermore;" and so we "can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth" us.

What a privilege to be indissolubly united to "Christ, who is our life;" not to have merely a doctrine about Him in the head, or a thought of life at last through Him in the mind, but to have *Him* dwelling in the heart by faith,—to know Him as the great centre of all power for service! A weeping lady, in good position in the world, almost distracted by conviction of sin, once said, "I don't know that I should like to break with the world so

entirely as I see the Christian must; I am not sure whether I ought to do it, for my family's sake, even though I might come out of it myself." A friend replied, "You are judging the *new things* with the *old heart*. Only believe on Christ with simplicity of faith for the pardon of your sins, and the salvation of your soul; take God's Christ for your present need; and having Christ, you will have in Him a new nature, and the old things will pass away, and all things will become new."

Having Christ, we have the mind of Christ; and He becomes our Pattern, and we follow His steps. It is easy to take up our cross, when we have first taken God's Christ. It becomes natural to serve our Heavenly Father when we have the nature of children. *Grace* in saving us gives us something absolutely new,—the Divine *faculty* of using all our faculties for God; so that our service is spontaneous, unforced, free and cordial; the loving service of "dear children," not the compulsory drudgery of bondsmen or slaves.

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"

AND what is your security, or what is your peculiar warrant, that you should thus depend upon the certainty of its continuance; and that so absolutely as to venture, as it were, to pawn your soul upon it? "Why," you will perhaps say, "I am young, and in all my bloom and vigour: I see hundreds about me who are more than double my age, and not a few of them who seem to think it too soon to attend religion yet." You view the living, and you talk thus. But, I beseech you, think of the dead; return in your thoughts to those graves in which you have left some of your young companions and your friends. You saw them awhile ago gay and active; warm

with life, and hopes, and schemes ; and some of them would have thought a friend strangely importunate that should have interrupted them in their business and their pleasures with a solemn lecture on death and eternity. Yet they were then on the very borders of both. You have since seen their corpses, or at least their coffins, and probably carried about with you the badges of mourning which you received at their funerals. Those once vigorous, and perhaps beautiful, bodies of theirs now lie mouldering in the dust, as senseless and helpless as the most decrepit pieces of human nature which four-score years ever brought down to it ; and what is infinitely more to be regarded, their souls, whether prepared for this great change, or thoughtless of it, have made their appearance before God, and are at this moment fixed either in heaven or hell. Now let me seriously ask you, would it be miraculous, or would it be strange, if such an event should befall you ?—*Doddridge.*

SUNNY HOURS.

ON the earth long barren
Fell refreshing rain,
Then the nurturing sunbeams
Warm'd the sod again ;
And amid the hedgerows
Broke the budding flowers,
While the songsters caroll'd
In the sunny hours.

Softly on our spirits
Many rain-drops laid ;
Cheerily the glad songs
Pleasant music made ;
And the soft-toned patter
Of the pleasant showers
Woke the grander anthems
Of the sunny hours.

Sweetly in the forests
Fell the slanting sun,
Softly fell the shadows
When the day was done.

Many a pleasant leason,
From the skies and flowers,
Learn we in the spring-time
And the pleasant hours.

Let our songs rise higher,
In the merry time
Of the spring's bright verdure,
Of the summer's prime.
Let us praise our Father,
Bringing fragrant flowers
Lowly to His footstool
In the sunny hours.

“THE LENGTH OF THY DAYS.”

“He is thy life, and the length of thy days.”
(Deut. xxx. 20)

“He is thy life,
And the length of thy days ;”
Trust Him, and serve Him,
And render Him praise :
Low at His footstool
Bow down, and adore, —
“He is thy life !”
Thou shalt live evermore !

“He is thy life ;”
For ever He's nigh ;
Breathe thy desires to Him :
Let thy soul cry
Out of its anguish,
Out of its sin,
Unto the Gracious One,
“Make Thou me clean !”

“He is thy life ;”
When sorrows oppress,
Turn to this Friend,
Ever ready to bless.
In Him thou livest
And movest ; then raise
Thanks to the Giver
And “length of thy days.”

Thou in thy season
Returnest to clay ;
Earth will grow aged,
And vanish away.
Fear thou no changes
While Him thou dost praise,
Who is “thy life,
And the length of thy days.”



DAVID STOW, OF GLASGOW.

On the 6th of November, 1864, this excellent man, whose name has been prominent in connexion with educational matters for nearly half a century, ceased from his labours, in the seventy-first year of his age. The interest which attaches to his career arises wholly from his exertions to promote popular education; and the references we have to make to his personal history may be comprised in few words. He was a native of Paisley, we believe; though by far the greater part of his life was spent in Glasgow. His early education was probably such as Scotch lads of respectable worldly position

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were accustomed to receive about the beginning of the current century; giving him no high literary qualification, but enabling him easily and creditably to fulfil the social duties arising out of an eminent mercantile position. He was for a long time the principal partner in a manufacturing firm in Glasgow, having branches in Leeds and Bradford; and hence, happily for himself, was not reduced to struggle with those dire necessities which have not seldom beset labourers in the educational field. In person he was of middle stature, strongly built, and with a face ever radiant with life and cheerfulness; though, from time to time, he had to endure a series of severe domestic har-

reavements. In his mental character he was almost the opposite of the received notion of a "canny" and cautious Scot. Though quick to seize on a principle, and tenacious in his hold of it, he had but little of the philosophical breadth so often shown by his compatriots, and still less of the cold and clear precision of a logician. But he had a remarkable quickness of perception and expression, ready powers of imitation and mimicry, and an intense vivacity, which gave him a peculiar power over the minds of children.

His moral endowments were rich. Of a bounding and mercurial spirit, of restless and eager activity, of quick and strong affections, of an overflowing philanthropy; genial in temper, and earnestly and deeply religious; in this aspect his character was such as we hardly expect to meet again, and which, we will venture to say, dwells in the memory of those who had the privilege of intercourse with him as something quite unique; a moral gem of rare loveliness. Perhaps even the defects of his character, as well as its excellencies, served well to qualify him for the sphere of usefulness in which it was his lot to move, and which it is our object here to record.

Mr. Stow early entered upon a career of philanthropic exertion; and it is interesting to trace the manner in which, without preconceived purpose, his labours finally assumed a definite shape. In 1812, when he must have been about nineteen years of age, he resided in Glasgow, on the south side of the river which traverses the city. His business occupations called him to pass daily through the Salt-market; a district the name of which is familiar to many readers of fiction. Most of our great cities include within their boundaries some region that has become a moral cesspool, to which every variety of physical wretchedness and moral degradation appear to gravitate. Such was the Salt-market of Glasgow at the time we have named, and such, to a great extent, it still is; and in the midst of its abominations was laid the scene of his commencing efforts. Some funds had been raised at that time in Glasgow for charitable distribution to poor old

men, and the donors had stipulated that the dole should be paid monthly to the recipients of it at their own dwellings. It was hoped that the manifestation of Christian sympathy, in the relief of physical suffering, might open the way for the entrance of religious and saving truth.

After five years of this kind of work, Mr. Stow records the result in sadly discouraging language:—"During these investigations and private visits, an amount of deceit, ignorance, and wickedness was gradually disclosed, which convinced me that the favourite idea of reforming the old was a hopeless one. A few cases there were, indeed, of persons who had been early imbued with Christian principles, and who had profited thereby; but, with these exceptions, the mass was as impenetrable as the nether millstone." Let us hope that the experience of our modern Home-Missionaries and Town-Missionaries is of a brighter cast! Mr. Stow, however, did not entirely lose heart. He had been daily shocked by the profanity and vice of the children who were growing up pests of society; and it now occurred to him to establish a Sabbath-school among them, and so try if by any means he could save some. It may be necessary to inform some of our readers that an English Sunday-school and a Scotch Sabbath-school are not exactly institutions of one type. What the former are and should be,—at least in our Connexion,—we may perhaps hope to learn by and by from Mr. Clulow; while we now attempt to sketch the latter, with the aid of Mr. Stow's records. A certain district is selected usually by a single teacher, though, in some cases, two or three may combine to render mutual assistance. A room of some kind is secured, a few children got together by personal invitation, and in the evening, after the usual hours of worship, the children are taught by the best method the teacher can devise. Two small and narrow lanes were the field of Mr. Stow's exertions, and his Sabbath-school consisted of about twenty-eight boys and girls, gathered out of them. In this case, thanks to Scotch regard for education,

he found they could nearly all read, and that most of them had Bibles. As to method of teaching, Mr. Stow had none; but out of this little undertaking the Training System was destined to arise.

It might have been thought, as these children could read, that the Sabbath-school was a superfluous agency in their case. Not so thought their youthful teacher, whose description we now cite. "Aware that the fact of having acquired the art of reading the Bible does not imply that its contents are understood or remembered, I determined on some test of their scriptural knowledge. Accordingly, on the very first evening, I took each child apart, and inquired if he or she knew who was the first man? Was there a first man? Did they know anything about the first man being in Paradise? &c. Only five of the number could answer any of these questions." The problem to be solved in his Sabbath-school—not how to teach the art of reading, but how religious truth was to be worked into the heart and life of these children—became clearly defined to him, and his method of Bible-training was his solution of it. "At that period," says he, "I had to train myself to some system of discipline, and some method of communication, being wholly ignorant of the proper or natural principles of governing the minds and physical habits of children, and still more of resisting or subduing the volcano of moral depravity which was ever active around me. For these purposes I laid down certain rules for my guidance, which eventually proved successful; the most important of which were, first, that I would never *strike*, whatever degree of provocation might be given; and, secondly, that I would never *expel*, however unruly the children might prove. The various methods to which, upon these principles, I was compelled to resort, in order to obtain attention, and to maintain discipline, obedience, and good order; and, at the same time, control and subdue my rising feelings of indignation at their wayward conduct, led to the working out of the great principle of MORAL TRAINING."

In this manner, and in this spirit, training himself as well as the children,

did he proceed; and we need hardly tell our readers that he laboured successfully. Such teachers always succeed; and so great were the results, that he was led to believe, "if the whole juvenile population could be brought into such local Sabbath-schools, eventually the mass of the community might be morally elevated;" and he therefore pushed forward the establishment of a number of these schools in different parts of the city and suburbs. This belief was too pleasant to last, and he was soon to make another practical discovery. "I gradually discovered," he continues, that one day's *teaching in school* was not equal in effect to six days' *training on the streets*. Successful as the enterprise had been, I found I had been ignorant of the important fact that *teaching is not training*, and that the sympathy of companionship is more influential than the example and precepts of any master." It would be a fortunate thing for our day-school operations if such a conviction became general among those who, in some degree, are supporters and friends of education in our own body. Good hope might then be cherished that out of the half million children reported from our Sunday-schools, a greater proportion than one-sixth would be gathered into the day-schools.

Mr. Stow was a practical philanthropist, and he did not rest in the discouraging view of the matter which he had now reached. In his Sabbath-school he had by this time (1820) wrought out for himself the main principles of the Training System generally known by his own name. He did not despise the work of other labourers in education, such as Bell, or Lancaster, or Wilderspin. "Our eyes," he says, "were now directed everywhere in search of any and every thing that might assist our purpose, during our visits to different portions of the United Kingdom." But he lays claim to these two main points, as being original, and characteristic of the training system:—"First, the addition of *direct moral training*, in conjunction with the branches usually taught, including the requisite platform and apparatus, with the method of using them; and, Second, a mode of intel-

lectual communication, termed '*Picturing out in words*,' conducted by a combination of questions and ellipses, analogy and familiar illustrations; the use of simple terms by the trainer, within the range of the pupil's acquirements; and answers, chiefly simultaneous, but occasionally individual, by which the pupils are naturally trained, to observe, perceive, reflect, and judge, and thus to draw the lesson for themselves, and to express it to the trainer in such terms as they fully understand."

Expanding the first of these statements a little, we may observe that, as man possesses a physical, an intellectual, and a moral nature, Mr. Stow held that education should address itself to all three. Physical training falls but very partially under the direction or control of a day-school teacher; but he was ever anxious that the construction of the school-room, the arrangement of its exercises, and the habits sought to be formed in the children, should be conducive to the health and development of the bodily frame. Intellectual training, or, at all events, instruction in such matters as reading or arithmetic, he found much more generally aimed at in schools; but, in many respects, susceptible of much improvement by the application of his method of "*Picturing out in words*." Moral training was what he justly regarded as the excellence of his system, and he found little attempted in this matter in existing schools. Indirectly, indeed, it had a place; for no school, worthy of the name, could be conducted without fostering habits of obedience, order, and attention. Mr. Stow's view of the matter was more comprehensive. Moral training he wished to rest on a basis of authority which he found in the Bible, and in it alone; a basis, too, which had the advantage of being as well adapted to the mind of a child as of a philosopher. He was not satisfied with the incidental formation of such moral habits as are most closely connected with the intellect, but he sought for the development of kindness, courtesy, truthfulness, and justice, in the real life of the children,—the occupations of the playground. Hence his Bible-lessons, in which, the

children being assembled in a properly constructed gallery, Scripture doctrine and principles were explained and impressed upon their minds by every art which an accomplished trainer could bring to bear. Hence, also, the importance he attached to the playground, (the "uncovered school," as he loved to designate it,) to its proper superintendence, and to the practical application thereof of the morality taught in the Bible-lessons. The following pregnant remarks of his we would earnestly recommend to committees and teachers of schools professedly upon his principles:—"The training system is by no means stereotyped in its details. It is not practised, however, where *moral superintendence* of the children by the masters while at play, and a subsequent review of their conduct on their return to the school-gallery, form no parts of the plan pursued; and where, in the intellectual department, each lesson is not so conducted and pictured out as to enable the pupils to give to the master the inference or deduction intended to be drawn, in *their own language*."

(To be continued.)

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

VI.

Penseroso. The truth is, that we cannot see the wood for the trees, and that we are surrounded with so many marvels, that anything less than a trip to the moon can no longer astonish us. Coolly enough the merchant sends his telegram. With unaffected indifference the traveller lounges at his ease while he flies over the country. Not for amusement, but while attending to his business, the artist bids the light paint instead of him. Yes, we have "supped full" of wonders; and now, one may say, we are hardly capable of astonishment.

Lycidas. True enough. Yet I cannot see how all this proves that England is the greatest of the nations.

P. I doubt if I fairly said that she was. Yet, had I said so, you would, I think, have found difficulty in disproving my assertion.

L. If Monsieur Dupin and Herr Reinhardt, and our friend from the other side of the Atlantic, were here, would not each have something to say for the pre-eminence of his own country?

P. Very possibly. Would they all concede the *second* place to England?

L. Why, yes.

P. Then, as the old Greek who was second on everyone's list, she might fairly claim the first place.

L. It is too bad to entrap one thus.

P. To make amends, I will neither say nor insinuate that our country is the world's queen, and content myself with saying that she is *very great*.

L. Then there will be no dispute this morning, and I can have no objection to look with you at the items of this country's wonderful greatness, her strong points, her advantages, her glory.

P. One advantage is *her isolation*. The sea that clips in England, Wales, and Scotland, is worth an army of two or three hundred thousand men. The navy is worth a few hundred thousand more. The value of the long line of coast, I pretend not to guess.

L. Good.

P. Another advantage is *her latitude*; and resulting partly from that, partly from other causes, *her temperature*.

L. An immense advantage! The difference between the highest and lowest temperatures on the earth (I do not speak of the *mean* temperatures) is equal to that between boiling and freezing water, or greater; for though even in India a dish of water set in the sun escapes boiling by sixty or seventy degrees, yet elsewhere it may, in the sun's long absence, be frozen with more than eighty degrees of cold to spare.—What does your thermometer say?

P. My observations, which you may receive as *quasi-scientific*, find a mean temperature of about *fifty*.

L. And how often you may come, and find the mercury not much above or below the said fifty. On this fine morning in July we have a temperature cooler by two or three scores of degrees than that endured in many a sultry plain: one which leaves us cool enough to theorize on heat; or, for that matter, to take a trip in your boat round the rocks,

which, to say the truth, I should vastly enjoy this morning.

P. The tide will serve you better in half an hour.

L. Then what is the nation's next advantage?

P. *Her numerous rivers, her frequent showers, her woods and minerals, her natural resources.*

L. Next, you may mention *the absence of noxious animals*. There are few sharks on the coast; no crocodiles in the rivers; no bears or wolves on the hills; no tigers in the woods; no terrible constrictors entwined round the elms and the oaks; no venomous reptiles in your garden, in your chamber, in your bed.

P. Then we have *the natural beauties*. Fair England!

"From side to side of her delightful isle,
Is she not clothed with a perpetual smile?"

L. Yes; especially in the Fens.

P. Wink a little. What need to go near the Fens, or even to think of them? Keep to the sylvan scenery, say I.

"The greenwood! the greenwood! what bosom
but allows
The virtue of the charm that dwells in thy
pleasant whispering boughs!
How often in this weary world I pine and
long to flee,
And lay me down, as I was wont, beneath the
greenwood tree!"

"The greenwood! the greenwood! to the bold
and happy boy
Thy shady realm's a fairy-land of wonder
and of joy.
O, for that freshness of the heart, that pure
and vivid thrill,
As he listens to the woodland cries, and wanders
at his will!"

"The greenwood! the greenwood! O be it mine
to lie
In thy deep mossy solitude, when summer fills
the sky;
With pleasant sounds and scents around, a
tome of ancient lore,
And a pleasant friend with me to bend, and
turn the pages o'er!"

L. So much for natural advantages: but look now at *the vast population, the physical strength of the men, their practical skill, and the beauty of both sexes*.

P. Then see the OPEN BIBLE.

L. And a *pure Court, and rare Constitution*.

P. To which add our *Liberty,—civil, religious, and social*.

L. I cannot see that the mass of our fellow-countrymen have much power.

P. No. How should they? By the diffusion of power you lessen the amount which each man holds. Divide the present political power among every man, woman, and child of Great Britain, and what a sorry fraction results as a single person's share! By a simple necessity much power is out of the reach of the greater number; and power seems always to seek a centre. But we have much liberty: not, indeed perfect liberty; for that we can never have till every man say to his neighbour, "Please God, and you cannot fail to please me." Still, as this world goes, we have a large share of liberty, especially if we dare to take it. Do not you and I do as we please, go where we wish, say what we will?

L. I am sure you do. And now we have our endless manufactures, our immense commerce, our magnificent railroads and locomotives, our superb steamers, our land and water carriage, our postal system, our travelling and correspondence. From distant Wales, or more distant Scotland, how soon one may reach the city! Says poor Buckingham, when fearing the axe,—

"O let me think of Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!"

Let Buckingham run or ride for his life, and think every minute an hour which does not put space between himself and Richard; cannot you and I leave London and pass the Severn at our ease in less than half the time which it will cost the poor fugitive to come panting and sweating into Oxford?

P. I think we may reckon next, our endowments, our hospitals, our provision for the poor, our missions,—home and foreign,—our practical charity.

L. There we stand high. But we are ready for sterner work. Look at our military prowess, and our naval exploits. What a page in the world's history must be given to our achievements by land and by sea! What centuries of time can ever wither the laurels we have won?

P. What say you to the boundless wealth; the silver and the gold; the

castles, mansions, villas; the millions of houses; the churches, colleges, exchanges; the bridges, docks, and piers; the shipping; the light-houses and the light-ships; the turnpikes, rail-roads, and canals; the shops and manufactures; the furniture; the books and pictures; the mines and minerals; the waggons, carts, and carriages; the engines and implements; the fields, parks, gardens, conservatories; the cows and horses; the produce, domestic and foreign; the enormous accumulation of property of every kind? Has the world ever before seen so much wealth crowded into so small a compass? And I do not see how we can fail to become still richer; for there is no war; a vast amount of work is every day performed, and machinery is made to do the work of many thousands of horses. Now if each generation does a little more than pay its way to the grave, there is property left for the next; property for which it has spent no time, no labour.

L. Then there is the empire. That, I confess, always strikes me as something stupendous.

P. I can believe you. We have now the language.

L. Which I would not change for Latin,—hardly for Greek. And O what a literature! The best literature of the ancients is ours by translation; but what a magnificent one of our own!

P. And what a list of great names one can show!

"Thy sons of glory many! ALFRED thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtuous
saint
And his own Muses love; the best of kings!

Thine a steady MONK,
Who, with a generous, though mistaken, zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage;
Like CATO, firm; like ARISTIDES, just;
Like rigid CINCINNATUS, nobly poor;
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
Frugal and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
A DRAKE, who made three mistresses of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flamed thy spirit high; but who can
speak

The numerous worthies of the MARINE
RAISE!

Fair thy renown
In awful sages, and in noble bards;
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and waked the Muses' song.
Thine is a BACCHUS, hapless in his choice.

Him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd; deep, comprehensive,
clear,

Exact and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyræ, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks and jargon-teaching
schools,

Led forth the true philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow-ascending
still,

Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again!

Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious
search

Amid the dark recesses of His works,
The great CREATOR sought! And why thy
LOCKE,

Who made the whole internal world his own!
Let NEWTON, pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace His boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen,
Through the deep windings of the human
heart,

Is not wild SHAKESPEARE thine and Nature's
boast!

Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages, in thy MILTON met!
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as CHAOS; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair; as Heaven sublime!"

L. If you please, I will hear the lines
on Milton again.

Penseroso.—

"Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages, in thy MILTON met!
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as CHAOS; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair; as Heaven sublime!
—Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle SPENSER, Fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
OMARCA, whose native manners-painting
verse,
Well moralised, shines through the Gothic
cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown."

L. While you take breath, let me add
the Bunyans, the Baxters, the Pearsons,
the Howes, the Howards, the Wealeys,
the Wilberfores; the clusters of older
and later poets; the Marlboroughs and

Wellingtons; the Blakes and Nelsons;
the essayists and historians; the Fergus-
sons, the Bradleys, the Herschels; the
Erskines and Currans; the Hogarth's,
the Reynolds's, the Flaxmans; the Watts'
and Stephensons; the Pitts, the Foxes,
the Peels; the Ansons, the Cookes, the
Franklins; and a hundred other names
which one forgets; and I think the
British constellation shines bright. Some
of its stars shine on in full splendour as
Aldebaran or Betelgeuse; some cluster
together, and shed a mild, yet brilliant
light. These are our Pleiades. The
whole constellation glitters as bravely
and as fairly as Taurus or Orion in the
winter skies.—But, *Penseroso*, as far as
I can remember, you were not always
quite so patriotic.

P. Be that as it may, while you were
running into all sorts of dangers abroad,
I made, you know, my quiet tour at home;
after which it is not wonderful if one's
patriotism rose somewhat. Ah, *Lycidas*,
that was one of the things which can
never be repeated; at least, never under
the same circumstances. I had both
health and leisure; I was unsophisti-
cated, and by no means past admiration.
Moreover, before starting I was tho-
roughly interested in my journey.
Under these auspices, I set out with the
earliest notes of the cuckoo, to see the
rural and the sylvan glories of my
country.

L. Of course you had some plan?

P. From Shrewsbury (where I was
then staying) I went down to the Land's
End, thence to London; from London,
by the Midland counties, to the Tweed;
thence, by the western coast, to Wales.
Such was my route; but I made, and
intended to make, many zigzags. You
will hardly forgive me when I tell you
that I marched southward, without
making, for the sake of auld lang syne,
the ascent of the Wrekin.

L. You had one thing, the want of
which I have sometimes felt. You had
excellent roads.

P. Excellent; but I often left them
to the drays. Of the five thousand
miles which I travelled, I walked about
a third; over hills, across moors, along
rural lanes, and through pastures and
bean-fields. What marches I made in

the long summer days, when the sixteen hours of daylight were followed by eight more of twilight! Sometimes I sat in some shady nook by the Severn, the Trent, or the Wharf, and read the *Odyssey*;—

"Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,"

I contemplated the landscape or the ocean; forgetting all past trouble, and not dreading future; thinking,

"Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the waters murmur deep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky;
Now, even now, my joys run high."

L. I dare say you made good use of your eyes. What did you see?

P. What did I *not* see? I saw the country studded with hundreds of stately mansions, and with thousands of handsome villas. I saw quiet, old places which Time seemed to have forgotten to take with him, and to have left a century or two behind. I saw cathedrals, churches, chapels, museums, halls, exchanges. I saw, and heard, too, the roaring tide of commerce, as it poured amain down the great thoroughfares. I saw an immense accumulation of wealth, and endless proofs of industry. But especially I saw, what I travelled to see,—the natural beauties of the country. Not much, I think, escaped me. Upon what stretches of exquisite landscape I looked down! What snatches of unexpected beauty I caught! What pleasant nooks I found, as in the "long-withdrawing vales" I made my way through the fields, hardly knowing, hardly caring, where I was! From those same quiet corners what views I sometimes caught of the blue hills rising in the long, long distance! What grand and solemn avenues I viewed; what soft and blue horizons; what scenes on the coast; what combinations of wood, hill, and dale; what splendid little paradises, all alive with intense and glowing beauty; what still more delightful scenes of quiet and retiring grandeur; what prospects in the dis-

tance; sometimes brilliant, strong, and clear; sometimes half concealed in haze; sometimes smiling in the mellow light of the long summer evenings! I shall never, I think, see anything softer, fairer, more lovely, than some of the views which I found in that tour. I was so free from care and ambition, Lycidas, from pre-occupation of every kind, that nature had a fair chance of making her own impression upon me. When she was gay, I was gay; when she was sombre, I was sombre. One scene soothed me, another inspired me. What sober sadness I used to feel, as, after a long day's march, I crept at nightfall into some rural hamlet, miles away from the nearest town! But I am afraid of becoming sentimental. Suffice it, then, to say that I saw the Dove, the Dart, and the Wharf; that I climbed Ingleborough, Snowdon, and Helvellyn; that I walked round the Lakes, and along the Chiltern, the Charnwood, and other ranges; that I viewed on both sides the whole length of the splendid Bristol Channel; and on the last day of October, marched into Shrewsbury from Ludlow and Hereford.

(To be continued.)

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

ON the evening of Monday, November 4th, 1605, the inhabitants of Westminster had retired to rest in anxious anticipation of the pleasure and profit they were likely to derive from the opening of Parliament on the following morning. King James I. was to open the session in person. Most of the royal family were to be present; and the nobles and peers of the realm had been summoned, and the Commons had been elected. Time after time Parliament had been prorogued; but now the opening was positively fixed for Tuesday, November 5th. To Sir Thomas Knevett a strange work had been given for the night preceding the opening. A strong suspicion existed that a Popish plot was near its completion, and the few hours which remained between midnight and the following morning were all that were left for the seizure of the conspirators. In those days London lay in darkness all night

long, so that Sir Thomas and his guards found it easy to steal unobserved through the streets. About midnight the company reached a heavy, bolted door, which led into the cellars under the Houses of Parliament; and there they stood in perfect silence, waiting for the opening of that door from within. After long waiting, a slight noise attracted their attention, the heavy bolt was slowly drawn, the door gradually opened, and out stepped Guy Fawkes. In a moment he was arrested, and his arms pinioned. In the search which then took place, it was seen that he had on his person a slow-match, and some touchwood; and that his top-boots, spurs, and large travelling cloak, indicated that he was prepared for flight at very short notice. The cellar was then examined. Behind the door was found a dark lantern, containing a lighted candle; and in the cellar itself thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were discovered, covered over with wood. Guy Fawkes was conveyed to the palace, and there assured the King and his council that his intention was to have blown up the two Houses of Parliament during the ceremony of the opening of the session, and that his only regret was that he had not succeeded. A short account of the events which preceded and followed this discovery may not be deemed unreasonable at this time.

During the preceding reign, Roman Catholics had been treated with great severity. Their priests lived in a state of perpetual concealment and terror; hiding in woods, caverns, or vaults, and passing from one place of concealment to another, by unfrequented roads, and under assumed names. Frequently in the dead of the night, armed men surrounded the houses of Romanists. Some of their number entered, examined every room, and thrust their rapiers into every chink that was suspected of containing a priest. Before the accession of James, a Catholic gentleman, named Percy, had been sent to represent to him the oppressed condition of his co-religionists. James promised great things. Percy reported his fine words; and when Elizabeth died, no class of subjects welcomed James with more readiness than

the Catholics. For a time James kept his word. Soon, however, he found that he was offending another class of his subjects by his leniency; and, what troubled him still more, he found that he was depriving himself of a great source of income, by ceasing to enforce the fines against Catholics. He then denied his promise, and ordered the laws to be put in execution to the utmost.

The Reformation in England was, at that time, only about half a century old, and many of the nobility and gentry still adhered to the Romish faith. The whole of this large and influential class were now suffering from an oppression which they regarded with more abhorrence than that which the declared hostility of Elizabeth had imposed. Robert Catesby was one of the sufferers. He found other Catholic gentlemen filled with intense indignation; and to John Wright, Thomas Winter, and Thomas Percy, he communicated a scheme he had formed for blowing up the House of Lords during the next opening of Parliament. This company then took an oath of secrecy; and to make that oath more solemn, they heard mass, and received the sacrament from a priest who was entrusted with the worst part of their secret, though some of its details were not communicated to him. Others were soon after added, as the wicked scheme developed itself; and in each case, the ordinances of religion were employed to give confirmation to the oath which they took. Every man set himself vigorously to work. Percy took a house adjoining the House of Lords. Keyes took one in Lambeth, in which to store the gunpowder which others sent from Holland. Many a time, when the inhabitants of Lambeth and Westminster were asleep, a boat containing barrels of gunpowder was ferried over the river that separated those ancient boroughs, and deposited in the newly-excavated cellars. Several conspirators worked in the mine; while Guy Fawkes, under the name of John Johnston, acted the part of the porter outside. He put on a porter's dress, and told all inquirers that he was Percy's servant.

The guilty work in which the excavators were engaged made their consciences somewhat sensitive. They were often alarmed at the imaginary tolling of a bell, deep down in the ground. Copious sprinklings of holy water only silenced it for a time, and even when this source of trouble did not exist, the river seemed determined to frustrate their design; for it constantly sent in little streams of water, to tell the miserable men that no gunpowder should be deposited there. These and other difficulties were set aside by a public announcement, that the cellars immediately under the Parliament House were open to the highest bidder. Percy took immediate possession. Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were carefully stowed away, and covered with timber; certain private marks were placed inside the door, and as there still remained six months before the opening of Parliament, the conspirators separated for a time.

The success which had thus far crowned their efforts led these misguided men to persuade themselves that their scheme was approved by Him who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." Twelve months had already elapsed, and the conspirators now numbered seventeen. During the following six months, Sir Everard Digby, Francis Tresham, and Ambrose Rookwood, were added. There seemed no probability that the dreadful secret would be divulged. Yet, as the time drew nigh, some of the conspirators began to feel uneasy on account of their relations, who would probably be present, and suffer with the Protestants. Their spiritual guides assured them that in such a work "nocents and innocents" might suffer together; and the desperate men resolved to sacrifice all to the accomplishment of their scheme. An all-wise God had seen the awful lengths to which these bigoted men were determined to go, and He now determined to confound their devices, and save His church and people. In spite of the resolution of the assembled conspirators, one of them sent to a Catholic peer, Lord Mounteagle, the following letter:—

"My lord,—out of the love i beare to some of your friends, i have a caer of your preservacion, therefor i would

advyse yowe as yowe tender your lyf, to devyse some excuse to shift of your attendance at this parleament, for god and man hath concurred to puniahe the wickednes of this tyme, and thinke not slightlye of this advertisment, but retyere youre self into youre countri; wheare yowe maye expect the event in safte, for though theare be no apparenc of annē stir, yet I saye they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament, and yet they shall not seie who hurts them. This council is not to be contemned, because it maye do yowe good, and can do yowe no harme, for the dangere is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter, and i hope god will give yowe the grace to mak good use of it, to whose holy protection i commend yowe."

This mysterious letter was laid before the King and his council, and it led to an examination of the cellars under the House of Lords on the 4th of November, and to the seizure of Guy Fawkes on the morning of the 5th. The courtiers, desirous of flattering the King, declared that he had discovered the conspiracy through "a Divine illumination;" historians consider it proved that Cecil and Suffolk read the riddle first; and some attribute the discovery to the treachery of one of the conspirators. It is of little importance what were the secondary causes employed in this exposure; we know well the whole matter had lain open before the eyes of God from its very beginning. He employed some one as His instrument; but to Him alone are due our grateful acknowledgments for saving the Protestants of that day from so terrible a death, and for preserving unto us, their children, that form of religion which gives us God's own word to guide us. Even in those days there were not a few who saw the hand of God in this matter, and they devoutly acknowledged that the deliverance was not of man's foresight, but of God's providence.

All the conspirators came to a fearful end. Catesby and Percy, in defending themselves, stood back to back, and were both shot through the body at once. Tresham died in the Tower of a painful disease. Digby, one of the Wintons, Grant, and Bates were hanged in St. Paul's churchyard; and on January

1606, a gallows was erected in minster, opposite the Parliament, and there, Winter, Rookwood, and Guy Fawkes were executed. The Jesuit, had a long trial, and was found guilty; and on May 106, he was hanged in St. Paul's byard.

W. H.

THE THREE BARGAINS.

JOHN HILL once contracted to do Swammerdam's work on in for fifty guineas. After the agreement with the bookseller he recollected he did not understand a single word of the Dutch language! Nor here exist a French translation. His work, however, was not the less for this small obstacle. Sir John Hill med with another translator for five guineas. The second translator was precisely in the same situation as the first; as ignorant, though not so stupid, as the knight. He re-bargained with a third, who perfectly understood Latin, for twelve guineas! So that translators who could not translate Latin on venison and turtle, while the stupid drudge, whose name never appeared to the world, broke in patience on his bread!

PROCESSES OF DISINFECTION.

UNWARNED is forewarned," says the sage; and as we have for some time been threatened with approach of pestilence, it is well to give publicity to following memoranda on disinfection issued by the Privy Council.

For purposes of artificial disinfection, the agents which most commonly are useful are—chloride of lime, quicklime, and Condry's manganic compounds. Alkaline salts, especially perchloride of sulphate of iron, and chloride of soda, under some circumstances, are available. In certain cases chlorine gas, sulphurous acid gas, may advantageously be used; and, in certain other cases, powdered charcoal or fresh earth. If perchloride of iron or chloride of soda be used, the common concentrated solution may be diluted with eight or

ten times its bulk of water. Sulphate of iron or chloride of lime may be used in the proportion of a pound to a gallon of water, taking care that the water completely dissolves the sulphate of iron, or has the chloride of lime thoroughly mixed with it. Condry's stronger fluid (red) may be diluted with fifty times its bulk of water; his weaker fluid (green) with thirty times its bulk of water. Where the matters requiring to be disinfected are matters having an offensive smell, the disinfectant should be used till this smell has entirely ceased.

3. In the ordinary emptying of privies or cesspools, use may be made of perchloride of iron, or chloride of zinc, or of sulphate of iron. But where disease is present, it is best to use chloride of lime, or Condry's fluid. Where it is desirable to disinfect, before throwing away, the evacuations from the bowels of persons suffering from certain diseases, the disinfectant should be put into the night-stool or bed-pan, when about to be used by the patient.

4. Heaps of manure, or of other filth, if it be impossible or inexpedient to remove them, should be covered to the depth of two or three inches with a layer of freshly-burnt vegetable charcoal in powder. Freshly-burnt lime may be used in the same way, but is less effectual than charcoal. If neither charcoal nor lime be at hand, the filth should be covered with a layer some inches thick of clean dry earth.

5. Earth, near dwellings, if it has become offensive or foul by the soakage of decaying animal or vegetable matter, should be treated on the same plan.

6. Drains and ditches are best treated with chloride of lime, or with Condry's fluid, or with perchloride of iron. A pound of good chloride of lime will generally well suffice to disinfect one thousand gallons of running sewage; but, of course, the quantity of disinfectant required will depend upon the amount of filth in the fluid to be disinfected.

7. Linen and washing apparel requiring to be disinfected should, without delay, be set to soak in water containing per gallon about an ounce either of chloride of lime or of Condry's red fluid. The latter, as not being corrosive, is

preferable. Or the articles in question may be plunged at once into boiling water; and afterwards, when at wash, be actually boiled in the washing water.

8. Woollens, bedding, or clothing, which cannot be washed, may be disinfected by exposure for two or more hours, in chambers constructed for the purpose, to a temperature of 210 degrees to 520 degrees Fahrenheit.

9. For the disinfection of interiors of houses, the ceilings and walls should be washed with quick-lime water. The woodwork should be well cleansed with soap and water, and subsequently washed with a solution of chloride of lime, about two ounces to the gallon.

10. A room, no longer occupied, may be disinfected by sulphurous acid gas, or chlorine gas: the first by burning in the room an ounce or two of flowers of sulphur in a pipkin; the second, by setting in the room a dish containing a quarter of a pound of finely-powdered black oxide of manganese, over which is poured half a pint of muriatic acid, previously mixed with a quarter of a pint of water. In either case the doors, chimney, and windows of the room must be kept carefully closed during the process, which lasts for several hours.

SUBTERRANEAN ICE.

A PAPER was read on this curious subject before the British Association at Bath, in the geological section. It seems that there are a considerable number of ice-caves within reach of tourists in Switzerland, and the phenomena they present are well worth inspection and investigation. The quantity of ice found in some of these four caves is very considerable indeed. In one, at an elevation very little exceeding four thousand feet, the ice lies on the wall of the cave in a sheet of a foot or a foot and a half in thickness, extending over a length of seventy feet, to a height of twenty-two feet in some parts; and at the bottom of the cave, sixty feet below the surface, there is a sea of ice forty-five feet long, and fifteen feet broad, the depth of which is unknown.

When Pictet visited the cave, the floor of ice was within thirty feet of the

surface of the ground, and thus was thirty feet thicker than at present; and within the last three years it has become lowered to the extent of some feet. This is due partly to the fact that the wood near the mouth of the pit has been incautiously felled, and partly to the amount of ice extracted each year for the supply of Lausanne and Geneva, when the stores of the artificial ice-houses fail. This cave, unlike all others except the *Cueva del Hielo*, on the Peak of Teneriffe, has its entrance from the top, and thus is in danger of being exposed to direct radiation. In another cave, four thousand five hundred feet above the sea, entered from the bottom of a large pit, in which the winter's snow lies till the middle of August, there is a stream of ice twenty-eight feet broad at the commencement, where it pours through the rocky archway in the side of the pit, and seventy-two feet broad at its lowest point, while the thickness of the stream at this lowest point appears to be something like seventy feet. There are insuperable difficulties, however, in the way of an exact determination of this thickness, and the ice passes down into the ground in a manner which makes it impossible to arrive at or to see the point at which it ceases. In another case, a somewhat similar stream of ice is brought apparently to an abrupt conclusion by the solid wall of the cave; but closer investigation of the darkness shows that it pours in reality through an archway in the rock, leaving a narrow aperture, three or four feet broad, and from a foot to a foot and a half high, between the surface of the ice and the limits of the archway. By forcing an entrance through this aperture, which can only be done by cutting steps down twenty-six feet of very steep and smooth ice, an inner cave is reached, which has no other visible communication with the external air. This remarkable cave is very dry and airy, and in various parts, especially at the end farthest removed from the hole by which an entrance is obtained, it displays the most lovely and fantastic forms of glacial ornamentation.

In caves in other parts of Switzerland and France, similar phenomena are

observed. In some cases steep slopes of ice are found, which pass down into profound darkness, and will only be completely explored by a careful arrangement of lights and ropes, and trustworthy attendants. In one cave, not very far from Annecy, on lowering a lighted candle down a pit sixty-eight feet deep in the ice, the entrance to a lower ice-chamber is seen. The upper surface of the ice, from which the candle is lowered, is itself about one hundred and thirty feet below the surface of the earth; so that here is the remarkable phenomenon of an ice-chamber at a depth of two hundred feet below the surface of the earth; that is to say, at a depth which would give an excess of between three degrees and four degrees Fahrenheit above the mean temperature of the soil at the surface, where upland flowers and shrubs grow in profusion, wherever they can find soil to support them.

The decorations of these caves are most varied and most beautiful. Graceful columns, fretted and crocketed, with Gothic arcadings and with fluted drapings, stand out glittering on all sides when a sufficient amount of artificial light is introduced. In some cases there are very large and thick columns, which are for the most part hollow towards the base; and when an entrance is won by a hole hewn through the side of the column, a dome-shaped cavity is found within, profusely ornamented with every form of glacial stalactite and stalagmite, and large enough to afford scope for detailed investigation of its recesses by anyone content to worm himself through the intricacies of the icicles and pillars which surround them.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE BLIND MAN LED OUT OF THE TOWN.

JESU, from the city gently lead the blind;
Eyes so full of pity, hands as healing kind:
Ere he sees Thee clearly, ask him what he sees,—
Mist and shadows merely, men as walking trees?

Woe to thee, Bethsaida, now the Lord is gone;
Deaf to thy Upbraider, blinded where He shone!
Deeper shadows darken all His dawn to thee:
Ears that will not hearken, eyes that will not see.

O, that city's sorrow: faithlessness and night!
O, the blind man's morrow: Jesus and the light!
Cares he if it lingers, sweet with stealthy pace,
While those blessed Fingers still are on his face?

Now the skies outshining deepen all their blue,
Show the seas reclining underneath the dew;
Light from hidden fountains all his vision fills,
From the ancient mountains and the lasting hills.

Precious is day's beaming now the Lord is won,
Precious harvests gleaming in the precious sun,
Precious fruits providing for the precious land,—
Better far the guiding of His precious hand.

May the Blessed see us ere we cry aloud,—
Cry like Bartimæus, panting in the crowd;
Eyes anointing, duly heal our vision's dearth;
Show us all things, truly seen in heaven and earth:

Then at last be near us, standing where He led;
From all darkness clear us, quick among the dead;
Show us, softly talking while He probes our eyes,
Men like angels walking, trees in Paradise!"

—*Dr. Kynaston.*

TEXTS FOR THOUGHT.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Matt. xvi. 26.)

By the side of the immense consequence of saving or of losing our immortal souls, place any difference that the things of this life can make to us; place riches and poverty, grandeur and humility, success or misfortune; between compassing and renouncing an unjust purpose, making or giving up an unfair gain; in a word, between the pleasures and temptations of vice and the self-denials of virtue; and what do they amount to? The objects themselves are nothing when put in competition with heaven and hell. Were it true, which it is not, that real, solid, inward happiness was proportioned either to outward circumstances or the indulgences of our appetites and passions; that "the good things," as they are called, and pleasures of life, were as satisfactory to the possessor as they are, for the most part, deceitful and disappointing, still their duration is nothing. The oldest men, when they cast back their eyes on their past life, see it in a very narrow compass. It appears no more than a small interval cut out of eternal duration both before and after it, when compared with that duration as nothing.... Universally the true occasion for remembering and applying the passage of Scripture before us is, when we are deliberating concerning the conduct we are to pursue

in the contests which arise between the flesh and the world, or between both united and our own souls. Be the temptation what it will, either in kind or strength, this is the thought to be for ever set against it: that if we give way, we give way in exchange for our own souls; that the perdition of the soul is set forth in Scripture in terms most tremendous, but not more tremendous than true; that the sinner, the man involved in unrepented, unforsaken sins, can never know how soon he may be reduced to this state.—*Fahey*.

FRAGMENTS.

REFINEMENT.—That only can with propriety be styled refinement which by strengthening the intellect purifies the manners.—*Coleridge*.

HOME.—Home can never be transferred, never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by paternal love, by the innocence and sports of childhood, is the only home of the human heart.—*Lestie*.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.—A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body: it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.—*Addison*.

Memorials of the Departed,

In the Acts of the Apostles we have repeated mention of the occasions on which the blessed Spirit of God was given to the hearts of men. As we read them, we become familiar with such expressions as this: "The disciples were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost." And in like manner, in the records of uninspired church history should be found, not simply the movements of party, the fluctuations of opinion, the enterprises of Christian activity, but details of religious experience, the triumphs of Divine grace

over sinful human nature. Gratitude demands this. These works of the Lord, like His other works, ought to be had in remembrance: "Forget not all His benefits." Duty to the church of Christ demands it. So long as the bond of union between that church and her glorified Head is a living bond, so long will the records of religious life be precious. And many a believer, whose earthly course has been brief, and whose sphere narrow, has yet glorified God therein, and been made a great blessing to others. The history of any life that

ded a Christian in heaven may
 mental in cheering others, and
 g them to follow. With this
 ese Memorials are prepared ; not
 se the dead, but to profit the

HOLLAND BRUNDRETT, whose
 name was Rhodes, was born at
 n-cum-Hardy, near Manchester,
 ry 4th, 1840. Her parents dedi-
 er to the Lord in baptism in the
 ist chapel, where they also regu-
 orshipped, and where she early
 a scholar in the Sabbath-school.
 tructions there received were not
 ed ; she often repeated them at

Surrounded from her very birth
 pious influences, their fruit early
 ed. Strict regard for truth, and
 Lord's day, and a love for the
 f Zion, were among the charac-
 s of her happy childhood. At
 s of sixteen, increasing concern
 vine things led her to join the
 list Society. Though her life had
 hort, and outwardly blameless,
 s mercifully preserved from the
 n that she needed no repentance ;
 the class-meeting, and other
 of grace, she earnestly sought
 don of her sins. The conscious-
 Divine favour was vouchsafed
 soul while engaged in private

After this, her walk with God
 adfast and joyful. All the means
 e were precious to her ; the class-
 g especially so. The reception of
 member into the Society was
 by her with Christian joy. Her
 l growth was rapid ; and, as the
 roved, she was swiftly preparing
 a better country, that is, an-
 ly." She early became a wife
 mother ; and in these relations
 igious character displayed itself.
 w duties were not suffered (as in
 ay instances they are) to choke
 od seed. After the birth of her
 child, the summons to depart
 wifely. In her twenty-first year
 s called to leave an affectionate
 d, and two young children ; one
 n an infant, only a few days old.
 ash and blood" such a dispensa-
 ust have been grievous ; but
 grace enabled her to submit.

On the last Sabbath of her life no im-
 mediate danger was apprehended. In
 the evening, her father and mother,
 with the sister whose memorial follows,
 sat by her bed-side, and rejoiced in the
 prospect of her speedy restoration. But
 on the following day alarming symptoms
 appeared, and she began to sink per-
 ceptibly. During the greater part of
 her illness she was engaged in prayer,
 often for a long period. To her husband
 she said, "I shall not get better ; but
 do not weep." A friend visited her,
 and desired to pray with her ; but she
 asked him to pray for her husband,
 father, and mother, that they might be
 sustained under their trial. The enemy
 of souls made an attempt to shake her
 trust in God ; but, on looking to Jesus,
 the victory was soon given to her. Her
 farewells to those who were dearest to
 her on earth were full of tender affec-
 tion ; still there was no clinging to
 earth, no hesitation "to depart and to
 be with Christ." Taking leave of her
 mother, she looked very earnestly at
 her, and said, "My little ones !" Being
 assured that they should be cared for,
 she was satisfied. As the end drew
 near, her face became radiant with
 delight. In reply to a remark from her
 father, who had watched tenderly over
 her spiritual life, she said, "All is well !
 all is well !" When her speech failed, a
 smile testified to her happiness, and she
 waved her hand, in token of triumph,
 and made signs to those around her that
 she saw something of the blessedness
 which awaited her. All wept, yet felt
 that they were near the gates of heaven.
 On Saturday, November 10th, 1860, she
 sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, leaving a
 blessed testimony to that abounding
 Divine grace, free for all mankind, by
 which they may attain to the life of God
 on earth, and to His glory in heaven.

ELIZABETH ALICE RHODES, sister of
 the above, was also born at Chorlton-
 cum-Hardy, in the year 1842 ; and, like
 her sister, was favoured with religious
 advantages from her earliest childhood.
 As often as the sacred day returned, they
 might be seen, while both very young,
 going hand in hand to the Sunday-
 school. Elizabeth's disposition was

lively, and her temper cheerful. She manifested strong filial affection, delighting in the company of her parents. At the age of six years, a severe fall induced a spinal complaint, which completely prostrated her, and rendered her remaining years, years of trial. She was often utterly helpless, being sometimes unable even to feed herself. In the course of her affliction she became anxious about her soul. One Sabbath evening, after the family had returned from chapel, she said, "Father, I want you to pray with me." The family united in intercession with God on her behalf, she herself being very earnest. A pious neighbour was called in to assist in prayer, and the promises of the Gospel were presented to the penitent. After a severe struggle with unbelief, she was enabled to trust in the Saviour, and received a blessed sense of the pardoning mercy of God. O, that such Sabbath-evening scenes might be multiplied on every hand! She immediately began to pray for those who were rejoicing around her; and then, turning to her mother, asked forgiveness for all she had done wrong, and for any trouble she had caused. After this, she continued to cultivate a cheerful confidence in her Saviour; and though her affliction excluded her from the means of grace, she was often strengthened and comforted by the visits of Christian friends. She was never heard to complain of her sufferings, and, when her strength permitted, would diligently use her needle. She also delighted in reading whatever would promote her knowledge of Divine things. Thus, her life of trial was not a life of sorrow. On the death of her sister Jane, she exerted herself to comfort others; and the feeble invalid strove to lighten for them the burden of a sorrow which assuredly fell heavily also upon her: so love "seeketh not her own." But shortly after this, Elizabeth visibly grew worse. On the 7th of March, 1861, her father was summoned home, at her request. She told him that she thought she should die; and added, "I have been very impatient." She feared that the Lord was

displeased with her on this account. Up to this time she had retained the Divine favour; and those who knew her best considered that her present depression was caused by the tempter. On the following day, being still harassed by the adversary, she asked that one of the leaders (who, also, has since entered into rest) might be sent for. He came, gave her counsel, and prayed with her. After he had gone, she lifted up her voice in earnest prayer for victory, using these words, among others,—

"Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot-wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!"

At length the victory was given; the cloud broke. She exclaimed, "The Lord *will* save me!" and immediately began to praise Him with joyful lips. She was now anxious for her release, and took leave of several members of her family. She also said, "I shall soon see sister Jane." One remarked to her that hers had been a life of suffering. She promptly answered, "Never name that again." No doubt the enemy had suggested this only too often. After a little sleep she said, "Father, mother, I am going. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'" Her remaining moments were passed in praise. She appeared full of sacred joy, and said, "Tell the friends how happy I was." She quoted parts of many hymns; and, among others, one that never fails of a heartfelt response from the dying servant of Christ,—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Meanwhile, death was taking the frail tabernacle down. At last her speech failed; but she raised her hand, as requested by friends, in token of her continued peace. Her happy spirit was delivered from the burden of the flesh on March 9th, 1861, in the twentieth year of her age.

"Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have,
For the work He hath done:
All honour and glory to Jesus alone!"

G. R. O.



(Baxter before Judge Jeffries.)

ENGLAND'S CHANCELLORS AND THE RESTORATION.

THE intention of these occasional Papers has been to exhibit God in England's past history, using a variety of instrumentality in the development of His purposes. The death of Oliver Cromwell was a fact which originated a new series of events. His son Richard, a good but weak man, was placed in a position for which nature had not designed him. During the Commonwealth, religion flourished more than many are now willing to admit. There is suggestive significance in the language which Baxter uses: "I do not believe that England ever had so able and faithful a ministry, since it was a nation, as it hath at this day. O! how many congregations are now plainly and faithfully taught that lived then in great obscurity. How graciously hath God prospered the studies of many young men that were little children in the beginning of the late troubles, so that they now cloud the most of their seniors." Great minds, from thousands of pulpits, poured great truths into heads and hearts strong and eager to receive them. God was nerving those heroic men for the trials just impending.

In the year 1660, Charles the Second was recalled, and the monarchical form of government was restored. His reign constituted an exciting chapter in English history. In the month of May, 1662, the "Act of Uniformity" was passed. By it all Ministers were required to submit to the following arrangements, in order to a retention of their livings, or any post of service in the Established Church: "They must submit to be re-ordained, if not episcopally ordained before. They must declare their unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the Sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church of England; together with the Psalter, and the Form and Manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, &c. They must take the oath of canonical obedience, and promise subjection to their Ordinary, according to the canons of the church. They must abjure the solemn League and Covenant; and they must abjure the taking of arms, upon any pretence whatsoever, against the King, or any one commissioned by him. These things were all strictly enjoined, without anything to qualify or soften them, or room left for a dispensation." When the 24th of August, Black Bartholomew's day, on which the Act was to take effect, at length dawned, two thousand men marched out from their livings, casting themselves and their families upon the providence of God, rather than submit to impositions which they deemed to be so many fetters on their consciences. Seldom has there been an event marked by more moral grandeur than was then exhibited.

While events were thickening, both in the political and religious world, the fearful Plague of London broke out. In its destructive career it carried off upwards of a hundred thousand citizens. The Court fled to Oxford for safety; and the aristocracy and the wealthy sought refuge from the devouring scourge in every part of the country. The Conformist Ministers, too, left their flocks in the time of their extremity; "whereupon divers Nonconformists, pitying the dying and distressed people, who had none to call the impenitent to repentance, or to help men to prepare for another world, or to comfort them in their terrors, when about ten thousand died in a week, resolved that no obedience to the laws of mortal man whatsoever could justify them in neglecting men's souls and bodies in such extremities. They, therefore, resolved to stay with the people, and to go into the forsaken pulpits, though prohibited, and to preach to the poor people before they died; also, to visit the sick, and get what relief they could for the poor, especially those that were shut up."

This awful Plague was followed by the great Fire, which, on the second of September, 1666, commenced its ravages, and destroyed churches, houses, public libraries, shops, warehouses, and all within the city walls. Out of these tremendous evils good arose. It was, doubtless, part of that plan in which God proceeds in the development of His gracious designs; and now that churches are burnt, and their

Ministers gone, a noble band of Nonconformist and Independent Pastors stand forth, resolved to preach till they were imprisoned.

It is no object of this Paper to trace the successive events of this reign. Amid mighty struggles, oppressive Acts were passed. Despotism became rampant. Informers infested the country. Every Minister faithful to his conscience was watched by the vulture eye of spies. Great and good men were fighting a grand battle; and, amid the developments of a higher life, they now realize their reward. James the Second succeeded Charles; and, with a determined resolution to abolish the national religion, aimed to make his own will the rule of the Government. In all these movements England's Chancellors played a conspicuous part.

Among the Chancellors of that period, Lord Clarendon stands out in striking prominence. No man has ever been subjected to the praise and censure of mankind more than he. He was personally concerned in most of the leading events which transpired during the most interesting thirty years of our country's annals. The men of that period were representative men; many of whom acted an important part in unfolding the great principles of truth against error, liberty against oppression, in their mighty and heaven-directed struggle,—a struggle which has resulted in the "age of progress" in which our own lot is cast; and though Clarendon did much, *apparently*, to obstruct its march, he nevertheless accomplished some noble deeds, which must not be overlooked in our righteous condemnation of what was unjust.

Born in 1608, we trace him up to the time of his father's death in 1632, cultivating friendships with the learned and gay, and diligently applying himself to the study of the law. Minute circumstances frequently reveal character. An extract of a letter, at this time, written from the Temple, furnishes a correct portrait of him: "Our best news is that we have good wine abundantly come over, and the worst that the Plague is in town, and no Judges die." As a member of Parliament we see him active in correcting abuses, and supporting the prosecution against Strafford.—These Papers, from their commencement, have presumed an acquaintance with the leading facts of English history; and without following him here through the successive events which led to his appointment to the office of Lord Chancellor, and to his acts in that capacity, we may thus present his character and influence:—

Viewing him *before* possessed of supreme power, there is much to commend. Left with a magnificent competency by his father, he nevertheless was remarkable for his industry; and in the British Parliament he laboured to correct what he considered gross abuses; and in some even of his unjustifiable acts, the general excitement of the times might lead us to look with something like charity upon him.

Though "pure according to the standard of those times," yet possessed of that awful thing, power, (and who is safe to be trusted with an unusual share of it?) he was guilty, as we cannot but now judge,

of sins against the dearest interests of man. Who can justify the breach of the solemn engagements he made to the Presbyterians? his private negotiations with the Queen in reference to the King's mistress? his sale of an important fortress for the purpose of the King's pleasures? On the other hand, he took a noble stand in opposing the plan of rendering the Crown independent of Parliament by the grant of a large permanent revenue; in supporting the Reformed religion; and in stemming the tide of open immorality which, flowing from the Court, threatened to corrupt the manners of the whole nation. It has never yet been adequately considered that, in any estimate of Clarendon's character, he had one of the strangest of monarchs to manage; and he, perhaps, frequently, even in those things which we condemn, did what he considered best under the circumstances. The position which a man occupies in the judgment of his fellow-men is one thing; the position which he occupies in God's purposes is another.

Respecting his judicial character and conduct, we have, perhaps, nothing more interesting and truthful than the record furnished by Bishop Burnet. He laboured to appoint the best men as Judges; and, with unwearied perseverance, sought to promote the law reforms which had been commenced by several of his predecessors. The *History of the Rebellion*, written by him, has been roughly handled. All faults which either honesty, or prejudice, or hatred could suggest, have been discovered in it. Its style, arrangement, omissions, and misrepresentations, have been elaborately and eloquently exhibited. Still, we should recommend it to be read by the intelligent student, as we should recommend most books to be read,—without much reference to the critics. It is contemporary history. It was written by a man of a party, avowedly to uphold that party, and who clearly reveals the motives which prompted him in all his omissions; and, notwithstanding its many imperfections, the book will be read by men of taste and judgment as a racy, spirited, and refreshing work, when many modern volumes, now in high repute, shall have been forgotten. Amid the earnest and sometimes fierce thinkings and passions of the times in which Clarendon lived, he acted a part the full effects of which have yet to be adequately appreciated.

Lords Bridgeman, Shaftesbury, Nottingham, and Guildford, successively appeared on the stage as Chancellors, and prepared the way for the notorious Lord Jefferies. No man of that memorable age made himself more notorious, by his ferocity and insane opposition to reform and progress, than he. His two predecessors, Shaftesbury and Guildford, were characters to be reprobated; but he surpassed them in the exhibition of the worst passions which tenant the human bosom. He is known by general readers more as a Civil Judge; and probably his conduct in this capacity has led to his being overlooked as having been entrusted with the Great Seal. He was born in 1640, and during the time of his reign as Judge Jefferies, in the trial of many distinguished personages, proved himself to be a man of infamous character. After

an almost unprecedented career of iniquity, he died in the Tower, universally detested. The curses of a nation were upon him. When he had been some weeks in confinement, he received a small barrel, marked "Colchester oysters," of which he had ever been fond. Seeing it, he exclaimed, "Well, I have some friends left still;" but, on opening it the gift was,—a halter. About the same time, a petition was received by the Lords of the Council of England from "the widows and fatherless children of the west," which ran thus: "We, to the number of a thousand and more widows and fatherless children of the counties of Dorset, Somerset, and Devon; our dear husbands and tender fathers having been so tyrannically butchered, and some transported; our estates sold from us, and our inheritance cut off, by the severe and brutish sentence of George, Lord Jefferies, now, we understand, in the Tower of London," &c. After enumerating various atrocities, it thus concluded: "These, with many hundred more tyrannical acts, are ready to be made appear in the said counties by honest and credible persons; and therefore your petitioners desire that the said George Jefferies, late Lord Chancellor, the vilest of men, may be brought down to the counties aforesaid, where we, the good women of the West, shall be glad to see him, and give him another manner of welcome than he had there three years since." The mob sympathized with the multitudes of the oppressed, and heaped infamy on Jefferies in doggerel verse.

The trial of the great and good Richard Baxter, for his sentiments contained in his *Paraphrase of the New Testament*, is, perhaps, unparalleled in court records. The opening, progress, and issue of this trial are full of incident. Pollexfen was leading counsel for Baxter. "Pollexfen," cried Jefferies, in the midst of his defence, "I know you well; I will set a mark upon you. You are a patron of the faction. This is an old rogue who has poisoned the world with his Kidderminster doctrine; an old schismatic knave; a hypocritical villain!" Further on he again interrupted Pollexfen: "What ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he would not conform? Was he wiser or better than other men? I am sure he hath poisoned the world with his linsey-woolsey doctrine. Hang him! This old fellow hath cast more reproaches upon the constitution and discipline of the church than will be wiped off this hundred years. But I'll handle him for it! He deserves to be whipped through the city!" Turning to Baxter, he exclaimed, "Richard, Richard, thou art an old fellow; an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition—I might say of treason—as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing-trade forty years ago, it had been happy. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty don; but, by the grace of Almighty God, I'll crush you all. Come, what do you say for yourself, you old knave? Come, speak up;—what doth he say? I am not afraid of you for all

the snivelling calves you have got about you!" "I am not concerned to answer such stuff," cried Baxter; "but am ready to produce my writings for the confutation of all this; and my life and conversation are known to many in this nation."

Of course Baxter was found guilty, heavily fined, and condemned to lie in prison till he had paid the whole. For two long years this godly man remained in prison, happy in the conscious possession of the Divine favour, and in the conviction that God would so direct all individual and national events as to make his own sufferings conduce to religious and civil freedom.

The manner of Richard Baxter's death was beautiful. A day or two before he died, he cried, "I have great pain; there is no arguing against sense: but I have peace, I have peace!" To one who asked him how he did, he replied, "Almost well." Being asked whether he had altered his mind on controversial points, he said, "Those that please may know my mind in my writings; and what I have written is not for my own reputation, but for the glory of God." Many of his death-bed utterances are worthy the attention of every believer. They prove that he was on the Rock of Ages. He looked forward with joy to the "saint's everlasting rest,"—with unfaltering confidence, and cloudless hope. Long had he fought in company with a noble band. His great heart had never failed; and now, yielding to the power of that foe before which the lofty and the mean alike bow, he was called up to stand in his eternal reward before the throne of God in heaven.

The age of which we are writing was one of inspiring examples. Despotism put forth its power, but God's great ones resisted it. Intellect was then active. It was then, when the battle of England's freedom was being fought, that Milton wrote his two great poems, "Paradise Lost," and "Paradise Regained;" Boyle, his "Treatise on Natural and Experimental Philosophy;" Dryden translated Virgil, Plutarch, Juvenal, and Perseus; Otway wrote his Plays; Butler, his "Hudibras;" Temple, "polite literature;" and Halley, on astronomical subjects. Hydraulic fire-engines were then invented, and *Gazettes* first published. But the class of writers and preachers to whom England is most indebted, were those among whom Baxter was reckoned. Let our youthful readers cast aside the modern "fiction" as a source of excitement, and try to imitate the examples of these illustrious heroes who fought and suffered to secure our present privileges. They stood forth, in an age when power was corrupt, as men of pure and inflexible principle, of unwearied patience and self-denial, of indomitable courage, of hallowed and upright life,—in a word, of quenchless love to God and the souls of men. It is difficult in these modern times, when it costs no sacrifice to defend principles, to fully appreciate the character of such men. They were great and good. In the face of want, persecution, and death, they defended the principles which they deemed to be those of truth and freedom;

principles under whose reign alone man can pursue that task which his Maker has assigned him :

"Give me the dauntless man,
Who flinches not from labour or fatigue,
But moves right on upon the path of duty.
God will stand by the man who boldly stands
By God's command : God will give him energy
And courage now ; and afterwards, success."

J. F. M.

THE WAY TO BE HOLY.

(Concluded from page 335.)

AGAIN, he that would be holy must *fight*. He must "war a good warfare;" "fight the good fight of faith," though not with "carnal weapons." He must fight upon his knees, "being sober, and watching unto prayer." He must *wrestle* with principalities and powers, being "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might," having put on "the whole armour of God," girdle, breastplate, shield, helmet and sword. (Eph. vi. 13—17.) This "battle is not to the strong," but to the weak ; it is fought in weakness, and the victory is to them that have "no might;" for in this conflict "time and chance" do *not* happen to all ; but we count upon victory from the first onset, being made "more than conquerors through Him that loved us," and are cheered with the anticipation of the sevenfold reward "to him that overcometh." And though, in this our earthly course and combat, we have the hostility of devils, we have the ministry of angels in aid, (Heb. i. 14,) as well as the power of the Holy Ghost. (Eph. i. 13.)

He that would be holy must *watch*. "Watch thou in all things;" (2 Tim. iv. 5;) "watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." (1 Cor. xvi. 13.) Let the sons of night sleep or stumble in the darkness, but let us, who are of the day,

be sober, lest temptation overtake us, and we be ensnared in the wiles of the devil, or the seductions of this wanton world. "Blessed is he that watcheth." In watching, too, let us witness "a good confession," (1 Tim. vi. 13,) not ashamed of Him whose badge we bear ; let us run a swift and patient race ; "laying aside every weight, and the sin [unbelief] which doth so easily beset us;" "following after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness;" and having our eye upon the coming and the kingdom of our Lord Jesus.

He that would be holy must feel his responsibility for being so, both as a member of Christ's body and a partaker of the Holy Ghost. The thought that [absolute] perfection is not to be reached here, ought not to weaken that sense of responsibility, nor to lead us to give way to aught that would grieve "the Holy Spirit of God, whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption." The sevenfold fulness of the risen Christ, (Rev. ii. 1,) and the sevenfold fulness of the Holy Ghost, (Rev. v. 6,) these are the church's birthright ; and for no mess of pottage is she to sell it ; nay, for the personal possession of that fulness, in so far as vessels such as ours can contain it, each saint is responsible. We are *sanctified by the blood*, (Heb. xiii. 12,) that we may be *sanctified by the Holy Ghost* ; (1 Cor. vi. 11;) be "led by the Spirit;" be "temples of the Holy Ghost," even in our

"bodies;" (1 Cor. vi. 19;)"walking" in the Spirit, "speaking" by the Spirit, "living" in the Spirit, and having the "communion of the Holy Ghost." *

The Christian man must not trifle with sin under any pretence; least of all on the plea that he is not "under the law." The apostolic precepts and warnings are quite as explicit as the Mosaic, and much more numerous. He that thinks himself free from the latter will have no difficulty in persuading himself that he may set aside the former; and he who reckons it bondage to listen to the Sinaitic statute, "Thou shalt not kill," will think it equal bondage to hearken to the Pauline commandment, "Be not drunk with wine;" or, "Owe no man anything;" or, "Let him that stole steal no more."

As possessors of the Spirit of love, we must be loving, "laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies," and evil-speaking; discharging daily the one debt that is never to be paid. (Rom. xiii. 8.) For the indwelling Spirit is not idle nor barren, but produces fruit, Divine fruit in human hearts; heavenly fruit on earthly

soil; fruit which indicates its inner Source, and tells of the glorious Guest within: for "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." (Gal. v. 22, 23.)

As those whose feet have found the rock, let us be stable, not "carried about with every wind of doctrine;" not vacillating, nor undecided, nor compromising. As those who have been delivered from a "present evil world," let us, like the saints of old, be separate from it, standing aloof from its gaieties, as men who have no time for such things, even were they harmless; keeping our raiment undefiled. Let us be suspicious of its foolish talking and jesting, jealous of its light literature, which "eats as doth a canker," vitiating the taste, and enervating the soul. Let us maintain unblunted the edge of our relish for prayer and fellowship with God, as the great preservative against the seductions of the age; for only intimacy with God can keep us from intimacy with the world. Let us not try to combine the novel and the Bible, the closet and the ball-room; nor attempt to serve two masters, to drink two cups, (1 Cor. x. 21.) to worship two gods, to enjoy two religions, to kneel at two altars.

Let us be on our guard against *old self* in every form; whether it be indolence, or temper, or coldness, or rudeness, or disobligingness, or slovenliness, or shabbiness, or covetousness, or flippancy, or self-conceit, or pride, or cunning, or obstinacy, or sourness, or levity, or foolishness, or love of pre-eminence. Let us cultivate a tender conscience, avoiding crotchets and conceits; yet watching against the commission of little sins, and the omission of little duties; "redeeming the time," yet never in a hurry; calm, cheerful, frank, happy, genial, generous, disinterested, thoughtful of others; and

* The doctrine of the Personality and energy of the Holy Spirit was not more offensive to the cold infidelity of last century than it is to the more earnest and plausible idealism of the present day. It is set aside as savouring of superstition, and at variance with human liberty and self-power. Energies from beneath or from above are either denied, or recognised only as "principles" or "sensations," or developments of natural law, not connected with personalities in either case. *Supernatural personalities* are exploded relics of superstition! The thought that there was one perfect and superhuman book, in this world of imperfect literature, used to be cheering; but, if modern theories of inspiration be true, this consolation is gone, and the world is left thoroughly disconsolate, without one fragment of the superhuman or the perfect in the midst of it!

seeing we must protest against the world on so many important points, let us try to differ from it as little as possible on things indifferent; always showing love to those we meet with, however irreligious and unloveable; especially avoiding a contemptuous spirit or an air of superiority.—*Bonar.*

THE INTEGRITY OF DANIEL.

THE stripling of seventeen "sat in the King's gate," ("in the Porte," as we say, retaining the Oriental term,) president over all the colleges of the "wise men," and of the "whole province of Babylon." "Daniel continued even unto the first year of King Cyrus," are the simple words; but what a volume of tried faithfulness is unrolled by them! Amid all the intrigues, indigenous, at all times, in dynasties of Oriental despotism, where intrigue too rolls round so surely and so suddenly on its author's head; amid all the envy towards a foreign captive in high office as a King's councillor; amid all the trouble incidental to the insanity of the King, or to the murder of two of his successors,—in that whole critical period for his people, Daniel "continued." We should not have had any statement of his faithfulness, but for the conspiracy against his life, under the new Median dynasty which knew not those past years. "The presidents and princes sought" in vain "to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom.... forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him." The picture is the greater, because the lines which mark it are so few. They are a few simple touches of truth. It is the fact which is so eloquent. It is not the language of panegyric to say "Daniel continued even unto the first year of King Cyrus;" Daniel was "in the gate of the

King;" "this Daniel prospered in the reign of Darius, and in the reign of Cyrus the Persian." The force of the words is not drawn out; but, as perseverance is the one final touchstone of man, so these scattered notices combine in a grand outline of one, an alien, a captive, of that misused class who are proverbially the intriguers, favourites, pests of Oriental courts, who revenge on man their ill-treatment at the hands of man; yet, himself, in uniform integrity, outliving envy, jealousy, dynasties; surviving in untarnished, uncorrupted greatness the seventy years of the captivity; honoured during the forty-three years of Nebuchadnezzar's reign; doing "the King's business" under the insolent and sensual boy Belshazzar; owned by the conquering Medo-Persians; the stay, doubtless, and human protector of his people during those long years of exile; probably commissioned to write the decree of Cyrus which gave leave for that long longed-for restoration of his people, whose re-entrance into their land, like Moses of old, he was not to share. Deeds are more eloquent than words. Such undeviating integrity, beyond the ordinary life of man, in a worshipper of the One God, in the most dissolute and degraded of the merchant-cities of old,—first minister in the first of the world-monarchies,—was in itself a great fulfilment of the purpose of God in converting the chastisement of His people into the riches of the Gentiles.—*Dr. Pusey.*

HOPE AND SUCCESS.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?" (*Zechariah iv. 10.*)

DESpondency paralyzes exertion, but hope stimulates and supports it. The man who commences an undertaking with a foreboding that it will fail, is likely by his fears to ensure

the fulfilment of his own prediction ; while, on the other hand, the hopes of success are amongst the subordinate means of obtaining it. Every great undertaking, especially where the scheme is novel, and the difficulties are many, requires in its agents a temperature of soul, if not approaching to enthusiasm, yet very far above lukewarmness or depression. To succeed we must calculate upon success. It is very true there must be prudence, but it must not be that prudence which creates timidity, and chills the ardour of the mind. It must guide, but not freeze the rapid current of our zeal. . . . In many instances the most wonderful effects have resulted from causes apparently very small. It is so in nature. The oak in whose mighty shade a herd of cattle repose and ruminate in comfort, was once an acorn which the infant might have grasped in his hand, or the sparrow carried in her beak. The river that floats a navy, and becomes the means of fertility, and the inlet of wealth to an empire, if traced to its source, would be found a stream which the traveller might cover with his foot. It is the same in the intellectual world. There was a time when Johnson was learning his alphabet ; Newton laying the basis of his mathematical fame in committing to memory the multiplication table ; and Milton catching the inspiration of poetry upon his mother's knee, from the rude verses of his time. But this idea is most strikingly exemplified in the world of grace.

WEEDS.

It has been justly observed that, however anxious farmers may be to have their lands *tithe-free*, it is of still greater importance to have them *weed-free* ; and when we come to higher matters of the soul's welfare,

O, how necessary to become *weed-free* ! Now,

1. *Weeds injure the crops by extracting the nourishment from the ground.*—My young friends, be sure of this, that the presence of evil is sure to extract and overcome any good that may be in possession. Corn and weeds cannot grow together without the former being injured. Treat all sins as weeds, and ask the Lord to uproot them.

2. *Weeds greatly impede cultivation by spreading their entangled roots beneath the surface.*—They work subtly. Ah, friends, beware of those weeds that undermine, and eventually choke that which is good. Root out little beginnings of evil. If an ungodly man tries to draw you into sin, or the vanities and pleasures of the world, don't listen to the tempter's suggestion that it is only a little, and quite harmless. Treat it as a weed that is sure to spread its roots, and therefore spurn it at once.

3. *You may stamp some weeds down ; it is impossible to extirpate them without uprooting them.*—This reminds me of the conduct of a farmer at whose house I was visiting a short time back. After I had partaken of some refreshment, the good man said, "It may be, you'd like to go round my farm ?" I replied I should. So away we started ; but, before doing so, I noticed the farmer took from a corner, not a walking-stick, but an instrument called "a spud ;" and I noticed that, whenever we stopped to chat, he dug away at the weeds, and so worked and talked at the same time. I observed, "You seem, friend, to make good use of that spud." "Well," he replied, "you see I never go round my farm without it, and many a weed do I uproot as I go my rounds." O, we thought, here is a lesson for us ; always to carry a hoe with us to uproot weeds as soon as they show

themselves above the ground. The best thing to carry is prayer; constant upliftings to God to be kept from evil. His grace is sufficient to keep under and uproot weeds. Pray, reader, that thine heart may be kept weed-free.

THE USE OF THE CATTLE-PLAGUE.

I WAS returning from London, a few days since, by the London and North-Western Railway. When the train drew up at one of the midland counties' stations, several well-dressed men entered the compartment of the carriage where I was sitting. They were evidently friends; and I judged, from their conversation, that they had been attending some neighbouring market, and were returning home. Their conversation was exceedingly earnest, and all about the present *cattle disease*, which seemed to have filled them with excitement and alarm. Referring to the form of prayer which the Archbishop of Canterbury had just issued, and in which he very feelingly alludes to our sins as a people, one of the party observed:—

"This comes of your free-trade. You would have it, and now you have got it with a vengeance. If we had been content to keep our own, and let other folks keep theirs, we shouldn't have had this trouble with the cattle-plague. But we have been going on the principle that everything other folks have belongs to us; and now we are punished for our *covetousness*. I told neighbour Brown, years ago, when he was always crying out for 'cheap bread,' that 'cheap bread' meant 'dear meat;' and I have noticed that almost ever since we have had free-trade in bread, meat has been going up in price. God punished us a little while ago by sending the potato famine, and then

wheat went up to above a hundred shillings a quarter; and I shouldn't wonder if meat goes up to two shillings or half-a-crown a pound. And if meat is dear, bread is sure to follow. But it serves us right, for our covetousness. We should have been content with such things as we had. Our town has been more than half ruined by this free-trade."

"Why, yes, it has been bad enough with you at —," said another of the party; "but I don't see how this cattle-plague is a punishment for our free-trade. I agree with you that it has come upon us for our covetousness; for there is too much of that in the country, especially among the landlords. They seem to me to be always grasping after more money. They are so rich now, that they don't know how to spend what they have got; and yet they want more. There is the Marquis. He has above a thousand pounds a day, they say, and yet he is so stingy that he would not give away even an old shoe, if there was any chance of his wearing it another day. But he is buying up all the land in these parts, as if his life depended upon it. At the same time, he doesn't care a straw for his tenants. He allows us nothing for what we spend on the land; he obliges us always to keep a certain quantity of plant; and then, when the land is beginning to look a little better, he claps on the rent. The steward sent me notice last week that twenty-five per cent. would be added to the rent of all the farms on the estate at the next letting; and my lease is just out. It makes it very hard work for us poor farmers to live; and you may depend upon it that this cattle-plague has come to teach these covetous landlords a lesson. For don't you see that if the cattle and sheep die, the land will be of no use to us, and then

they will be obliged to drop the rents."

"Yes! and then," said another, "they will have to give up those silly prize shows; which, to my thinking, are the real cause of the cattle-plague. All over the country, people are competing with each other to show the fattest and the biggest beasts; as if that was the great design of God in giving us these animals. I am sick of it. I tried a great many years to get a prize, and believe I showed as good cattle as anyone; but I never got anything except a 'commendation' once, which did me no good. The other day, I heard that nine cows, belonging to a particular breed, had been sold for above four thousand pounds; and you frequently read in the papers of almost fabulous prices being paid for fine sheep and young bulls. Some animals, of course, are much more valuable than others; but the manner in which they are bought and sold is more like gambling than fair trading. Don't you think that God will visit us for the unnatural pride we take in such things? It seems to me as if He intended to show us our sin in this matter by making us pay an exorbitant price for meat, that so we may be made to understand these creatures were made for food, and not for show."

"That's all very good," said an ironmaster, who belonged to the neighbourhood, "but I have another way of accounting for the cattle-plague. I think it is rather to punish the lower classes, who want to be our masters, and strike when they can't have their own way. Just consider what unreasonable men we have to do with. It seems as if they never would be content with their wages. Had John the Baptist lived in our day, I think that instead of exhorting the soldiers, he would have addressed himself to the *carpenters, and masons, and pud-*

dlers, and colliers, who never seem to be satisfied. And it does not matter how much you increase their wages. All goes in eating and drinking. My butcher says that his best customers on the Saturday are the mechanics and their wives, who buy the very best joints, and never stick at the price. They get hot and and expensive suppers on Saturday nights, and live on Sundays, and so long as the meat and the money for drink last, like young princes. No wonder, I say, that we have got the cattle-plague, when you have such extravagance among the labouring classes."

"Not among the labouring classes only," said the second speaker. "Just look at the rich. What feasting, what gaiety, what pleasuring they indulge in. My heart aches as I see them seeking enjoyment all over the country, scattering their money like dirt, when I remember how they grind and neglect the poor. Perhaps this cattle-plague may bring them to their senses. But if it don't, you may depend upon it we shall have something else before long. We had the cotton-famine a year or two back. Before that we had the potato-disease, and the cholera; and we shall have other judgments, if we do not mend our ways. *We forget God.*"

But here the train stopped, and my companions all left the carriage. I could not help saying to myself, when alone, "If, instead of thinking of the sins of others, as my travelling friends, for the most part, seem to have done, each one of us would think of his own personal sins and transgressions, and, humbly confessing them, would forsake the same with contrite and believing hearts, this would be the best improvement we could make of the great calamity by which the nation is now so heavily afflicted."

T. J.

THE SYCAMORE.

THAT noble tree before us, with giant arms low down, and wide open, is the sycamore, into which Zacchæus climbed, and which supplied the Great Teacher with an illustration as to the power of faith. (Luke xvii. 6.) Some have thought that the mulberry is the tree referred to; but it does not answer the description, while this does not fail in a single particular. It is generally planted by the wayside, and its giant arms are stretched across the road. Then nothing is easier than to climb into one of them; and here is a score of boys and girls in this one, and any one passing in the road beneath is easily seen. In fact, it was just such a tree as the diminutive but curious tax-gatherer would climb into in order to get a view of the Saviour. It is easily propagated, merely by planting a stout branch in the ground, and watering it until it has struck out roots into the soil. This it does with great rapidity, and to a vast depth. It was this that suggested the illustration to the Saviour. Now look at this tree: its ample girth, its wide-spread arms, branching off from the parent trunk only a few feet from the ground; then examine its enormous roots,—as thick, as numerous, and as wide-spread into the deep soil below as the branches extend into the air above,—the very best type of invincible steadfastness. What power on earth can pluck up such a tree? Heaven's thunderbolt may strike it down, the wild tornado may tear it to fragments; but the roots, surely nothing will dislodge them. Listen to the Saviour: "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye might say unto this sycamore-tree, *Be thou plucked up by the root*, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you." The mulberry-tree, on the other hand, is remarkable for the shortness and

feebleness of its roots. It is more easily plucked up than any other tree of the same size in the country. Hundreds of them are thus treated every year, and brought as firewood into the city. The sycamore is very fruitful, bearing sometimes as many as seven crops in the year. But in this it is irregular, and the same tree will bear more crops one year than another. The "figs," which are small and of a greenish yellow colour, grow on short stems along the trunk and large branches, and not at the end of twigs, as in other fruit-bearing trees. They are at best very insipid, and none but the poorer classes eat them.—*The Land and the Book.*

THOUGHTS ON A VESTRY.

It is an old truth in the world, experienced by millions, though seldom contemplated as expressed in the words of the poet, that "the mind is its own place." Place can never be a substitute for *state*. However attractive a locality may be, it can never compensate for the lack of a quiet mind. Wherever we may roam or rest the place will be, in a great measure, as we are. It is the mind that gives the best colouring to the peaceful landscape, and best secures rest amid the bustle of a crowded city. But yet we are not wholly uninfluenced by place. There are circumstances which may render it painful or pleasurable to our feelings. A field, a house, or "chamber where the good man meets his fate," may impart a dread or awaken pleasure, as we view it. There sin may have been committed, or forgiveness obtained; there a holy purpose may have been made, or a dark temptation felt; there a strain of gratitude may, like the flame of holy sacrifice, have ascended to heaven, or the shade of despair spread over the soul.

There are some spots and places

which have connected with them a history so free from what is really evil that their sight awakens in all right-minded persons a pleasing, though it may be also a pensive, feeling.

Among such places we may reckon "an old vestry." What place can be more divested of all worldly and unhallowed associations? An old room in an old house has had many inmates, and witnessed many social scenes; and while *there* the good man had ended his pilgrimage, the bold blasphemer has been driven away in his wickedness; and while many a social circle has been gathered there in innocent mirth, there have been the social gatherings of the immoral and intemperate. But the "old vestry" can call up no such remembrances. Designed for an especial purpose, and used accordingly, it has ever been connected with the service of God, and things pertaining to the kingdom of His Son. We lately sat awhile, alone, in such a vestry on a Sabbath morning. A portrait of an old divine was hanging where it had hung for many a year. The old benches which had been placed there long ago for the use of the godly company who came to the weekly prayer-meeting, appeared quite in unison with "the place where prayer was wont to be made." The adjoining quiet resting-place of the dead, seen through the old window, with the tombstones bearing the names of many who had worshipped here, threw a shade of pensive beauty over the hallowed room.

In such a vestry many servants of God have been, and many anxious moments experienced peculiar to them as "ambassadors for Christ." Many have entered there, and felt as though they could not preach; and the feelings with which they left the vestry, ere the service commenced, were exchanged for feelings of

another kind when they entered it again after the service was ended. It was with them somewhat as with the Apostle, that when they were weak they became strong. New light was thrown on the truth as they read it; fresh impressions made of its unspeakable importance as they discoursed on it; a nearer view of eternity was opened up as they warned the sinner to "flee from the wrath to come," and the glory of the Cross appeared more resplendent as they spoke of the love of Him who died thereon. But at times, with many, the case has been reversed. The preacher has come out of the "old vestry," not expecting but that his well-thought-out sermon and his healthful feelings would enable him to speak with freedom and comfort, when, alas! the chariot-wheels of his discourse dragged heavily along, the eye of faith was dim, and the heart spiritually languid.

Many a Sabbath morning has he turned his footsteps thither with every variety of feeling. He has gone there beneath a wintry sky, yet with sunshine in his heart; and felt also the chill of winter in his soul when summer's cheering light was streaming on his pathway. Sometimes a burden on the heart was taken to that vestry, and left there ere he ascended the stairs to exhort the hearers to cast their burden on the Lord. Ofttimes, however, it may be, when he entered the vestry-door the burden came, and was only removed as, after the work was done, he enjoyed the quiet consciousness that he had endeavoured to preach, not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and had faithfully testified to the fact that there was no other Name than this given under heaven whereby men could be saved.

But the vestry has a connexion with the experience of those who have worshipped in the chapel. How

all eyes have turned as the door opened, to see who was to minister to them the "word of life;" and how often has a shade of gladness, regret, or surprise passed over the countenances of the congregation as the pastor, a stranger, or a stripling, made his appearance! How often, too, has their expectation been agreeably disappointed when the preacher, unknown, unprepossessing in appearance, and unmusical in voice, has spoken on eternal things in glowing language, and in impressive thoughts,—when the people have gone to their homes refreshed in soul, and purposing in the future to "judge nothing before the time!" How often also has their expectation been disappointed when, externally, there seemed to be the promise of pulpit-power, and yet the power was not there; and, happily for the Minister, when he descended the pulpit-stairs and shut to the vestry-door, that the words of the separating audience were shut out of his hearing also!

But in the long run of years many eminent men have entered that vestry for the first and last time. The gathered crowd were probably acquainted with the preacher's fame, but had not seen his form, nor heard his voice. Then every eye was turned and intensely fixed towards the opening door, and every face beamed with pleasure as the man "whose praise was in all the churches" ascended to preach the Word.

The old vestry, too, has witnessed some moments of happy fellowship. There those "whose bosoms seemed to wear one heart" have talked over their trials and joys in connexion with the church of Christ. There "two or three" have often met for prayer, and felt truly that God was not confined to the "solemn temple." Many happy and loving greetings have taken place there, and many a tender and affectionate farewell.

The "old vestry" reminds us that such scenes have been and have passed away, and it may not be long ere it will pass away too; but the holy thoughts which have lived there, the holy words which have been spoken there, and the holy purposes which have been formed there, will never perish. The record of all the good thought and done within its narrow walls is kept on high. Happy would it be for our world if every humble home or noble dwelling had connected with them associations as interesting and hallowed as those belonging to the old chapel vestry! —*Evangelical Magazine.*

HE IS A CHRISTIAN!

He is a Christian! Then he is a man of truth; upon his word you may implicitly rely. His promises are faithfully fulfilled; his representations he believes to be scrupulously exact. He would not hazard his veracity upon a contingency. "He that speaketh truth sheweth forth righteousness."

He is a Christian! Then he is an *honest* man. He had rather wrong himself than wrong his neighbour. In whatever business he may be engaged, you may be sure that his dealings will be honourable and upright. "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." "The way of the just is uprightness."

He is a Christian! Then he is an *humble* man. He thinks of his own infirmities, acknowledges his dependence upon God, and regards the wealthiest and poorest of his brethren as men, and worthy of his Redeemer's love, and worthy of his attention and interest. "God giveth grace to the humble." "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

He is a Christian! Then he is a *kind* man. He feels interested for his neighbours, and has ever a pleasant word for those he meets.

He strives to promote the welfare and happiness of those with whom he is associated. His generous heart delights in diffusing enjoyment. "The law of kindness is in his tongue." To godliness he adds "brotherly kindness."

He is a Christian! Then he is *charitable*. He is prompt to attribute right motives to others rather than wrong, wherever it is possible. Knowing his own liability to err, he will regard with a charitable heart the failures of others, and will be more ready to reclaim and restore than to censure them. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." "Charity suffereth long, and is kind."

He is a Christian! Then he is *forgiving*. Wrong does not rankle in his heart, craving for revenge. The forgiving word is ready upon his lip for his most implacable enemy. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." "Even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."

He is a Christian! Then he is *benevolent*. He feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, ministers to the sick. Human distresses touch his heart and open his hand. The spiritual maladies of mankind excite his commiseration, and to relieve and remove them his influence and property will be cheerfully contributed. "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

THE UNFAILING CRUSE.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another;
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine shall fill thy storehouse,
Or the handful still renew:
Scanty fare for *one* will often
Make a royal feast for *two*.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is golden grain:
Seeds that mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,—
God shall bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountain,
Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thine heart a well left empty?
Only God the void can fill,—
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still:—
Give thine heart a living power;
Self-entwined its strength sinks low
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

THE WESLEYS AND THE PRISONS OF OXFORD.

THERE are few cities more rich in historic associations than Oxford; few more abundant in memorials of men and times long since passed away. Imagination readily repeoples the picturesque old streets and colleges with students, of whom some went thence, in bygone ages, to high renown, but most to undistinguished and now forgotten lives, as country parsons, squires, or lawyers; while a few remained to dwell in the University, delighting in the many-volumed libraries, in the quiet of their rooms, or yet deeper quiet of the shades and trim lawns of the college gardens; or even, perchance, in the attractions of the dining-hall, where solemn portraits of founders and benefactors look down upon good things spread on the oaken tables.



(Bocardo, Oxford, as it stood in 1770.)

Methodists will ever regard Oxford with peculiar interest,—with loving thoughts of one, “sometime Fellow of Lincoln College,” whose portrait, though not deemed worthy to hang on college walls, has become familiar in unnumbered homes of the people. The principal places in the city connected with Mr. Wesley’s memory are Christ Church, to which he belonged in the earlier years of his University career, and for which, when seventy-six years of age, he says, he could “not but still retain a peculiar affection;” and Lincoln College, where he resided as Fellow. This latter College was founded in 1427, by Richard Flemmynge, Bishop of Lincoln, in order, it is said, to “provide a nursery of learned divines to confute the prevailing heresy of Wycliffe.” Its highest fame, however, will probably be derived from its connexion with Wesley,

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one of the truest followers of the early English Reformer. In the University Church, (St. Mary’s,) thoughts will also be suggested of the preacher who there, in those sermons through which “he being dead, yet speaketh,” startled his learned audience with forgotten truths of the Gospel.

Christ Church, Lincoln College, and St. Mary’s are associated with Mr. Wesley in common with many other men of eminence. There were, however, scenes in Oxford frequented by few save himself, and which exercised a strong influence on his future life. Some facts respecting these localities are now presented to the reader.

Near the western entrance of Oxford is a massive square tower, which can scarcely escape observation. This is part of the old Castle, and is supposed to be a remnant of that Saxon fortification

in which Alfred the Great and other royal persons resided. In the reign of William the Conqueror, the Castle was strengthened, and to a great extent rebuilt; and for several centuries it continued to be a fortress of importance. In the winter of 1142, the Empress Maud was besieged here by King Stephen, who had obtained possession of the city. The escape of the Empress, after the siege had lasted three months, and defence was no longer possible, is thus related:—"The river being frozen over, and the ground covered with snow, she, with three trusty knights, all dressed in white that they might be less obvious, issued silently, at midnight, from a postern of the Castle, passed all the enemy's sentinels unobserved, travelled on foot to Abingdon, and from thence on horseback to Wallingford, where she was soon after joined by the army that was marching to her relief under the conduct of her brother the Earl of Gloucester."

King Henry the Third, in the fifteenth year of his reign, granted the Chancellor of the University permission to confine his "rebellious clerks" in the Castle; and eight years afterwards it was appointed by Act of Parliament the common gaol for the county of Oxford; and the county gaol it has ever since remained.

Oxford Castle is closely connected with the early history of Methodism. "In the summer following," that is, the summer of 1730, says Mr. Wesley, "Mr. M—— told me he had called at the gaol, to see a man who was condemned for killing his wife; and that, from the talk he had with one of the debtors, he verily believed it would do much good, if any one would be at the pains of now and then speaking with them. This he so frequently repeated, that on the 24th of August, 1730, my brother and I walked with him to the Castle. We were so well satisfied with our conversation there, that we agreed to go thither once or twice a week." * These, however, were not the first Wesleyan visits to the Castle, for Samuel Wesley, Sen., in a letter of encouragement to his sons, says, "Go on, then, in God's name, in the path to which your Saviour has directed you, and in

that track wherein your father has gone before you; for when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I visited those in the Castle there, and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day."

Having obtained the formal sanction of the Bishop of the diocese, the Methodists (then five in number) began their systematic efforts for the spiritual welfare of the prisoners; distributing money, also, among the more necessitous. The leader in this work of Christian charity was undoubtedly John Wesley. To understand his position at that time, it must be remembered that he was no longer an undergraduate, but a man of mark in the University,—an Oxford "Don." He had been ordained priest; he wore a "Master's gown;" above all, he was Fellow of Lincoln, as well as Greek Lecturer, and Moderator of the Classics and Logic in his college. He was just the man who might have reasonably aspired to a still more distinguished place in the University, (some time after this, we find him inquiring "concerning the exercises previous to the degree of Bachelor in Divinity,") or even to become a Dean or a Bishop. But all these things he counted loss for the sake of Christ; and neither his position nor his character secured him from suffering shame in the service of his Master. Scarcely had the visits to the Castle begun, than one of the Methodists, a gentleman of Merton, "acquainted us," says Mr. Wesley, "that he had been much rallied the day before, for being a member of the *holy club*; and that it was become a common topic of mirth at his college, where they had found out several of our customs, to which we ourselves were utter strangers."

We may judge of the ordinary treatment Mr. Wesley met with at that time from the contrast described by him in January, 1761, when he went to Oxford to vote at an election of a Member of Parliament for the University. On that occasion, notwithstanding he did "not find the decency and order" which he "expected," he writes, "I was much surprised, wherever I went, at the civility of the people,—gentlemen as well as others. There was no pointing, no calling of names, as once; no, nor even

* Letter to Mr. Morgan, Sen.

laughter." Charles Wesley, too, tells us, in his "Journal," that the fierce, scornful persecution he endured in Georgia was almost equal to that at Oxford.

On the return of the brothers from America, they continued to feel an unabated interest in their work among the prisoners. On Sunday, February 19th, 1738, Mr. John Wesley "preached once more at the Castle, (in Oxford,) to a numerous and serious congregation." In recording a journey to Manchester, on the 14th of the following month, with "Mr. Kinchin, Fellow of Corpus Christi, and Mr. Fox, late a prisoner in the city prison," Mr. Wesley writes: "Between five and six we called at Chapel-on-the-Heath, where lived a poor man, sometime prisoner in the Castle of Oxford. He was not at home; but his wife came to us, to whom Mr. Kinchin spoke a few words, which so melted her heart, that she burst out into tears, and we went on rejoicing, and praising God." Only a few days later, (Monday, March 27th) there is the following remarkable entry in the Journal: "Mr. Kinchin went with me to the Castle, where, after reading prayers, and preaching on, 'It is appointed unto men once to die,' we prayed with the condemned man; first in several forms of prayer, and then in such words as were given us in that hour. He kneeled down in much heaviness and confusion, having 'no rest in his bones, by reason of his sins.' After a space he rose up, and eagerly said, 'I am now ready to die. I know Christ has taken away my sins, and there is no more condemnation for me.' The same composed cheerfulness he showed, when he was carried to execution; and in his last moments he was the same, enjoying a perfect peace, in confidence that he was 'accepted in the Beloved.'" This occurred two months before Mr. Wesley himself, in the Society in Aldersgate-street, felt his heart "strangely warmed," and knew that his sins were taken away. Who can say how much he was indebted to the clear conversion he witnessed in the condemned cell of Oxford Castle? Certainly from that time his expectations appear to have been quickened, and his views of saving faith to have become more clear.

Many entries in the journals of John and Charles Wesley mention their preaching in the Castle "to the poor prisoners." Once, (September 18th, 1737,) Charles states that he "gave the Sacrament" there "to threescore communicants;" and on Saturday, November 25th, 1738, he writes, "Charles [Kinchin?] carried me to the Castle. I read prayers, and was afterwards constrained to speak freely and fully. I was much cheered by it myself."

The Castle was not the only gaol in Oxford. There was a prison for the city, called Bocardo, which was also visited by the Wesleys. Bocardo was the name given to the principal gate in the northern wall of Oxford; and this, in olden times, was a very important part of the fortifications, the city being unprotected on that side by any of the numerous streams which added strength to the other defences. In course of time, the room over the gateway was used as a prison, and continued to be so used when the fortifications were no longer required.

When the three chief martyrs of the English Reformation were sent to Oxford, Bocardo was the place of Cranmer's imprisonment, while Ridley and Latimer were confined in private houses in the city. As the two latter bishops were led to the place of execution, which was just without the north wall, we are told (in Foxe's *Martyrs*) that "Dr. Ridley, as he passed under Bocardo, looked up where Dr. Cranmer lay, hoping, belike, to have seen him at the glass window, and to have spake with him; but Dr. Cranmer was then busy with a friar, disputing together, so that he could not see him through that occasion."

There is an Oxford tradition to the effect that Cranmer was taken to the top of the old tower of St. Michael's Church, which adjoined Bocardo, to view the execution of Ridley and Latimer, in order that the sight of their sufferings might overcome his constancy. Bocardo was probably the scene of much of that terrible mental conflict which preceded his recantation, as it undoubtedly was of that noble resolution which, immediately before his martyrdom, he carried into effect in St. Mary's Church;

when, to the amazement and fury of his persecutors, Cranmer declared his repentance for his fall, and his purpose that "the unworthy right hand" which signed the recantation should first perish in the flames.

In the time of the Wesleys, the prisoners confined in Bocardo were chiefly debtors; and, as many of these were in extreme poverty, it was their custom to suspend a basket by a cord from the window above the gateway, to receive the alms of the passers by. We may be assured that these poor, distressed creatures would not be neglected by those who so actively ministered to the inmates of the Castle; and this is rendered certain by several references, in the journals of subsequent years, to Bocardo as one of their previous and accustomed places of labour. Thus, on Sunday, December 3d, 1738, John Wesley writes, "I began reading prayers in Bocardo, (the city prison,) which had been long discontinued;" and on the following Thursday, Charles writes, "I read prayers again to the poor prisoners in Bocardo." The following extract is from the elder brother's journal, and is dated October 3d, 1739: "I had a little leisure to take a view of the shattered condition of things here. The poor prisoners, both in the Castle and in the city prison, had now none that cared for their souls; none to instruct, advise, comfort, and build them up in the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus."

The gateway and prison of Bocardo have long since been removed; but the old tower of Oxford Castle yet stands, a memorial of the beginning of those "labours more abundant" which, by Divine providence, resulted in the widespread agencies of Methodism, the revival of spiritual religion in our own land, and in the proclamation of the Gospel to many nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people. Those college men, who took up their cross and denied themselves that they might follow Him who came "to seek and to save the lost," knew not, indeed, whereunto their work would grow. They were free from great projects, and all unconscious of the future; but, like the martyrs who passed under Bocardo to the place of fiery trial,

they lit "a candle in England which, by the grace of God, shall never be extinguished." They were led by a way that they knew not, through trials which grew fiercer as their work enlarged; "but in all things approving" themselves "as the Ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by longsuffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report," they became the instruments of great good to men, and great glory to God. While few have been more honoured by Him than they, none have been more ready to confess,—

"Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all Divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is Thine."

Let us who bear their name, follow them as they followed Christ. In the altered circumstances of the times it may not now be necessary for many to imitate them in their prison visitations; but while the poor and the sick, the suffering and the sinful, are around us, there is surely work for every Christian;—work which cannot be neglected without peril to the soul, but which, if humbly fulfilled, will be crowned with blessing.

J. S.

DAVID STOW, OF GLASGOW.

(Concluded from page 340.)

We have now given a brief outline of the origin and characteristic features of Mr. Stow's Moral Training System, as it originated in his Salt-market Sabbath-school, and gradually assumed a definite purpose and shape. We are now to see its application to day-school purposes, and its extensive adoption at home and abroad. In 1826, aided by a young gentleman, Mr. Basil Robertson,—of whom he ever spoke in terms of the warmest regard, and whose early death he greatly lamented,—Mr. Stow established his first Model and Practising

School for students, by leasing and adapting for this purpose a house and garden adjoining the Drygate. Mr. David Caughie was appointed infant trainer; and, after devoting himself with singular ability to this work for nearly forty years, he is still the head-master of the infant department of the Free Church Normal Seminary in Glasgow. A limited number of students were received into this school, and Mr. Stow commenced the practice, which he continued till failing health compelled him to relinquish it, of giving direct instruction in the art of teaching to these young persons. This, he conceived, constituted the place a Normal School; and he was ever accustomed to speak of it as the earliest in Great Britain. We cannot, in deference to known facts, concede this distinction to it, notwithstanding our great esteem for its founder and its methods. A Normal School is a modern invention, for which we are indebted to Germany. Augustus Hermann Franké, a Pietist divine of Halle, in Saxony, had founded in Glauchau, one of its suburbs, a large Orphan-house, which became a sort of model for the subsequent institutions of similar name founded, on a smaller scale, by Whitefield in Georgia, and by Wesley in Newcastle-on-Tyne. In connexion with it, in 1697, he established a "Teacher's Class," which shortly after developed itself into a "Teacher's Seminary." About 1704, a regular supply of teachers for children of the lower orders was being sent forth from this establishment. Steinmetz, one of Franké's pupils, founded another such seminary at Klosterbergen, in 1730; and five years later, a third was established at Stettin, in Prussia. The precise name of "Normal School" was first given to that of Vienna, in 1771. They spread successively into Holland, Switzerland, and France; and after the lapse of a century, we meet with a trace of the idea in England. In 1805, on the strength of £400 raised for the purpose, Joseph Lancaster proceeded to board, clothe, and apprentice for several years some of the monitors of his school, with a view to their becoming schoolmasters even-

tually. Twelve years later, in 1817, the British and Foreign School Society sought to provide candidate teachers not only with a "complete knowledge of the British system," but also with such other general information as seemed likely to be specially useful to them; and about 1811, the National Society had made some rudimentary attempts at the training of teachers in their school at Baldwin's Gardens, in London. These two societies, then, were certainly in the field before Mr. Stow; however imperfect might be the training afforded.

His students were quickly in demand; and in 1829 a larger school, with accommodation for two hundred children and fifty students, was opened at the top of Steel-lane, Salt-market. To this another department was added the following year, by the adoption of Mr. Stow's methods in the parish-school of the Gallowgate, then under the charge of Mr. J. Auld. In 1834, the late Rev. Dr. Welsh, who had felt a lively interest in the undertaking from its commencement, delivered a lecture on it in Glasgow, with a view to the provision of a more extensive platform for the operations of the institution, in consequence of which about £2,400 was raised on its behalf. The Rev. George Lewis, then editor of the *Scottish Guardian*, rendered very important service; and, with the aid of three successive grants from Government, amounting to £4,500, a noble suite of schoolrooms and other apartments was completed in 1837, at a cost of about £14,000; forming one of the most extensive and best-constructed buildings for popular education at that time within the four seas.

Like most men who have been eminent in carrying on great works, Mr. Stow seems to have been skilful in selecting and attaching to himself able fellow-labourers and associates. In carrying on this institution at Dundas Vale, he was aided by a band of teachers of noble spirit, and of great ability; among whom it is not invidious to others to name Mr. Robert Hislop, at that time its Rector, and Mr. William Fraser, now the Minister of the Free Middle Church in Paisley. No one could be more ready to acknowledge the

assistance derived from men like these than was Mr. Stow.

Comfortably located as the institution now seemed to be, one more migration was in store for it. The storm which, in 1843, rent asunder the Church of Scotland, fell with disastrous effect upon the little bark which Mr. Stow had so long piloted. By the deeds under which the Seminary at Dundas Vale was held, the property was vested, under certain conditions, in the Established Church. At the disruption, Mr. Stow, with most of the children, and nearly all the teachers of the Seminary adhered to the Free Church; and hence, by the law, they were compelled to abandon the building reared with so much expense and anxiety, where so much labour had been bestowed in faith and hope. On the 8th of May, 1845, its occupants marched out in long procession, and found refuge, for the time, in a wooden shed, termed, by a pardonable euphemism, "the Pavilion;" pervious alike to wind and rain, with canvas for its windows, and sawdust for its floor. In the meantime, however, under the direction of the Education committee of the Free Church, another building was rising for its accommodation; and in the autumn of that year, after an expenditure of about £11,000, the Training System once more found a home in the Free Normal Seminary, Cowcaddens, Glasgow, where it still continues, under the rectorship of Mr. T. Morrison.

Such is a brief outline of the various fortunes of the institution over which Mr. Stow so long presided; from which, up to the present time, about three thousand teachers have gone forth to reproduce his methods with greater or less fidelity and success in their varying spheres of action. Time, money, anxiety, and labour, were spent by him in no stinted measure upon these several undertakings. The consciousness of upright intention, the knowledge of good results extensively produced, and the respect of his fellow-citizens generally, and of educationists in particular, constituted rewards doubtless valued by him. In 1851, a number of teachers trained by him united in a public expression of their high regard for

him. Two marble busts of him were executed by Mr. H. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, one of which was placed in the Free Normal Seminary, while the other, we presume, has passed as an heirloom to the gentleman who now bears his name. About this period, he suffered severely from the loss of Mrs. Stow, and other members of his family by death, and from serious attacks of indisposition. He was thus, for two or three years before his death, almost wholly removed from the public sphere he had occupied; and, after a gentle and somewhat protracted decay, passed, honoured and lamented, from time to eternity. The lesson his life teaches would be imperfectly impressed if we were to stop here, and omit reference to the extension of his educational system, at home and abroad, brief as the account must be.

Shortly after the extinction of slavery in the British West Indies had been decreed by the Legislature of this country, our Missionary Society deemed it right to aid the preparation of the sable apprentices for their approaching freedom, by the establishment of schools in those islands. The superintendency of the scheme was committed to the late Mr. H. Armstrong; and after careful consideration of the various systems of popular education then in vogue, he gave a decided preference to that of Mr. Stow, as being best suited to the aims of the Society. A small Normal School, for the preparation of the teachers, was established in Jamaica, and conducted by Mr. J. Auld, whom we have previously mentioned; while Mr. Armstrong assumed the functions of General Superintendent and Inspector. Circumstances, which need not be here detailed, led to the discontinuance of the Normal School; but the other part of the plan worked very satisfactorily. Hence it was natural that the General Education Committee, at the commencement of its operations in 1840, should be favourably inclined to the same system, which they accordingly adopted. From 1840 to 1851, they sent about four hundred and forty persons to be trained at the Normal Seminaries in Glasgow upon Mr. Stow's methods; which they have subsequently employed, with some necessary

modifications, in the Normal Institution at Westminster. In the last edition of his work, *The Training System*, Mr. Stow emphatically declares, "This Institution is not only the largest and most influential, but is also an excellent model of the complete Training System of education." In thus recording his connexion with our own work, it is only due to Mr. Stow to state that, during the period when the Wesleyan students were trained at Glasgow, and when the payments on their behalf formed no inconsiderable item in the resources of that establishment, he never ceased to urge, with rare self-sacrifice and disinterestedness, the formation of a Normal School for our own body; and, when established, he rejoiced in its prosperity. Adding the numbers trained at Glasgow to those who have gone out from Westminster, about eleven hundred teachers have thus been sent forth under the auspices of the General Education Committee; the majority of whom still continue to use his methods.

To a considerable extent, his views have been adopted by the Cheltenham Training College, under the direction of the Rev. C. H. Bromby, now Bishop of Tasmania; and in the Homerton Training College of the Congregational Board. In the colonies and dependencies of the empire it has been extensively spread. In the Mico Charity Normal School in Antigua it was carried out in its integrity for more than twenty years, under the Rev. J. Miller, and subsequently under Mr. Sidney Stead, formerly of Leeds. Since the discontinuance of our own Normal School in Jamaica, we believe the Wesleyan schools in that island have been chiefly supplied with teachers from that institution. In Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Upper Canada, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island, Normal Schools have been established, where his methods have been adopted to some extent; while in Ceylon and Calcutta, others were for some time successfully conducted under Messrs. Murdoch and Knighton.

This enumeration might be extended; but we have said enough to convey to our readers some notion of the extensive sphere ultimately affected by Mr. Stow's

labours. He had, indeed, great gifts and talents put into his charge; but humbly, earnestly, and diligently he used them, and with ample and gratifying issues; and he has now doubtless "entered into the joy of his Lord." Can any example teach us more impressively that we should take up the work which comes to our hand, in whatever place or situation our lot may be cast, and that a great reward will be sure to crown our faithful labours? May we not, also, *more particularly*, gain from this record of his life, brief and imperfect as it is, a higher estimate of that work to which he devoted himself, his talents, and a large amount of his property; a work in which we, as a Body, have made a fair beginning, but one in which far, far more, needs yet to be accomplished. S.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

VI.

(Continued from page 344.)

Lycidas. Our trip is well over! I certainly thought we should have been sunk; for the steamer was bearing directly down upon us.

Penseroso. You sang out well!

L. For your sake, believe me, more than for my own. I am afraid that in a few more seconds I should have sprung into the sea, and taken care of myself. However, we are safely back, altogether unhurt, and only frightened.

P. Yes. And yet we are never safe, unless Heaven answers for us. But "sailing with God, you may sail in a crate."

L. May not this truth be abused?

P. That will be a strange doctrine that shall not be liable to abuse.

L. Well, we left England on the very pinnacle of greatness; for we said nothing of her wants, her faults, and her miseries; and as Monsieur Dupin was not with us, we had everything our own way. But, after all, there must be a vast amount of wealth, power, and intellect beyond the four seas.

P. Certainly; that is part of my case. I said, if you remember, that the race of *Japheth* was exalted; especially our own nation.

L. By the way, what does "Japheth" mean?

P. Perhaps, "enlargement."

L. I thought so; and Moses says, or rather Noah says, that Japheth should be *enlarged*, not *exalted*.

P. If Providence performs more than it promises, I see no reason to complain or object. Certainly Japheth is *enlarged*, since his descendants have spread east and west till they have met.

L. Are you sure that the critics could not call your statement into question?

P. The critics! I am only thankful if these gentlemen (*Audax Iapeti genus!*) are so considerate as to believe that their forefather had any sons at all, or that such a mortal as Japheth ever existed. It is such a charity to believe anything that *Moses* says.

L. But stay! "Japheth," you said, *perhaps* signifies "enlargement." Are you not sure then?

P. No.

L. Then why not from adequate authority satisfy yourself? Had I your studious habits, I should soon settle that little point; ay, and map out the boundaries of the countries which Japheth's children peopled. I should overhaul Josephus and Strabo, and all that class of writers, then issue a learned work, which I should entitle "Japheth."

P. Had you my studious habits, you would learn how difficult it is to find in books what you want. I shall neither perplex myself with the contradictions which I might find, nor fret myself with my author's provoking *silence*; for though an author is loquacity itself on points about which one cares nothing, I no sooner ask him a question than he is dumb. No. Whatever I say or think about Japheth will be said or thought in this bower this morning.

L. Well, I too have hunted in vain.

P. The "one thing needful" we cannot seek in vain. Considering the value of the thing to be found, the pains spent in seeking it, was ever anything found so easily as Heaven? Is anything nearly so attainable as everlasting life?

L.—If one goes far into antiquity, one finds but little sign of the fulfilment of Noah's prophecy.

P. You are right: but there is always

time with Heaven. If there be no fulfilment in the time of *Moses*, all the better; *Moses* did not invent the prophecy. Indeed, why should he? Had he any special regard for Japheth? Had he invented, would he not have said, "God shall enlarge *Shem*?" As it is, he dismisses Japheth in few words.

L. As they are so few, you may give them.

P. "The sons of Japheth; Gomer, and Magog, and Madai, and Javan, and Tubal, and Meshech, and Tiras. And the sons of Gomer; Ashkenaz, and Riphath, and Togarmah. And the sons of Javan; Elishah, and Tarshish, Kittim, and Dodanim. By these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands; every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations."

L. One need not be a Lightfoot to comment on that text. Here, as plainly as one could wish, we have Madai the father of the Medes, Gomer of the Cimmerians, Tiras of the Thracians; Javan, I think, may claim some of the Greeks; and Magog, I know, lives in Siberia. I cannot make much of the rest. Yet Ashkenaz sounds very like young Ascanius, of whom we used to read at school.

P. Be these things as they may, we have long ago, and far away, and for ever left Mount Ararat below the horizon. Japheth with the rest might linger long in the neighbourhood, and perhaps he lived and died in the shadow of the towering hill. But the earth must be peopled. See the pilgrims set out. Of Japheth's children some travel eastward, leaving their descendants to reach the ocean, and, it may be, cross the straits, and creep over the tremendous wilds of America; some travel westward, reach Europe,

"And o'er the Celtic roam the utmost isles."

L. There is no question of *enlargement*, if America too belongs to Noah's first-born. You said that he was *exalted*. Yet he cannot boast of founding any of the grand ancient monarchies. Where was he when Egypt was flourishing under the Pharaohs? There was no Busiris, I fancy, in the Northern wilds and marshes.

P. I know of none. Nor does Japheth

found the first of Daniel's kingdoms,—that great monarchy, the head of gold. He has something, however, to do with the second; and the third and the fourth are his own. How he prospered in *old Greece and Rome!*

L. Are not the Greeks a *mixed* race?

P. Perhaps so; but as we find them on Japheth's ground, we will count them all as his.

L. You may well say that Japheth was exalted in Greece. Who can wonder at a Greek's pride? See the invading millions of Asiatics resisted by a handful of men! See Alexander with a meagre force invading Asia, and in a manner conquering the world. How could a Greek forget, and how can the world forget Marathon, and Thermopylæ, and Salamis, and Platæa, and the Granicus, and Issus, and Arbela? What retreat will ever be so celebrated as the retreat of the ten thousand? Then what a language and literature! a language that *must* live (Greek a dead language, forsooth!) to the end of the world, and a literature that probably *will*; orations, and histories, and tragedies, and poems; among the rest those two marvellous epics of the great bard. Let those who will believe in twenty Homers. For me there shall be only one:

"Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own."

But *was* he blind?

"I can no more believe old Homer blind
Than those who say the sun hath never
shined.

The age in which he lived was dark, but he
Could not want eyes who taught the world
to see.

Those who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
May make old Homer's skull the Muses'
hive."

You will excuse me, Penseroso, if I have been ranting, and blame the Greeks for it. I will not say a word about Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, and the rest. I will only echo your assertion that Japheth prospered in Greece.

P. So he did in Rome.

"Of rougher front, a mighty people come;"
the kingdom "strong as iron." How
they use the pilum and the sword!
What warriors from the beginning!
Well may they drive Pyrrhus home,

and annex Macedonia, and set fire to Carthage!

"Thine, Roman, is the pilum;
Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion's order'd line;
And thine the wheels of triumph,
Which with their laurel'd train
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove's eternal fane."

L. The empire was extensive when Augustus (as Gibbon tells us) recommended in his will that the bounds be extended *no further* than the Rhine and the Danube on the north, the Euphrates on the east, the deserts of Arabia and Africa on the south, and the Atlantic on the west.

P. But forty or fifty years before, it was not wide enough to hold himself and Antony, when he mustered the strength of Italy, and Antony the resources of the East:—

"Bocchus, the king of Libya, Archelaus
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adullas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Commagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres."

L. Gone, gone, all gone,—victors and vanquished; yet what a power was the Roman empire while it lasted! But do we seriously admire these Alexanders and Cæsars?

P. I hope not. Whatever claim they have upon us for conduct and capacity, we had better reserve our best esteem for the hero who rules his own spirit. The Master's kingdom is not of this world, nor His Spirit the spirit of this world.

"Not like the warring sons of men,
With shouts, and garments roll'd in blood,
Our Captain doth the fight maintain;
But, lo! the burning Spirit of God
Kindles in each a secret fire;
And all our sins as smoke expire!"

The Roman empire is past; but Japheth's prosperity is not yet at an end. Need *modern Europe* fear comparison with ancient? Julius lived in a happy time. Were he to invade Gaul to-day, would not the Roman eagle succumb to the Gallic? Were he to attempt an invasion of Britain, would not an hour suffice to send his cockle-shells to the

bottom? Or what head could he make against the Northern autocrat? Again, how superior are we in the arts of peace; in science, in music, perhaps even in literature! Where is their astronomy, their geography, their press, their music, their chemistry, their electricity? Then look *across the Atlantic*, and see the civilization of that young, but strong and enterprising, nation. Were the world's history finished to-day, would not Noah's prophecy of Japheth's enlargement have been fulfilled?

L. Yes. But surely we have not seen all yet. Already *New-Zealand* is colonized, and *Australia*, and parts of *Africa*. Is there not a prospect of prosperity for the favoured race in the *South*?

P. There is. How much meaning may be wrapped up in a word or two! Noah uttered his prophecy, and perhaps thought little more about it. O had he seen his sons' career! Had he seen in vision the wealth and the pomp, the power and the skill; had he seen the discoveries which the busy brains of his first-born's children would make; had he seen them measure the planets, and grasp the stars; had he seen them post like the wind over land and sea; had he seen them make the lightning their express; had he seen them, some crowned with laurel, some holding the lyre, some masters of the pen, some girding on the sword, some wielding the sceptre; had he seen their glory, would he soon have forgotten his words?

L. Was ever so much meaning wrapped up in a sentence?

P. Yes, more. You have read a short sentence of Isaiah: "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

L. How often must the words have been fulfilled! Once, no doubt, when the disciples were touched with tongues of fire; and again when Saul of Tarsus said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and often since, when the prey has been taken from the lion's mouth. How many times yet must they be fulfilled, and how gloriously, when the waters flow from the sanctuary in "a river which cannot be passed over!"

P. True, true; and yet not half the

truth! Surely neither time nor eternity can exhaust that text: "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." Japheth's enlargement, ample as it may be, must be bounded by the narrow bounds of something less than this world; for, after all, room must be left for Shem and Ham; and his enlargement must *cease*, for it is a thing of *this* world. But He shall be satisfied (how satisfied!) for ever. Great must be His satisfaction when He *receives* the heathen for His inheritance: how much greater when He *presents* them to His Sire; when He presents the universal church His unblemished bride;—unblemished, and for ever to be unblemished! O then what must be "the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints!" Isaiah's words will then receive an ample fulfilment. Or should one rather say that they then *begin* to be fulfilled, and that they must receive, as eternity rolls on, still deeper, grander, more glorious accomplishment?

L. Well,—I suppose we must go. Once more, then, home.

P. Yes, to such home as one may find in this world. Some of old confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims; and what else are we?

"Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold His face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above."

L. There, no doubt, will meet many sons of *Shem*, *Ham*, and *Japheth*.

P. With the good patriarch himself, and some who have lived and died—and one who lived, but did *not* die—before the Flood.

TEXTS FOR THOUGHT.

"Behold, now is the accepted time." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

P. Perhaps you say that your neglect of religion is only *deferring* it; that you are sensible it is a concern which you must attend to some time, and that you are fully resolved to do so in maturer life. And are you saying this with the images before your mind of one, and another, and still another, within the

circle of your knowledge, whom you have seen cut off in youth? Go, stand by their graves, and repeat it there; for there is folly in it, if you could not on these spots repeat it with undisturbed assurance. Say, over those dead forms, now out of sight, but which you can so well in memory recall, such as you saw them, alert and blooming; say there, deliberately, that you know not why you should not be quite at your ease in delaying to some future time your application to religion. It is possible that some of them, in approaching the last hour, expressed to you an earnest admonition on this subject, conjuring you, in the name of a friend dying in youth, to beware of the guilt and hazard of delay. If so, go to the grave of that one especially, and there pronounce that an impertinence was uttered at a season when every sentence ought to be the voice of wisdom. Say "I am wiser in this carelessness of my spirit than thou wast in the very solemnity of death." Why should you shrink at the idea of doing this? and if you dare not do it, what verdict art you admitting, by implication, as the just one to be pronounced on your conduct?

JESUS MY SHEPHERD.

Jesus, be Thou my Shepherd,
O lead me in Thy way;
Direct me in Thy footsteps,
And never let me stray:
Alike in the green pastures,
And on the desert sand,
In storm, or in still waters,
I need Thy guardian hand.

I fear not the dark valley,
If Thou, my God, be there;
Thy rod and staff uphold me,
I cast on Thee my care.
Though Satan shall assail me
With threat'nings and alarms,
I have a sure protection,
Safe in my Saviour's arms.

I'll trust in Thee, my Saviour,
And daily watch and pray;
So should it be Thy pleasure
To call Thy child away,

Death shall come, devoid of terror,
An angel sent by love
To take me hence and fold me
In heaven, my home above.

H. B.

REMARKABLE MOUSE-NESTS.

MANY instances of remarkable mouse-nests are recorded, among which the following are worthy of mention. As is usual at the end of autumn, a number of flower-pots had been set aside in a shed, in waiting for the coming spring. Towards the middle of winter, the shed was cleared out, and the flower-pots removed. While carrying them out of the shed, the owner was rather surprised to find a round hole in the mould, and therefore examined it more closely. In the hole was seen, not a plant, but the tail of a mouse, which leaped from the pot as soon as it was set down. Presently another mouse followed from the same aperture, showing that a nest lay beneath the soil. On removing the earth, a neat and comfortable nest was found, made chiefly of straw and paper, the entrance to which was the hole through which the inmates had fled. The most curious point in connexion with this nest was that, although the earth in the pot seemed to be intact, except for the round hole, which might have been made by a stick, none was found within it. The ingenious little architects had been clever enough to scoop out the whole of the earth, and to carry it away, so as to form a cavity for the reception of their nest. They did not completely empty the pot, as if knowing by instinct that their habitation would be betrayed. Accordingly, they allowed a slight covering of earth to remain upon their nest, and had laboriously carried out the whole of the mould through the little aperture which has been mentioned. The flower-pot was placed on a shelf in the shed, and the earth was quite hard, so that in the process of excavation there was little danger that it would fall upon the architects.

Another nest was discovered in rather an ingenious position. A bird had built a nest upon a shrub in a garden, and, as

is usual in such cases, had placed its home near the ground. A mouse of original genius saw the nest, and perceived its value. Accordingly, she built her own nest immediately below that of the bird, so that she and her young were sheltered as by a roof. So closely had she fixed her habitation, that, as her young ran in and out of their home, their bodies pressed against the floor of the bird's nest above them. No less than six young were discovered in this ingenious nest.

Another very remarkable nest of the common mouse has been chronicled: "Early in March we set a hen; and, as her nest was a basket, a sack was placed under and around it, so as to keep in the heat. When the hen was set she was in good feather, wearing an ample tail, according to her kind (the Brahma); but as the three weeks went on, her tail seemed much broken, assumed a dilapidated appearance, and finally became a mere stump. This excited notice and surprise, as there was nothing near her against which she was likely to spoil her tail. When the chickens were hatched, and they and their mother were taken to a fresh nest, and the old one removed, it was found that a mouse had constructed a beautiful nest under the basket. The body of the nest was made of tow scraped from the sack, and chopped or gnawed hay from the hen's nest; while the lining was made of the feathers of her tail, which had evidently been removed, a small bit at a time, as wanted, until all the feathers were reduced to stumps, showing marks of the mouse's teeth. We should have liked to have heard the hen's remarks on the transaction, when the mouse was nibbling her tail." In this case the mouse improved on the conduct of her relative that built in the garden; for, by placing her nest in such a position, she not only secured the very best materials for her home, but enjoyed the advantage of the regular and high temperature which proceeded from the body of the sitting hen, and which was admirably adapted for the well-being of her young family.

We will give another example of a remarkable mouse-nest. A number of

empty bottles had been stowed away upon a shelf, and among them was found one which was tenanted by a mouse. The little creature had considered that the bottle would afford a suitable home for her young, and had, therefore, conveyed into it a quantity of bedding, which she made into a nest. The bottle was filled with the nest, and the eccentric architect had taken the precaution to leave a round hole corresponding to the neck of the bottle. In this remarkable domicile the young were placed; and it is a fact worthy of notice that no attempt had been made to shut out the light. Nothing would have been easier than to have formed the cavity at the underside, so that the soft materials of the nest would exclude the light; but the mouse had simply formed a comfortable hollow for her young, and therein she had placed her offspring. It is, therefore, evident that the mouse has no fear of light, but that it only chooses darkness as a means of safety for its young.—*Homes without Hands.*

NECESSITY FOR A SABBATH.

WILLIAM PITT died of apoplexy at the age of forty-seven. When the destinies of nations hung in large measure on his doings, he felt compelled to give an unremitting attention to the affairs of State. Sabbath brought no rest to him, and soon the unwilling brain gave signs of exhaustion. But his presence in Parliament was conceived to be indispensable for explanations and defence of the public policy. Under such circumstances it was his custom to eat heartily of substantial food,—meat highly seasoned,—just before going to the House, in order to afford the body that strength, and to excite the mind to that activity, deemed necessary to the high tension. Both brain and body perished prematurely.

Not long ago, one of the most active merchants in England found his business so extensive that he deliberately determined to devote his Sabbaths to his accounts. He had a mind of a wide grasp. His views were so comprehensive, so far-seeing, that wealth came in upon

him like a flood. He purchased a country seat at a large cost, determining that he would now have rest and quiet. But it was too late. As he stepped on his threshold, after a survey of his late purchase, he became apoplectic. Although life was not destroyed, he only lives to be the wreck of a man.

It used to be said that a brick-kiln "must" be kept burning during the Sabbath; it is now known to be a fallacy. Even now it is a received opinion that iron blast-furnaces will bring ruin if not kept in continual operation. Eighteen years ago, a proprietor determined to keep the Sabbath holy, with the result, as his book testified, that he made more in six days than he did before in seven; that he made more iron in a given time, in proportion to the hands and the

number and size of his furnaces, than any establishment in England which was kept in operation during the Sabbath.

GOLD DUST.

THANKFULNESS.—Gratitude is the best tenure: it gives the surest title to new mercies.

THE NARROW SOUL.—A narrow soul is like the prison that we read of, strangely contrived to grow narrower day by day, till it crushed its unhappy victim between its walls.

SELF-PRaise.—Censure of a man's self is generally oblique praise: it is in order to show how much he can spare.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Memorials of the Departed.

WILLIAM CLARK was born at Killingholme, in the Barton-on-Humber Circuit, on the 27th of April, 1837. In early life he was impressed with the importance of religion, and the necessity of giving his heart to God. His acquaintance with the Scriptures was very accurate, considering his youth; and his serious disposition was specially observed by his Sunday-school teachers. In his thirteenth year he yielded to the strivings of the Spirit, and began to meet in class. He was for several years in Society without the knowledge of sins forgiven, contending with doubts and fears. At length, on the 17th of February, 1858, he was enabled to rejoice in a crucified Redeemer. From that time he sought to make himself more useful in the church of Christ. He was greatly attached to the Sabbath-school, and had a deep sense of the church's responsibility with respect to young people. Believing it to be his duty to preach the Gospel, he devoted his leisure-time to theological study, and the preparation of sermons; but was prevented from exercising his talents in that capacity, through a peculiar affliction with which he was visited. So long

as he was able, he pursued his varied duties with a quiet and unobtrusive demeanour, and marked Christian consistency. When consumption set in, he desired at once "to depart and be with Christ;" but, finding himself somewhat better, he expressed his fear lest he should be too anxious to leave the world, instead of resigning himself more fully to the will of God. To the inquiries of his friends, he declared that Christ was very precious, that he had a blooming hope of heaven. His bodily sufferings were very severe, but they were borne with exemplary patience, and in the enjoyment of sweet communion with God. His mind was "kept in perfect peace," and with him "patience had its perfect work." The hymn, "Jesu, Lover of my soul," was often quoted, together with other hymns and Scripture passages. As he drew near his end, he gave evidence that he was possessed

"Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies."

When he found the sweat of death upon him, he said, "I think this must be death; if it be, it is a welcome messenger;" and prayed,

"Jesus, come and take me, if it be Thy blessed will; but I must, like Job, wait my appointed time." He referred to the Divine goodness and wisdom in concealing from His people the manner of their death, alluding to some who had died suddenly, and to others who, when dying, did not appear to suffer much. In reference to himself, he "thought that if he had not suffered so much as he did, he should not have spent so many comfortable days and nights in his room;" and did "not know why he should suffer so, unless that it might increase his own happiness, or be the means of the salvation of others." On the 20th of July, 1864, he entreated all who were present at the dying scene to kneel down, and pray for his release. His soul soon after was evidently filled with joy, and, clapping his hands, he exclaimed, "Deliverance is come! There is light in the valley!" He then lay unconscious from three to four hours, until, without any apparent suffering or struggle, his happy spirit peacefully escaped to its eternal rest.

S. T. G.

DIED, on the 14th of June, 1865, at Hessele, in the Hull-West Circuit, JAMES HARRISON, aged thirty-nine years. He "feared the Lord greatly" from his youth. At the early age of nine years he was deprived of a mother's care; but his elder sister bears testimony to his obedience and thoughtfulness at that tender age, and he has often been known to make reference, in subsequent years, to his habit then of retiring into secret places to pour out his soul to God. The Lord answered these prayers of his

childhood, by showing him in his youth the way of salvation by faith in a crucified Saviour; and he then identified himself at once with the Wesleyan Methodists. He soon became a tract-distributor and Sunday-school teacher, and endeavoured, not in vain, for the rest of his life, to recommend to others the Gospel which he had himself embraced. He was appointed a trustee of the chapel in which he worshipped; and, for a considerable period, indeed up to his death, he held the office of Superintendent of the Sunday-school. Earnestly did he strive to bring the children to the knowledge of "the truth as it is in Jesus;" and long will some remember his last address to them, from the words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," &c. He was often found, also, at the bedside of the afflicted and dying, pleading with God for their salvation. The last three years of his life were attended with much suffering at times, from the effects of an injury he had received, and which eventually threw him into a decline. In his sickness he cheerfully submitted to the will of God. To his wife he said, "I can leave you, and I can leave the children, in the hands of the Lord;" and then, committing them to the protection of his Heavenly Father, he seemed to have perfect rest and peace. He entered fervently into the prayers that were offered up by friends who visited him; and when asked if he felt the Lord near, he exclaimed, "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!" At last, signifying with his hand that he was going to heaven, he calmly departed, to be for ever with the Lord.

JOHN GOSTICK.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Holmes, Thomas,	Sturton,	Gainsborough,	73	Sept. 12th, 1866.
Keer, Mr. William,	Mutford,	Lowestoft,	68	June 11th, 1866.
Rosell, Mr.,	Sheephead,	Loughborough,	86	Aug. 30th, 1866.
Scupholme, John,	Scotton,	Gainsborough,	59	Oct. 6th, 1866.

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PLAINS OF BUTLER MOUNTAIN.

THE
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AND
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THE CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

THE PLAINS OF BETHLEHEM.

OF all the interesting places visited by the Christian traveller in Palestine, none awaken within him such tender and joyous emotions as BETHLEHEM. Solemn memories belong to Gethsemane, and Calvary, which awe the soul by the reflection, that here the Saviour of the world agonized and died. But all the associations of Bethlehem are cheerful and exhilarating. Here were beheld the sweet domestic scenes of Naomi and her kinsfolk, described so affectingly in the book of Ruth. Here the youthful shepherd David kept his father's sheep, and wrote some of his most inspiring Psalms. Hither came the venerable prophet Samuel, to anoint him King over Israel; and from hence he went forth a stripling, with sling and stone, to smite down Goliath of the Philistines. Hither came Joseph and Mary to be enrolled, in obedience to the decree of Cæsar Augustus. Here Jesus was born, "wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." And here "a multitude of the heavenly host" sang His Incarnation-hymn: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." On visiting other "holy places," feeling is somewhat checked as it rises, by the doubt of their being really what tradition reports concerning them; but there is no doubt of the veritable site of Bethlehem. Its lovely green fields, its surrounding hills, and its wells and springs of water, are mostly as they were thousands of years ago; and standing on its summit, with full assurance of reality, the visiter exclaims,—“Here the Redeemer of mankind was born; and yonder sky was thronged at midnight with exultant angels, who sang of His birth to wondering shepherds in the open plains below!” All this sheds a brightness over Bethlehem that will never pass away. As long as the world shall continue, the men of all nations will wend their pilgrim-steps towards this hallowed spot, and here contemplate an event which, in its importance and grandeur, can have no parallel.

BETHLEHEM, of itself, seems never to have been large and important. It is ancient as the days of the Patriarchs; for on Jacob's return to his own country, it was known under the name of EPHRATAH. From its elevated situation on the way southwards, it was fortified for protection and defence; and afterwards it was dignified with the title

of "City of David." But, in relative character and extent, it never rose above an ordinary village. It is the birth of Jesus Christ that really ennobles it, as the Prophet foretold it would, when he declared, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be Ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

Though now, as aforetime, comparatively small, it is, in its general aspect, one of the most picturesque and pleasant of places. It stands on the brow of a long ridge, which rises from a deep valley below in successive terraces above vineyards, almond-groves, and fig-plantations. It is some six miles easy ride south of Jerusalem, on the way to "Solomon's Pools," and to Hebron. Rachel's mosque-domed tomb is seen on the right, just before leaving the stony track to enter it. The streets are narrow and irregular, the houses low and mean; and before advancing many steps within its deep, heavy gate, the traveller is surrounded by crowds of fierce, clamorous suppliants, who offer for sale beads, crosses, and the Virgin with her Child, carved out of sandal-wood, and mother-of-pearl. The Bethlehemites, both men and women, are fine in figure and in countenance; and, clad in gay dresses of red and scarlet, afford a pleasant contrast to the ruinous hovels from which they emerge to push their sales, and to cry, "Backsheesh." At the eastern end of the Judean village stands the CONVENT CHURCH of the NATIVITY, built by Helena, mother of Constantine the Great; which building is said to cover the actual spot, within an underground cave, where Jesus was born. The church is large, massive, and fortress-like; and on the whole, perhaps, the most consistent in its style of architecture of any ecclesiastical structure in the "Land of Immanuel." The nave, with its stately marble pillars, and spacious roof from Lebanon, looks dirty and neglected. The eastern portion is fitted up for the Greek Christians with the usual glitter of their churches. On the north side is the Latin Convent, where visitors are lodged and refreshed. The cave of the Nativity, at the north-east angle of the church, though strictly in the keeping of Latin monks, is open to all Christians, whether Greeks, Latins, or Armenians. It is adorned with swinging lamps of precious materials, costly workmanship, and of various hues, kept always burning. At the eastern extremity, a silver plate, let into the pavement, bears a brief Latin inscription, recording, that here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary; and near to this are shown the caves of Joseph and of St. Jerome. The visitor gazes around the subterranean vaults more than a little incredulous, asking how here could ever be a stable, with its manger, such as the Evangelist describes. And yet, considering what inns are in the East, with their open court-yards, and surrounding recesses, this underground cave, scooped out of the rock, may have been, in ancient times, a place assigned to cattle belonging to travellers lodged in chambers adjoining.

From the flat spacious roof of this embattled Convent, the most extensive view of Bethlehem and its surroundings is beheld. And it is from hence that the coloured Sketch was taken which supplies to our readers the foregoing pictorial Illustration. It is impossible to give, in printed colours, all the detail and gradations of the original; but sufficient is supplied to indicate the serene and romantic features of the scene; and to show that the names BETHLEHEM, "the house of bread," and EPHRATAH, "fruitful," were not given without significant and appropriate meaning. Beyond the foreground, where Ruth may have gleaned among the reapers of Boaz, are the scattered remains of a small village, which contains what is called "the Grotto of the Shepherds." Immediately adjoining this are "the Plains of Bethlehem," where Jesse's sheep are said to have been pastured by his youngest son; and where, tradition relates, the angels sang of the birth of a Saviour, Christ the Lord. Around these are the ravines and gorges from whence the lion and the bear may have come for depredations on the youthful David's charge. In the further distance are the Mountains of Moab, stretching their wall-like lengths in porcelain purple against the warm Eastern sky; whilst immediately under them is caught a glimpse of the Dead Sea, as it fills the bituminous basin between. On the right is seen the springing of the hilly region which skirts Bethlehem on the south, and over which David must have passed when he fled from royal persecution to the wilderness of Engedi, and to the cave of Adullam; while on the left intervenes a fruitful valley between the Plains of Bethlehem and the wilderness of Judea, which valley has in it a well of pure water, such as David thought of, when in the heat of fierce conflict with Philistines, he exclaimed, "O, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!" So that, altogether, the locality, with its numerous associations, is one of deep and thrilling interest to the Christian visitor; and when once beheld, will never afterwards be forgotten.

F. J. J.

MISSIONARY RECOLLECTIONS.

It was one of those pleasant days, so grateful to the dwellers beneath a tropical sky, when they are neither exhausted by the excessive heat of one season, nor dulled by the deluging rains and wild winds of another: it was on such a day that a Missionary sat in his solitary dwelling, absorbed in sorrowful feelings. At his feet was seated a little boy, between five and six years old, who, though young, seemed to un-

derstand and share his father's grief. Sprightly and intelligent beyond his years, he had been the solace of his widowed father; but now they must part, and, if spared to meet again, a long period must first elapse.

Almost seven years had passed away since that Missionary had left his native land, to bear the message of salvation to a people who sat in darkness. His work began in hope and joy, and days and months glided swiftly on. But ere long sorrow came. She who had been the loving

prayerful companion, the faithful counsellor, passed away to the spirit-land, at a time when a sudden and severe illness detained the beloved husband in a distant place to which his work had called him. It had been a question which would welcome the other to their Father's house. They met no more in life, and it was given him to weep over the precious clay, and then to lay it in the grave. And sorrow came not singly; another parting must be borne. A land of idols was no fitting place in which to bring up the little ones so early bereft of a mother's care; and the stricken mourner, in fulfilment of that mother's last wish, deprived himself, for a season, of the presence and companionship of a beloved daughter, that in her native land, and far removed from heathenism, she might be taught to know and serve the Saviour. The infant son had remained to comfort and to cheer; but now he, too, must go; another sacrifice must be made, the bereaved heart must give up its last idol; and so he wept, and amidst his tears he prayed for strength to say, "Thy will be done." It was for Jesus' sake the cup was taken up, and He gave strength to sustain; and when the father kissed his treasured one for the last time, he rejoiced that he had so costly a gift to lay on the altar of sacrifice.

A devoted brother Missionary who had been "in labours more abundant," was returning to seek a renewal of health in his native land, and, taking the sorrowing child, who keenly felt the separation, under his care, promised to be a second father to him. With winning ways he strove to gain his love, and soon the desolate little one learned to cling to him with fond affection.

The voyage was long, and oftentimes stormy. The vessel was old and leaky, and many hearts were filled

with fear lest the crazy ship should never reach her destination. But the "Keeper of Israel" watched over the precious freight it bore. Weeks and months went by; it neared the desired haven, and hearts which before had quailed with terror, now beat high with hope. But who may boast of to-morrow? A storm arose such as even the old captain had rarely seen. The heavens were shrouded in blackness, the winds were high and tempestuous, the foaming billows dashed over the struggling ship, threatening every moment to bury it in ocean's depths. Truly there seemed to be but a step between the living and a terrible death. All hope was lost. But He who stilled the waters of Galilee by His word was near, to guide and preserve the tempest-tossed vessel. Throughout that fearful night all hands laboured at the pumps with the energy of despair; and who may describe the joy which pervaded each bosom when morning dawned, bringing with it some mitigation of the storm.

At an early hour the Missionary sought his cabin; and, having placed his little charge safely in his berth, poured out his soul in supplication to Him whose voice could still the raging sea. His prayer was heard, and answered when danger drew near. An hour passed away, and still the child slept not, and at length begged to be removed to the other berth. Supposing that fear dictated the request, Mr. ——— endeavoured to soothe. "I am not afraid," was the reply; "but I cannot sleep here, and think I could with you." Still the request was refused, and again it was urged with increased importunity. As the child had ever yielded implicit and instant obedience, he felt much surprise, but could no longer resist his earnest pleading, and removed him to his own berth. The storm was now raging

with increased fury, and scarcely had he time to lie down ere a heavy wave stove in one of the dead lights, which fell with a tremendous crash on the little vacant bed. Had the child been there, he must have been instantly killed. Mr. — then saw why sleep had been denied, and what was the reason of a request never made in any previous time of danger: it was to preserve a life which would be wholly devoted to the Master's service.

In due time the vessel reached England, where a warm reception awaited the Missionary child. But memories of his native isle, of the loved ones left behind, of the dark race who dwelt around his childhood's home, were still cherished. Early in life he gave his heart to God, and then determined to devote himself to His cause in that distant land. During the fourteen years spent in England he kept this object steadily in view: all his studies and employments had reference to it, and at length his earnest desires were fulfilled. He stood once more on Mission ground; not now as a little child, but as an "ambassador for Christ." Earnest in study, he soon began to preach "Christ crucified" in the language of the people. But it was not given him long to labour: ere four years had passed away, he heard the Master's voice saying, "It is enough;" and in the morning of his days he entered into rest.

No stone marks the spot where his dust reposes. He found a grave amidst the waters which surround the beautiful island where he first drew breath, and where his sainted mother sleeps in Jesus. It matters little; for we know that in the resurrection-morn he will, with all "the dead in Christ," hear that Voice which is to awake them out of sleep, and bid them arise to a glorious immortality.

THE BLIND MAN'S CONSOLATION.

A CROWDED steamboat pier, where rival companies use their utmost endeavours to attract passengers to their boat, is not a likely place to meet with a blind man; yet, there he stood. His eyes were open and clear; but there was a fixedness about his gaze, and a rigidity about his mode of standing, that pointed him out as a blind man. I sat beside him on the boat, and we soon fell into conversation. He was very cheerful in his affliction, and declared himself convinced of the wisdom and goodness of God in depriving him of his sight. We talked of Milton, whose eyes,

"though clear,

To outward view, of blemish or of spot,"

were deprived of light; and I quoted to him those remarkable words of the great poet; "In my blindness I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favour of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but Himself." This quotation drew from the good man the following statement: "I have known God as my Father for thirty years; but during my seven years of blindness, I have enjoyed Him far more than formerly; indeed, I have now a constant consciousness of His presence; I feel that I am watched by a Father's eye, and guided by His hand in 'my down-sitting and mine uprising.' Only yesterday, I had some business to transact in Church-street; the whole neighbourhood was in confusion; carriages dashed furiously by our door, everybody seemed in danger, for it was the day of the election of a new Member of Parliament for our borough. My wife urged me to put off my business, but this I could not do; so I went out of the house, and stood at the corner of the street, waiting till God should send me a

guide. I waited not in fear or in doubt, but in full assurance that as I was in the path of duty, my loving Father would send a guide for His helpless child. 'Can I assist you,' said a well-known voice to me, almost as soon as I had taken my place. 'O yes,' said I, 'take me to Church-street; God has sent you to guide me.' We walked on in silence, for I could not talk, my heart was so full. I was greatly humbled to think that such a worm of the earth should be so cared for by an Infinite power. I felt that the bustling crowds that were hurrying by, were in more danger than I was, while I had God for my Guide." W. H.

PROTESTANT ENGLAND, AND POPISH TENDENCIES.

WE are indebted to the "Bulwark" for a very striking view of the progress of Popery in Great Britain. In the September number of that serial is presented to the reader an outline of our country, showing the position of the Popish buildings now in it. The readers of this Miscellany have an opportunity of seeing that map, reproduced on a somewhat smaller scale.

Is it a map of England? You may well ask that question; for did you ever see it so disfigured before? What are those almost innumerable daggers covering its surface? What those full-stops and circles intermingled with them? Let us interpret these hieroglyphics. The daggers represent the Roman Catholic chapels, or mass-houses. The full-stops denote their convents and monasteries: the convents being prisons for deluded women, and the monasteries being prisons for deluded men; neither of whom can take proper care of their souls, except they are "by grates and bars confined," and are bound down by vows which no scriptural authority enjoins. On ex-

amining the map, you will observe a number of small circles here and there upon it. These mark the situations of their colleges; that is to say, buildings into which young men enter that they may have the open frankness and generosity of their dispositions effectually drawn out of them, and exchanged for the dark reserve, the mysterious, artful, disingenuous spirit of Jesuits. They are buildings in which men are drilled and disciplined to become adepts in the secret beguilement of simple souls, disloyal to their Queen and country; and whence they may issue, crafty invaders of the sanctities of family and home.

In the minds of many there seems to exist a dread of being thought alarmists on this subject. We are warned against speaking too plainly, lest we should create a panic. Now, what is an alarmist? One who excites an alarm. And what is an alarm? A cry of danger. If the danger be real, then the cry is legitimate and kind. He who raises it cannot be charged with impropriety; he cannot be called an alarmist in the sense in which that word is sometimes employed; viz., to denote one who gives a needless warning. He is only doing what any man of common sense and honesty, possessed with a regard for his fellow-men, and for the welfare of his country, would feel prompted to do. He is only doing what any one, ardently loving the written Word of God, and jealous for the honour of the Lord Jesus Christ,—the *one* Mediator between God and Man,—would feel bound to do. We defy any one to look at this map, and seriously to ponder its testimony, and then to say, with truth, "There is no danger." This is no mere child's cry of "Wolf! wolf!" when there is no wolf. It has its reason, and rests upon good and sufficient grounds. What is that



ROMAN CATHOLIC ESTABLISHMENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

MASS-HOUSES +

MONASTERIES AND CONVENTS ●

COLLEGES ○

reason? It is the increase of these establishments, more particularly in the great centres of intelligence, of learning, and commercial enterprise; and the avowed purpose of the Popish hierarchy, as expressed long ago by their prelates, and more recently by Dr. Manning, in Moorfields. What is that purpose? Let him speak for himself:—"We should fail in our duty if we were to aim at anything less than the conversion of England."

Now, it requires no interpreter to tell us what "the conversion of England" means in the sense of Dr. Manning. It means, *politically*, that our Queen shall be subjected to the dominion of him who wears the triple crown, and that Britons shall be taught to think of the Pope as first, and their Queen as second. It means that our laws shall be framed and coloured according to dictates from the Vatican; that our press shall be silenced in so far as it interferes with the ambitious views of the priesthood; and that our senators and magistrates shall take their cue from "vicars-apostolic," cardinals, and Dominican Friars.

"The conversion of England," *socially*, means that Rome shall have liberty to step in between husband and wife, between parents and children, between masters and servants, and to sever the tenderest bonds subsisting between members of the same households. It means that a priest shall say what tradesmen shall be employed, and who amongst them shall be starved out of house and home. It means that sick beds shall be surrounded by the myrmidons of monkery,—haunted by the dark forms of so-called "sisters of mercy;" and the last gaze of the dying shall be fixed upon a crucifix, rather than upon Jesus, the all-sufficient Saviour. It means that the property of the widow and of the orphan shall be spirited away

by the chicanery of Popish attorneys, to fill the coffers of their priestly clients, and satisfy their insatiable avarice.

"The conversion of England," *religiously*, means that the dogmas of Popery shall become the creed of the people, instead of the teachings of the Word of God. It means a closed Bible, except so far as a priest shall permit it to be opened, and may be pleased to interpret it. It means the destruction of the sole Mediatorship of the Son of God, and the introduction of the Virgin Mary, and a host of other personages,—saints and sinners, holy and unholy, clean and unclean,—to a share in the sacred duties, and lofty honours, of that office. It means the substitution of an ecclesiastical puppet-show,—the elevation of the host,—for the offering up of the atoning sacrifice of the Redeemer of the world; and the justification of the sinner by exactions, penalties, mortifications,—either self-imposed, or made obligatory by the mandate of a confessor,—rather than by faith alone in our Lord Jesus Christ.

When England is prepared to receive these dogmas, as exhibiting the only true way of salvation,—when she is willing to submit to priestly tyranny after this sort, and put her neck beneath the feet of the alumni of Oscott, Stonyhurst, and Maynooth,—when she says she will adore the Mass, rather than Jesus Christ, and accept arbitrary decrees issued from the Seven Hills, in the place of constitutional law, and happy liberty,—when she surrenders Queen Victoria, as the *supreme* Governor in these realms, for Pope Pius and his successors, and consents that her gracious Sovereign shall be degraded into a servile administratrix of the behests of St. Peter's;—then, and not until then, will England be *converted*, in the sense in which Dr. Manning, and those who think with

him, wish it to be understood. At this they aim; but so may she never be converted! Dr. Manning represents it to be a Divine duty to aim at this. We should like to know where he gets his Divine authority from. We inquire in reference to but one point: Who has made it the duty of the Pope, or of any human being, to absolve from solemn oaths and covenants when these militate against the interests of the Papacy? If it be said, "We never do so," all history proves the contrary; and we apprehend that it would not be long before His Holiness would absolve the Italians from their allegiance to Victor Emmanuel, or the Irish from their loyalty to Queen Victoria, if policy prompted it, and power permitted it. The *right* or the *wrong* of the thing would never disturb his mind for a single moment. Is it irrelevant to ask, Has he not done this already?

When, therefore, at one glance, by means of this Map, we are presented with a view of the active progress of the system, it is not through fear of being written down as alarmists, that we shall be deterred from calling things by their right names. We add one more to the numerous warnings English Protestants have already received, to be faithful to the sacred trust committed to them by a glorious ancestry, who "resisted unto blood" the insidious encroachments and tyranny of the "man of sin," and contributed largely to fill up the ranks of "the noble army of martyrs."

Every view which can be taken of Roman Catholicism, whether from its past history, or its present operations, both in our own country, and in those nations in which it holds a more unchallenged sway, not only justifies, but demands a trumpet-blast which, giving a "certain sound," shall reach the ears and consciences of our countrymen, and,

especially, the beloved *youth* of England. Let them learn to "stand in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths,"—older than the days of the first Roman Pontiff; and inquire for the "good way," marked out, and well-trodden by thousands of faithful disciples of Christ, long before any proud ecclesiastic arrogantly claimed to be His Vicar upon earth. Let them walk in that way, that they may "find rest unto their souls." Could we ensure their attention, we would say, "Hold your Bible as your birthright. Love it, read it, pray over it, obey it; let no man deprive you of it. Put away for ever the vain ornaments of gold, silver, and ebony crosses, and pictorial representations of your Blessed Saviour, which must always be imaginary, and never can be shown to be true. Own no book of sacred Psalmody, or devotion, which is, inwardly or outwardly, bedizened with the common Papal pictures of Madonnas and saints." That is poor love to the Saviour which needs their paltry assistance. It reflects not creditably upon the Christian grace of any believer that he professes to receive help from, and to delight in, such things. We may count them harmless, but there is not a Popish priest in the kingdom who does not know better, and who does not recognise in them an undoubted, though a silent, power, which furthers the purposes of his idolatrous system. Give no encouragement to the priests of Rome to imagine that they influence either your minds or your hearts, in the least degree. Never darken the doors of a Popish chapel. Never honour that theatre with your presence. Resist the beginning of this evil. Respect yourselves too highly. Though its music be charming, let it not tempt you. Though the smiles of its actors are gracious, and their words are bland and eloquent, let them not allure you; for even so

are the smiles and words of the destroyer. Let Rome know that she wastes her time upon you, when she seeks by her pictorial beauties, by her dramatic displays, by her sensational literature, by her æsthetic embellishments to ensnare your soul, and lead you away from the simplicity of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

Ancient wisdom teaches "surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." Rome knows how true this is; and, therefore, she conceals the net until the victim is entangled. We have tried to make manifest some of its meshes, that you may escape them. As you look at the whole system of Popery, and its ever active promoters, calmly, but with unfaltering firmness, make your resolve,—“O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united.” H. L. C.

AN IMPORTANT OBLIGATION.

How thankful one should be for the opportunity of doing good! That is my thought just now, when, tired after a day's work, I seek recreation at my desk. People are often apt to overlook the debt of gratitude they owe to their own churches, or the institutions in which they work. There are many of us who, if left entirely to depend upon personal talent or influence, would not do nearly as much good as we do now under the shadow of some strong church; many a preacher had excellent congregations last Sunday, whose own powers would not have secured them; so that those of us who are of the every-day sort, should really be very thankful that, by the good Providence of God, the established churches to which we belong secure for us the opportunity of speaking to crowds of men. This thought applies to many other classes

of people besides preachers; but as it is the fashion of the day to lecture Ministers, and preach about preaching, it may be as well to use them and their work as an illustration, asking all others who are engaged in other departments to apply the truth to their own cases.

Undoubtedly many fail to recognise their obligations for their privileges. When we MAY speak for God we should gladly embrace the opportunity, and do all we can to improve it to the utmost. In all our work there should be the direct attempt to do good. It is because men do not deliberately take aim with that intention, that so little is done; that is the secret of the conversion of so many places of worship into public dormitories; too often the people get as much good when asleep as if they kept awake. This should not be: it would not be, if men were honest to the church that gives them the privilege of a field for labour; the church expects them to preach the Gospel with earnestness, simplicity, force, and personal application; and where that is done, good is done.

C. H. K.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK.

Two things more opposed to each other can hardly be imagined than Christianity as it is described in the Bible, and Christianity as it appears in the world. Christianity, as it is seen in the lives of too many of its professors, is an easy, convenient, smooth-flowing conformity to outward decencies, involving no sacrifice, demanding little effort, and producing no great spiritual change. And men flatter themselves that, if without discredit among their fellows they name the name of Christ, and maintain the form of godliness, all will be well for time and for eternity. But the Christianity of the New Testament is a religion towering as

far above this religion of works and forms as the heavens are above the earth. There it appears to us as the transformation of our whole moral being. Deep planted in the centre of our spiritual nature; diffusing its mysterious but all-pervading influence through the judgment, the will, and the affections; filling the heart with the holiest enjoyments, and animating it with the brightest of prospects; and governing all the actions of the life according to the word of God, it makes a man "a new creature." And light is not more unlike to darkness, the corpse to the living man, the stagnant pool to the running stream, than is the man of mere pious punctualities unlike to him whose heart grace has touched; whose affections, whose thoughts, whose desires, whose feelings, are sanctified by the power of the Spirit; and who in all his relations, and in all his engagements, is so controlled by Christian principle that he "walks not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

Reader, did you ever examine your Bible for the purpose of having a clear, concise, connected view of its hallowed teachings with regard to your daily walk? If you go no further than the Epistles of St. Paul, the subject is placed before you in every possible light. In the Epistle to the Romans we read "that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should *walk* in newness of life." In Galatians we are instructed, "if we live in the Spirit, let us also *walk* in the Spirit." In Ephesians the exhortations are manifold to "*walk* worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called;" to "*walk* in love, as Christ also hath loved us;" to "*walk* as children of light;" and to "*walk* circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise." In Philippians the direction is given, "whereto we have already attained,

let us *walk* by the same rule." In Colossians the prayer is presented, "that ye might *walk* worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing." And in Thessalonians the exhortation is renewed, "that as ye have received of us how ye ought to *walk* and to please God, so ye would abound more and more."

Can these passages be read by an enlightened man without producing on his mind a deep impression of the overpowering importance of *practical* religion? It will not do to profess religion, to be enrolled upon the records of the church, to be thought a Christian, respected as a Christian, confided in as a Christian, while *His* searching glance, whose eyes are "as a flame of fire," discovers in us daily departures from the lofty standard of practical holiness. "This I say then, *walk in the Spirit*, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh."

We do not propose in this Paper to furnish an elaborate essay on this important theme; but, by a plain, ungarlished statement of Scripture truth, would furnish to our fellow-professors a standard of examination. Our principle is this: an union to Christ will always be succeeded by a corresponding outward walk. We are not in Christ if we *walk after the flesh*; we are in Christ if we *walk after the Spirit*. And if we can ascertain what is meant by these expressions, we shall the more readily answer the question, "Am I walking so as to please God?"

What, then, is it to walk after the flesh? By "the flesh" the Apostle would indicate our moral condition by nature. It is the same as "the carnal mind" of which he speaks, which must be interpreted of those tempers and tendencies which we exhibit as fallen and depraved creatures. "*Walking after the flesh*," therefore, describes the conduct pursued by every man who is not "born again of the Spirit." He may be

naturally amiable, or naturally unamiable; he may be observant of religious ordinances, or he may totally neglect them; he may be generous, or he may be churlish; but, inasmuch as there is not in his heart the high principle of love to God and man, placed there by the converting Spirit, he is still in the flesh; the depraved nature rules him, he minds the things of the flesh, he walks after the flesh.

Would God that all the moral and exemplary men in our congregations would understand this! We have no charge to bring against them in respect of natural tempers and virtues. We love them for their attention to the relative duties of life. We have no wish to involve them in one indiscriminate charge of vice and worthlessness. We commend everything that is lovely and of good report in their outer life; but, looking below the surface of things, we are forced to the conclusion that beneath much that is excellent in their conduct as fathers, as friends, as citizens, there is found a heart at enmity with God; a heart that will not surrender itself up to its Maker; a heart that is fully determined to follow its own bent, and obey its own impulse. And, painful as is the task, we are compelled again and again to bring them to the tribunal of Scripture, and confront them with the fearful charge of being "in the flesh," and by every act of life violating the one great law of their being.

Yes, men and brethren, "you have all been born in the flesh, with those dispositions which took the place in Adam of that image of God in which he had been created, but which he lost through apostasy. In some of you the depraved nature may be better disguised than in others; or, rather, some of its tendencies may be towards objects which have a sort of seemliness and excellence; whilst in

others they may be towards things which even men agree to discountenance and denounce. But, O if you will only examine the natural mind by the love which it bears towards God, by its desire to attain His approval, by its readiness to perform His will, we are persuaded there is not one of you who will be able to satisfy himself that it contains anything like a principle of friendship to the Almighty,—nay, that it does not contain a principle of hostility; and thus we shall have you all confessing the justice of the very sweeping and unqualified declaration, 'so then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.'"

But "they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts," so that henceforth they do not walk after the flesh. A new power is brought to bear upon their hearts and lives,—the power of the Holy Ghost. Their "body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in them." They are renewed by the Spirit, they are sanctified by the Spirit, they are led by the Spirit, they mind the things of the Spirit, they walk after the Spirit; in one word, they are wholly within the power of this indwelling Agent; so that all their propensities are intrinsically towards what is spiritual and pure. I do not say that, as justified believers, they can in the fullest sense "reckon" themselves "*dead indeed unto sin.*" They may feel the "root of bitterness" within. The flesh, though crucified, may struggle still. But their union to Jesus secures for them such supplies of the Spirit of power, that they keep the evil in subjection; and, as Mr. Wesley says, "every fresh assault which they undergo only gives them fresh occasion of praise, of crying out, 'Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

In such persons the very moralities

of life, which are imposed upon them in their social relationships, are observed from higher motives and principles than they used to be; and besides that, "the Holy Ghost which is in them" governs their motives, desires, tempers, conversation, and acts, in a manner, and to an extent, of which the very best worldling knows nothing. Let us see how this will work in detail. *Pride* is a work of the flesh. But, since they "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," all self-exaltation withers, all self-glory dies. They can neither use the language of boasting concerning themselves, nor of depreciation concerning others. They are "clothed with humility," and "in lowliness of mind each esteems other better than himself." *Anger* is a work of the flesh. But, since they "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," they are "not easily provoked;" not roused to anger by any little offence, nor transported to wrath by more serious provocation. They have the charity which "suffereth long, and is kind."

Revenge is a work of the flesh. But, since they "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," all those petty acts of spite and ill-will by which a revengeful spirit will operate are unknown to them, and they love their enemies, and bless them that curse them.

Uncivil and uncourteous speech is a work of the flesh. But, since they "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," they learn not to behave themselves unseemly; cautious not to wound the feelings of others by any harsh, blunt, or ill-bred remarks, they are "courteous" in all their dealings, and in all their words.

Evil speaking and backbiting is a work of the flesh. But, since they "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," they shun alike the lies of the slanderer, the exaggerations

of the detractor, and the harsh judgments of the censorious. Thinking the best that truth will allow, they "take not up a reproach against their neighbour;" do not easily entertain it, much less propagate it.

The love of the world is a work of the flesh. But, since they "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," they are not eager for its wealth, addicted to its pleasures, or ambitious of its honours. They give to the business of the world their hands, but withhold their hearts, remembering that "the fashion of it passeth away."

Christian reader, are you willing to test the reality of your religious profession by this standard? Is it not scriptural? will any lower standard be approved at the judgment of the great day? Have you the "pure and undefiled religion" of the Bible unless you are conformed to this? Be faithful with yourselves. You say that you are Christ's, that you are freed from condemnation. Well, but do you bring forth the fruits of this happy state? Do you possess in your hearts, and show forth in your lives,—in the whole course of your words and actions,—the genuine fruits of the Spirit of God? Are the maxims and principles on which your business is conducted, according to the mind of the Spirit? Your family arrangements, parties, recreations, amusements, are they after the teachings of the Spirit. Your readings, the employment of your time, your companionships, your intercourse with worldly men, your mode of observing religious ordinances,—in all these things do you walk after the Spirit?

We beseech you put these questions to yourselves, and answer them faithfully, as in the presence of the heart-searching God. It is not enough to abandon this or that vice, or to engage in the performance of

this or that duty. Has your nature passed from enmity to love, from repugnance to a holy law to subjection to that law? Do you take your laws from the Spirit, and guide your choice by the Spirit? If not,—if you walk as others walk; if envy, or pride, or selfishness, or suspicion, or revenge, or love of the world, show itself forth in your daily life,—then; in God's name, we admonish you that all talk about Christian experience and Christian enjoyment is the grossest absurdity and delusion. Be it known the wide world over, that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature;" that "he that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked." Never, never must we lower the standard of genuine religion. Our one appeal is to the "oracles of God;" and here are we taught that the Christian's spiritual life arises from union to Christ, and shows itself forth in "walking after the Spirit."

Penzance.

B. F.

BAD BOOKS.

Do not read bad books, for the same reason that you would not associate with bad men. They will corrupt you. For the same reason, do not permit your children to read them. How many do this, when they would not suffer them to associate with the profane, intemperate, and immoral; and yet the former is the more dangerous. Your children or yourself might be disgusted with the latter, and be put on guard against corruption, while in the case of the former the evil is accomplished inadvertently and unawares. As good company and good books will improve your manners and your morals, so bad company and bad books will impair and ruin them. A single volume may contaminate, and lead

to ruin. It may be the starting-point of departure from rectitude; it may place the reader beyond recovery. Then how careful all ought to be in this matter, especially parents, and keep the dangerous things out of sight.

BESIDE THE RIVER.

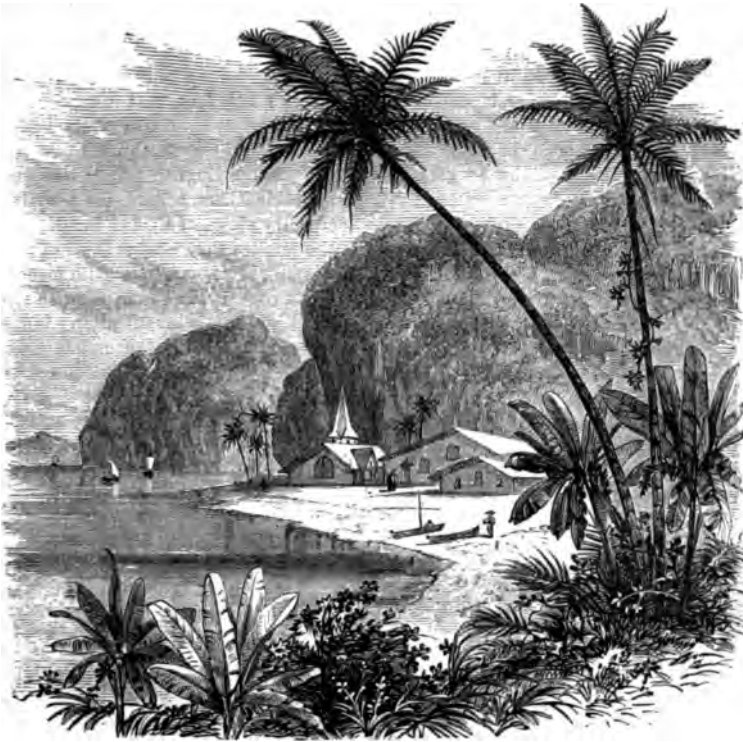
Oft I walk beside the river,
When the hours of day are o'er;
Gazing on the restless billows,
As they break upon the shore:
And the tumult seems a likeness
Of the daily life we lead;
And the shore, where waves are broken,
Like the world where toilers bleed.

I compare the waves that wrestle,
To the struggles of the poor;
And the grave, where all is silenced,
Unto night upon the shore.
Thus man's life is like the river,
With its waves in swelling shoals
When the wind is madly harping,
And like voice of thunder rolls.

Yet betimes I see the river,
When no ripple mars its rest;
When the dying sunset places
Rosy splendours on its breast:
Then it seems to me the likeness—
Sketch of what man's life will be,
In that sphere whose mystic music,
Nightly, whispers peace to me.

And when night falls on the river,
O! how lovely it appears;
With the stars set in its beauty,
Like a tide of golden tears!
And the moon shines on its bosom,
Cloudless, beautiful, and bare,
Pale as figure of a maiden,
Cut in marble, and at prayer.

Then I ponder o'er the troubles,
Of the world, and all its crimes;
And I weave, in wandering homeward,
All my fancies into rhymes:
And I learn that life has symbols,
Touch'd with Heaven far and wide;
That in sunshine and in darkness,
There are angels at our side.

*(View in Demerara.)*

OUR COLONIES.

THE WEST INDIES.

If we were now informed, for the first time, that from the peninsula of Florida, in North America, to the mouth of the Orinoco, in South America, there was spread out in an immense curve a system of islands, for the possession of which all the maritime nations of Europe had struggled; that the struggle had extended over two centuries, during which these islands had frequently changed masters; and that, even at the present time, the flags of England, France, Spain, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, are flying among them, we should, probably, conclude that they must possess some real or imagined excellence.

When we come to examine these coveted possessions, we are not long in deciding that it could scarcely be their

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area that made them so tempting. It is true that they number many hundreds; but the majority of them are not inhabited by a single human being; and comparatively few have even a name, whereby they may be distinguished from their barren neighbours. Their total surface is only a little larger than that of Great Britain; and when we have deducted from this limited area thirty thousand square miles for the republic of Hayti, we shall find that the six European nations before mentioned can only have a small portion each. Our own share is about equal to half the size of Scotland; and this is divided into fourteen islands *with* names, and a vast number *without*.

A little further examination will show us that beyond this immense chain of islands, parts of North, South, and Central America lie, and that the Powers

most anxious to retain their hold on the West-Indian islands have valuable possessions on the continent beyond. To give up the islands would be like giving up the door of entrance and protection to their other property, and would be putting into the hands of some rival nation power which might be used to their disadvantage.

Besides the political advantage obtained by a footing on these islands, there is the commercial advantage. Our annual purchases from our fellow subjects in the West Indies amount to about five millions sterling, while our bill against them is nearly two millions less. Jamaica, our best customer, pays us £700,000 per annum; the Virgin Islands, only £154. The mineral resources of these islands are not great, but their vegetable productions are rich and abundant. Sugar, coffee, cotton, Indian corn, tobacco, spices, and tropical fruits, are common to all of them. In Jamaica it is common for a garden to contain cocoa-nut palms, bread-fruit trees, oranges, mangoes, limes, plantains, and a score of other kinds of fruit-trees. The cotton-plant is perennial in the island; and some trees are flourishing there now which measure thirty feet in diameter, and are superior in height to any English tree. Cotton has, however, been neglected for sugar; and though much less is produced there than formerly, yet, even now, sugar-plantations covering an area of four thousand acres may be met with.

Though British Guiana and Honduras are not reckoned among the *islands*, yet they are included among our West-Indian possessions. The former is celebrated for its luxuriant fertility, and the latter has long been celebrated for the excellence of its mahogany. Many of the islands contain extensive forests of valuable timber; and some idea of their commercial importance may be gathered from the fact that, from Jamaica alone two hundred and fifty varieties of useful and ornamental woods were sent to the International Exhibition of 1862. Arrowroot comes to perfection in Bermuda; cocoa, of excellent quality, is produced in Trinidad; and no place in

the world surpasses Grenada for oranges, pine-apples, and mangoes.

After all these favourable circumstances have been named, we are still met with the fact that comparatively few Europeans ever visit these islands, and fewer still ever think of settling there. Those English people who for a time reside there, regard the islands as temporary places of abode; but England is the country they always think of when they speak of "home." English fashions, English cookery, and even English food, stand high in their estimation; indeed, no meal is reckoned complete unless beefsteaks, bread and cheese, or preserved meats, actually sent out from England, form part of it. This feeling has led to the frequent absence of proprietors from their estates, and to the employment of overseers, who, in their anxiety to secure their own advantage, have adopted harsh measures towards the negroes, and thus have driven them from their old employers to settle down on small patches of their own. The long and degrading bondage through which the negro had passed, coupled with unwise management since his release, has produced a feeling of dislike for the white man; and, at the same time, has brought the independent squatter to a condition of deplorable poverty. A few discontented spirits among the upper classes of the negroes of Jamaica, believing that there was a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction against the Government, headed a conspiracy, which prematurely developed itself last October. The atrocities that were then committed in the neighbourhood of Morant-Bay, deeply pained the heart of every true friend of the negro; but they also showed the Government the necessity of introducing measures which should bring the native population to the fuller enjoyment of the blessings of liberty; and, at the same time, better fit them for its responsibilities.

Among the islands, not one person in twenty is white. In British Guiana, the proportion is about one white person to twelve coloured ones; and in Honduras it is only about one in ninety. England sends its enterprising children to all parts of the world, but of these not one

thousand selects the West Indies future home.

this general disfavour there are not reasons. Dominica, Trinidad, Lucia, formerly belonged to the ; and, at the present time, the ants of these islands are French s, religion, and language. St. has a further disadvantage; for y infested with snakes, that it is y possible for a person to walk rds from the road without being by one of these reptiles. Among hamas, the Gulf-Stream flows at id rate, rendering navigation ous, and often causing ship- t. Antigua frequently suffers y from want of water; and, at ecent time, a severe drought has unprecedented scarcity. Bar- is subject to hurricanes, which t frightful devastations. The e of all the West-Indian islands dly tropical; the mean yearly ature is nearly twenty degrees than that of London, and the ill is about three times as great t of England. One of the conse- s of this excessive heat and mois- s the prevalence of disease. The scourge of the West Indies is the fever. This is the most intense ngerous form of gastric fever. It ompanied with yellowness of the nd vomiting of a black, or dark- , fluid. It frequently attacks eans, and not one person in y survives an attack.

ler such circumstances, it is evi- hat the labourers in these islands be natives of tropical countries. ore than two centuries the labour- re slaves. In 1834, England had s different "slave-colonies" no than eight hundred thousand of unhappy people. For many years nglish conscience had been uneasy e subject, and, when sufficiently itened by the persevering efforts of minent philanthropists as Sharpe Wilberforce, it was determined to h slavery throughout the British a. A law was passed, liberating all belonging to the English on and August 1st, 1834. The slave-owners ed from England £20,000,000; of

which the planters of Jamaica obtained above £8,000,000, for the three hundred and eleven thousand six hundred and ninety-two slaves then held by them. The other islands received among them £6,500,000; Honduras and Guiana, £4,500,000; and the remaining £3,000,000 were paid to slave-proprietors at the Cape of Good Hope and the Mauritius. These liberated negroes greatly prefer holding a little patch of their own, and satisfying their few wants with the least amount of labour, to engaging to serve the white man, whatever rate of wages he may offer. As, then, Europeans *cannot* cultivate the soil, and the negroes *will* not, a process of decay has set in, which is gradually removing large tracts of land from the management of man, and reducing them to a mere waste of bush and wilderness. Some hope of improvement may be held out from the introduction of coolies from Madras and Calcutta. These men, and their masters, are under Government regulations from the time of their leaving India to the time of their return to it; so that we may reasonably hope that no injustice is done them. The painful experience of the past may also cause such improvements in the management of the natives themselves, as to lead them to see that their own prosperity is bound up with that of the whites; and if so, the fond hopes of Christian philanthropists may yet be realized.

While, however, tourists and commercial men insist upon it that neither pleasure nor profit must be sought among the West Indies, and no permanent improvement is to be expected among its native population, there is a noble army of men "whose hearts God has touched," who stand forth before the Christian churches of Great Britain, and say, "We will go; send us." These men believe that the true way to effectually renovate a degraded race is to make them Christians. Hundreds of such men have been sent out. The clergy of the Church of England are sufficiently numerous in the West Indies to require the supervision of four Bishops. In Jamaica, the Baptists have seventy churches, and twenty-three thousand members. Our own Missionary Society

employs among the islands, at the present time, nearly one hundred Missionaries, who have an audience numbering one hundred and fifteen thousand. They have also many day and Sabbath schools in active operation, which we hope will not permanently suffer from the recent outbreak.

Superficial observers, whose ability to judge of religious results is extremely limited, declare that the fruits of religious teaching among the negroes are very small and uncertain; and they have even asserted that the labour of Missionaries is productive of evil. We have, however, better authorities, who assure us that, had the suggestions of Missionaries been adopted, the miseries of last October would never have been heard of, and that the influence of the Ministers of the Gospel greatly lessened the evils of the insurrection. Abundant proofs have been given that negroes are capable of understanding religious truth, of living the life of the Christian, and of dying "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."

Many of the places known among us as heads of circuits, or preaching-places, could not be found on the best maps of the islands; but the Christian knows a high and sacred authority for such names as Sion Hill, Bethesda, Salem, Bethel, Ebenezer, and Beulah; and most intelligent Methodists will approve of the feeling which selected Weeley, Watsonville, Dixon's Village, Mount Coke, Beechamville, Bensonton, Hoole-Brook, and Mount Reece, as the names of Missionary stations. W. H.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

VII.

Lycidas. I have this morning to announce a discovery, *Penseroso*; one, too, which I never expected to make.

Penseroso. Is it literary, or scientific?

L. It relates entirely to yourself. As by this time you know, I called last evening, and, finding that you were out, I waited for you an hour in the library. As I turned to volume after volume, like a bee,—

P. Or a butterfly?

— Which you will,—like a bee or a

butterfly, flitting from flower to flower, I came upon the "*Faery Queen*." If you *can* look guilty, now is your time.

P. I wait.

L. Looking at the latter cantos of the first book, I found—*the leaves uncut!*

P. So that is your discovery; from which, it seems, you draw up an *indictment*?

L. Precisely. Have I not been under the impression that you had read everything? Did I not hear you last Monday reciting, with considerable gusto, some lines about

"The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground."

And now, — *leaves uncut!* This wants explanation.

P. I can soon rid you of the impression that I have read everything. I wish I had read a tithe of the books which are worth reading. For the rest, every Englishman is at liberty not to read the "*Faery Queen*."

L. You will hardly escape thus.

P. Then, if I must confess the truth, either Edmund Spenser is not a first-rate poet, or I have a little of the Goth in my constitution.

L. That will not save you. Have you not read many a second-rate poet?

P. In that case, I must have had the less time to read gentle Edmund. But, in short, I could not read him. Ask me no reason. I will consent to be thought a Goth by any man, who will aver that he has read the whole two-and-seventy cantos without a yawn, or without nerving himself for the task.—It is a great shame, but I would rather hear Colin Clout play his harp.

L. I do not know Colin.

P. Which should go a little way towards showing you that, like myself and other good and wise people, you are *made of ignorance*. Colin (so runs the story) was a swain who lived in *Eliza's* reign,—

"Who well could pipe and sing,
And by his notes invite the lagging Spring."

One memorable day, Colin and a nightingale vied in exhibitions of their skill. He played his best on the fife; she repeated his strain.

"Then Colin threw his fife, disgraced, aside,
While she loud triumph sings, proclaiming
wide
Her mighty conquest, and within her throat
Twirls many a wild inimitable note,
To foil her rival."

L. And Colin?

Penseroso.—

"What could Colin more?
A little harp of maple-ware he bore:
The little harp was old, but newly strung,
Which, usual, he across his shoulders hung.
'Now take, delightful bird, my last farewell,'
He said, 'And learn from hence thou dost
excel
No trivial artist.' And anon he wound
The murmuring strings, and ordered every
sound:

Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
And both hands pliant on the strings extends.
His touch the strings obey, and various move,
The lower answering still to those above.
His fingers, restless, traverse to and fro,
As in pursuit of harmony they go.

Now lightly skimming, o'er the strings they
pass,
Like winds which gently brush the plying
grass,

While melting airs arise at their command:
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,
To give the swelling notes a bolder grace;
And now the left, and now, by turns, the right,
Each other chase, harmonious both in flight.
Then his whole fingers blend a swarm of
sounds,
Till the sweet tumult through the harp re-
bounds."

L. I doubt poor Philomel is foiled.

Penseroso.—

"She warbles diffident, in hope and fear,
And hits imperfect accents here and there.

Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung."

L. That is simple *avicide*.*

P. Certainly: the bird could not
bear it.

"Down, breathless, on the guilty harp she
fell."

Colin behaved well to the dead songster,
(we do behave well to the dead, you
know,) and, let us hope, never broke
another nightingale's heart.

L. And who wrote this pretty trifle?

P. Philips. You must not think the
worse of him for writing a pretty trifle,
since, if Young be right, that entitles
him to praise.

L. How?

Penseroso.—

"In trifles triflers never can excel,
'Tis only solid bodices polish well."

But enough, enough. I said I should
be glad if I had read a tithe of the books
which are worth reading. Yet I should
have been a gainer had I read a little
less, and prayed much more.

L. The few words respecting prayer
which we had the other day, *Penseroso*,
set me thinking on the subject. So
plain a matter I thought I understood
pretty well; yet, when I came to reflect,
I found much more obscurity than I
expected.

P. Wisdom is a practical thing, *Ly-
cidas*. Pray plenty, and I will forgive
you if you never theorize on prayer
while you live.

L. I hope your short sermon will not
be lost. I wish, however, with you to
theorize, or rather to collect one's know-
ledge, *once*; and what time better than
the present? Shall I ask for a
definition?

P. I will give you one, if you plead
ignorance.

L. What made me speak as I did was
the fact that only last Sabbath I heard
a discourse on this very subject; a dis-
course in which, I promise you, there
was no lack of definition, explanation,
and refinement. Unless I know not
how many points were attended to, there
was no true devotion.

P. How much the speaker must have
excluded that, after all, is prayer! If
nothing is to pass for such but the very
best petitions for the very best things,
offered under the most favourable cir-
cumstances, I am afraid most of us
hardly pray at all. So simple a thing
as prayer let us leave undefined. Surely
a child understands it, till some one,
much too clever to see things as they
are, perplexes the subject with his
wisdom.

L. Then we *will* consider prayer as
something too simple to need definition.
As to its effect, we may regard it as
moving the Deity?

P. Yes, loosely and popularly speak-
ing. Strictly speaking, none of us can
move or convince the All-wise; yet God
condescends to meet us on our own
ground, and Moses is allowed to argue,

* Bird-killing.

Elijah to expostulate, and Jacob to wrestle!

L. A philosopher is too wise to expostulate with Heaven.

P. But not quite wise enough to recall, like Elijah, the dead to life.

L. Why does Heaven so often ignore human wisdom?

P. Because it is so pretentious.

L. You are not the man, I think, *Penseroso*, to draw up a form of prayer, and to prescribe it together with time, place, and manner.

P. I would as readily publish a piece of music with a request that composers would study to make their compositions *like that*. Paul prayed as few men have ever done; yet even Paul would not prescribe to me in what words to address the Ever-living.

L. Still, you would not refuse to use Paul's words, simply because they were his?

P. Not at all. Still less would I refuse to use the Teacher's. Can a saint die better than with the Lord's prayer on his lips?

L. I see you are a true Catholic, who thinks prayer may be offered in many ways.

P. In very many, in very many *good* ways. Does not prayer rise from the abject supplication of the terror-stricken sinner to the sublime intercession of Elijah, of Paul, of the Master Himself? May it not be offered in broken words, or with diplomatic precision; with rapturous delight, or "with strong crying and tears;" with profoundest resignation, or with vehemence which will take no denial; with solemn awe, or with holy familiarity?

L. I have again and again been struck with the manner in which Scripture speaks of prayer: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Of course one cannot receive the words without limitation; yet what a breadth of meaning they must have!

P. I have been equally struck with a certain omission. The hollow professors will say in *that day*, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name have cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works?" Not a word, you see, about prayer. O

could they only change their many wonderful works for a few righteous ones! And could they only say, "Thou knowest, righteous Judge, that often, and sincerely, and earnestly, and solemnly, we have called upon Thee for mercy, grace, and help!"

L. But here a difficulty meets me. The Pharisees prayed so much, yet were such terrible sinners!

P. They *did* pray; (if it is not a desecration to use the word;) some for show, and some for pretence, and some to get their prayers over. The sincerest of them was Saul; but when it was said of him to Ananias, "Behold, he prayeth," he was a Pharisee no longer. No, let us not lose our faith in prayer; or, rather, in the prayer-hearing God.

"'Tis our Jehovah fills the heavens: as long
As He shall reign Almighty, we are strong.
We, by devotion, borrow from His throne,
And almost make Omnipotence our own;
We force the gates of heaven by fervent prayer,
And call forth triumphs out of man's despair."

The duty properly performed is half the battle for heaven.

L. You may be right. A thousand solemn audiences with the Most High cannot end in nothing, cannot end in a little. But you say "the duty *properly* performed is half the battle for heaven." How, then, may one err?

P. By conceit, presumption, self-righteousness; by perfunctoriness; by hasty carelessness.

L. Some, I fear, to avoid formality, will not pray, unless they can do so with freedom and delight.

P. Then they leave the narrow path; for a man could, if need were, *compel* himself to call upon God, yet still escape formality.

L. One would choose the most favourable circumstances for the performance of so solemn a duty.

P. Certainly. Yet we must beware of a fault which divines never name; (if it ended in "ation," some one would condescend to specify it;) a fault which a layman calls *fidgetiness*.

L. You a layman, *Penseroso*? You are as arrant a preacher as I know, for you never wait for a pulpit.

P. Then if you will listen to the preacher, you will beware of *fidgetiness*;

a restless dissatisfaction with what is good because it is not better; an endless waiting for the "convenient season." In short, one must pray as best one can. This premised, I agree with you that we may seek the most favourable circumstances.

L. I should like, for one thing, a fair share of physical strength.

P. Well said; for praying is not lounging over a newspaper.

L. And a fair amount of intellectual strength.

P. Which is not necessary, yet desirable. Of course you would wish spiritual strength?

L. Again one must have time.

P. And plenty of it; and the best hour, or hours, of the four-and-twenty. Add a suitable place. Any place *will do*; but why should not an oratory be the best place one can command?

L. Happy the man who with these advantages can pray; who alone, or with others, can in Christ's name, and with the Spirit's help, and for the best things, draw near to the eternal throne, and pray, and prevail!

P. Yes; and happy the man who prays and give thanks at all times and in all places; and happy the man who prays as best he may.

L. What power with God we see in Abraham!

P. Power indeed: but how carefully he speaks!

L. I suppose you mean when he was interceding for Sodom. I have heard some one say that had he come lower than ten, he would, probably, have been heard.

P. So the patriarch, after behaving like an angel, cannot escape criticism. Had we only been there, we should have taught him how to pray! and, doubtless, the faster we could have spoken, the better we should have sped in our intercession for Sodom!

L. Jacob did not seem to stand upon equally sacred ground when he said, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."

P. Perhaps not. If any man may do violence to Heaven, it is the applicant who seeks for himself grace and mercy.

L. One sees not, hears not, much of

such marvellous prayers in modern times.

P. I cannot agree with you. I think some of us have the infirmity of undervaluing instances, simply because not recorded in Scripture. What say you to the modern Enoch? "As the Spirit gave him utterance, he made known his requests unto God. There have been seasons when he seemed to be carried far beyond the ordinary limits of devotion; when, like his Lord upon the Mount, while he has continued to pour out his mighty supplications, the fashion of his countenance has been changed, and his face has appeared as the face of an angel."

L. Who puts his name to that?

P. Gilpin, a clergyman of the Church of England. Happy hours when man draws near to Heaven, and Heaven draws near to man.

"And, like a falling star, the ray Divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the just."

But here comes Allegro:

(*To be continued.*)

UNAPPROPRIATED BLESSINGS.

NO. I.

A LITTLE history of the above title may fitly introduce these Papers.

Two or three years ago, some one wrote an article on "Aunts;" showing their great kindness, and the advantage to the world of a large number of ladies never getting married. He clearly proved that maiden ladies were of inestimable value in families and general society as aunts. In a few days after the appearance of the article, a letter was published in the newspapers from a lady, who said she was what the vulgar call "an old maid," and she wished to thank the writer for his manly, sensible, and generous defence of her class from the mistakes and impudence of persons who treated it with disrespect. She signed her very clever letter, "A hitherto unappropriated blessing."

There was something so comical in that, one could not rid the mind of it. Like boys playing "tick" on the edge of a crowd, running in and out, to the inconvenience of sober, staid folks, we

the phrase, despite other subjects and thoughts, ever agile, kept dashing through the brain, until we determined to seize the vagrant, and make it do something for itself;—pay a penalty for its impertinence, and become the subject of the following Paper.—

In the great interests of the world there are many “unappropriated blessings.” A review of English and European history during the past fifty years, would most powerfully illustrate this thought. There were great principles to be struggled for, whose magnitude and importance were apparent to comparatively few at first; but the few recognised in them the promise of blessings, and they resolved to appropriate these blessings for the freedom and enrichment of human kind. In this England of ours, as the result of that resolve, we are in peace and civil concord; education has been diffused; the press is unfettered; the conscience has been unshackled, and religious liberty guaranteed to the people; and the day is coming—and earnest, keen-eyed watchmen are now on the out-look for the break of its morning—when the hands of Continental people will be stretched forth to appropriate to themselves the blessings that can make a nation so strong, and peaceful, contented, and safe as our own.

During the years since our grandfathers were born, how many previously “unappropriated blessings” have Englishmen seized! When they were babies first nursed, their uncles and aunts had to pay tennence for the letter that announced the new arrival, and had to wait, too, till they got the letter. Now, uncles and aunts may be fully advertised of the birth of ten babies for the same amount; and may be astir to buy the child’s present in a few hours after it first looked out on Shetland, even though they live at the house nearest to the Land’s End.

Then, news travelled so slowly, that people did without it. Now, when the Emperor Nicholas died in Russia, it was known throughout England that same day. And yet the subtle powers of the telegraph have always existed; but their blessings for ages were un-

appropriated; appropriated only within the memory of man.

Then, when people came up from Manchester to London, it took them days, and cost them much. So perilous did they regard the event of such a journey, that they made their wills before they started, and left home with tears and regret. Now, they take tea in the one city, and six hours afterwards, sit down to sup in the other, and can be back again at home tolerably early the next forenoon.

The great advantage of those who live now, arising from the increased knowledge of the powers of nature, and the large number of blessings now appropriated for our use that were once not known, will be apparent to every student who marks how slowly truth flows in upon the mind and the world. Yet how surely!

“The world waited for Archimedes to wash himself in a shallow bath, ere it discovered a method by which the specific weight of bodies could be determined. The Greeks knew that some mystery was involved in *electron*,—‘amber.’ They said it had a spirit, which drew light substances unto it; and they had men of mighty minds, who carefully noted facts, and who possessed remarkable powers of analysis. Yet the world waited more than two thousand years to learn that the “spirit” of *electron* was one of the universal powers which manifested its force in the ravagings of the lightning, and which irresistibly, but tranquilly, disposed of the atoms of which the world is built.... The loadstone of *Magnesia* was sung of by Lucretius; and from earlier times its polar indications were observed by the Indian and Phœnician navigators. But it was reserved for *Clersted* to discover the proof of the connexion of magnetism and electricity; and for *Faraday* to develop facts which manifestly show that every atom of matter arranges itself relatively to every other atom, in obedience to immutable laws.”

All this, and many more familiar illustrations that might be quoted, will show us that age after age has been busy ransacking the chambers of nature that had been locked, and bringing thence

"unappropriated blessings," for the enrichment of man, for catholic good, for social prosperity and comfort.

Yet, notwithstanding all the advancement that has been made in the world, and the fact that large levies have of late years been made on the storehouse of "unappropriated blessings," there are still vast stores of them untouched, unlooked at. Take one illustration; and hundreds of similar ones might be quoted.

We live at a time when people are all earnest to discover fields for labour, and the use of capital. England is too small for the enterprise of "Young England," who wants a land of gold and iron, ground to yield many crops, wide acres for untold flocks of sheep. If the tidings come that the magic—almost omnipotent—metal has been found, no distance is too great to prevent him seeking for it. If land is productive in our Colonies, numbers—and some of them the most improbable men—turn farmers. But there are whole regions most fertile, whose bosom conceals the most beautiful diamonds, the finest gold, the best tin; whose surface would produce the choicest flowers, luxuriant crops of grain, farinaceous grasses, and most delicious fruits. Such a region is to be found in Asia, "the cradle of the human race, of nations, religions, and states; of languages, arts, and sciences; rich in natural gifts and historical remembrances; the theatre of human activity in ancient times;" and retaining yet some vestiges of its former noble spirit, and the characteristic traits that distinguished it many centuries since. But of, at least, a vast tract of that continent, particularly of Asia Minor, it may be said most truthfully, it is the rich deposit of almost priceless "unappropriated blessings." In the hands of a more civilized and vigorous, a less lazy, people than the Turks, it would long ago have made myriads wealthy, and been the enchanting home of multitudes; who, in addition to finding in it all the advantages of trade, commerce, agriculture, and successful speculation, would have found residence in the garden of the world, in the very midst of beauty. But what is the case?

Mining is almost entirely neglected. The Turks despise agriculture. The police arrangements are frightfully bad; the wide plains and the banks of the rivers are infested and scourged with bands of wandering robbers, so that farming can only be attempted in the neighbourhood of cities, for wise men will not venture life and property in the country; added to all which, there is the sure mark of a very partial civilization, namely, bad roads.

All this, bad as it sounds, is consoling, because it shows there is room for the expansion of the human family, and there are prodigiously large coffers full of wealth for the enterprising sons of after generations.

We remember something of a fairy tale that used to beguile the evenings now and then, long ago. It told of a city that all of a sudden was turned to stone. Every person became stone; every animal, every bird; and for a long time this state continued. We remember there was a gallant warrior just about to mount his noble charger when the transformation took place; and there for ages, the petrified man stood by the petrified horse, with hand on bridle; when, once upon a time, the blast of a bugle was loudly blown, calling soldiers to the field, and brave men to heroic acts; and that sound pierced the closed ears, the charger changed from stone to life, and the soldier, springing into his saddle, seized his weapon, and dashed into the battle-field to seek honours and win victories.

Ah! fables of one's childhood, ye teach lessons to them of greater growth; for near to bloodless battle-fields, where strength, and energy, and bravery are needed, have many stood, do many stand,—lifeless, petrified,—who need but to hear the trumpet-call, that they may show what power was dormant, what achievements can be wrought when men of soul compel themselves to work, and seize hitherto "unappropriated blessings."

In dealing with this part of the subject, we can only *touch* a few notes, just to indicate the tune; only fetch a few pebbles, as specimens, from a wide shore; since the whole subject is too great for

full discussion or illustration in one Paper. We must, therefore, ask you to think of all that men need, of all the world needs, of good that might be appropriated; and you will be convinced that while there is much to distress, there is also much to console, the heart of a benevolent man when he meditates on this matter.

It is distressing to think of the havoc, bloodshed, horribleness of war,—peace being an “unappropriated blessing;” of the crime, vice, and wretchedness, and sorrow incident thereto,—virtue, with its rewards, being an “unappropriated blessing;” of the slavery that manacles body, soul, and mind of men,—when God has “made of one blood all nations” of the earth, and made man to be free. Yet, at home, abroad, we see much to distress us, because men suffer with countless blessings nigh them, that they might enjoy, but have not appropriated.

Well, but if there is much to distress us in all these thoughts, there is also something to encourage us.

At least we know that what the world lacks in these blessings, it can get; and that there *are* men, and *will be* men, who will appropriate them.

Thank God, the love of freedom, and social, intellectual, and political advancement is deathless, and must conquer. In that dwells hope. There may be difficulty, nervousness, trembling, on the part of those who strive in the front line of the world's battle; but that betokens success. A very wise man said he never had a vivid perception of a distinction in that passage of Scripture. “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,” until he heard the late Sir Robert Peel deliver his speech, in Exeter-Hall, at that notable meeting for Negro Emancipation, over which the late Prince Consort presided. When he rose, he trembled violently; his very coat quivered: when he seized the rail, it shook audibly: “but,” said my friend, “it was not the trembling of fear, but of a determined man. It was as though he said, ‘Now I will, I must, succeed.’” That illustrates an observation of an eminent living writer, which says, “Emulation, even in the brutes, is sensitively nervous. See the tremor of

the thorough-bred racer before he starts. The dray-horse does not tremble; but he does not emulate. It is not his work to run a race.”

There is much consolation to us, in considering this subject, when we remember the spirit of keen emulation that exists among men,—when we know the intense anxiety, the *trembling* of earnest men. Are there not many of our best brothers who have set themselves a life-task? They have fixed upon some evil for its destruction, or some benefit to be secured for their fellows, and they toil at their task day and night. It is the great subject of their thoughts. It will take them years to accomplish it; but they feel the nobleness of having a plan that is worthy, and requires long time, much patience, energy, and faith to work out.

Their example merits imitation; and it would be of inestimable good if some of you, my readers, would resolve to do something towards gaining for the world a portion of those blessings provided for it, but as yet unappropriated.

How rich the world is in unused human talent!

As a rule, this talent is not neglected. There is no bar against legitimate powers being exercised, and yet there are large numbers of men who are out of work,—out of that particular class of work for which they are best fitted.

In saying this, we do not minister to the discontented spirit of lazy and conceited people, who think themselves geniuses when they are not, and who chafe and bite because the world makes no recognition of their imagined superiority. But we refer to those who have ability, and yet are not in use. That there are many such, you may be sure, if you will remember that men live yet in obscurity and quiet, whose names were once words of power. How many more such men there be, of whom little, or almost nothing, was ever heard, who can tell?

There is a recluse in Asia Minor who spends his time in studying the Koran, and in writing, in delicately small Arabic characters, a book of prayers. His beard is grey, his eye keen; he wears a turban, a silken veil, a long robe of brown

serge. And who is he? This is Abd-el-Kader, who fought and foiled for years French troops, and dashed with clouds of horsemen across the desert. . . . In the heart of Russia lives another caged lion, a patriot-prophet, a man quiet now, and growing fat, they say; but this man, years ago, had ardour and fire enough; infectious ardour, for he roused a whole people to a frenzy of martial zeal; he sent the Russians back time after time, beaten and baffled; he fought fifty fights, of which it has been said, "each was as stubborn as Thermopylæ." That old leader—brave man!—is Schamyl Bey.

And there are others. Kossuth is not dead; Garibaldi is in retirement. Men prominent once in letters and art are out of sight, and the statement is thereby illustrated that, in the various departments, the world has many men not on active duty; much unused talent; many unappropriated powers and blessings.

Chatham.

C. H. K.

THE STRING OF BEADS.*

My string of beads! my string of beads!

At last their worthlessness I own;
As valueless as broken reeds;

When needed most, the toys were gone.
Once, when 'mid storms my course was laid,

And all my soul was tempest toss'd,
From earthly friends I sought for aid,—
Alas! my string of beads was lost.

My string of beads, my friends of earth,

False! "then," I said, "my fervent cry
Shall reach to One of greater worth,

My ever faithful Friend on high:

He'll look upon my black despair,

My burning words shall reach His throne,

I'll pour my griefs into His ear;"

Again, my string of beads was gone.

* At a Missionary-meeting in Lincolnshire, some time ago, a Christian Minister spoke of a poor ignorant Roman Catholic; who, having lost her string of beads, bewailed the calamity, by saying,—“I have lost my string of beads, and now I have nothing but God Almighty to trust to.” The remark was listened to by a poor village girl; to whom it suggested a train of thoughts, which, on returning home, she converted into verse, and committed to paper.

My string of beads—my words of power—

Died from my trembling lips away;

Yet precious was the humbling hour

When thus at Jesus' feet I lay.

“Save, Lord!” I cried, “save, or I fall!”

My Saviour heard that mournful moan,

And He became my ALL in ALL,

Most precious, when my beads were gone.

My string of beads! my string of beads!

Long valued, treasured things of earth,—

My fervent prayers, my holiest deeds,—

All now I own of trifling worth.

Jesus, in honour of Thy name,

Still give Thy needful grace to me;

Or, some poor string of beads again,

Will soon divide my love with Thee.

T. L. M'L.

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR; OR, WALKS OF USEFULNESS.

“MOTHER, what can I do that would be useful?” was the oft-repeated question of a dear little girl of my friend C—. The precious child has long been folded to rest in the bosom of the Good Shepherd, but being dead, she yet speaks to old and young. To feel that a day has passed away *for ever* without gaining or communicating one useful idea, is humiliating; but, that *a year*—comparatively so large a portion of our time here—has passed away *for ever* without our being the means of actual, positive good to our fellows, is indeed sad; yet how often sadly true. I know a dear child whose delight every day it is to feel that she has made some one happy; and I have seen her in the course of her daily walk bring many a bright smile to the faces of the poor children she met on the road; perhaps at the personal sacrifice of the fruit, cakes, bon-bons, or bits of silk given to her for herself. Such kindness was indeed “twice blessed;” giver and receiver being for the time made happy; and I believe she found it still “more blessed to give than to receive.” Now we who are older, may take a hint from this bright little being, and try if we can make our walks in the New Year *walks of usefulness*.

Some time since I was in the provi-

dence of God cast into a very lonely sequestered place, without much attraction of a social or spiritual kind. The springs seemed dried up, the land morally and intellectually barren and void of interest. The Sabbaths seemed dull and cheerless; no Sabbath school, or materials for one; no evening or week-day services; no society; very few inhabitants of any class, and these few being ignorant Romanists. My child became my sole companion. It was a sad change, for though the hills were green, the skies bright, and the birds tuneful, the moral waste oppressed my spirits, and I thought, "Surely the Lord must have sent me here because I was not worthy of the larger and more interesting sphere after which I mourn." I asked the Lord to make use of me even in this dry and barren land; but while I did so, I thought where shall I find materials for usefulness here? However, the Lord is not straitened, and He heard my prayer by sending into my family a Romanist servant, whose sincere prayers had, like those of Cornelius, "gone up as a memorial before God;" and as He sent Peter to teach Cornelius, so He gave me the privilege of bringing His truth before the thirsting soul of my humble friend A——. We are now far apart, but she reads for herself the wonderful works of God in His own most blessed word.

There, then, was *one* opportunity of usefulness; and I soon found some people, to whose hearts I found way, perhaps, through the humble avenue of an old garment, or a meal of broth. I also often felt a desire to address a brief word to the poor whom I met on the road, and sometimes effected my purpose by joining them, and saying some kindly word in which I could introduce the name of my Master. One day I met a decent looking old man, with whom I entered into conversation; talked to him a little about his family, and indifferent matters, and then asked him how he expected his soul to be saved. Poor old man! he said, "*by doing good works.*" I tried to show him that we could not do anything good in the sight of a pure and holy God, while we ourselves were unholy. But he held to his own opinion; as very a Pharisee as Saul himself. Awhile after, I met another old man,

and to him I addressed the same question: "How do you hope to have your precious soul saved?" The old man stopped short, looked upwards, and replied, with fervent devotion and tearful eyes, "*by Him who suffered hours of pain and agony for me upon the cross.*" At once I felt that "*one faith*" united the old mendicant (for such he was) and me; *taught of God* in a corrupt church to find his way to heaven by *simple faith* in Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Often, in my intercourse with these humble and ignorant people, I felt reproved by their resignation to the will of God, when I was impatient; and their gratitude, when I was thankless. One day, my little girl and I saw approaching us a bewildered-looking woman, who appeared to be blind. She felt about anxiously with her hands; and, on our drawing near her, said, "O! is it a horse?" She had heard the patter of our strong boots, and was frightened. We reassured her, and she looked at ease as she told us that "she could not find any child that day who had time to lead her down the road to a farmer's house, where she got milk; and, being in want of it, she ventured out alone, but felt very fearful of horses all along." So I gave her my shawl to hold, and brought her to the farmer's house where she wanted to go; and, as we went along, I was amazed at her pious submission to her distressing privation. In one night (she told me) she had lost the precious gift of sight. "But then, Ma'am," she added, "if I had been able to see all these dark years, may-be I'd seen many a sinful sight that would have hurt my soul."

We felt as we parted with our poor blind companion that God had sent us in her way, and her in ours. We were of use to her, and it was our own fault if she was not of use to us also. What an interest was thus added to our walk; not merely a walk for health, or selfish enjoyment; but a walk dignified by usefulness. Who will take this little hint for the New Year? Let us try to live in 1866 in the spirit of that beautiful word, "*Occupy till I come.*"

CHRISTIANITY AND WOMAN.

In the relations of Jesus with women, they seem irresistibly attracted towards Him, with hearts moved, and imaginations struck, by His manner of life, His precepts, His miracles, His language. He inspires them with feelings of tender respect, and confiding admiration. The Canaanitish woman comes and addresses to Him a timid prayer for the healing of her daughter. The woman of Samaria listens to Him with eagerness, though she does not know Him. Mary seats herself at His feet, absorbed in reflections suggested by His words; and Martha proffers to Him the frank complaint that her sister assists her not, but leaves her unaided in the performance of her domestic duties. The sinner draws near to Him in tears, pouring upon His feet a rare perfume, and wiping them with her hair. The adulteress, hurried into His presence, by those who wished to stone her, in accordance with the precepts of the Mosaic law, remains motionless in His presence, even after her accusers have withdrawn, awaiting in silence what He is about to say. Jesus receives the homage, and listens to the prayers, of all these women with the gentle gravity and impartial sympathy of a Being superior and strange to earthly passion.

Pure and inflexible Interpreter of Divine law, He knows and understands human nature, and judges it with that equitable severity which nothing escapes; the excuse as little as the fault.—*Guizot.*

DEFINITIONS OF POLITENESS.

As to politeness, many have attempted definitions of it. I would venture to call it benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in little, daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, &c., what is it but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is perpetual attention—by habit it grows easy and natural to us—to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this, but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with? Benevolence in greater matters takes a higher name, and is queen of virtues.—*Lord Chatham.*

Memorials of the Departed.

KETURAH NORMAN was born in Coggeshall, in Essex. Her parents were Wesleyans. From twelve years of age she manifested increasing concern about her salvation. She joined a class of young persons who, like herself, were seeking the mercy of God; and, about four years before her death, entered by faith in Jesus into the liberty of God's children. Thenceforward she evidently grew in grace, and pressed on to the mark of complete holiness. She anxiously sought the salvation of her brother and sisters. Taking a deep interest in the cause of God, she found great delight in the means of grace, making any sacrifice to attend them. But hers was a short course. She removed to a distance from her home, and was soon seized with a

sickness, which in four days ended her life on earth. Those with whom she spent her last days, will not soon forget her truly Christian character and conversation. She died August 5th, 1864. E. B.

MR. RICHARD KENDALL, who died at Helston, November 15th, 1864, obtained in early life the converting grace of God. When nineteen years of age, he engaged in the honourable calling of a Wesleyan Local preacher. For the important duties of this office, as well as for those of a Class-leader, the subject of this notice strove to qualify himself by a frequent, devout, and discriminating perusal of God's word, aided by such Commentaries as were within his reach. In conversation with Ministers and

Christian friends, he delighted to elicit their opinions on choice passages from the inspired volume; at the same time, modestly, but with much originality and discernment, expressing his own thoughts on the portion under consideration. It was his joy to declare from the pulpit, as well as from his chair and bed of affliction, the precious truths which surround the atoning death of the Lord Jesus, and to make manifest their all-sufficiency to sanctify, sustain, and comfort amid the toils and tribulations of life. He avoided that sentimental preaching, which, beneath a pathetic narrative, hides the true doctrines of the cross, and dwells lightly on the evil of sin, the majesty and spirituality of the law, the holiness, the matchless love and mercy of God revealed in the atonement made by Christ. During thirty-seven years of public life, holding responsible situations as a mine-agent, "Captain" Kendall maintained a blameless reputation. Towards the "adventurers" * he acted with uncompromising veracity, uprightness, and respectfulness. A clergyman in whose glebe one of "Captain" Kendall's mines had been situated, testified his respect, not only by visiting him in his affliction, but by travelling many miles to perform the funeral rites for his late trustworthy friend and agent. His conduct towards those employed in the mines was marked by impartial justice, blended with a kind regard for their temporal and spiritual

* A term used in Cornwall for speculators in mining operations.

interests. "Forbearing threatening," he gave to the labourer, whether under age or an adult, that which was "just and equal," knowing that he had a Master in heaven. Some are now filling important posts in the church and the world, who gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to "Captain" Kendall's uniform kindness, and his encouragement to self-improvement. Sound at heart in his attachment to that form of Christianity denominated Wesleyan Methodism, he faithfully upheld its distinctive doctrines. In seasons of lamentable and disastrous disturbance he firmly maintained, and conscientiously defended, its disciplinary acts. When excluded from the pulpits of those chapels which had been alienated from the Connexion, an unfair advantage being taken of some flaw or feebleness in their trust-deeds, "Captain" Kendall was content to publish the sinner's Friend by the wayside, or in a dwelling-house. He lived to see, in most of these instances, new, and much more commodious, sanctuaries erected, in which he rejoiced to publish the Gospel. His last illness, though protracted through many months of pain and feebleness, was borne with Christian resignation. Armed with the "whole armour of righteousness," he entered the mortal combat with fortitude, and gained the victory through "the blood of the Lamb." "I am nearly gone," said he at one time; "but I'm on the Rock." Shortly before his departure, with uplifted hand, he whispered, in holy triumph, "Hallelujah." B. B.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

In the midst of so many attempts to treat the Bible as "a cunningly-devised fable," it is refreshing to open such a book as *The Divine Plan of Revelation*, by the REV. EDWARD GARRETT, M.A. (London: Hamilton and Co.) He writes with the hand of a master, and the heart of a Christian. Earnestly do we hope that his manly reasoning may be eminently successful in counteracting the effect produced by the miserable efforts of some of his brother clergymen to

throw discredit on the good old Book.—We have before us two handsome volumes, by ALEXANDER VINET, *Outlines of Theology*, and *Outlines of Philosophy and Literature*. (London: Strahan.) While there is here much to interest the thoughtful, there is a clearness and brilliancy of style about these agreeable "Outlines" not often met with.—Unhappily for us, now-a-days, our times of leisure in this busy world are all too few for either mental improvement or our soul's good. When

to arrive, however, it is well to be
ed with a suitable book for the

Among many such, we welcome
iam Companionship for Retired Hours.
on : Alexander Strahan.) Its con-
well bear out its title.—*Thoughts*
nty-nine. (London : Jackson, Wal-
and Hodder.) How few attain
in advanced age! and fewer still
he energy to undertake to give a
to the world, when almost four-

Were it for no other reason than
t to the writer's years, we should
posed to treat these "Thoughts"
consideration. In this volume,
er, we find words of wisdom and
ess, well worthy to be studied for
own sake.—A Third Edition of the
RICHARD TREFFRY'S *Letters on the*
ment (London : Wesleyan Conference
) testifies to its continued accepta-
with the thoughtful.—To a large
er of useful and diligent labourers
ar Lord's vineyard, *The Class-*
r's Assistant, by the Rev. JOHN
(London : Hamilton and Co.,)
be a most seasonable help. How
ult it is to keep up a freshness and
st, so as to leave an impression on
heart and memory of those who
ly come together in the class-
ng, has been felt by many who
anxious to make this means of
of real spiritual benefit to those
d under their care. To Leaders
have little time for study and
ration, this book will be found
ative and useful.—*The Throne of*
(London : Strahan) is a book of
tation, simple and earnest : one of
as which, at present, seems to be in
er demand than formerly ; a fact
h we would fain hope indicates a
ing taste for spiritual things.—
ly allied to the foregoing in character
ight on the Grave. (Edinburgh : W.
immo.)—J. R. ANDREWS gives us a
lar *Life of George Whitefield*. (Lon-
Morgan and Chase.) A name so
ly associated with that of Wesley
ever be of interest to all lovers of
revered Founder. Apart, however,
that cause, the wonderful career of
tefield himself makes everything
an about him eagerly read. Doubt-
this will be the case with the present

volume, which, despite some defects and
inaccuracies, is yet very pleasant reading.

—We are glad to welcome *The Student's*
English Dictionary, by JOHN OGILVIE,
LL.D. (London : Blackie and Son.) It will
be invaluable to the young trying their
hand at composition.—DR. SMITH is now
a well-known author in Methodism ; and
The Book of Prophecy, (London : Long-
mans and Co.,) the latest production of
his vigorous pen, will fully sustain his
well-deserved reputation as an able
and devout writer.—*Self-Made Men*, by
WILLIAM ANDERSON. (London : John
Snow.) John Bunyan, Edward Baines,
Hugh Miller, and John Kitto, are the
examples given us in this attractive
volume. None can read the lives of
such men without being better for the
perusal. This is eminently a book for the
young.—As a HELP to the student, *The*
Handbook of English Literature, by DR.
JOSEPH ANGUS, (London : The Religious
Tract Society,) is excellent : for a course
of reading on any particular subject, it
is what the guide-post is to the traveller.
—Another book for students, which we
should like to see widely circulated, is,
A Concise Dictionary of the Bible, edited
by DR. WILLIAM SMITH. (London : John
Murray.) This is a condensation of
the larger Dictionary, and will be found
most convenient and useful both in the
family and to those who are engaged in
any way in Biblical instruction.—In
these days when our eyes are pained by
sights, and our ears filled with sounds,
which, one would think, ought neither
to be seen nor heard in a Christian
country on the Sabbath-day, and when
strenuous efforts are being made to
deprive us of our inalienable right,—our
one day in seven to be kept holy to God,—
we gladly welcome, from an able pen,
another contribution to the cause of the
Sabbath. *The Lord's Day*, by the Rev.
JOHN WESLEY THOMAS, (London : Wes-
leyan Conference Office,) we hope will
find a place in every Christian family.—
Volume First of a Third Edition of *The*
Lives of Early Methodist Preachers, has just
been issued by the Wesleyan Conference
Office. It ought to have a large sale
amongst our people. We think every true
Methodist ought to be as well acquainted
with these "Lives" as with Wesley's

Journals, without which it is nearly impossible to understand the Methodism they love so well. There is a beautiful Introductory Essay by the venerable THOMAS JACKSON, (who also edits the work,) which gives additional value to the edition. We recommend our young friends to read these "Lives." It will do them good to know what was done and suffered by these good men in their glorious work, and how great was that love to God, and to human souls, which sustained them amidst such persecutions, toils, and sufferings. Would that more of their spirit of self-denial were now amongst us, more of personal consecration and personal service.—*A Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi, &c.*, by DAVID and CHARLES LIVINGSTONE, (London: John Murray,) next claims our attention. To all lovers of travel and adventure, we have but to mention the name of Livingstone to ensure a degree of interest not always accorded to travellers. We are here sure of having the simple truth. The volume has a map, and it is beautifully illustrated; we cannot imagine any greater treat, these winter evenings, than to hear

it read aloud in the family circle.—*New Practical Grammar*, by JOHN VICKERS, (London: F. Pitman,) is an excellent introduction for younger children.—*Youthful Christianity*, by REV. A. LANGLEY. (London: Wesleyan Conference Office.) A better little book could not well be placed in the hands of youth.—We wish there had been a little less of mysticism, and more of good, common sense in *The Bible Island*. (London: William Macintosh.)—*Katherine Woodrington*, by HARRIET D'OGLEY HORNE, (London: Wertheim and Macintosh,) is full of sad and solemn warning to young people.—*A Woman's Secret*. (London: Griffith and Farran.) This is addressed more particularly to the humbler class of housekeepers: but it is by no means to be despised by those a few grades above them. Having reached the twenty-seventh thousand, it speaks for itself.—We have also received, *Words of Wisdom for the Sons of Toil*. (London: Elliot Stock.)—*The Sunday-School's Annual*. (London: Elliot Stock.)—*The Pitmen*. (London: William Macintosh.)—The Annual Volume of *The Children's Friend* is excellent, as usual.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Blackburn, Sophia,	Hulme,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	47	Feb. 3d, 1865.
Bracegirdle, Charles,	Chorlton,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	81	Oct. 1st, 1864.
Brundrett, Jeremiah,	Chorlton,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	66	Jan. 30th, 1865.
Brundrett, Martha,	Withington,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	72	Jan. 24th, 1865.
Brundrett, Peter,	Hulme,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	37	Jan. 5th, 1865.
Butters, Edward,	Hulme,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	67	Oct. 3d, 1864.
Clutton, Eliza,	Whitchurch,	Whitchurch,	56	May, 29th, 1865.
Greaves, Charles,	Greenheys,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	63	Jan. 29th, 1865.
Hart, Mary,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	68	April 4th, 1865.
Southam, Martha,	Oxford-road,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	60	Feb. 3d, 1865.
Stevnett, Elizabeth,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	78	Dec. 21st, 1862.
Stothard, Jane,	Hulme,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	81	Nov. 11th, 1864.
Storr, William T.,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	26	Dec. 8th, 1864.
Taylor, Hannah,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	41	Jan. 3d, 1862.
Westoby, George,	Sandholme,	Howden,	19	Nov. 12th, 1865.



(Spring.)

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, SHOEMAKER AND POET.

DURING the first year of the present century, a poem, bearing the unpromising title of "The Farmer's Boy," was issued from the press, and was so well received that in less than three years twenty-six thousand copies were sold. Considering that the name of the author was unfamiliar to the public, that the price of the volume of one hundred and eighteen pages was five shillings, and that the number of

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readers throughout the country could not have been one-sixth of what it is at present, the success of the publication must be deemed very remarkable. It is true that the work was edited, and printed at his own expense, by Mr. Capel Lofft, a man of taste and letters, well known in those days; but that Bloomfield's poetry is indebted for its preservation, after the lapse of sixty-five years, to its inherent vitality, as well as to the generous patronage under which it was first introduced to the public, is obvious enough. Indeed, Mr. Capel Lofft himself is now known mainly as the friend and patron of the uneducated poet who wrote "The Farmer's Boy." Although a man of parts and scholarship, educated at Eton and Cambridge, called to the bar, a voluminous writer on miscellaneous subjects,—law, politics, theology, poetry, and criticism,—yet the productions of his own pen have passed into oblivion, and he is likely to be known to posterity only in connexion with the poor shoemaker-poet whom he befriended.

Robert Bloomfield, the son of a village tailor, the youngest and frailest of six children, was born towards the close of 1766, at Honington, near Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk. Ere the delicate infant could talk or toddle, death left him fatherless. The tailor's widow tried to support her six children by keeping a dame's school; and with his mother as his teacher, the embryo poet learned to read. Subsequently he went, for three months, to a master's school, at Ixworth, where he learned to write. At the age of eleven he was taken into service, as "farmer's boy," by Mr. Austin, his uncle by marriage, who kept a farm at Sapiston. In this employment he did not remain long; but yet long enough to make himself acquainted with the menial duties of the little drudge whom he makes the humble hero of his principal poem. His next move was to London, to join his brother George, who was working in the metropolis as a journeyman shoemaker, and who promised to instruct Robert in his own art. This he did in the most unpoetical of places,—Pitcher's-court, Little Bell-alley, Coleman-street; until a combination amongst members of "the trade" obliged Robert, who was not indentured, to retire to Suffolk, to become once more a "farmer's boy." After a period of involuntary rustication, he returned to the metropolis, and, as a mere matter of form, was bound apprentice to Mr. Dudbridge, a "lady's shoemaker," his brother's employer, a freeman of the city of London. At the age of eighteen he was deprived of the society of his eldest brother, who returned to the country; but by that time Robert was as expert at shoemaking as George himself. Bloomfield was evidently cleverer at his trade than Dr. Carey, the Missionary; another distinguished son of St. Crispin, of whom it has been said "that, although he could make *two* shoes, he could never make a *pair*!" And yet the poet did not greatly prosper by "sticking to his last;" for when he married Mary Ann Church, of Woolwich, he had to "sell his fiddle" to raise the ways and means for the wedding, and was obliged to live in lodgings during the first few years of married life. When, at length, he took a step in advance in

matters of domicile, it was not a house which he rented, but a *room*, "up one pair of stairs, at 14, Bell-alley, Coleman-street." There he dwelt with wife and children, and worked in a garret, with six other men, "up two pair of stairs higher." In this most unlikely of places, in the heart of this man-made city, shut in from the sights and sounds of the God-made country, amid the hammering upon half-a-dozen lap-stones, and amid the clattering of half-a-dozen journeymen shoemakers' tongues, Robert Bloomfield composed his pleasant rural poem, "The Farmer's Boy." Perched upon a stool, on the summit of this unflowery Parnassus, "up three pair of stairs," redolent of new-cut leather and cobblers' wax, commanding a prospect of innumerable chimney-pots, he actually constructed, corrected, and completed, the first two books of his poem, retaining the whole in his memory, before he put a single line of it upon paper!

Although Robert Bloomfield was evidently a natural genius,—a born poet,—yet he gave no indications of his latent powers, until, by reading newspapers and periodicals in the shoemakers' garret, and especially by the perusal of the "Paradise Lost," and "The Seasons," he was incited to try his hand at poetical composition. Having been admitted as a contributor of fugitive pieces to the "London Magazine," he ventured—taking Thomson as his model—to write "The Farmer's Boy." It was composed in the thirty-second year of his age, and published in the thirty-fourth. In taking a lad-of-all-work in a Suffolk farm-yard as the hero of his poem, he was unconsciously co-operating with Wordsworth, and the other rising poets of the "lake school," who were rebelling against the English classical style, both in subjects and in treatment. If men who had taken honours at the national universities might sing of Peter Bell, the potter; of Betty Foy and her idiot son; of Goody Blake and Harry Gill, surely the cord-wainer of Bell-alley might weave in verse a story of a "farmer's boy." Besides, shepherds and shepherdesses had been the common stock-in-trade from time immemorial of pastoral poetry. Not that Bloomfield imitated the idylls of former times in his rural verses. He, at least, "called a spade a spade." His "Boy" was not the gentle swain of pastoral poetry, with crook, and flute, and cup, love-sick and artless, unlike the shepherds of real life. He was such a peasant lad as may be met with any day in any country parish. "Giles" was the unpoetical name which he bore; whilst the horses which he tended were called "Ball" and "Dobbin." In his rustic round of duties little Giles meets with dairy-maids, but never with nymphs. In the woods he has no talk with fauns or dryads, but tends his master's hogs as they feed upon the acorns; and in crossing the dashing stream he meets with "Trouncer," the huntsman's dog, but never appears to have stumbled upon a naiad. This *reality*, in combination with the smoothness and harmony of the versification, is, no doubt, one great cause of the success of Bloomfield's poetry, notwithstanding the exceedingly humble character of his themes. As in a painting, the faithful

imitation of nature gives greatest pleasure to the spectator, so the fidelity of execution in descriptive poetry gives most exquisite relish to the reader. Hence, humble Giles is followed with such interest through the successive seasons. In spring we watch him as he,

——— “with wearying strides,
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides.”

We see him going upon his errand in the morning, “light as the lark that caroll’d o’er his head,” to fetch the cows. In the summer we catch him sowing turnips; scaring sparrows from the ripening wheat; working with haymakers; tending geese, as the pugnacious gander makes war upon every living thing, while “each booby goose the unworthy strife enjoys;” riding upon Dobbin’s back, and joining in the festivities of the harvest-home. In autumn we find him feeding pigs and poultry; helping at wheat-sowing; strolling over the farm, “the Crusoe of the lonely fields;” meeting the hunt, &c. In winter we trace him with snow-clogged shoes and benumbed fingers; foddering the cattle; piling logs and faggots on the blazing hearth; visiting the sheep-fold by moonlight; and then, on the long nights, sitting with the farm-servants, as

——— “the ploughman smiles,
And oft the joke runs hard on sheepish Giles;
Who sits joint tenant of the corner stool,
The converse sharing, though in duty’s school.”

Bloomfield’s other works are “Rural Tales,” “Wild Flowers,” “May Day with the Muses,” and “The Banks of the Wye.” The last is the longest and most ambitious of his poems, but certainly not the best. It consists principally of descriptions of scenery, with historical and traditional allusions, suggested by the neighbourhood. Unlike Goldsmith’s “Deserted Village,” it contains few lines, if any, likely to fasten themselves on the reader’s memory, or to pass into the currency of popular quotation. His lines on the “Fakenham Ghost” are likely to be remembered, and laughed over, when the more pretentious verses on “The Banks of the Wye” are forgotten. Upon the whole, Bloomfield cannot be placed in either the first or second rank of poets. He is as far below Thomson—whom he is supposed to have taken as a model—as Pollok is below Milton. And yet, perhaps, he is read at present more extensively than most of our uneducated poets. John Taylor, “the King’s water poet,” is now known to few except book-worms. Stephen Duck, although pensioned by Queen Caroline, is almost forgotten. Woodhouse has not been saved from oblivion by the patronage of Shenstone, nor Bennet by that of Warton, nor Anne Yearsley by the notice of Hannah More. And although Robert Southey acted the Mæcenas in editing “Attempts in Verse; by John Jones, an Old Servant,” yet this has not saved the author from being lost amongst the innumerable multitude of his undistinguished name-

sakes. That Bloomfield's poetry has survived, notwithstanding his educational deficiencies, must be attributed to the fidelity with which he has copied external nature. So close an observer was he, that when he saw Westall's painting of "A Storm in Harvest," he at once pointed out that the sheaves of corn had "more straw than ears," and that the sitting figures of a man and woman in the picture were "*facing* the storm." Of the man he said, "He is an Abelard; I never saw a Suffolk codger like him."

The great defect of Bloomfield's poetry, so far as the matter is concerned, is the absence of all reference to the redemption of man by the Lord Jesus. Like Thomson, he sympathises with the sufferings of the brute-creation, and utters a poetical censure upon the practice of docking the tails of horses; but he is silent on the human miseries which sin occasions, and fails to sing God's own remedy, the Cross. With regard to his moral and religious character, his brother George says, "His mother, who is a very religious member of the Church of England, took all the pains she could in his infancy to make him pious; and as his reason expanded, his love of God and man increased with it. I never knew his fellow for mildness of temper and goodness of disposition; and since I left him, universally is he praised by those who knew him best, for the best of husbands, an indulgent father, and quiet neighbour." If Robert's account of little Giles at church gives us his own experience while he was himself a "farmer's boy," his Sabbath pleasures do not appear to have been very spiritual. Here is the churchyard scene:—

"Midst timely greetings, village news goes round,
Of crops late shorn, or crops that deck the ground;
Experienced ploughmen in the circle join;
While sturdy boys, in feats of strength to shine,
With pride elate their young associates brave
To jump from hollow-sounding grave to grave;
Then, close consulting, each his talent lends
To plan fresh sports *when tedious service ends.*"

After coming to London, Bloomfield attended the meeting-house in Old Jewry, where, in consequence of the Arianism taught there, he was not likely to hear the Gospel that saves. Alas! that he had not gone to some other well-known places of worship, the Tabernacle, or our own City-road Chapel, near which he resided, instead. This might have given a different complexion to his life, and have infused a religious tone into his poetry.

Poor Bloomfield, although befriended by the Duke of Grafton, who granted him an annuity from his own purse, and procured him a situation in the Seal-office, which the poet's delicate health compelled him to resign, died at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, on the 19th of August, 1823, embarrassed in circumstances, and with dark clouds gathering round his intellect.

T. M'C.

ENGLISH HOMES.

THE reader of this Paper has sometimes looked out upon woodland scenery. The oak was there, "king of Britain's woods," with the towering elm, and tough, bending ash. The soft beech and the smooth linden presented their witchery, while in their midst grew the primrose and the violet. The eglantine embalmed the air, while the foxglove and the stinging-nettle exerted each its own peculiar influence. Throughout that woody variety there exists but one principle of vegetable life. It is that *one life* exhibiting itself in ten thousand forms and colours, which reveals God as a Being of perfect wisdom, and unlimited beneficence.

Is not this like human life in all ages? In discussing its essence, philosophy is perplexed. What is life? One of the greatest of modern anatomists spent many years in searching for what he called "the principle of life," and at last drew the candid conclusion that he "knew nothing at all about it." From the dawn of time to its close, man is found the same in the essentials of his nature. Nations and individuals exhibit life's varied and wonderful phenomena. The people of ancient Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome, had their distinct national peculiarities; and so have modern nations theirs. Individuals come into the world with definite faculties and adaptations. One has a genius for mechanics, another for poetry; one is impulsive and energetic, another calm and contemplative; one rises by the ennobling influence of virtue, another sinks by the degrading influence of vice. But life is the same in all; the dispositions and actions of communities and families are but its diversified phenomena.

We belong to a nation where the Family is recognised as a principal element of social and moral eleva-

tion. In the history of England's past the thoughtful student may see God evolving some of the grandest purposes in the volume of His comprehensive designs. It is her family principle which has told upon all nations. Raise the English family, and you raise the nation; raise the English nation, and you raise the world.

What is home? Not four square walls, "though with pictures hung and gilded;" not a mere house, though vast in proportion, and costly in material. Gold cannot purchase it. Home, as the abode of loving hearts, is God's great institution in the world, and sustains a relation to His designs in their bearing upon the human race. It is His will that earth shall be a world of separate homes. Possibly, ours is the only world where celestial intelligences are enabled to study God's intentions as revealed in the diversified history of families. "No convulsion in human affairs shakes the stability of this Divine ordinance. Nations expire; human governments are constantly recast; political systems are built up by one generation, to be pulled down, or recast, by another; false religions, accompanied by the licentious vehemence of human passions, effect the greatest social changes; peace and war, infidelity and revolution, shape and re-shape human destiny; but amid the decay and the wreck, the confusion and the crimes, which constantly disfigure the face of the earth, the asylum of home has never been overthrown." Its relationships are beautiful. Husband and wife, brother and sister, are united together by intimate and enduring bonds. There is no locality or circumstance where its magic power is not felt. Travel east, west, north, or south, over land or ocean, still the thoughts will wander to the far-off home. By its influences life's destiny is frequently fixed. Here

man finds a resting-place from amid the turmoil of life, and realizes pleasures not mingled with remorse; while woman finds the gratification of all the noblest aspirations of her nature. The joys and sorrows of one, are the joys and sorrows of all. It is an oasis in the world's great desert. Never, then, let England cease to be eminently a land of homes. Destroy these, and the flood-gates of confusion and disorder immediately rush open. From the palace of England's Queen, down to the cottage of her poorest subject, our homes are such as England alone can boast.

"The free, fair homes of England,
Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God."

The family is "a little body corporate, with a head;" it is a little kingdom, with a king swaying a sceptre, and issuing laws. The husband is this head and monarch, to whom God has entrusted the sceptre and the rule. His responsibility is definite and sacred. He cannot dispense with it. But the true man always rules in love; his soul throbs with that affection which finds its richest gratification in the happiness of those about him. The centre of the family, it is for him to find *there* his richest earthly pleasures; to cherish *there* the warm, fresh feelings of his heart, and to find *there* his own dignity and improvement bound up with the chain of ardent spirits encircling him. *There*, "bright eyes sparkle with joy, and tiny feet dance with glee, and a bevy of rosy lips claim kisses as he enters at the door; the very tops, marbles, and dolls seem radiant with joy, and time vanishes unheeded amid the bliss of that circle, where the hus-

band, as head and monarch, is also the source of love and joy."

Never, perhaps, did the wisdom and goodness of God appear more than in His ordering of the nature, position, and avocations of the wife. Her praises have often been sung; but "one thing is set over against the other," and one thing must be taken with another in the economy of God's world. In the family, her mere external beauty has no more power in itself to promote man or childhood's happiness than the pencilled flowers, the silvery dew-drop, or the moving panorama of the midnight sky. "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Here is true female beauty; the mind and heart in harmony with the will of God.

"What I most prize in woman
Is her affection.

If thou lovest,
Then the greatest of thy sex excels thee not,—
The world of the affections is thy world.

In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and
holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
To feed its flame."

The *inner history* of families is more alike than some imagine. On this subject we confess to a very decided opinion. The children of England's Queen, if placed from early life in other circumstances, would exhibit the same mental and physical differences, the same passions, and the same qualities, with those far beneath them. In this "age of talk," much is said relative to the application of philosophy to the ordinary affairs of life; but in the family there is a fine theatre for the exercise of its highest powers.

Suppose a family of seven children. Here no two are alike. The first is a son. It is his prerogative to throw the shield of protection about loving sisters who are essential elements in

the cup of domestic happiness. He is constitutionally practical; fond of the solid, and caring little for the lighter pursuits of life; rather close; fond of his money, yet true and good, notwithstanding. The *second* is a daughter, by nature distinct and noticeable; orderly in attire, and precise in deportment; feels it her duty to keep things in their places; thinks boys and men have little gentleness about them, and resolves never to come within reach of their annoyances. The *third*, too, is a girl, tall and slender, disposed to be a little vain, fond of being noticed, rather positive, and impatient of opposition to her opinions and plans. The *fourth* is a boy. He is rough, frank, open-hearted, and dashing in manner; puts order into confusion, amidst the vehement protestations of mother and sisters, who declare they never saw "so odd a boy;" deep in love with the sea or military life, and raises storms of fireside indignation by his dreams of future exploits. The *fifth* is one whose entire manner shows that she thinks she must have her own way; while the *sixth* is a youth rather difficult to understand; full of whims and boyish fancies; now wild with music, anon deep in philosophy; next, full of chemistry or mechanics, and spoiling everything or annoying everyone with his chemicals, and odours, and noises; slovenly in appearance, yet transparent and loveable too, and enduring fifty scoldings from day to day for his thoughtlessness and mischief. The *seventh* constitutes the perfect number, and rises up among the rest, "combining all the beauty of the rose, the gentleness of the dove, the modesty of the lily, the regularity of the clock, and the brightness and stillness of the moon when cloudless she moves in the heavens."

Here is a fine scene for action, and a source of enjoyment, for human

intellects and hearts. "Soulless, senseless, worse than both, were he" who prefers other pleasures to those of home. The outside world is impotent to supply that pleasure which God has arranged shall only be found there. Seven youthful ones, each a little world entire, with distinct personal will, mental and physical adaptations, peculiarities and affections, moving around, and radiating influences from one united centre! Here is a school for future life, where dispositions are cultivated, and habits formed, that will provide the husbands, wives, and parents of the future. Religion was never intended to change their mental peculiarities, but to hallow and consecrate them for the general good. Each one is sure to have a particular history. In their individual career may be seen the light and dark shadows of human life. A thousand changes are before them. As they pass on from stage to stage the sun will shine, and the winds will blow, and the black clouds will gather; the countenance will sometimes be radiant with joy, and sometimes be wet with tears. They may be made to illustrate human life in its broad, diversified, ever-changing aspects;—and if our readers will sometimes, in perusing the "Christian Miscellany," from month to month, look for "English Homes," we may occasionally furnish them with some lessons that will be useful in their progress through life in years to come.

J. F. M.

WALKING WITH GOD.

BY THE LATE REV. SAMUEL JACKSON.

WALKING with God implies *converse* and *mutual communication*. When two people walk they generally talk together. To walk with God is to converse with Him. Habitual prayer is an important feature in a

devout and holy life. And what is prayer? It is speaking to God. It is, indeed, a solemn and even an awful privilege, and one which we may well receive with fear and trembling; for it is to be admitted to an audience of the "King eternal, immortal, invisible:" but, though deeply solemn, it is inexpressibly delightful. In prayer the child expresses all his wants and wishes to a kind and bountiful Parent; the burdened soul pours all its complaints and sorrows into the ears of a beloved and bosom Friend. The presence of a stranger may be irksome and disagreeable; but it is pleasant to converse with those we love, and therefore prayer is always delightful to the heart which is right with God.

What is "searching the Scriptures," but the examination of a document written with the Finger of God? It is reading a letter from our Father in heaven, every line of which produces the most thrilling emotions, because it is associated with all the great and glorious things connected with the family to which we belong, and the home to which we are bound. And what are the influences of the Holy Ghost, the "witness of the Spirit," the "peace which passeth all understanding," the "joy unspeakable and full of glory," but answers to prayer? They are the words of God conversing with His people, and are light and life to their souls.

We are made for society. It has been thought by some that solitude was essential to piety, and they have shut themselves up in a cloister, or gone far off into the wilderness, in order to converse with God. But this is not necessary. Intercourse with Him depends not upon the outward circumstances, but upon the state of the heart. A sanctified spirit can commune with God in the silence of the closet, or in the

bustle of the street; in the loneliness of the desert, or in the midst of a crowd. The human mind, for its own relief and comfort, requires alternate solitude and society; but both in the one and in the other, if in a right moral state, it will walk and talk with God.

That converse, it appears, we may make as intimate and delightful as we please. The nigher we draw unto God, the nigher He will draw unto us. How near we may come to this great and adorable Source of all purity and blessedness, it is impossible to determine. "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." Such a life must be a heaven upon earth. To walk in the light of His countenance, is in His name to "rejoice all the day long."

Walking with God implies *co-operation*. To walk together, in a figurative sense, is to *act* together. To travel in the same road is to prosecute the same work, and to aim at the accomplishment of a common end. It is not to be supposed that walking with God is a purely contemplative life; and that such people do nothing but sit at His feet, gaze upon His glory, meditate upon His attributes and works, hear His words, and make known their requests unto Him. God has a cause in this world, and is engaged in the prosecution of a great work. Those who walk with Him must go out into this field of labour, and become fellow-workers there. The world has been redeemed, and now it is to be subdued. This great conquest has to be achieved, not by the stratagems of policy, not by the power of the sword, but simply by the employment of evangelical means. An appeal is to be made to the reason, to the conscience, to the self-interest, and to the gratitude of men; and this appeal is to be repeated and continued until all people bow down

to Christ, and all nations serve Him. All the dispensations of Providence and grace, since the foundation of the world, have tended to the accomplishment of this great and glorious design. God associates His people with Himself in the same enterprise. All His servants are soldiers. Men, women, and children may fight successfully under His banner against "the world, the flesh, and the devil." This was the character of Enoch. While he conversed with God in private, he acted with Him in public, pleaded His cause among men; and, like a mighty barrier, arrested, for a time at least, the progress of that torrent of iniquity which was then rolling in upon the world. Concerning Noah it is said that he "walked with God;" and while he conversed with Him in secret, he boldly and openly pleaded His cause before a perverse generation. The great business of his life was to convert men from that course of wickedness which ultimately brought "the flood upon the world of the ungodly." To walk with God is not only to meet him in secret meditation and prayer, but to accompany Him into the field of battle. It is not merely to sit at His feet, but to arise and go forth in His name, and in obedience to His command.

Still, amidst all this association and intimacy subsisting between God and His people, there is an infinite distance between them, which can never be diminished. Notwithstanding the Divine condescension, there is enough in the character of Him, "whose name is Holy, and who inhabiteth eternity," to abase into the dust all who come into His presence and behold His glory. Every man will be humble in proportion to the closeness of his walk with God. The nearer we approach, the lower we shall sink. Job was humble when he merely heard of God "by the hearing of the ear;"

but when his eye saw Him, and his perception of the Divine character became more vivid and distinct, he sunk into the depths of shame, and was led to abhor himself, and to "repent in dust and ashes." Access to the presence of God, assurance of His favour, and a deep sense of His mercy and condescension, can never remove the feelings of veneration and humility.

Habits of intercourse with God exercise a powerful and salutary influence upon our general character and conduct. Every man is influenced by his companions, either for good or evil. If "walking with wise men will make us wise," surely we shall be rendered truly wise by walking with God. The first and lowest part of wisdom is to avoid errors and mistakes, especially such as are of an injurious tendency. Here we are, amidst "the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things,"—beset by the enemy of souls, who is at one time a "roaring lion" to terrify, and at another an "angel of light" to allure and mislead; flattered by some of our fellow-men, and persecuted by others; and with a heart "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and what is to save us but walking with God? When there are so many roads, and the right path may be so easily mistaken, happy the traveller who has taken the Lord for his Guide.

Another branch of true wisdom is, to be enabled to secure our own happiness and that of other people. No wise man proves an enemy to himself. We all wish and intend to be happy. Many are benevolent, and really desire and seek the happiness of their fellow-men. In not a few cases, for lack of practical wisdom, these noble ends are not attained. But the man who walks with God is sure to be blessed and made a blessing. His talents and station may be

and his influence but small, good as far as it extends. Whom he is connected are less benefited by his per- walk with God; his own ce is a change "from glory ry." It was by habits of ree with the Lord Jesus at the Apostles were trained e such a mighty blessing to ld, and so eminently happy selves.

are many melancholy changes await us which we cannot nd for which, therefore, it is lom to prepare. Poverty is ty, and we may be brought to ur friends may die, and we left to toil and suffer alone. sometimes scarcely able even on a bed of pain and sick- Old age and its infirmities are gloom and sorrow. Death ing of terrors; and yet with must ultimately contend. midst of these trying tances our friends, if we ay, can only stand by and e. We must struggle and lone. On what, then, is the mind to fall back in this extremity? The gracious e of God has put joy into a heart, and a song of praise mouth, in the midst of all ben called to endure. Our nple and proper business in rld is to *walk with God*. when changes come, when y is lost, when friends are hen health has failed, when e near, we shall say, "the f Hosts is with us; the God b is our refuge."

as to the future. — When it departs to God who gave has to meet all the con- es of his moral responsibility; od shall bring every work dgment, with every secret

In some cases the results t judgment are unhappy;

it issues in banishment from the presence of the Lord. That, how- ever, is not the case with those who in this world have walked with Him. Between all such people and their adorable Creator and Redeemer, an everlasting friendship exists, which nothing can dissolve. "Many waters cannot quench love." "The coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame;" and that flame will survive all possible changes, and burn for ever. If we walk with God in life, He will be with us in death: and does He mean to desert us in that unknown state? No! He says, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." When Jesus left the world He returned to the Father; and He says, "Where I am, there shall My servants be." Human beings must pass from the embodied to the dis- embodied state; but if God was present with them in life, and present with them in death, He will be present with them for ever.

Every wise and thoughtful man prefers a certainty to an uncer- tainty; and, wherever he goes, wishes, as far as practicable, to see his way clear and plain before him. Were a man about to remove from Europe to Australia, he would en- deavour beforehand to ascertain his probable circumstances there. Nay, were he only intending to remove from one town to another, he would, perhaps, think it well to go and make inquiries respecting his future residence. We are about to pass out of time into eternity. We can- not go there for purposes of inquiry. Our information respecting that world is very scanty. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be;" but if we walk with God here, we shall dwell with Him there; and "in His presence is fulness of joy; at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

CHRISTIANITY A FACT.

THAT Christianity is the religion of all the civilized world, is, of course, beyond all manner of question or doubt. How has it become so? To twelve humble men—without political influence, without hereditary rank, without social distinction—the commission was given, “Go, preach the Gospel to every creature;” establish a religion which is to be as extensive as humanity, and as lasting as eternity. In the teeth of intellectual and physical opposition without parallel in history, these men proceeded to fulfil their mission. Obeying that command, a man whose speech was said to be “contemptible,” and by whom the arts of the rhetorician were disdained, opposed the philosophy of Greece; and while in sight of the groves of the Academy, and the honeyed hill of Hymettus, he proclaimed from Mars’ Hill a code of morality such as Socrates had never dreamed of, nor Aristotle divulged, an unseen power carried conviction to the hearts of the listeners; the smile died off from the cynic’s thin, pale lip; and not a man, in broidered tunic or with tattered sandal, but felt that, though the enticing “words of man’s wisdom” were wanting, yet that there was the great fact of the preacher’s success to be accounted for; and there was a world of meaning in the cry, “The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men.” That was, after all, the true solution of the difficulty: God had come down in the likeness of a man. Against physical opposition the success of Christianity was equally striking. Her earliest pioneer in Rome never preached more successfully than when the prison cell was his pulpit. But the voice from the dungeon shook the throne. Christianity entered the palace, donned the imperial purple, and wore the diadem of the Cæsars!

The subsequent history of the spread of Christianity is the history of the advancement of civilization, and the progress of the great nations of the West; so that in the present day we find Christianity to be a great fact interwoven with all the institutions and systems of every civilized nation in the world. We simply ask, Can this fact be accounted for on any other hypothesis than the Divine origin of the religion which thus spread? In a word, it is far easier to believe Christianity to be from God,—Divine in its very essence and origin,—than to accept the unaccountable anomaly of its extension by means so inadequate, and, at the same time, deny the Divine power which alone can satisfactorily account for it. Thus we conclude that Christianity is, in two great senses, an historical fact. It is founded upon a fact, and in its present condition it is a fact,—the greatest fact that the world ever saw.

SCENE ON DARTMOOR.

I SHALL never forget the feelings of delicious entrancement with which I approached the outskirts of Dartmoor. I found myself amongst the woods near Haytor Crags. It was an autumn evening. The sun, near its setting, threw its yellow beams amongst the trees, and lit up the *tors* on the opposite side of the valley into a ruddy glow. Below, the deep, dark river went sounding on its way with a melancholy music, and as I wound up the steep road, beneath the gnarled oaks, I ever and anon caught glimpses of the winding valley to the left, all beautiful with wild thickets and half-shrouded faces of rock, while on high these glowing *tors* stood in the blue air in their sublime silence. My road wound up, and up, the heather and the bilberry on either

side showing me that cultivation had never disturbed the soil they grew in; and one sole woodlark, from the far-ascending forest to the right, filled the wide solitude with his wild autumnal note. At that moment I reached an eminence, and at once saw the dark crags of Dartmoor high before me, and one large, solitary house in the valley beneath the woods. So fair, so silent, save for the woodlark's note and the moaning river, did the whole scene seem, that my imagination delighted to look upon it as an enchanted land, and to persuade myself that that house stood, as it might stand for ages, under the spell of silence, but beyond the reach of death and change.—*Howitt.*

"IT'S ONLY A WAY HE HAS GOT."

SUCH is the familiar expression which is often used as a charitable excuse for certain objectionable peculiarities of character. There are some Christians whom we hold in high esteem, whose religion is by no means common-place, but who, in some relations of life, show themselves to have a few acute points which edge awkwardly upon sensitive natures; and this often makes it necessary for us to cast over them the kindly shield, "It's only a way they have got."

There can scarcely be a more sincere Christian than S—. In self-denial, in consistency of deportment, and in devotedness to Christ's service, he is a model. His place in the prayer-meeting is seldom vacant. As he leads the people in supplication, it is manifest that he is no stranger to the closet, and that he has "power with God." He has laboured in the Sunday-school, as the Superintendent, for many years, and often under great discouragement; but he never wearies of his work.

Every Sabbath's duty involves a walk of several miles; but, rain or sun, he is found at his desk at the proper time. No one thinks out the lessons more carefully than he, and no one prays more earnestly for the salvation of his charge. But he is cold, ungenial, lives within himself, never violates his rigid features by a smile, lacks courtesy, keeps his teachers always at an official distance; and those who volunteer their services he sometimes meets with such a rebuff as would drive them away in discouragement, but for the intervention of a friend, who, appreciating the good points of his character, puts in a word of apology to tone down the affront,—"It's only a way he has got."

There cannot be a more active Christian than T—. Emphatically, she is ready for every good work. All that she undertakes is done energetically and well. No charitable object lacks her sympathy. It matters not how dirty the court, or how repulsive the crowded garret; if distress be there, she goes as a kindly almoner, and often has she "delivered the poor that cried," and "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." But this virtuous individual has a wonderful faculty for prying into the affairs of other people; and in some circles she nods her head significantly when certain names are mentioned, intimates that *she* knows something which everybody does not, and in a very confidential tone volunteers a few items of information. She has thus obtained a somewhat doubtful fame as "a character;" and often under unfriendly criticism she stands in need of the charitable covering, "It's only a way she has got."

A higher-toned Christian than B— has seldom crossed our pathway. His intelligent piety and holy life well fit him for the responsible office which he holds in the church. Lax views on consistency meet with

no mercy from him. Duty, in his judgment, is a law as binding as that of gravitation. He does not, however, put on a grim appearance, but carries with him a sunny presence everywhere, and commends religion to old and young as the brightest and most joyous thing on earth. But this amiable friend generally contrives to be late at his class. He hurries in by the time the members are grown weary. And then, in order that those who were punctual may not be inconveniently detained beyond the proper hour, the service is gone through with undue and unprofitable haste. He apologizes, of course, but he has done that many times before, and it can scarcely be taken as a pledge of his future good behaviour; so his friends meekly submit to the annoyance, and kindly excuse him, saying, "It's only a way he has got."

Now as we have listened to this very familiar, but very ominous, expression, the painful reflection has been forced upon us, how small an error may make a large abatement from the moral value of a character which possesses great intrinsic worth! Our peculiar humours may appear to ourselves to be insignificant defects, but they materially weaken the force of our example. And the practical question we would ask is this, *Are we not responsible for this avoidable waste of influence?* If we were less morose and more genial, if we were less insinuating and loquacious, if we were more punctual and methodical, our good qualities would exert more power than they now do. They are partially nullified by an unfortunate "way" we have got. We may carry a lamp with us which burns most brilliantly within, but if the glass outside be soiled and unpolished, the rays of light will fall but very dimly upon our path. Though our principles, motives, intentions, and zeal, may be of the

best kind, yet it is very possible to weaken their force upon others by some external defect of character. Let us try to discover our own errors, and rectify them, that we may always give our full weight in the scale of moral influence. There are, we know, many infirmities which are constitutional, and of these we cannot fully rid ourselves. But such angular points as those referred to, which are always protruding themselves inconveniently, *may* be rounded off to a smooth surface if we will set ourselves to the work. If it were a principle, or a conviction, that we are called to surrender, some conscientious difficulty might be encountered; but "it's *only a way*,"—a mere habit carelessly acquired, and which should be carefully reformed. T. V.

A HAPPY EXPERIENCE.

THE following conversation took place with a slave, an old man, on one of the Southern plantations of America:—

"You are an old man: shall you not die soon?"

"Yes, I know I must."

"Where do you expect to go?"

"I think I shall go to the good land."

"Why do you think you will go there?"

"I cannot tell; but the nearer I come to death, somehow Jesus and I get nearer together."

THE DISPERSION AT BABEL.

(Genesis xi. 7—9.)

THE cause of this overthrow was, some have thought, the displeasure of God at seeing men act so wickedly under the influence of bold bad leaders; who, in order to alienate the minds of the people from God, and to take revenge for the deluge which had destroyed their forefathers,

induced them to build a tower too high for the waters to be able to reach. But Aben Ezra gives a more probable explanation. "Those," he says, "who built the tower of Babel were not so insensate as to imagine they could by any such means reach to heaven; nor did they fear another deluge, since they had the promise of God to the contrary. But they wished for a city which should be a common residence, and a general rendezvous, serving in the wide and open plains of Babylonia to prevent the traveller from losing his way; and in order that, whilst they took measures for their own convenience and advantage, they might also make themselves a name in future ages. The sacred narrative (Genesis xi. 4) assigns as the reason which prompted men to the undertaking, simply a desire to possess a building so high and large as might be a mark and rallying-point in the vast plains where they had settled, in order to prevent their being scattered abroad; and thus the ties of kindred be rudely sundered, individuals be involved in peril, and their numbers be prematurely thinned at the time when population was weak and insufficient. The idea of preventing their being scattered abroad by building a lofty tower, is applicable in a remarkable manner to the wide and level plains of Babylonia, where scarcely one object exists different from another to guide the traveller in his journeying; and which, in those early days, as at present, were a sea of lands, the compass being then unknown. Such an attempt agrees with the circumstances in which the sons of Noah were placed, and is in itself of a commendable nature. But that some ambitious and unworthy motives were blended with these feelings is implied in the sacred record." The Emperor Julian has attempted to turn the narrative into ridicule;

but, even if viewed only as an attempt to account for the origin of diversity of languages, and of the dispersion of the human family, it challenges consideration and respect. The opinion of Heeren (*"Asiatic Nations,"* vol. ii., p. 146) is far different, and more correct. "There is," says he, "perhaps, nowhere else to be found a narrative so venerable for its antiquity, or so important in the history of civilization, in which we have at once preserved the traces of primeval international commerce, the first political associations, and the first erection of secure and permanent dwellings."

A comparison of this narrative with the absurd or visionary pictures which the Greeks and Romans give of the premature condition of mankind will gratify the student of the Bible, and confirm the faith of the Christian, by showing the marked difference there is between the history contained in Genesis and the fictions of the poet or mythologist.

LAND-SLIP IN THE NORTH OF PALESTINE.

AVALANCHES are not uncommon in the mountainous districts, and Job refers to them to illustrate the overthrow of vain man's hope and confidence. "Surely," says he, "the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place." (Ch. xiv. 18.) The Wady of 'Ain-Zehalteh abounds in remarkable cliffs of blue argillaceous marl, which are subject to slides and avalanches on a terrific scale. The Emir Hyder, in his "History of Lebanon," says, that about ninety-five years ago, a projecting terrace at Keft Nabruk, which had a small village on it, parted from the main mountain, and plunged with prodigious uproar into the Wady below, carrying houses, gardens, and trees

with it in horrid confusion. It completely stopped the river for seven days. Few heads are steady enough to stand on the awful precipice, and look into the gulf which opens fifteen hundred feet directly below. One man who was on the sliding mass escaped unhurt, but was ever after a raving maniac. These slides occur in Lebanon every winter, but rarely on so gigantic a scale, or accompanied by circumstances so romantic and tragical.—*The Land and the Book.*

SENTENCES FROM RUTHERFORD.

TRIALS A BLESSING.—“I am sure if the saints knew Christ's cross to be so profitable and so sweet, they might, for the gain and glory of it, wish it were lawful either to buy or borrow His cross; but it is a mercy that the saints have it laid to their hand for nothing. I know no sweeter way to heaven than through free grace and hard trials together; and one of these cannot well want another.”

“PROVIDENCE hath a thousand keys to open a thousand doors for the deliverance of His own, when it has even come to the greatest extremity.”

TROUBLES.—“You must learn to make evils your great good, and to spin comforts, peace, joy, communion with Christ, out of your troubles, which are Christ's woovers, sent to speak for you to Himself.”

SNOW-FLAKES.

I watch'd a tiny snow-flake,
As, on its noiseless wings,
It flutter'd near the window
In a path of mazy rings.

I noted how it wander'd,
With intertwining flight,
Amongst a thousand other
Little sister-forms of white.

At times its course was placid,
And it floated gently past;
At times 'twas rudely hurried
By the fitful winter blast.

Put it tanded ever downward,
Till on the earth it lay:
It rested there a moment,
And then dissolv'd away.

Ah! man, the tiny snow-flake
Is a fitting type of thee;
'Tis an emblem, telling truly
What befall'eth thee and me.

MUSINGS FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER.

“We all do fade as a leaf.” (Isaiah lxiv. 6.)

SUMMER's joyous reign is o'er,
Garner'd all her golden store;
Faded flowers around us lie,
Sullen clouds o'erspread the sky:
Hark! the wild Autumnal gale
Sweeps around with mournful wail,
Rudely tossing to and fro
Russet leaves from every bough.

Frozen dews, and chilling showers,
Naked trees, and leafless bowers,
Now a pensive colouring
O'er our pleasant landscapes fling;
All our favourite walks display
Dreary traces of decay;
And the smiling Summer bloom,
Changes into wintry gloom.

Such is life! fickle and brief,
Emblem'd by a falling leaf;
Or a fragile Summer flower,
Lovely in the morning hour;
Drooping 'neath the noontide sun,
Dying ere the day is done:
Soon, like leaves or flowers decay'd,
In the wintry tomb we're laid.

May we, in life's early spring,
To our loving Saviour cling;
And in manhood's riper days,
Bring forth fruits unto His praise;
In the “sere and yellow leaf,”
Sweetly die to all beneath;
And when call'd to leave the tomb,
Flourish in immortal bloom.

J. S.



(The Escorial.)

THE ESCORIAL.

ABOUT eight leagues north-west of Madrid, there was, in olden time, a very small and insignificant village, called "*The Escorial*;" a name which learned Spaniards have not succeeded in explaining to their own satisfaction. Near this Escorial, in the year 1577, Philip II., who, happily, ceased to be King-Consort of England when Queen Mary died, laid the foundations of the magnificent pile of building known as the monastery of St. Lawrence of the Escorial. The architect so prepared his ground-plan that it resembled a gridiron; each bar comprising a distinct range of building; the whole being united at the ends by two transverse ranges. A shorter bar, where the handle of the gridiron might be supposed to be, constituted a magnificent central block,

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which advanced in front. There is a tradition that a martyr named Laurentius was slowly roasted to death on a sort of gridiron, at Rome, in the third century; and whether the plan of this edifice suggested the gridiron of St. Lawrence, or the familiarity of the Spanish King with the various methods of putting good men to death for Christ's sake made him think of Lawrence, the shape and the "dedication" of the Escorial, as we now call it, were made to agree.

These buildings, vast and magnificent, required thirty years, and more, for their completion. They cost five millions two hundred and seventy thousand ducats, besides another million for church ornaments. Philip IV. finished the Chapel of Tombs, or Pantheon, so called from being an imitation of the Pantheon in Rome; the interior

being of black marble, relieved by a little red marble and gilded bronze. Thenceforth, this chapel became the burial-place for the Kings of Spain. The church was very grand, and became crowded with decorations of incalculable cost and dazzling beauty; and innumerable vessels of gold and silver, many of them sparkling with precious stones, first raised the wonder of all who heard of them, and then gratified the cupidity of such as could lay hands on them in the successive revolutions which have befallen Spain. Two hundred and sixteen choristers were used to chant their Latin hymns in the choir. The Palace, as it should more fitly have been called, was known merely as "the King's Quarter," and was comprised within the monastery; which was occupied, or rather belonged to, "hermits" of the order of St. Jerome, and also contained spacious chambers for scholars, who studied in preparation for occupying the higher stations which invited the ambition of the priesthood in the Romish Church. It is said that there are seventeen cloisters, twenty-two courts, eleven thousand windows, and eight hundred pillars. Monks, students, and courtiers once thronged the vast establishment, but now the courts are solitary; the canker of a slow and deep decay takes place of the ancient splendour.

Most interesting of all was the Library. At first it was well stored with the productions of the press for more than a century after the invention of printing. The prohibitory indexes might have even served as catalogues; for we find that whatever the Inquisition could seize, was transferred to the shelves of close-locked inner chambers. A very large collection of Arabic manuscripts, which the Moors were compelled to give up in the years 1566-1570, inclusive, immediately before their barbarous expulsion from Spain, were a treasure that the learned world might have coveted, and that distinguished—*and its remains continue to distinguish*—this library beyond most others in Europe. From a manuscript in the Royal Library of Madrid, containing an *account of exploits of the Spanish navy*

in 1611, the following lines are translated, to show how further contributions were made to *this immense collection* :—
"The Governor Pedro de Lara, crossing the Sea of Barbary, came near to Salice, (on the Atlantic,) fell in with two ships containing the furniture of Zidan, King of Morocco, and engaged and took them. Among other precious things he found more than three thousand Arabic books on medicine, philosophy, and the art of government, expensively written and illuminated. Zidan considered his greatest loss to be the taking of these books, and offered the King seventy thousand ducats to have them back again. The reply was, that if he would give up all the Christian slaves that were in his kingdom, he should possess the books again. He agreed to the bargain; but a war broke out between him and a neighbour which prevented the emancipation of the slaves; and, seeing this, our catholic King commanded them to be sent to the Library of the Royal Convent of St. Lawrence in the Escorial."

But in the year 1671 the Royal Convent took fire, and sad havoc was made with the Library. Eighty years later, during which time we may well suppose the volumes wasted through neglect, Charles III. caused a Syrian Maronite, Michael Casiri, to be invited to Spain for the purpose of examining the Arabic manuscripts then remaining, the number of which was reduced to one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, including large and small, perfect copies and small fragments. A sumptuously-printed and elaborate catalogue was prepared by the Syrian, and printed in 1760 and 1770, for private circulation in the court of Madrid; and, as a learned possessor of one copy truly observes, its copious extracts throw some light on the Mohammedan literature and history of Spain. Another copy has contributed information to the writer of this brief account of one of the most famous monuments of old Spain which remain,—venerable in ruin. There are now about two thousand inhabitants in the little town.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

VII.

(Continued from page 23.)

Lycidas. I walked home yesterday with Allegro, who found me three degrees more sedate than I am wont to be, and left me a degree or two lighter than usual. I never knew gaiety so infectious as his. You always sober me; he always brightens me. I shall ask both of you to my wedding; but if I ask Severus, it will be more to please him than any one else.

Penseroso. What an epitaph the old man has earned, honestly earned, for himself!

L. You shall give it, if you please.

P. Siste viator. Here lies Severus. He was a good man, but—he croaked. He croaked by day, and he croaked by night. He croaked in summer, and he croaked in winter. He croaked much when young, and more when old.

His tale is told: his hoarse dull croak is o'er,
For he has croaked, till he can croak no more.

L. But you would not place so terrible an epitaph on his tomb-stone?

P. By no means. But what matters that, since he *deserves* it?

L. As soon as the spell of Allegro's gaiety was off me, I reverted to the subject on which we had been conversing; when at once the thought struck me that we had said little or nothing on the end of prayer.

P. We are not the first who have put the means before the end; where, after all, in fact, they must come. Shall we make it our next business to consider the legitimate object, or objects, of prayer, and what prayer is likely to gain its object?

L. I suppose we may pray for anything and everything.

P. Why, yes: *in a sober sense*, one may say, for everything. Yet I can imagine a thousand idle requests which we have no right to make.

L. But from his turn of mind, and from his disposition, may not one man without blame present petitions which another could not, or would not?

P. Very likely. Still every sane man will put some limit to his specific re-

quests; though, speaking generally, and leaving time and place and manner with Heaven, he may ask for all—*all*—ALL—God is able to give. And with regard to specific petitions, I am far from dictating to any man. Where there has been much reverence, with much faith and simplicity, some astonishingly simple prayers have been offered and answered.

L. I think we now understand that men may pray for everything. Some wants, however, are much more pressing than others.

P. Yes. For instance, there is a very pressing need of mercy. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," is a wise request indeed; and, in short, the whole of the Lord's prayer is worthy of much more respect than we pay it.

L. What a prayer! That the great Name be hallowed; that Christ's "kingdom come;" that the Divine "will be done;" that our wants be supplied; that our sins be forgiven; that evil be turned aside!

P. When Johnson was too ill to repeat this prayer in English, he got through it in Greek.

L. Another pressing want is that of the good Spirit's influence.

P. Pressing, and more than pressing. We *must* be right when we ask the great Sire for the Agent in all spiritual good.

L. It seems to me to be another most desirable object to escape the evil day, or to be brought well through it.

P. Then, after looking at the model prayer, we need feel no delicacy in urging requests to that effect. We may ask either that we may escape, as you say, the evil day; or, if that may not be, that before it, and with it, may be given the mighty grace of the victorious and all-sufficient Spirit. If you and I say, "Lead us not into temptation," as often, as sincerely, and as earnestly as we may and ought to do, who can tell whether a strong hand may not once and again put aside some sad stumbling-block as yet invisible, but lying somewhere on the road between us and Heaven; or, at all events, give us the power to pass it in safety?

L. There is one thing more which we

SCENES IN COUNCIL.

the actual
purchased
pay to
faithful
drives.
distract
that we may
if it is
assurance
give it you
without
stupendous a
one prayer,
many earnest
They must, at
of our find-
other things equal,
to pray much
Happy the man
mountain of prayer
ruin!
we pray for the
enemies, for the
I should like
possible, what
to think that any
absolutely rejected.
honours God; and he
shall, sooner or later,
that openly. However,
many prayers are
answered.
because of them?
they are in some way or
to our final account.
they say, is never spent in

question remains. What
The words have
his lips, "Him that
I will in no wise cast
or with violent faith
thus much.

What if God is Love?
How can He move?
His Word receive?
His Dawn believe?
When God appears?
Believe His tears!
His blood, they cry,
Rescue to die!"
How must prayer infal-

P. For *prayer*. If a whirlwind of
temptations will nigh carries a Christian
off his feet, in honest fight he has
proved his strength and courage till they
are spent let him claim help; let him
say to the Just and True that without
help he can fight no more.

L. Are you sure that he will not be
thought presumptuous?

P. Ah, Lydia, there is so little truth
on earth that we think even Heaven can
be angry at hearing simple truth!

L. Well: there are a thousand things
less important than mercy and than help
in some fearful crisis. Is prayer for
these smaller matters never successful?

P. Sometimes it is, sometimes it is
not.

L. Must we leave the matter there?

P. No. The light leads us one step
further. *The prayer of faith* succeeds.

L. But all prayer is offered in faith.
I mean that the petitioner believes in
God, and in His goodness.

P. That is not the special faith meant
in the expression, the "prayer of faith;"
the prayer in which the man praying
believes not simply that God is good,
nor even that He sometimes directly
answers prayer; but that *the request is
granted*. This prayer of faith must heal
the sick; must cast the mountain into
the sea.

L. Then what prevents us from keep-
ing our friends alive, from healing every
malady, from banishing all sorrow from
the world?

P. The simple fact that this special
faith is not always in our own power.
Perhaps it would be oftener than it is,
did we live holier lives than we do;
perhaps it is sometimes within our reach
when not actually in our grasp. But
live as we may, we shall not always be
omnipotent. But this special faith is
omnipotent. Therefore we cannot always
exercise it. If we could, would not the
Sovereign be the servant?

L. I presume we can return no answer
to the question, "*when* is the prayer of
faith in our power?"

P. We can give one or two vague
answers, which leave the question where
they find it.

L. Then I will not trouble you for
them. I prefer avowed poverty to

fictitious wealth; and when I am ignorant, I like to know the fact.—So much for prayer. What is the least that we ought to win by it?

P. Heaven.

L. And the utmost?

P. Many victories and many blessings for ourselves and for others on earth; and, for the future, a kind of heaven in Heaven.

L. This is the first time I have fairly looked with any one at this subject, and it may be the last.

P. No matter, if you seize the privilege, and attend to the duty.—You know Crassus?

L. I just know him.

P. Do you know that he toils hard from dawn till dark, and often from before dawn till after dark?

L. I dare say he does.

P. It would be very cruel to say to him, "Crassus, you will never be saved unless you give two solid hours out of the four-and-twenty to prayer!"

L. It would.

P. But not very cruel if you were to say to me, "You seem, Penseroso, to have plenty of time on your hands. Give a couple of hours a day to devotion, and you will not give a minute too much."

L. It would not be cruel; yet I dare say it would be superfluous. I shall not inquire whether you are glancing or looking straightforward. If you would give a hint, it is not a bad one.

Penseroso.—

"Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with prayer the consecrated day;
Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun:
And O! permit the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.

O may I pant for Thee in each desire!
And with strong faith foment the holy fire;
Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize

Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!
At the great day of recompense behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
Then wafted upwards to the blissful seat,
From age to age my grateful song repeat;
My light, my life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of Thee!"

Well, often, often, let us ask the eternal Sire to give for Christ's sake, let us ask Jehovah Jesus to give for His atonement's sake, the light, the life, the joy, the love,—the peace, the witness, the strength and wisdom,—the manifold influence of the all-sufficient One and Seven.

UNAPPROPRIATED BLESSINGS.

NO. II.—SOCIAL.

IN railway travelling many persons insist on riding with their backs to the engine; they face the country they have passed through. There are myriads of people who act in the same way in the journey of life; they are always looking at the past, turning their backs on the present and the future. Such people affect to regard the days that have passed as better than these. They talk of the "good old times," of the days of "Merry England," as though they believed that a time ever was when the people of this country were better off than now; or had such appliances for comfort, success, or true merriment of heart. One can have little patience with the dull old men, or the ridiculous young ones, who croak so unmusically. Their tune would be changed if they were doomed to live six months as people had to live only a hundred years ago. The contrast between the social and domestic advantages of that period and this is very great; and that contrast is, of course, much more remarkable if made between this date and one still earlier.

It is of no slight benefit to us that the spirit of the last few generations has been so determined to lessen the number of "unappropriated blessings." We have not, for instance, to grope our way through city streets lighted only by twinkling oil-lamps. The protection of property during the night is not left to asthmatic old watchmen, whose practice is to wrap themselves up well, and go to sleep in their boxes. We have not to travel in slow waggons, or run the risk of being suffocated in a stage-coach, or frozen to death on its top. For great distances we travel with the speed of the bird; and we

distances we have ample and cheap accommodation by omnibus and cab.

In our homes we have the advantages of dwellings built by skilled workmen, and adapted for health and comfort; and they are furnished with taste, and in a style that surpasses the very luxury of the castles of ancient barons. Tens of thousands of working men in England to-day, have houses more comfortable, better fitted for human habitation, and with far more appliances for ease, refinement, and comfort, than feudal lords enjoyed a few hundred years ago.

Are we sick? we have doctors, and not quacks; and doctors have more thoroughly the "whip-hand" of disease than formerly. If you doubt this change for the better, ascertain how long it is since in common English practice the blessings were appropriated of quinine, for example, and vaccination; or how long a strict scrutiny of the merits and acquirements of candidates for the noble, benevolent profession of surgery and medicine has been enforced.

It were endless to dwell upon the illustrations of the good we enjoy in consequence of our immediate predecessors having for their own benefit, and the benefit of their posterity, made a successful attack on the locked-up treasures, the "unappropriated blessings" within their reach.

But there is another side to all this. We do well to be thankful; but we must not be blind. English society has greatly improved, but needs much improvement yet. To us there has been committed a solemn trust; a great work. More British homes than we can count have all the blessings of which we have spoken; yet vast numbers of our fellow countrymen are living in squalid poverty, and deepest wretchedness. "The nation dwells in the cottage, not in the palace;" and it were well for us to know how a large proportion of it does dwell; so that we may do our share, however slight, in securing for those who are more needy than ourselves some of the blessings within grasp, but as yet untouched.

Now there are two aspects under which this subject may be viewed. We may look at it as it is to be seen in the city, or in the country.

As to city life. Here London is England; what you find in the metropolis you may find, also, in all our large towns.

Well, one great characteristic of London is, that, in close proximity to its stately palaces and its splendour, there exists the gauntest poverty, the deepest wretchedness, the utmost depravity. Within a few steps of Regent-street, where royal carriages are driven, and the coronetted are seen every day, we could take you to houses in whose every room three or four families live together, each occupying a corner, devoid of decency or any delicacy: where children have been found nursing, as a doll, the dead body of their own little brother or sister; and that as the gift of their own mother, who was too careless or poor to "bury her dead out of her sight!"

There is much more implied in all this than is seen at first glance. It is the index of a frightful state of things, and evidence of the existence of terrible moral sores, that need some strong detergent for their purifying. It teaches us that two immense classes, from the same cause, need to seize social and domestic "unappropriated blessings." For example: in London alone, there are "sixteen thousand children trained to crime;" fifteen thousand lazy men, commonly called "cadgers;" five thousand receivers of stolen goods, and one hundred and fifty thousand men and women who live by the vilest means, not to be spoken of here. Add to these some twenty-five thousand beggars; and taking all together, you have an immense force of more than two hundred and eleven thousand persons, constituting a criminal population, living upon the honest, hard-working portion of the community. Beside that army of vagabonds who live by preying on the worthy, there has to be kept by the tax-payers, an establishment of police, judges, and gaols, that costs about £4,347,700; but that, so far from conquering, barely keeps the criminal hosts in check.

Now why should this be? Both parties—viz., honest John Bull, and the ticket-of-leave fraternity—are terrible losers by the present state of things. We need more earnest, kindly effort to

reclaim the vicious; a greater diffusion of education, religion, and good example. The good and honest would be then spared; and the outcasts, the Ishmaels of society, would be taught that the hitherto "unappropriated blessings" of respectable labour, honest living, cleanliness, and religion, are after all infinitely better than idleness, roguery, vice, and hopelessness.

As to country life. No one who knows much of the tastes, habits, and state of education of a large proportion of the rural population of this land, will deny that there is much room for improvement. Crowds of those who live in the country are low in the scale of intelligence, entirely because of their indifference about "unappropriated blessings," or because of the heedlessness of their superiors to those blessings. The peasant population of England (as a rule) is not equal to the average of English energy, education, independence, and intelligence; and is inferior to the peasantry of France. Too long have villagers been content with a red waistcoat, a new hat, or a copper kettle, as the reward for being the fathers of a multitude of children, without parish pay, or for ability to climb a greased pole. Too long have the more wealthy and responsible been satisfied if the children learnt the catechism, and made bows and curseys in the lane, and if their fathers touched their caps to squire and parson, and shunned the name of "poacher" as they would shun the plague. But a better day is dawning. The old objections against the education of the poor are being fast exploded. Wealth, refinement, education, rank, are being consecrated to the service of man by brother men. The "horny-handed" will be grasped by his neighbour who once would have passed him by with scorn or indifference, and be led along the path of knowledge, and away from the dark associations of ignorance, vice, and stupidity, until he stands erect in God's blessed sunlight, feeling himself a *man*, because in possession of rich, rare, hitherto "unappropriated blessings."

When we consider this subject with reference to the various classes of people in the country, we must be very careful

to draw a distinction where there is really a great difference; we mean between the merely poor, and the poor, but criminal, population. These are never to be confounded; and one reason why some well-meaning people wishing to bring "unappropriated blessings" to the crowds about them have failed, has just been this: they have gone to those who were *only poor*, as though they were *both poor and vile*. That is a great mistake. In honest poverty there is much proper pride, there is great sensitiveness, there is much to excite admiration. "Poverty struggling in honesty with existence, is as noble a picture as that of Prometheus chained to his rock, enduring the gnawings of the vulture in proud defiance of his persecutor."

Now the "unappropriated blessings" that such need, are manifold. Among the chief are kindly sympathy and judicious help; and the too often "unappropriated blessing" needed by those who profess to wish to help them, is *common sense*. The class of poor of which we now speak, need and deserve more than moral lectures; often, very often, they need, bitterly need, *clothes and food*; and until they get these, there is little use in trying to benefit them in other ways. It is of no avail pointing a famishing man to the savings' bank, or giving him a temperance pledge, when he needs a loaf; or a spelling-book, when he wants flannel. All these other things are right and good, but everything in its own order, and in its proper place.

After having set about the work of bringing to their knowledge, for their enjoyment, "unappropriated blessings," it is well to remember that the elements of comfort are far more simple than most are apt to suppose; and that though men may not be rich, they need be neither gross nor uncomfortable. Doctors, and Ministers, and others, who are accustomed to visit all classes of people, have ample opportunity of observing that multitudes suffer intensely, and are deprived of home joys, simply because they do not use the commonest things within their reach. Think of the wretchedness caused by people who refuse to open their windows, or use clean water; it is incalculable.

Just to extend the thought. Many of the artisan class who have not worked this subject out thoughtfully, and have not pondered over the value of small amounts of money, take it for granted that they must of necessity live as so many do, having few home comforts, and no domestic refinement. And yet why should they? Their income is often far greater than a curate's; than that of many who have cosy homes, nice libraries, and general respectability in society. The reason is, they do not appropriate blessings within their reach. A friend of mine, who holds Her Majesty's commission, told me the other day he lived in Turkey, in houses not better than English cottages; and in the Crimea, in tents, with no grand furniture nor appliances of wealth; and yet he was happy as if in a palace. And so may any man be who has fair wages to buy the necessities of life. Houses may be made snug if they are not magnificent, and may be easily made unspeakably pleasant to those who dwell in them.

We make bold to say, that there is not one of us who would not profit exceedingly if he worked these thoughts into life, and became bent on getting out of common things the blessings they enshrine. There are thousands of men who might be mentioned, whose history illustrates the power of these common things to give pleasures greater than that afforded to them by things more imposing. Many there are who had a far greater zest in enjoyment of homes when they began life, and struggled hard, and lived for years in the house over the shop, than when they ceased to be tradesmen and became "esquire," and did not live in the old business place, but away out of town at some Villa or Hall.

When Walter Scott was a young barrister, with a young wife, he had a country cottage, and worked away with a will at a rustic gate, and when it was made, he fetched his wife out in the dark of night with a lantern to look at and admire it. He was pleased with his homely labour; pleased with his modest home. Do you think he had greater joy, as Sir Walter, lord of the ampler, grander home at Abbotsford? No, not he; and it were well for us to learn that in the

very homeliness of our homes we may find the greatest satisfaction, and purest enjoyment, if we will but appropriate the blessings bountifully put within our reach.

But this is rather a digression. We were speaking of the influence, moral and social, that may be brought to bear on the very poor, and the criminal classes, for their good. There is, however, akin to this, one point on which a word should be said. We have in our midst a very large number of persons who need very tender treatment, and yet very material help. We mean genteel poor persons, many of whom have been in affluent circumstances, or who possess great self-respect, together with much sensitiveness. There are vast numbers of such who pine in penury; who nurse their grief in loneliness; but who would die rather than ask alms. Yet such ought not to be allowed to perish; but who shall help them? They will not sue from the rich, nor will they complain to the poor. Happily, they are generally known to people in professional life; to the clergy, and to physicians, and their wives. We have often thought that one great unappropriated social blessing is to be discovered among these by the wealthy.

Before proceeding to another chief division of this subject, let us pay our tribute to those excellent people who toil hard and well among the wretched outcast, the criminal, and the afflicted. Thank God there is in this world much self-sacrificing toil; and there are men, unostentatious men, too timid to talk at crowded meetings, where many a charlatan boldly challenges the world's approbation, but brave as lions when suffering humanity calls. There are women, too, delicate as exotic flowers, who regardless of any danger, will walk, in their missions of mercy, into the "valley of the shadow of death." These are living blessings appropriated by the sorrowing, and approved of God.

Chatham.

C. H. K.

PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.

THERE is a Mr. — in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, who, we think, is about as sensible, kindly, and practical a

philanthropist as can easily be found. This gentleman and his wife have organised in Woburn-buildings, Clare-market, a daily dinner for sick children, who are provided, in a pleasant room, with a full and healthy meal. About twenty-five children, all ricketty, or cripples, or more or less ill, are fed, at twelve o'clock, on good food, under the careful supervision of a matron, and amid pleasant sights and sounds. The effect on the children is said to be extraordinary, and the entire cost of the place is under £237 a year. One poor lad, says the *Builder*, had at first to be carried in a cripple, then hobbled in on irons, and now walks in, sickly, but independent; the cure being mainly due to the food. Whatever else is doubtful, feeding sick children properly in a light-some room, while a box plays musical tunes, can by no possibility be dubious; and Mr. — deserves, though he does not want, credit for a thought of which Christ would have approved.

THE CLASS-MEETING.

How pleasant and sweet, when together
we meet,

United in purpose and heart;
And cemented by love, from the Fountain above,
Which the Spirit alone can impart.

Together we plead for the grace that
we need,

The cross to take up, and sustain;
As we pray and believe new strength
we receive

To endure tribulation and pain.

For each other we care, and our burden
we share,

The stronger assisting the weak;
The comforts we feel, to each other we
tell,

And our faith is increased while we
speak.

We sing, and rejoice with one heart,
and one voice;

'Tis a drop from the Ocean of Love:
Thus a foretaste we gain of the joys that
remain

In the house of "our Father" above.

With hand join'd in hand, united we
stand,

Though legions of darkness oppose;
And by faith in the Name of the crucified
Lamb,

We resist, and o'ercome all our foes.

Thus onward we go, and true fellowship
know

In the holy "communion of saints;"
While "our Father" above, in His
mercy and love,

Regards, and supplies all our wants.

The honours and joys of the world we
despise,

Nor desire with its husks to be fed;
These we leave to the men who reject
or disdain

To seek for more nourishing Bread.

And to die will be "gain," (if we faithful
remain,)

For each one "there is laid up a
crown;"

And our fellowship sweet, will then be
complete,

When we all with the Saviour sit
down,

In the land of the blest, where the weary
can rest

Secure from all sorrow and care:

In His fulness of "joy," without any
alloy,

Caught up to eternally share.

J. S.

THE SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

A POOR woman, in the town of —, in Devonshire, was induced, for the first time, to attend Divine service in the Wesleyan-Methodist chapel. She was deaf, and heard only the text, which the Minister announced distinctly: "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." At the close of the service she inquired what the "promise" was of which the preacher spoke. She was informed, and explanations of its import were gladly given by her neighbours. "What," at length she exclaimed, "is it for me; and for my children? Then I'll have it!" She

began there and then to seek the Lord, and soon found Him, to the joy of her soul. On narrating the circumstances of her conversion in a lovefeast, soon after, she said, in allusion to her continued deafness, "I hear but a word or two, often, of the sermon, and only here and there a sentence when one prays with a loud voice; but the Lord feeds me on scraps." In this happy frame of mind she continued to adorn the profession of the religion of Christ which she was thus brought to make.

"O woman, great is thy faith," our Lord said to one in His day; and we have sometimes thought this poor Devonshire woman's simple "*I'll have it!*" would come under His special approval, as an example worthy of all imitation.

HINTS ON CONSISTENCY.*

ANY person whose heart is not hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, will be shocked by the thought of being judged a hypocrite by the great and ever-blessed God.

It must be admitted, people often say and do things that are wrong for want of consideration; but is inconsideration *excusable*? Has not the Author of our being furnished us with faculties to enable us to weigh in our minds, beforehand, the propriety or impropriety of what we should or should not say or do? Is it a matter of no consequence whether

we apply those faculties to a proper use or not? Would it avail a criminal at the bar of justice to plead inconsideration when accused of a violation of the laws of his country? And has not God prescribed laws for the regulation of our conduct? If not, where there is no law there is no transgression; but if there is a law, woe to the person who makes light of it!

What God's law is, the twentieth chapter of Exodus tells us. It is comprised in ten commandments, easily understood and remembered. Though that law was given at Sinai to the Israelites, it is binding on us; and when it is publicly read in the sanctuary, and the people respond to it by saying, "Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law," they admit its claims on them.

But sad to say, notwithstanding all the apparent solemnity attending this part of sanctuary service, how frequently, it is to be feared, many persons, who so respond, entertain the *intention* of desecrating a portion of the Sabbath at least, and probably are as little inclined to act in accordance with their own prayers in other responses? If this disagreement between the life and the lips be not *hypocrisy*, what is?

Let the following reflections be duly pondered. Will God be mocked? Is there not a portion in reserve for the hypocrites as well as for unbelievers; and what is that portion? Verily, "the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord: but the prayer of the upright is His delight." (Prov. xv. 8.) "Who hath hardened himself against Him, and hath prospered?" (Job ix. 4.) He "desireth truth in the inward parts." (Ps. li. 6.)

"God is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind."

Is the deliberate inconsistency we have noticed as a violation of God's law a setting Him at defiance, or not? *Judge ye.*

Would any master, regardful of his own authority, connive at the habitual equivocation of his servant? and is the great and holy God less mindful of His authority?

It is enough to make a thoughtful

* An aged Christian pilgrim, a Minister of Christ, mindful of the words of wisdom, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand," has felt himself prompted to put in a plea for consistency, in a few truthful but simple words: not to be rejected for their simplicity, but to be accepted for their truth. Let "days speak," and the "multitude of years teach wisdom." One who has nearly weathered the storms of fourscore and ten winters is entitled to be heard, albeit his maxims do not sparkle with the wit and vigour of youth. His is a crowned head, for he is found in the "way of righteousness." If any apology is necessary, he himself supplies it. "My trembling hand is in its eighty-ninth year, and cannot use the pen as once." How many cease to use the pen, or any other instrument, which might promote the glory of God, long before they arrive at eighty-nine, or are bowed down by the weakness and infirmity of age!

person shudder to reflect how many who once said, "Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law," but willed and acted a contrary part, are gone to their final account, having set God at defiance! "My soul, come not thou into their secret," who so act; "unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united." (Gen. xlix. 6.)

Reader, there is only one way of escape for *you*: "Forsake the foolish, and live; and go in the way of understanding." (Prov. ix. 6.) Pray for repentance of past sins; "cease to do evil, and learn to do well," by keeping God's commandments. Come in faith to Christ, having nothing to plead for acceptance with God, but what Jesus hath done and suffered for you; and your sins shall all be forgiven, and your soul shall be saved!

Especially, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." For want of such observance multitudes have been led to lengths of wickedness of which once they thought themselves utterly incapable; the result of which has been an unexpected appearance before God to account for their disregard of His law.

How many can deliberately decide on desecrating the sacred day by Sunday excursions, and especially after so many fatal catastrophes which of late have occurred, is amazing. "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished." (Prov. xxvii. 12.) "Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed." (Prov. xiii. 13.)

T. P.

EXPERIMENT IN MANNERS.

In the year —, I made, in London, a very decisive and satisfactory experiment, as to the effect of civil and courteous manners on people of various ranks and descriptions.

There were in the place a number of young Americans, who often complained to me of the neglect and rudeness experienced by them from citizens to whom they spoke in the streets. They asserted, in particular, that as often as they requested directions to any point in the city toward which they were proceeding, they either received an uncivil or evasive answer, or no answer at all. I told

them that my experience on the same subject had been exceedingly different; that I had never failed to receive a civil reply to any questions, often communicating the information requested; and that I could not help suspecting that their failure to receive similar replies arose, in part at least, if not entirely, from the plainness, not to say bluntness, of their manner in making the inquiries. The correctness of this charge, however, they sturdily denied, asserting that their manner of asking information was good enough for those to whom they addressed themselves. Unable to convince them by words of the truth of my suspicions, I proposed to them the following simple and conclusive experiment:—

"Let us take together a walk of two or three hours in some of the public streets of the city. You shall yourselves designate to me the persons to whom I shall propose questions, and the subjects also, to which the questions shall relate; and the only restriction imposed is that no question shall be proposed to any one who shall appear to be greatly hurried, agitated, distressed, or in any other way deeply pre-occupied in mind or body, and no one shall speak to the person questioned but myself."

My proposition being accepted, out we sallied, and to work we went; and I continued my experiment until my young friends surrendered at discretion, frankly acknowledging that my opinion was right, and theirs, of course, wrong; and that in our passage through life, courtesy of address and deportment, may be made both a pleasant and powerful means to attain our ends, and gratify our wishes.

I put questions to more than twenty persons of every rank, from the high-bred to the servant in livery, and received in each instance a courteous and, in most instances, a satisfactory reply. If the information asked for was not imparted, the individual addressed gave an assurance of his regret at being unable to communicate it.

What seemed most to surprise my friends was, that the individual accosted by me almost uniformly imitated my own manner. If I uncovered, as I usually did in speaking to a gentleman, or even to a man of ordinary appearance

and breeding, he did the same in reply; and when I touched my hat to a liveried coachman or waiting-man, his hat was immediately under his arm. So much may be done, and such advantages gained, by simply avoiding coarseness and vulgarity, and being well-bred and agreeable. Nor can the case be otherwise; for the foundation of good breeding is good nature and good sense; two of the most useful and indispensable attributes of a well-constituted mind. Let it not be forgotten, however, that good breeding is not to be regarded as identical with politeness; a mistake which is too frequently, if not generally, committed. A person may be exceedingly polite, without the much higher and more valuable accomplishment of good breeding.—*Autobiography of Dr. Caldwell.*

"GOD OF MY MOTHER!"

AN infidel of talent, under the power of the truth, bowed his knees at a religious meeting, and cried in agony, "*God of my mother, have mercy on me!*"

"God of my mother!" How much is revealed in that single expression! how conclusively it proves this man had a mother whose faithfulness left an impress on his soul too deep to be obliterated by time! how eloquently it

pleads with other mothers to be diligent in the inculcation of moral and religious truths!

A GENTLE REPROOF.

A LADY who was in the habit of visiting the poor for benevolent purposes, took her little daughter with her. The child saw, heard, and was interested. But there was something which she could not exactly make out; so on the road home she said, "Mamma, when you are out visiting the poor you always talk about Jesus Christ to them; but you don't talk of Him at home."

We need not say one word about how the lady felt; but if the remark had been made to us, how should we have felt? Would it have been just? Could it be said with truth? In reference to too many, we fear it might be. Many parents seem to think that if they take their children to public worship, if they put good books into their hands, and if they have family prayer, they have done all that is necessary. They talk on almost all subjects before their children, and they talk with them on many points; but they do not speak of Jesus. They act as if they fancied that their children heard enough of Him, or knew all that was requisite for them to know. Is it so with you, mother?

Memorials of the Departed.

DIED, January 14th, 1865, at Aylesbury, MRS. EMMA EVETT, aged thirty-eight years. While young, she resided with her grandmother, at Cheddington, where public services for the worship of God were held, previous to the building of a chapel, by the Wesleyan Methodists. At these services her mind was instructed in the great truths of spiritual religion, and her heart felt their power applied by the Spirit of God. The results subsequently appeared in twenty years of Christian life, spent in hallowed communion with God; in a happy fellowship with the followers

of the Lamb; in a strong attachment to the house of God, ensuring a regular and devout attendance there; and in a remarkably happy death. Her whole Christian course furnishes to the church another instance of a faithful God verifying His gracious promises. I will "show mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments." Her conversion took place when she was in the eighteenth year of her age, while residing in London. It does not appear that any peculiar circumstances brought about this decision. She sought mercy by prayer, obtained it by faith in

Christ, and united herself to the church. During her married life she was often very feeble, and suffered great pain; but her Christian cheerfulness never failed, and her confidence in God's word was never shaken. She was familiar with Scripture, and earnestly pleaded the promises of God in prayer for herself and others. On one occasion she said to her Minister, "He makes all my bed in my sickness." The Spirit of God takes the promises; some of them not generally known even to myself, though, when in health, I have read them; others of them very familiar to most of God's children; and with these He comforts my soul: *a bed of blessed promises, on which my soul rests with security and joy*, as my body rests on the bed on which I now lie. How good is God to me!" On the 5th of October, 1864, being within a month of her expected confinement, she wrote a few lines, disposing of some gifts to her children, and setting her house in order. "And now," she concludes, "I commend husband, children, parents, sisters, brother, and every one I love, to my Heavenly Father, assured they will be watched over by His constant care and never-failing compassion, and praying that I may meet them all in the realms of the blest." A few days after this, she writes, "I cannot meet my class to-day; but it is all right. In severe affliction I have Divine consolation. Though not kept from the furnace, I am saved in it, and I feel that—

'My real life, with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies.'

If I had not firm hold of the strength of the Almighty, I could scarcely bear the pressure of circumstances through which I am now passing.

'Myself upon Thy love I cast,
I rest me till the storm is past,
Upon Thy love alone.'

On the 4th of November she gave birth to two children. Extreme weakness and pain followed, which proved fatal. The following account has been furnished by one who was often with her:—"I feel it very difficult to give you any idea of the blessedness which hallowed

the last days of our dear sister. Her words were deep, and full of meaning, and the quiet earnestness with which they were uttered, gave them dignity and power. 'I am almost at home,' she said. 'Peace, peace, like a river, flows into my soul.' 'O! God is good to me; help me to praise Him.' 'I long to see His face.' I asked her if she felt a desire to live. She said, 'I have no will of my own. There are many attractions here,—husband and children; but there are mightier above. Sometimes I could wish to live, to intercede for the salvation of those I love; but I leave them with the great Intercessor. All His promises are Yea and Amen, to the glory of God the Father. I sometimes wish to meet my class once more. How I would tell them of that higher, diviner life, which is to be enjoyed in walking with God, and being one with the Father! O, how I would entreat them to be separate from the world, to have it beneath their feet; then Christ's joy would be fulfilled in them:

The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in Thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.'

I asked her if she thought such experience fully attainable. 'O, yes,' she said: '*I have it; I enjoy it!* My heaven has been begun these many years. I am only going to the *fulness* of blessedness.' When suffering greatly, I asked her if she was ever led to suppose that God dealt hardly with her, as she seemed to have more than an ordinary share of suffering. She smiled, and said, 'Ah! you little know what my Jesus has been to me. He has left no want unsatisfied; He has filled me with His love. Jesus has been my song from morning till night:—

I dwell all day beneath His shade,
And there at night I rest my head.'

She then gave me her views of God's *permissive* providence, and His *approving* will; remarking that it had ever been her desire to do only what His righteous will *approved*. On the last Sabbath-day she spent on earth, as I entered her room, she appeared to be asleep. But she observed, 'I was just asking my Father for a blessing.' I said, 'Have

you got it?' 'Yes, partly,' she replied 'but not all I want. I have got a promise for the time.' She then broke forth in aspirations after God, in language it would be difficult, if not impossible, to repeat. Her room was indeed, 'none other than the gate of heaven.' I was speaking of her weeks of suffering, when she said, 'Don't pity me; they have been weeks of mercy. It has been peace, peace, God's own peace; and with it my heart and mind have been filled. I have trusted my all, for time and eternity, in His hands. He will never suffer my confidence to be cast away. It is not strange,' she added, 'that I have never missed my Sabbath, for it has been all Sabbath-days with me. My sufferings have been great, but not *too great*. He has not laid upon me more than He has borne for me, and I have not suffered alone. The joy and strength have been greater than the pain and weakness. I shall know the meaning of it all when I get the white stone.—I shall be satisfied when I awake with His likeness.' Being now quite exhausted, I thought her dying; but she rallied, and said, 'I thought I was gone. I have as much of heaven as I can bear. I could not bear *much joy*; my body is too weak for that; so God gives me peace, peace!' I then bade her 'farewell,' fearing that, when next I called, she might not be conscious. I was privileged to see her again, on the day of her death. For some time she endeavoured to speak, but could not succeed. She at length said, 'My agony is so great!' I expressed my grief for her sufferings, to which she replied, 'Going home.' 'Jesus, my trust. I am nearly there, and then—' The words died away upon her lips; the sands of her life-glass were nearly all run out. She, however, pointed upward, and was just able to say, 'We shall soon meet!' Thus we parted at the Jordan of death, until our fellowship shall be renewed before the throne of God."

"One gentle sigh her fetters broke,
We scarce could say 'She's gone,'
Before her happy spirit took
Its place before the Throne."

J. C.

JACOB PROCTOR was born at Wisbeach-St.-Mary's, about Midsummer, 1796. Not being favoured with a godly training, unrestrained either by example or precept, he passed from boyhood to manhood without experiencing the great change which alone fits for the kingdom of heaven. His parents being in humble circumstances, he was compelled in early life to leave home, and seek a situation. There he remained, giving satisfaction to his employer, until an opportunity offered of improving his circumstances. Of this he gladly availed himself, and when twenty-five years of age, resolved to marry. The union formed led to the most beneficial results. He had previously been a subject of religious awakening, but now convictions deepened. His anxiety led him to agonize in prayer for a sense of pardon. Divinely taught to "behold the Lamb of God," he at once realized that peace and joy which are the direct result of justification. He then became a member of the Wesleyan Society at Whaplode Washway, and a most regular attendant at the various means of grace. His soul was filled with love and joy, and the language of his heart was,—

"If all the world my Saviour knew,
Then all the world would love Him too."

Being naturally attached to children, he cheerfully took part in establishing a Sunday-school in connexion with the above place of worship. He sought to gain the hearts of the little ones, and to win them for the service of the Redeemer. He was at length appointed a Superintendent; an office which he held for more than twenty-six years, when he was compelled, by growing infirmities, to resign it. His long and faithful service was gratefully acknowledged by the presentation of a handsome copy of that Word he loved so well. He was blessed with a large family, which he sought to train "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." At the birth of the twelfth child a series of sorrows commenced. A child aged seven years was immediately carried to the tomb, and he was called within a few years after to suffer the loss of six

children, and his beloved wife. These trials he bore with Christian resignation, saying, in effect, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." In addition to these losses by death, he was somewhat straitened in his circumstances. The furnace of trial was thus hot, but the gold was not lost. Providence afterwards so far smiled upon him, that in temporal things, as well as in spiritual, he could say his "last days were his best." The latter part of his life was spent in wasting sickness. During the winter of 1863 he was brought very low, and expected soon to see old and familiar faces in a happier clime. But his "times were in God's hands," and his departure was not then. He lived to see another winter; but his strength was greatly reduced, and he was confined almost entirely to his room. During his illness his confidence in the Lord was unshaken, and he was blessed with a constant, calm serenity. His mind was kept in perfect peace, and he frequently expressed his gratitude to God by ex-

claiming, "Bless the Lord! I will bless Him; yes, I will bless Him!" Death had lost its "sting," and the grave its "victory." His soul's confidence was expressed in the lines,—

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through."

For a few days before his death he said but little; but the words that dropped from his lips bespoke a fulness of comfort, and the triumph of hope. When death seemed very near, he in the most firm and affectionate manner took leave of his children and friends, commending them to God, and charging them to live to Him, so that they might meet again in glory. Monday, April 17th, 1865, was his last day on earth. It was characterized by great peace, and fervent praise. In the evening his ransomed spirit forsook the clay tabernacle, and soared away from weeping friends on earth, to mingle with the triumphant host in heaven. J. R. BERRY.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

WE do not know that it is a "sign of the times" that so many good books are now issuing from the press on the subject of stately laying aside a portion of income for the Lord's use. We do think, however, it is well that much more serious thought is given to this matter than formerly. It is pleasant to know that so many good men and true, are now alive to the importance of clear and comprehensive views of duty in this respect. Some there are who, both by precept and example, are doing nobly. In these days, when so many colossal fortunes are made, it is painful to think how slowly and laboriously the money needful for the great enterprises of the church is collected. Yet we know of no better security for the preservation of property than taking care that the Lord's portion is sacredly laid aside. God's own word on this subject ought to have weight with Christian people: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine

house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." We have before us two books on the subject; the one, *Tithes and Offerings*, by C. W. BOASE, (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark,) with all the views of which we cannot coincide, but with whose spirit we cordially sympathise. The other is a modest little work, *Lending to the Lord*, by the REV. W. HICKMAN SMITH. (London: Elliot Stock.) Much that is suggestive and useful may be found here by those who are wishful to have clear views of their privilege and duty in this matter.—There are no less than four books on Missionary subjects, waiting brief notices at our hands. *Ten Years in South-Central Polynesia*, by the REV. THOMAS WEST, (London: Nisbet and Co.,) is full of facts, arguments, and incident, touching on almost everything that can afford

information as well as pleasure to the reader, in reference to Tonga and the adjacent isles.—The islands of Fiji were some time ago brought prominently before the British public, from having been offered to our Government. We wish it had been deemed politic to have taken them under our fostering care; but we rejoice, at least, to think that British Christians feel a deep interest in that once cannibal land. While glad to know that Christianity is now holding, for the most part, her beneficent sway over these islands, it is well for us to remember “the hole of the pit whence” they “were dug,” that we may in lowly reverence say, “What has God wrought?” The Rev. JOSEPH WATERHOUSE has been for fourteen years a Missionary in Fiji, and has, therefore, had excellent opportunities for giving us the history of the people, prior to their conversion to Christianity. This he does in his *King and People of Fiji*: (London: Wesleyan Conference Office:) which we trust will be widely read, so that the great difficulties our Missionaries have had to overcome may be clearly understood.—We welcome the fifty-sixth thousand of an old favourite: *A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South-Sea Islands*, by the late Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS. (London: John Snow.) The name of John Williams, the martyred Missionary, is of itself enough to recommend this

narrative. We only wish, in reading it, that cheapness were consistent with a larger type.—The last on our list is a very unpretending little volume, from the pen of the Rev. GEORGE PIERCY. He has called it, *Love for China*. (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) This is an account of the brief labours, arrested by death ere well begun, of Mary Gunson, the first female teacher sent out to China, under the auspices of “The Ladies’ Committee for Ameliorating the Condition of Women in Heathen Countries.” The story is told simply and sweetly. It thrills the heart with pleasure to think that a young girl could be found, not only giving up a happy home and relatives, to whom she was warmly attached, but receiving her friends’ consent to her departure, with “a burst of joy;” and this not because she had shut her eyes to the great difficulties in her way, but after having counted the cost, and knowing well that hers would be no life of ease. But the love of Christ constrained her, and she went forth, anxious to do something for the religious good of the heathen. We earnestly hope that this little work may find its way into every Christian family. It cannot fail to stir to effort those young people who are anxiously inquiring what they can do for their Saviour. A beautiful appeal from Mr. Piercy appropriately closes this delightful little memoir.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Broadley, George,	Grimoldby,	Louth,	20	Dec. 5th, 1865.
Dales, William,	Utterby,	Louth,	58	Nov. 27th, 1865.
Dobbs, John,	Louth,	Louth,	84	Nov. 13th, 1865.
Fison, Martha,	Benniworth,	Louth,	55	Sept. 5th, 1865.
Goy, Elizabeth,	Benniworth,	Louth,	66	Aug. 10th, 1865.
Hay, Martha,	Louth,	Louth,	92	Nov. 11th, 1865.
Needham, E. R.,	Louth,	Louth,	16	Nov. 10th, 1865.
Scholey, Susanna,	Louth,	Louth,	70	Dec. 8th, 1865.



(The Great Seal.—William and Mary.)

LORD CHANCELLOR SOMERS.

In the year 1689 William and Mary ascended the throne of England. During their reign great men lived,—the Duke of Schomberg, the Baron de Ginkell, and Prince George of Denmark fought under their banner. Newton, Locke, Tillotson, Prior, and Burnet shed forth their lustre. Peter the Great, of Russia, travelled through Europe to learn the arts, commerce, and mechanics. The Bank of England was first established; and that national debt was begun which has since grown to so colossal a magnitude. Bayonets, made at Bayonne, in France, were first used; and reflecting telescopes made. Great minds, both in Church and State, were grappling with existing abuses, and helping on our country in that path of progress in which she now appears pre-eminent among the nations.

On March 23d, 1693, Westminster-Hall was the scene of another of those events which have tended to make it memorable in our country's annals. The Great Seal was given into the hands of Lord Somers. The pomp of bygone days, however, was absent. No procession arrested the public gaze; no speeches excited the envy or admiration

of listening ears. Avoiding the attendance of illustrious nobles which had so delighted his predecessors, he inwardly resolved only to do his duty as a Judge, and made no ostentatious declaration of his intentions. For seven years he secured the unbounded admiration of all parties, by his patience, industry, courteousness, and serenity of temper, under every provocation of petulance or of dulness.

The Great Seal of England had previously passed through strange vicissitudes. James the Second, when he fled from London, cast it into the Thames. After considerable difficulty it was intrusted to the care of three Commissioners. One of these, the celebrated Maynard, was a remarkable man; reminding us of the patriarchal race, "who could plant an acorn, and recline under the spreading boughs of the gnarled oak that spring from it." For sixty-five years he held high offices in the law, and was a Member of the House of Commons. Through a thousand conflicts, he at last saw the foundation laid of a constitutional monarchy, which still flourishes, and which has conferred upon Britain a greater degree of civil and religious freedom, and of public prosperity, than ever fell to the lot of any other nation. His life is full of anecdote. Jefferies having once taunted him with having grown so old as to forget his law,—“True, Sir George,” replied he, “I have forgotten more law than you ever learned.” When the Prince of Orange first took up his quarters at Whitehall, different public bodies presented themselves, and Maynard appeared at the head of the lawyers. The Prince respectfully referred to his age, and observed that he must have outlived all the lawyers of his time. “If your Highness had not come over to our aid, I should have outlived the law itself,” was his reply. He is the author of the sentiment, which has been repeated in a thousand forms since,—“Trial by jury is the subject’s birthright and inheritance, as his lands are; and without which he is not sure to keep them or anything else. This way of trial is his fence and protection against all frauds and surprises, and against all storms of power.”—A new Commission appointed by William, under Lord Trevor, produced so much uncertainty and discontent, that a feeling of rest was produced in the public mind, when the Great Seal, a representation of which is given at the head of this paper, was placed in the charge of Lord Somers.

The date of Lord Somers’ birth is not ascertained, but he was a member of a family who fought bravely in the battle of England’s liberties. The celebrated Sir George Somers, one of the discoverers of the Bahamas, or Somers’ Islands, was also another member. This brave old mariner, when persecuted for refusing to yield to the wishes of James’s court, replied to the King himself: “I wish, that as I am the first, so I may be the last of sacrifices in your time. When from private appetite it is resolved that a creature shall be sacrificed, it is easy to pick up sticks enough from any thicket whither it hath strayed to make a fire to offer it with.” The family held a small estate in the parish of Severn Stoke; and another, the site of a dis-

solved nunnery, called the White Ladies; a short distance beyond the walls of the city of Worcester. After the expulsion of the nuns, the dormitory remained entire, and the old hall and refectory had been fitted up into a modern mansion. This property had been granted to the Somers's at the Reformation, and here they received Queen Elizabeth in her progress through Worcestershire, in 1585; the bed in which she slept, and the cup from which she drank, being preserved as precious relics.

In this sanctuary, at the White Ladies, near Worcester, the mother of our illustrious Chancellor was placed for safety, on account of the unsettled state of the country, not many days after Charles had left it. There is no notice of the youth till a "so called prodigy" announced his future greatness. He had an aunt, married to a Presbyterian, who was somewhat popular in his time. On one occasion, the good lady walking with him amongst her poultry, a beautiful cock flew upon his woolly head, and, whilst perched there, crowed three times most loudly. Such was the "prodigy." In the old Worcester nunnery he made wonderful proficiency in the languages, and in general learning. That mansion was inhabited by several other families connected by blood and marriage, and they consorted in a style of which it is now difficult to form an accurate idea. "Their mornings were employed by each in their respective occupations. The labours of the day over, they repaired for refreshment to one common table in the great hall, where seldom fewer than twenty or thirty relations and friends of the families assembled daily, and spent their evenings in the utmost cheerfulness and conviviality. The products of the farm, the supplies of fish and game, and viands of every kind received constantly from their country connexions, furnished their table with abundant plenty, and entitled such contributors to a place at it without ceremony or reserve."

After passing with brilliant credit his legal studies, and forming acquaintances with many leading personages, he took his position as a lawyer of no ordinary merit. But it was at the celebrated trial of the seven Bishops that he first evinced his intellectual and moral greatness. Old Pollexfen, who defended Richard Baxter before Judge Jefferies, secured him as "the man who would take most pains, and go deepest into all that depended on precedents and records." His speech, delivered on that exciting occasion, thrilled the mind and heart of the jury, and to it was mainly ascribed their acquittal. The revolution immediately followed.

Now great events transpired. The conflict with the spirit of despotism was fierce. The report of the committee appointed to consider of the redress of grievances, drawn up by Somers, embodied many of those principles which are now so greatly prized, but which had been long and continuously trampled upon. The relation of the subject to the monarch was placed in a more rational light. Indeed, the "Declaration of Rights," drawn up under his management, was made

the basis on which the crown was tendered to William and Mary. Raised to the office of Solicitor-General, though unable to accomplish all he desired, he never omitted to seize an opportunity of securing what he could. He carried through the "Toleration Act," and successfully advised the King to the establishment of Presbyterianism in Scotland, whereby one of the most discontented and turbulent nations in Europe soon became loyal, peaceable, and prosperous. He took a leading part in the settlement of the Coronation Oath; and in the first State trial during this reign, that of Lord Preston, he commenced a new chapter in the dark history of State trials. "The earlier volumes of the State trials are the most frightful record of baseness and depravity in the world. Our hatred is altogether turned away from the crimes and the criminals, and directed against the law and its ministers. We see villainies as black as ever were imputed to any prisoner at any bar, daily committed on the bench and in the jury-box." Only three short years had elapsed since the trial of the seven Bishops, and yet here we seem transferred to another age, and to another country, where the principles of justice were held sacred instead of being violated and despised. Raised to the position of Attorney-General, we see him engaged in every important movement of the State, until the Great Seal was placed in his keeping. At this time the distinguished Bishop Burnet writes concerning him: "All people were now grown weary of the Great Seal being in Commission; it made the proceedings in Chancery to be dilatory and more expensive. . . . Sir John Somers had now got great reputation. . . . He was very learned in his own profession, with a great deal more learning in other professions,—in divinity, philosophy, and history. He had a great capacity for business, with an extraordinary temper; for he was fair and gentle, so that he had all the patience and softness, as well as the justice and equity, becoming a great Magistrate." To the student of English progress, the following poetic effusion of the renowned Garth, in "The Dispensary," will be appreciated as illustrating the character of the man, whom men now delight to honour:—

"The oppressed to his asylum still repair,
Arts he supports, and learning is his care;
He softens the harsh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and cuts their harpy claws;
And graciously he casts a pitying eye
On the sad state of virtuous poverty.
Whene'er he speaks, heavens! how the virtuous throng
Dwell on the melting music of his tongue;
And when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here lightning strikes you; there soft breezes sigh."

It would be impossible here to furnish an adequate idea of the part which Lord Somers took in preparing the happy circumstances in which our lot is cast. In the noted Bankers' Case, which arose out of the infamous shutting up of the Exchequer in the reign of Charles II.,

whereby the King intercepted, for his own private uses, nearly a million and a half of money, which should have been applied to the repayment of loans to the Government, it was said of him, "The Chancellor's arguments are like geometrical stairs, supporting each other." Modern times are indebted to him, perhaps, as much as to any man, for the liberty of the press. In the Parliament of James II., in 1685, the "Printer's Licensing Act" was revived; and Somers brought his greatest powers to oppose it, "as vexatious, and utterly inefficient to secure the purposes for which it was enacted;" and, by extraordinary intelligence and perseverance, it was dispensed with, and unlicensed printing was thus for ever established in England.

After the death of Queen Mary, during William's absence, he was appointed as Lord Justice at the head of the Regency. He had now reached the highest pitch of worldly prosperity. Not only was he the favourite of the King, but he could influence a decided majority in both Houses of Parliament; and his general popularity was such, that the High-Church party expressed a wish that he belonged to them; the merchants celebrated him as the only Lord Chancellor who had ever known anything of trade or finance; the lawyers were proud of him, as shedding new glory on their order; and so much was he praised for his taste in literature, and his patronage of literary men, that most works of any merit, in verse or prose, were inscribed to him. But all things change on earth; and, after differences with the King, who had previously idolized him, he resigned the Great Seal into the hands of the Earl of Jersey. His dismissal produced a deep sensation in Westminster-Hall. The Courts were immediately deserted, the laws silent, and all proceedings at a stand; for no one thought himself worthy to succeed Somers in his high office.

With his successors we cannot deal in this Paper. Events speedily transpired which brought about a party conflict of unexampled violence, and which lighted up the flames of war from the Vistula to the Tagus. Lord Somers retired to his villa. There, resuming his literary pursuits, he forgot his recent mortification, and felt as if he should never again desire to mix in political broils. He heard with indifference the difficulty of appointing a successor, conscious in his own soul of having acted from principles of honour and rectitude. Apart from politics, his conduct, as ex-Chancellor, is worthy of all admiration, as being more rare among English lawyers, "who generally," according to the testimony of Lord Campbell, "while in practice or in office, devote themselves exclusively to professional avocations; and in their retirement, left without mental resources, waste their declining years in frivolous occupations, or in vain regrets." He had long been a member of the Royal Society, and earnestly assisted in its transactions; and, being elected as President, held this distinguished post for five years, and then gracefully resigned it to Sir Isaac Newton. The wealth which he had accumulated he spent

in purchasing a fine collection of paintings, engravings, medals, and books. The celebrated Vertue was first brought into public notice by his employing him to engrave a portrait of Archbishop Tillotson; and, by sitting for his own portrait to Dubois, he made the fortune of that celebrated artist. Every edition of the Bible that had ever been printed he possessed; and he gloried in an immense number of tracts, printed and in manuscript, on English history and antiquities. Literary men struggling with poverty he aided, and encouraged them to press on in a path which, though invested with honour, is disregarded by the masses of mankind. Lord John Russell observes, that "Somers is a bright example of a statesman who could live in times of revolution without rancour; who could hold the highest post in a Court without meanness; and who could unite mildness and charity to his opponents with the firmest attachment to the great principles of liberty, civil and religious, which he had early espoused, long promoted, and never abandoned."

He died at his villa in Hertfordshire, on the 26th of April, 1716; and was buried at the parish church of North-Mimms, where an only sister lovingly erected a monument to his memory, bearing the simple name of her brother. It has been beautifully suggested, that "she remembered that, at the sight of his name, every one visiting the hallowed shrine would think of the accomplished scholar, the consummate judge, the distinguished orator, the enlightened patriot, the statesman to whom we owe the expulsion of a tyrant,—the Bill of Rights; and the settlement of the Protestant succession."

In presenting the character of Lord Chancellor Somers before the readers of the "Christian Miscellany," we do so with a deep sense of the obligation under which we, in these modern times, are placed to him. From pulpit and platform it is often said, that England is the asylum of the persecuted, the home of the free, the dread of the tyrant, and the envy of all nations. Our privileges we have enjoyed from our cradles. There is no difficulty in proving to each other that they are right; but those who secured them for us, by dint of hard conflict and suffering, were in a very different position. "He that travels the roads now, applauds his own strength and limbs, that have carried him so far in such a scantling of time, and ascribes all to his own vigour; little considering how much he owes to their pains who cleared the woods, drained the bogs, built the bridges, and made the ways passable, without which he might have toiled much with little progress." Thus wrote the immortal Locke; and it embodies a principle specially applicable to the men who helped on the cause of England's freedom. Our little island, which looks on the map but as a corner broken off, by some convulsive freak of nature, from the greater land, has been the theatre of a conflict between right and wrong such as the world has seldom witnessed. In the development of the Divine purposes, it has occupied a conspicuous place. Our ~~exalted~~ elevated position, however, has been gained for us. Let the

young men of England bear that in mind. Amid their boastings, let them remember that they have not won England's civil or religious laurels. Others won the estate, and they enjoy it. A grand trust is committed to them; and it is for them to guard it, and employ it with unwearied earnestness for God's glory, and the good of their fellows. We confess to an admiration of those men who so bravely fought the battle of freedom, before our modern churches, as elements of progress, had an existence. The study of their characters enlarges our views, kindles our sympathies, and fires our ambition. Among them, Lord Somers stands pre-eminent; for he was, under God, a great power in settling that Constitution which is now our boast, and the source of so many of our privileges and enjoyments.

Bolton.

J. F. M.

THE MAN I WANT TO BE.

HE whom I would introduce to your notice, dear reader, is one whose face, possibly, is unfamiliar, whose character is unknown; so perfectly a stranger, unhappily, that until now you have never heard of him. He is presented before you here in the hope that, making his acquaintance, you may imitate some excellent points in his character. How I first knew him, and how began the relation which has subsisted between us for some years, can be easily told.

In one of those solemn moments of which most of the disciples of the Lord Jesus are conscious,—when the soul is withdrawn within itself,—holding converse with my own spirit, I was grieving over the moral barrenness which I discerned; the apparent scarcity of the “fruits of the Spirit.” I mourned over the scantiness of my joy and peace, and over the desert-like appearance of what ought to have been as the “garden of the Lord.” My soul at length sighed,—“Would God I were what I ought to be! Would God I were what He would have me be, and what Christ died to make me!” As I thus spoke, and looked above and around for something to

inspire hope, I had some perception of a form which, though not familiar, yet was not strange. There was, owing to distance, a certain indistinctness in the view; but gradually, one feature after another became apparent, and soon I was looking earnestly upon one whose image has been before me ever since. The many efforts I have made to know him perfectly have not been very successful; but night and day, through months and years, he has been the object of contemplation. His name I cannot fully tell; at all events I will introduce him without a name, except it be that, since our first acquaintance, I have known him as *the man I want to be*.

His influence upon me ought to be great, and his friendship highly prized; for the more intently I have contemplated him, the more admirable has his character appeared. After long and close observation, I avow my belief that he is absolutely without a flaw. Often when I have been about to say or do something, I have found myself almost unconsciously asking, “Would *he* have done it? How would *he* act under the circumstances?” There are so many fine points of excellence about him which I cannot describe, that I must content myself with giving

only some of the bolder outlines of his character.

Let me say of him, first, that he is eminently a *holy man*.—His heart is a temple filled with the presence and glory of God, and radiant with the light of the Holy Ghost. His will, affections, desires, purposes, are all consecrated to the Saviour who died for him. The law of Christ is the law of his heart, and is obeyed fully, universally, continually. The sins which once polluted him have been pardoned, and their stains wholly removed by the precious blood of Christ. He consequently possesses what King David prayed for, “a clean heart;” and he has obtained what the Apostle Paul asked for the Thessalonian disciples, that “the very God of peace might sanctify them wholly.” Thus he daily walks in the light of God. The image of his Redeemer shines on his heart, to the joy of angels and good men, and the glory of God who impressed it there. His desires are lost in God; and when I first beheld him, his eyes, as I see them now, were turned heavenward, and his lips saying, “Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.”

And he is a *man of love*.—This was evident the moment I saw him. “The love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost,” has so changed his nature, that he loves others because God has loved him. He appears to have contemplated the love of God in Christ till it has possessed him, and become his all in all. The Divine charity which fills his soul beams from his eyes, drops from his tongue, and shines in every action of his life. In praising God, in speaking and hearing of Him, and in doing His will, is his delight; for “he dwells in love,” and “God is love.” It is inconceivable that he should willingly grieve his Saviour; nor can he be

imagined speaking evil of, or acting unkindly toward, his fellow-men. He loves them because they are precious to Christ, and seeks incessantly to do good to their bodies and souls. He seems, in a word, to have obtained the full answer to a prayer found often on his lips:—

“O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
Strange flames far from my heart remove
My every act, word, thought, be love!”

He is, moreover, a *man of prayer*.—Having free access to God through the great Mediator, whose name is his passport into the Divine presence, he can enter at all times with boldness into the holy place. This arises from the indwelling of the Spirit in his heart. For though, with others of the people of God, he “knows not what he should pray for as he ought,” yet “the Spirit helpeth his infirmities, and maketh intercession for him with groanings which cannot be uttered.” He lives, therefore, in daily fellowship with God. Prayer is his “vital breath;” and, dwelling as he does in an atmosphere of heavenly purity, his soul thrives in vigorous spiritual manhood. Once I saw him upon his knees, alone, wrestling with his God in prayer. The whole man seemed engaged, and the very place sacred; for he pleaded with the God of heaven with a holy freedom, as a man with his friend. O could you have seen him then! The fervour of his pleading, the confidence with which he presented his petitions, the sighs he uttered! He appeared like Moses on the Mount, or like Jacob wrestling with the Divine Angel. And there was evidence that God heard him. Before he rose his prayer was turned into praise, and there poured from his lips the most lively expressions of thankfulness. And how his face shone as he returned!

It was easy to see that he had prevailed; and that in his ears were lingering still the words of the answer, "Thy petition is granted; be it done unto thee according to thy faith!"

Is it not owing to these things that he is a *man of power*?—He is no weakling, filled with the spirit of fear; trembling at every breeze of trial, and shrinking from conflict with temptation and sin. He has spiritual nerve, sinew, and health; is "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." He has learned to "endure hardness as a good soldier" of His. He has received power by waiting before God for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and God has put honour on His own promise, and on His Son, and on His servant's faith, by baptizing him with fire. Such power attends his prayers, that those who hear him feel him to be a man who is accustomed to prevail with God. He is a stranger to doubts, and, like a true son of Abraham the Faithful, he "staggers not at the promise of God through unbelief; but is strong in faith, giving glory to God." Accordingly, his words and example are powerful. The godly love him because he is familiar with the way to God; and sinners fear him, not because he is harsh, but because there is an influence attending his words which they can neither gainsay nor resist. With what power does he stand forth as the ambassador of Christ! How his heart glows, and his tongue is fired, as he speaks of the great atonement, and beseeches rebel men to be reconciled to God. The ungodly tremble before him; the hardened are melted; while often the eye of the penitent lights up with new joy as, directed by him, he beholds the Lamb of God.

He is a *man of zeal*.—He has drawn a sword in God's cause, with the resolve never to sheath it while he has life. Sin to him appears in its

own character, exceedingly sinful; he sees its enormous guiltiness, its ingratitude, and how it insults the majesty of heaven. It is, therefore, with no cold apathy, but with burning energy, that he fights against it. His faith and love take fire as he realizes the danger of men, and the love of God to them. This constrains him to constant effort for the salvation of the lost. He pities his fellow-men because he knows their misery, sees the naked sword suspended over their head, and the dreadful and unending torment which awaits them. The bleeding Saviour is before him. That Saviour has sent him to call them to Himself. Hence "he wants no fourth idea; every fourth idea is contemptible; every fourth idea is a grand impertinence!"* He prays, and preaches, and lives for souls. It is his heaven on earth to see men yield to Christ, while his heart groans in sorrow, and will not be comforted, when they refuse; and, with Jeremiah, he sighs, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

And, finally, he is a *heavenly man*.—The Redeemer, who saved him from sin, and made him meet for the heavenly inheritance, has implanted in his breast a good and lively hope; a hope which is ever brightening, and which already glows with immortality. He, therefore, walks the earth as a citizen of heaven, refusing to build his hopes on any earthly foundation. Earth has lost its attractions. By faith he has walked the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, mingled with its blood-washed and white-robed inhabitants, and seen the "King in His beauty." Habitually contrasting the numberless cares and woes of this poor earth with the bliss of the country which

* Cecil.

he seeks, gradually, but surely, his affections have become set on things above. And the light of heaven, shining on his soul within, shows itself without in a heavenly life. In what direction the stream of his life flows is obvious to all. And walking thus with God, in hope of seeing His face,—not only hoping for heaven, but actually longing to be there,—he is ready for the last change: death is stripped of its terrors, and right welcome to his happy spirit will be the Master's call,—“It is enough: come up hither.”

I have failed to produce the complete portrait I intended. Thousands admire the landscape, which only one in ten thousand could reproduce on canvas. My soul admires the image my pen fails to portray. Yet the form of “a perfect man” is before me still. I see him now. O when, when shall my present self be put off, and God have made me *the man I want to be*?

Hanham.

I. E. P.

“ONLY BELIEVE.”

If these words should attract the notice of any penitent sinner who is eagerly asking, “What must I do to be saved?” let him be assured that the answer is before him: “Only believe.” How ready are we all, when fully awakened by Divine grace to a sense of our guilt and danger, to do some great thing which we vainly imagine shall secure us peace and safety! The way of salvation, as laid before us in the Bible, appears to be too simple to bring about the wonderful change we are longing for; but we forget that we must stoop to the simplicity of a little child; we must come to Jesus with implicit confidence, and, “Only believe.”

The following account may, perhaps, be the means of encouragement to some who are earnestly

seeking that “peace which passeth understanding.” A young lady who had passed twenty years of her life in the fancied pleasures of the world, was at length brought to feel her sinfulness and estrangement from God. She had formerly been accustomed to attend Divine service in the Wesleyan Chapel, and had often heard the plan of salvation clearly explained. Though there was no earthly friend to whom she could look, either for sympathy or direction, teachings which had been heard unheeded, were now remembered, and acted upon. But for nearly a week she appeared to be in utter darkness. She searched for the precious promises of the Bible, but felt they were not for her. She wrestled and prayed, as she had never done before; but all appeared to be in vain.

God, however, had heard her prayers, as He hears all those which are offered in sincerity. He was about to reveal Himself in love, and turn all her darkness into light. One evening, while still in this state, she retired to her room, to pour out her supplications for pardon and peace. She knelt, and cried to God to have mercy upon her, and melt the hardness of her heart by His love; but she arose from her knees unrefreshed, and almost ready to give up in despair. Sitting down, she began almost unconsciously to turn over the leaves of a book lying on the table. As she did so, her eye was attracted by the two little words, “Only believe.” Instantly the thought flashed through her mind, that she had been relying on her own efforts and feelings. She had thought her acceptance depended upon the degree of her sorrow and repentance. Now she resolved to cast herself entirely on the mercy of Jesus; believing that He was *just then* ready to receive and bless her. “Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief,” was her earnest cry. And

God did answer : rolling away all the clouds which had surrounded her, He showed her that "in Him, is no darkness at all." She felt that "old things" had, indeed, "passed away," and that "all things had become new." She immediately gave her hand to God's people, and we trust is now growing daily in grace, and becoming "meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light."

It may be that some who read these lines are anxious to become children of the living God. If you are truly convinced of your past sinfulness, and now wishful to enter the narrow path which leads to life, then Jesus, the Saviour, stands ready to welcome you in the strait gate: "Only believe." Put yourself under His care, and He will guide you along the road, which, if sometimes rocky and thorny, is always safe. "*Only believe.*" Read the promises as if they were written for you alone.

"Jesus hath died for you!

What can His love withstand?

Believe, hold fast your shield, and who

Shall pluck you from His hand?

Believe that Jesus reigns;

All power to Him is given:

Believe, till freed from sin's remains;

Believe yourselves to heaven!"

J.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CHARACTER.*

BY character I do not mean reputation. The two things are quite distinct in their nature; and, in point of fact, there is often a wide difference. Character is what you are; reputation is what you are thought to be. You make your character; others make your reputation. Character is in your own

keeping; reputation is at the mercy of many minds and many tongues. Your character is property that you may always be improving; your reputation varies in value as circumstances change, and especially as you are understood or misunderstood, and as other people are sensible and candid, or crotchety and censorious. In the present exposition I do not refer at all to reputation; I speak only of character,—of what a man really is.

Character is the main thing. This will appear when we consider three facts.

Character is the only thing that God respects and values.—In estimating what a man is worth, God's eye rests not upon what he has, but upon what he is. Through circumstances, through position, through connexions, through reputation, God looks straight down to the man himself; and according to what he is, will he be honoured of God, or lightly esteemed. There is, indeed, no reason why God should respect a man for what he has; for his surroundings and possessions. As to all material wealth, it belongs rather to God than to man. The gold is more His than ours, and so is the silver. The much that a wealthy man has, and the little that a working man has, are alike the Lord's. Then, as to natural or intellectual greatness, we cannot compete with the angels. Earthly rank and position are poor and low when compared with "principalities and powers in heavenly places." Of all these things in which we are apt to make our boast, God finds a richer variety in heaven than upon earth.

But when it is a question of character, a good man appears to advantage. His is a character that has been formed amid the extremes and perils of a life spent in an evil world; a character which has grown up and gained new strength in the midst of fiery trial, or the cold obstruction which springs out of

* From "Character: How it is made, and what it is worth." By the Rev. J. Bush.

unwholesome example; a character that has been matured by a succession of joys and sorrows, of unexpected pleasures and bitter disappointments; a character which, perchance, has become pure, and stately, and Christlike amidst trouble, and sickness, and poverty. A character of this sort, formed under these conditions, is not to be found amongst the angels; and when God finds it amongst men, He puts upon it a high value, and He calls it very good. "All those things hath Mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word." "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." It is in words like these, solemn and startling, that God has again and again testified His supreme regard for true goodness in man; goodness which has its beginning in a contrite heart, and which dwells only in a humble spirit. He knows how hard it is for fallen man to be good; and, in estimating the value of Christian character, He takes into account not only what it is worth, but also how much it costs.

To help us in forming such a character is the chief end of all God's dealings with us.—In His judgment, the varied circumstances of life are means to this end. Christian privileges: the Gospel, and the preaching of it; the Sabbath, and the opportunities it brings; God the Son, and all the blessings of His mediatorial government; God the Spirit, and all the comfort of His help. Providential circumstances: all the varieties of a goodly heritage; honour and dishonour; robust health and often infirmities; favour in the sight of men that we have not fully deserved, and venomous slander which we have done nothing to provoke; *the house filled with comforts, and*

the garret bare of necessities: all these things, and many more, God is using to make you—your own real self—good and true, wise and pure.

The sculptor cannot get on without his mallet and chisel; but they are only his tools. His chief thought and care are given to the marble upon which he is working. It is about the growing figure that the artist thinks by day, and dreams by night. Bereavements and afflictions are the mallet and chisel in the hands of the Divine Sculptor. By means of these, He gradually shapes our character, and models it after a perfect pattern. There is, at the first, a great deal to be done; yet, one by one, our roughnesses are removed, our deformities disappear, and the sharp angles of our temper are rounded off: and so, in time, if we are true to His touch, we become of fair and faultless proportions, having "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." We are God's workmanship. So far as we are what we ought to be, it is He who has made us what we are. Upon us He is ever working, and painful discipline is only the instrument with which He works. The sculptor, after each blow, looks not at the chisel, but at the marble; so God, after each stroke of bereavement or affliction, looks not at the trouble, but at the troubled heart. He watches the effect of the blow; and He is deeply concerned that, under His hand, and as the result of all His thought and care, we should become more like Christ.

The builder needs a scaffold; without this, the walls cannot rise very high; but he regards the scaffold only as a means to an end. He calculates progress, not by the scaffold, but by the walls of the house; and he estimates the amount of business he is doing, not by the quantity of scaffolding he has in use, but by the number of houses

he is erecting. And when a house is finished, the scaffold is taken away; but the house remains: and there it stands out, a monument of the builder's skill, and the result of his labour. Health and wealth, friends and comforts, are the scaffolding which God furnishes to us, that we may carry out His purpose, and build up for ourselves a solid, stable, useful character. In God's judgment, this is the chief work and great end of life. He has put us down here, surrounded by this or that set of circumstances, and He says to us, one by one, "Be good." This is our business, our calling. God does not say, Get rich, become learned, grow famous, make yourselves comfortable; but He says, "Be good." Other things that are worth having follow in the steps of goodness; and if we *are* good, we shall be sure to *do* good. Our "only wisdom here" consists in being good; and God thinks of our life as a success or a failure, according as we do, or do not, become good. And that we may be what God wills, He gives us all the help that we need. Friends and health, influence and talent, a fair name and daily bread; these are to us what the scaffold is to the builder. As years roll on, God is ever looking through the scaffold to the building within. His concern is with the progress of the work, and He is well pleased when we so use our advantages as to improve our character, and give it a higher elevation.

Character is the only thing we can take with us when we leave the world.—You may acquire wealth, and amass a fortune; you may buy rare books, and collect choice pictures: but you cannot take any of these with you into another world. When a man dies, he leaves behind him all such things. This is the explanation of will-making. Men found out that property is localized, and that

it cannot be transferred from this world to another. They observed, that when their neighbours died, whilst the men removed, the money remained; and it occurred to them that, since they themselves would some day have to go and leave their property behind, they might as well leave written instructions as to who should next have it. And so men came to make wills. All that they have, they leave to others. A man's body is the nearest and, frequently, the dearest of his earthly possessions; but he cannot take even that with him. He must put it off, and lay it down, and leave it in charge of his friends. This is as the case stands. All that you *have* must then either perish or pass into other hands; what you *are* will remain. Whatever is not a part of yourself, what is only yours, you must part with; what you are, your own self, you must keep: and this, your character, is the only thing you can take away with you.

This is quite fair, because the building up of a good character is the only thing for which we are now absolutely responsible. As to all other attainments, our liability is limited. We are not bound to become rich or learned; to many this would be simply impossible, and therefore it is not expected from them. To some men God gives facilities for making money that He denies to others; and, in this, as in many other respects, even if every man did his best, inequality would be inevitable. But as "we brought nothing into this world," so "it is certain we can carry nothing out." During life, one man gathers much, another little; and when the verge of life is reached, *that* lays down his much, and *this* his little, and in the next world both start again on equal terms. The rich man will not be better off there because he was rich here, and the poor man will not be

worse off because, when here, he was poor. The lack of what we had no chance of getting will not then be any disadvantage; and it may be doubted whether the possession of what came to us without any effort of ours will be any advantage. There is very much in our present circumstances for which we are not responsible; and God will see to it that our position in the life to come, is not affected by those things in our present life over which we have no control. But, on the other hand, it is left with us to make what sort of a character we please. Every one is responsible for being good. As to some of you, it is not your fault that you are not rich or learned; but if you are not good, it is your own fault. In this matter, our liberty is perfect, and our liability is universal. The character we make is our own. We have done it. If our character is bad, it is our own work, despite the offered grace of the Lord Jesus Christ; and if it is good, it is our own work, aided and sustained by the same grace. Many other things that we have were made for us, as truly as our coats were; our character we make for ourselves. Many things have been chosen for us, as our name was in baptism; our character we choose for ourselves. And it is because this thing is so absolutely in our own power that we are bound to keep the character we make. It is our own creation; and with that, for weal or woe, we commence life in the next world. As the scaffold is taken down when the house is finished, so when we depart this life, all outward circumstances will pass away from us; but the character which we have built up under these circumstances will remain as the one, single, everlasting result of that process which we call living.

Here, then, are three facts. Character is the only thing that God

respects and values; the formation of character is the chief end of all His dealings with us; character is the only thing we can take with us when we leave the world. Looking at these facts, it is quite clear that character is the main thing.

WORKING FOR CHRIST.

WE may know much of our condition as Christians, by surveying what we are doing for God. Christ said, that it was His meat and drink to *do* the will of God. And if we are not in the possession of vigorous, robust health, we may ask whether it is not because we are forgetting that labours for Christ form part of the soul's food. If I am weak, trembling, complaining, it may be because I am looking no further than myself to do good.

Christ's labours were intensely earnest. Laying aside bodily wants, need of rest and refreshment, He proceeded at once to teach the crowd brought by the woman of Samaria. If Christians remembered that labour for other people's spiritual wants is invigorating to their own souls, the world would soon become much better than it is.

Ours ought to be a joyous harvest-field. Christ has sowed the seed. His death and resurrection, faithfully taught and preached, are all the world needs to make it blossom as the rose. He sends us forth to gather the yellow grain; the fruit of his toils. "Look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest. . . . I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour." We think too much of the length and heat of the harvest-day, and thus are robbed of the joyousness of heart with which all work for Christ may be done.

And we forget, too, that we receive our wages in the doing of the work: "He that reapeth receiveth wages."

The work, at times, perhaps, seems almost hopeless, tedious, and disappointing; yet "He that reapeth gathereth fruit unto eternal life." So that the greater our labours, the larger our bundle of sheaves; the more joy for us, and the greater rejoicing with Christ the Sower. Christian brother, you have had the sickle put into your hands, will you give it back to Christ with no sheaf?

And we must not forget, when we have brought our fellow-creatures to Christ, we must stand aside, and leave them with Him to be Divinely taught. The Samaritans said to the woman, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying; for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ:" as much as to say, "We have heard for ourselves: your testimony is no longer needed." In a beautiful figure from the lips of John the Baptist, too, this is shown. "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom: but the friend of the bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice: this My joy therefore is fulfilled." The bride once brought to the bridegroom, and the "friend,"—the messenger, the servant, the fellow-worker with Christ,—standeth by rejoicing, because of the union between the sinner and a Divine Saviour.

Such labour is good for others, good for ourselves, well-pleasing to God. It is essential to our success that we forget self; be clear from all self-reference and self-adulation. Our labour is for *Christ*. We only reap in the long, sunny day, what He sowed in the cold, dreary, wintry, seed-time. A healthy, humble, yet joyous sense of co-operation with Him here, is the only way to realize hereafter the promise, as it may be referred to the gracious Master Himself, "He that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together," when

the ripe fruit is finally gathered
"unto life eternal."

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

It is of importance for every one to know that the differences, or variations, between the various Greek texts of the New Testament, which the learned have so laboriously collated during the last two or three centuries, and the rationalists make so much noise about, have none but the most insignificant effect on the meaning of the sacred text. This is generally acknowledged. "Not only," says a scholar, who has made them the object of special study and research, "are they destitute of interest, but it may be affirmed that not one among them, even if allowed to be authentic, would introduce anything into the text of the New Testament, or displace any matter which would, in the least degree, disturb the truth of the facts, or the truth of the doctrines, which constitute the essence of the Gospel." One of the most ancient Greek MSS. of the New Testament is that which Tischendorf discovered in the monastery on Mount Sinai, and has lately been published at Leipzig. It leaves our affirmation untouched. "On the contrary," says this eminent scholar and theologian, "it confirms the texts of the oldest Greek and other codices, and its testimony will henceforward enhance their authority."—*Professor Guas on the "Holy Spirit."* Toulouse. 1865.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

(Deut. xxxiv. 6.)

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug the sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever pass'd on earth ;
 But no man heard the tramping,
 Or saw the train go forth.
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes when the night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's
 cheek
 Grows into the great sun :

Noiselessly as the spring-time
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees, on all the hills,
 Open their thousand leaves :
 So, without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down, from the mountain's
 crown,
 The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
 On grey Beth-peor's height,
 Out of his rocky eyrie
 Look'd on the wondrous sight.
 Perchance the lion, stalking,
 Still shuns that hallow'd spot ;
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
 Follow the funeral-car.
 They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won ;
 And after him lead his masterless
 steed,
 While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
 Men lay the sage to rest ;
 And give the bard an honour'd place,
 With costly marble dress'd,
 In the great minster-transept,
 Where lights like glories fall ;
 And the choir sings and the organ rings
 Along the' emblazon'd wall.

This was the bravest warrior
 That ever buckled sword ;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word.
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page truth half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour ?
 The hill-side for his pall,
 To lie in state while angels wait
 With stars for tapers tall ;
 And the dark rock-pines, like tossing
 plumes,
 Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand, in that lonely
 land,
 To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffin'd clay
 Shall break again (most wondrous
 thought !)
 Before the judgment-day ; *
 And stand, with glory wrapp'd around,
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our
 life
 With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land !
 O dark Beth-peor's hill !
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell ;
 He hides them deep, like the secret
 sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

—C. F. Alexander.

THE VATICAN.

THE Vatican was a hill in ancient Rome. It lay beyond the Tiber, which the Romans crossed by the "triumphal bridge," passing by the strong castle of Hadrian, now called St. Angelo. To that hill the votaries of the elder idolatry used to flock to consult the priests, who sold their oracles in a temple on the hill beyond. From those oracular responses, *vaticinia*, the hill took its name, Vatican mount, *mons vaticanus* ; and the name has been to this day most properly retained, inasmuch as a long succession of pontiffs, whose verbal responses are still designated oracles, have gone on trading on the same spot, within the precincts of what continues to be called *The Vatican*. Some have said that there was of old a god named Vaticanus, patron of infants,

* Matthew xvii. 3.



(Corridor in the Vatican.)

whose first cry, *wah*, or *va*, the old Romans lengthened into an epithet of that divinity; but this tradition is not approved at Rome, where it would be accounted ridiculous to attribute to the so-called Holy Father any special care for the nurture or wholesome education of infants.

Between the river and the hill is a space of level ground, which the Italians call the *campo vaticano*. On this plain Caligula reared the lofty obelisk which now stands before the church of St. Peter; here the infamous Nero had his gardens, his cirous, his games, his revels; and here he wreaked vengeance on Christian martyrs. In this *campo* has been for long ages the burial-place of real saints, of faithful confessors, and, in the later and darker times, Popes, Princes, and Priests. Fiction, however, has taken the place of history, and

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added false inscriptions to bring in the names of martyred Apostles and Disciples of our Lord to this vaunted centre of the "Christian world." All this we must pass by, and speak only of the buildings, now known under the name of Vatican.

Pope Eugenius III., who reigned from 1145 to 1153, laid the foundations of "the palace of St. Peter." In this palace, or in the Quirinal, the so-called successors of the Apostle have usually resided, retreating to Castel Gandolfo, in the country, during the summer heats. Between the palace and St. Peter's church there is a noble flight of steps, on which ten persons may walk abreast. On entering the palace, visitors are shown into the Hall of Ambassadors, where the Pope gives audience to the messengers of "Catholic princes." Among the pictures which cover the

walls there is a portrait of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, prostrate at the Pope's feet, outside the gate of St. Mark's, and one of Charlemagne signing his donation of the Exarchate of Ravenna to the Church. On the right and left of this hall are the Pauline and Sistine chapels. The latter is very magnificent. In this the Pope officiates. Here is the famous fresco painting of the Last Judgment, by the hand of Michael Angelo. After leaving the Hall of Ambassadors, you come to another apartment, where, on Holy Thursday, the Pope washes the feet (already washed) of twelve beggars. Three very spacious galleries cover three sides of the principal court; and on their walls the great masters Raffaele and Michael Angelo wrought hard and successfully for fame. From these galleries you may pass into most of the chambers of the Vatican, one of the chief of them being the gilded apartment, where, in more than royal state, the Pope receives princes who come to visit him; and the library occupies many others.

The library is vast, and of great historic interest. The descriptions of it are voluminous. Here are laid up the registers of the Roman Church, and manuscripts of all ages, in every language of east and west, of which written books remain, or can be obtained. Pope Nicholas V., in whose reign the ancient art of printing underwent that great improvement which we somewhat erroneously call the *invention* of printing, led the way for the formation of the Vatican library. At that time there was a passion for the acquisition of Greek and Latin manuscripts, which only the wealthy could indulge; and Nicholas, being raised to the pontificate, made good use of his opportunity by spending much money in buying costly manuscripts, and maintaining writers to copy such as could not be purchased. In this way he collected five thousand books, and intended to establish a library for the Court of Rome. Death stopped his work; but these books were a good beginning, and the fair name he left became an incentive to those who followed him. His immediate successor made some addition *the store*; but for a time the project

slumbered, until Sixtus IV., in whose time the presses of Italy began to produce editions of the Roman classics, as well as of yet more important works, appropriated apartments in the Vatican for the reception of an enlarged collection, and appointed a learned cardinal to be librarian.

It would be pleasant to recite the history of perhaps the greatest library in the world, if such a history were not degraded by intolerance, and if the unbounded munificence of men who have heaped up its treasures, and multiplied its halls, had been employed in the promotion of sound learning and scriptural religion. But just the contrary has taken place. Pope Sixtus V., who sat on the Papal throne from 1585 to 1590, established a printing press, and, at the same time, issued an Index of Prohibited Books, with "rules" to regulate everything relating to books, whether writing, printing, reading, possessing, bequeathing, giving, accepting, buying, selling, concealing, examining, licensing, calling them in, giving them up, burning or preserving them. The Inquisition was empowered, so far as Papal authority could empower it, to control the whole mind of Christendom, to lock or unlock the gates of knowledge, to shut or open the mouth of every man, as absolutely as the mouth of a cardinal is shut by the Pope, until the Pope is pleased to permit him to speak. The intended use of the Vatican, or Apostolic, press was to print editions of the Fathers, Greek, Latin, and Oriental, so expurgated that they might be read without injury to Romanism, and to issue all Church-books in what should be accepted as the sole authentic editions. No printer in all Popedom—for, happily, the North of Europe, including Great Britain, was then casting off subjection to the Court of Rome—was to dare to print any such works without express license, or short of absolute conformity to the standard editions of the Vatican. All these regulations were to be enforced under the severest penalties; and as, in all matters affecting "the Church," error was equivalent with heresy, death, for a time, threatened every printer who should print, and every scholar who should employ him to print, a volume

differing from the "apostolic" standard. Yet the care of Sixtus V. was not so perfect as his church desired; for it is a curious fact that this literary Pontiff, desirous of adding, perhaps, a new edition of the Bible to those previously in circulation, caused an Italian Bible to be printed at this very press, and set forth accordingly. Hearing this, the King of Spain, who then had dominions in Naples, Sicily, and Milan, instantly despatched an ambassador to Rome, to remonstrate against an act which his priesthood considered very scandalous, and beg him to suppress the book. So angry was the cardinal of Toledo, that he exclaimed, that "by such an act the unhappy Sixtus took the surest method of shortening his days;" and, in a few months after, the days of Sixtus were ended, as it was reported, by poison.

Successive Popes and innumerable benefactors have enriched this wondrous library; and if its management were, in liberality, answerable to its magnificence, it would have been a blessing to the world. Such has not yet been the case; and is not likely to be until a change of religion and government shall have been accomplished at Rome, and the palace of an extinct temporal dominion shall be occupied by men of purer faith and larger heart.

The Vatican being, like all other palaces of princes, exposed to the chances of war, has repeatedly been stormed by enemies. The last occurrence of the kind took place when the French occupied Rome in 1798, under Napoleon Buonaparte. The officers of the French Republic, professing to be friends of the Roman State, but enemies of the Pope, its ruler, spared what might be regarded as State property, but took whatever the Pope would count his own. By virtue of this distinction they sacked the royal apartments of the two palaces of the Vatican and Quirinal. Carlo Botta relates it thus: "From the Vatican, an edifice magnificent for its eleven thousand chambers, were taken, not only all the movables for the service of the Pope's person, rich and precious furniture, not only the wonderful display of busts, pictures, statues, cameos, marbles, columns, but even the locks and the

nails; so that when the so-called National Institute of Rome was shortly afterwards created, as if in derision, and they wished to hold a sitting there, they were obliged to contrive how to put on doors again, with their fastenings, where an insatiable appetite had taken them away. Thus did that most noble seat of Roman Pontiffs, that venerable depository of the works of Raffaele and of Michael Angelo, that most highly adorned receptacle of what Greece and Italy had produced, most precious, most genteel, most elegant, now appear to the terrified beholders as a habitation sacked and desolate." Much of the damage has been since repaired; but just at the present juncture these vast piles of building stand in strange contrast with the insignificant remnant of papal sovereignty which lingers, uncertain of existence; while deep marks of decay and poverty justify the expectation that, in no very long time hence, it will be, like many other mansions of departed affluence, divided among meaner tenants; with reserve, perhaps, for the ordinary uses of a free and happy State.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

VIII.

Penseroso. I expected to see you last night; but, finding that you did not make your appearance, I took a solitary ramble between the cliffs and the shore, and thought I had never known so lovely an evening.

Lycidas. I was intending to perform my promise—or, rather, my half-promise—of seeing you, when our gay friend encountered me, and said that he had set his heart on my taking a short marine excursion with him; and, as he would take no denial, I consented. I somewhat scrupled to unmoor your boat, which lay very convenient on the shore; but Allegro said that we could not better improve the *entente cordiale* than by so doing; and the "Minerva" was soon in deep water. There was small chance of sailing:—

"For, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay, only not asleep."

We took each an oar, and, by the help

of the retreating tide, ran rapidly down the coast. We passed the many-tinted rocks, and the pleasant cove, inaccessible by land; and should have gone further, but the tide began to turn.

P. I hope you were steady.

L. Steady enough before all was over. At first, our friend was in the highest spirits, and his humour was at once irrepressible and irresistible; but gradually he became thoughtful. Nature, this time, was too strong for him; and well she might be, for never in England have I seen such an evening: many like it, but none, I think, quite equal. The moon lighted us home.

P. "Rising in clouded majesty?"

L. She was up; and, therefore, did not remind us of Milton, but of Young, whose lines we concluded to be half truth and half poetry.

P. What lines?

L. O! you *must* know them.

"So the fair moon, when waves roll high and pour

A wasteful deluge on the trembling shore,
Inspires the tumult from her clouded throne,
Where, pensive, silent, pale, she sits alone,
And all the distant ruin is her own."

Before we touched the land again, Nature had quite unlocked our hearts. Cares were buried I know not how many fathoms deep; and one was in good humour with all the world, except the hard-headed genius who first called so silly a thing as nonsense by so delightful a name as "moonshine." Well, we were leisurely skirting the most sequestered part of the cliffs, when we were arrested by some exquisite singing on the shore. You will do us the justice to own, *Penseroso*, that for ordinary singing we should not have stopped a minute, nor even have altered our course by a hair's breadth; but *this* would be heard. We turned at once in the proper direction, and proceeded quietly till we could distinguish the words. We expected to hear some sentimental ballad. Imagine our astonishment when the solemn words fell clear and unmistakable on our ears:—

"Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His!"

The words were pathetic; the melody was pathos. We listened till all was

over, rowed quietly away, and spoke not a syllable till the boat was moored.

P. It was an uncommon, perhaps too uncommon, incident.

L. Believe me, *Penseroso*, music never touched me so much before; and yet I have heard a good deal, and of the right quality. I have often listened to the swelling tones,—

"When, in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board
breathed."

I have heard wind string and voice contend, till the ear has been assailed with an overpowering cataract of harmony; but nothing ever moved me as did that solitary voice. I was haunted for the night by the constantly-recurring words,—

"Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His!"

I was compelled to entertain the subject which the words suggested. I ceased to wonder at what I had always considered the somewhat fond expression of the saint and martyr, "My Love is crucified!" Had any one sung the words,—

"My Lord, my Love, is crucified!"

I must have sung them too.

P. Who could blame you? Certainly our general fault is coldness, as it was the fault eighteen hundred years ago, when the Man of Sorrows endured the terrible and ignominious cross:—

"All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!"

L. Gladly would I look with you at scenes so solemn as the Garden and the Cross; yet, I know not how, reverence seems to forbid it.

P. I wish we had much more holy fear than we have; yet—

L. Well?

P. In reverence, as in almost everything else, there is a true and a false. The reverence which forbids one to look at Gethsemane and Calvary is to be suspected. Besides, your reason for not contemplating these things proves too much.

L. How so?

P. It proves that we ought never to draw near to God; for when can we bring adequate reverence, worship, praise? "Lebanon is not sufficient to

burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering." A child may feel some amount of holy fear; a man much more. An angel feels solemn and unutterable awe; and, perhaps, one angel deeper awe than another. But neither child, nor man, nor angel can, in time or in eternity, appreciate the distance between himself and the Supreme. But we are accepted according to our powers; and the great commandment is, not to fear, but to love. No need, then, to entertain a reverence which damps our faith, or chills our gratitude. Moreover, Christ is *man* as well as God.

L. He is. Yet you would not, even when speaking of the man Christ, speak of Him as of another man?

P. I would not. Yet I cannot help thinking that we put Him too far from us, and that we ought to feel a certain holy, reverent sympathy, if we may so speak, with the Captain of our salvation.*

L. But His case differs so immeasurably from ours. The Divine nature must often have borne the humanity above sorrow and temptation.

P. You will find it hard to bring the proof. Certainly the Divinity did not *always* thus interfere. I question if it *ever* did. How did our Saviour learn to speak, to walk, to think, to act, but as you and I learned? Was there not a time when the Son of Man first knew that He was the Messiah? Did He not, in the Garden, receive help from an angel? Did He not offer Himself through the Eternal Spirit?

L. If this be the case, we certainly ought to feel, as you say, a holy, reverential sympathy with Him. Yet is there no danger of idle curiosity?

P. Why, yes. But if we are to tread no path in which there is danger, we must not walk at all. If we are to use nothing which can be abused, nothing which *has been* abused, we must renounce everything,—food, apparel, property, business, pleasure, the Bible, and grace itself. Let those who dare to tread holy ground with unholy feet, look to themselves.

L. —Our Lord's humiliation began

early: born in a stable, laid in the manger!

P. Then a fugitive to Egypt, then a dweller in Nazareth, and subject to Mary and Joseph.

L. And, later, baptized by John.

P. Yes, His humiliation began early, and lasted long. There was much trial before the fearful agony in Gethsemane and the passion on the tree; some, perhaps, in early life, some in the wilderness and during His ministry. Before looking at His last sad hours, why not look at His temptation, and the trials sustained during His public life?

L. I must confess I never saw the force of the temptations in the wilderness: I mean that I have been unable to appreciate their severity, though I doubt not that they were severe.

P. You judge rightly. When the pure humanity sustained by the Eternal Spirit is engaged in a set conflict by a strong and subtle angel, that conflict must needs be great. I think I see the tempter approach, all fairness and candour without, all hypocrisy within: "If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread."

L. I remember thinking, when a child, that our Lord would have committed no fault in turning the stones into bread.

P. The less apparent fault, the greater the temptation. Sober as is the Evangelist's account, the trial may have been exceedingly great. Who can tell what inanition may be hid under the plain expression "hungered?" Then temptation is like gravitation; the nearer the attracting body, the greater its force. How near were the stones, and how soon a word is spoken! Meantime, what appearance is there of relief? Where is the power which sustained for forty days and forty nights? And where is human help?

L. Hunger, no doubt, is a powerful argument. I think Satan, in "Paradise Regained," provides a table.

Penseroso.—

"A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all flesh, from sea or shore,
Freshest or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest naps, for which was drain'd

* So St. Paul;—"That I may know Him . . . and the fellowship of His sufferings."

Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast :
 (Alas ! how simple to these cates compared,
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !)
 And at a stately side-board, by the wine
 That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
 Than Ganymed or Hylas ; distant more.
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades,
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn.

And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes ; and
 winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest
 smells.

Such was the splendour."

L. Come, let us see the tempter's
 second effort. "Cast Thyself down."
 I presume that, as in the first, so in the
 second temptation, argument was enforced
 by sense, by the painful effort which
 standing on the dizzy height must have
 required.

P. Possibly. There remains that
 marvellous vision on the mountain.

L. Marvellous indeed, since all the
 kingdoms of the world were shown with
 their glory !

"He look'd, and saw what numbers number-
 less

The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed
 troops,

In coats of mail and military pride ;
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Prancing their riders bore, the flower and
 choice

Of many provinces from bound to bound.

He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
 How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind
 them shot

Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight ;
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown :
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
 Of archers."

P. Then the pomp of imperial
 Rome :—

"The conflux issuing forth, or entering in ;
 Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
 Hastening, or on return, in robes of state,
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;
 Or embassies from regions far remote,
 In various habits, on the Appian road,
 Or on the Emilian."

—And now the temptation is over. Hun-
 — and infernal skill, and the dazzling

vision of the world's glory, are all lost
 upon the Son of Man. The fiend retires
 discomfited ; and after the painful but
 glorious strife the waiting angels mini-
 ster at last !

L. By and by He returns in "the
 power of the Spirit" to Galilee ; yet finds,
 no doubt, many trials during His ministry.

P. So we may gather from Scripture ;
gather, I say, for there is in the Evange-
 lists no professed account. Of these
 trials *poverty* was one :—

"Inured to poverty and pain,
 A suffering life my Master led :
 The Son of God, the Son of Man,
 He had not where to lay His head !"

L. *Contempt, reproach, and opposition*
 must have added to his sorrow. Even
 Mary interferes, even the Apostles try
 His patience. His brethren did not be-
 lieve in Him ; the Nazarenes would cast
 Him from the brow of their hill ; others
 would stone Him ; the Herodians would
 entrap Him. As for those incarnations of
 pretence and hypocrisy, the Pharisees,
 they are His natural foes and persecutors.
 From all the neglect and opposition must
 arise temptation to discouragement or
 anger.

P. Certainly : for, though in our
 Lord there was neither sinful temper
 nor sinful desire, there must have been
 the natural love of liberty and ease, the
 natural shrinking from danger, toil, and
 pain ; and hence an inlet to many tem-
 ptations.

L. Add the *secret burden, the responsi-
 bility, the occasional pressure of the anti-
 cipated conflict* : these are beyond words
 to express.

P. Of which pressure we have a
 glimpse in the exclamation :—"But I
 have a baptism to be baptized with ; and
 how am I straitened till it be accom-
 plished !" But all is endured, and all
 without sin ; and at length He exclaims,
 "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I
 have finished the work which Thou
 gavest Me to do."

(*To be continued.*)

MOTHERS: THEIR DUTIES AND INFLUENCE.

THE arrangements of society are of
 God. Why they are, and whether He

could not have carried out His purposes in some other way, is no business of ours. He has chosen to form mankind into associations, and to make the social element all pervasive and influential. To each part of the race he has assigned a department of labour. It will be the aim of this paper to direct attention to "*Mothers*, their duties and influence."

I. *We will first inquire into their duties*;—and seek to show how onerous and responsible is the maternal position.

It is the duty of mothers specially to *train* their children. Who has so much to do with the bodily welfare of children as they? It is not easy to describe how much the health and happiness of the race are affected by the manner in which children are treated; but it is to mothers that, to a very large extent, is entrusted the physical destiny of their offspring. A tender and delicate organization is committed to their care; and they are expected to watch over it sedulously, and guard it constantly. Many of the diseases of adult life are the fruit of maternal errors; and much of the vigour we admire in manhood is the reward of a mother's care and solicitude. One mother, for instance, so tends her infant as to prevent the use of its various organs. She cannot allow the little thing to be exposed to the light and air; supposing, perhaps, that by such extreme attention she proves her affection for the child. But it either dies in infancy or grows up weak; and when the sorrow of bereavement or the expense of sickness comes, she mourns, and complains, possibly, of a hard lot, which only her own hand prepared for her. But the contrary course is not, therefore, always right; for many children are injured, not to say killed, by harsh treatment and improper exposure. Some mothers subject their children to a process of "*hardening*," which cannot be borne by any but the constitutionally strong; nor by them without risk. Such conduct is cruel; and, though it may arise from ignorance, that ignorance itself is culpable.

But care for the body is not all; mothers are entrusted also with the *mental* training of their offspring. The first part of human education is wholly

in maternal hands, mothers having more to do with forming mental habits in childhood than any other persons can have. Fathers may, by and by, produce impressions; schoolmasters will, after a while, exert an influence; nor will contact with the world be without effect; but long before any of these influences can begin to act, mothers are at work, and have the field wholly to themselves. They may do good, they may do mischief; but they are always acting on the minds of their children. None can tell the precise moment when the mind begins its activity; but, unquestionably, the period is early in life. Education may be said to begin while yet the child hangs on the breast and is dandled on the knee. Even then the look, the tone of voice, the bearing of the mother, are telling on the child's mind, as certainly as atmospheric influences act on the vegetable world. Her influence is a law of human conditions, as much as attraction and gravitation are laws of the material world. Of course the law implies duty. If we meet with a weak-minded man, we naturally ask what sort of a mother he had; as though it were taken for granted that the mother would stamp her own character on her child. Do we not, in fact, often find that the mental weakness of men is less a natural than an acquired, an induced, frailty? Is it not evident that, with other training, there would have been average capacity in many that are now feeble? Who has not observed that the children of a weak-minded, frivolous woman exhibit her characteristics? Does not a passionate, headstrong, unruly woman reproduce herself in her children? Nearly always. And probably, in the cases which most perplex us, if we had all the facts before us, we should discover the solution of our difficulties in the mental and moral habits of the mother.

She, more than any one, has to do with the character and habits of her son; to her, more than to all others, he is indebted for what he is and has. Long before he learned to think and speak he felt her influence, and her hand is always upon him. Happy are they whose mothers understand these

vocation; and, feeling its importance, set themselves to provide, as far as they can, that their children shall have sound minds in healthy bodies. Such mothers take care of their own health, and cultivate their minds, not only for their own sake, but on behalf of their offspring. They forego many personal gratifications, lay themselves under certain restrictions, and undertake laborious tasks, that they may the better perform their maternal duties. It is their ambition to secure that, when their children pass into the hands of other teachers, they shall not shame their parentage.

And have not mothers in their hands the *moral* training of children? To a large extent they have. Perhaps they have not this quite so much under their control as the other parts of very early education; for children are early brought into contact with others, and soon yield to foreign influence. Mothers cannot be the only workers here; but so great is their influence, even in this department, that eminent and good men have not been ashamed to attribute to it every success they have met with in life. On the other hand, many of the worst men, men whose life was crime, and whose death was infamy, received their earliest instructions in vice from their mothers. For moral good or ill, in fact, a mother's power is amazing. A child watches her motions, observes her temper, marks her deportment, and so takes its first lessons in moral training. If her conduct be what it should be, those lessons will be easily learnt. Nor will she fail to add positive instructions, finding it necessary, both by precept and example, to teach and train her household. One day a mother, finding her child inclined to do what she disapproved, forbade the conduct, and threatened punishment in case of disobedience. The child was tempted to disobey by the suggestion, "Your mother will not punish you." "My mother," said the boy, "never tells lies; and I will not disobey her." Here was moral training. That mother had produced an impression on her child's mind that she was not to be trifled with, that she would be obeyed; and her own love of truth was producing in her child already

the same virtue. A child so trained was not likely to forget those home-lessons. It is, in short, impossible to conceive of the influence, for good or ill, that mothers are *undesignedly* exerting. How important that they should ever be *attempting* some good, in the sphere where they move so powerfully and so constantly!

II. *It is plain that, if mothers have such work to do, they need special endowments for it.*—We may be certain that, if God calls any person to the performance of a particular duty, He will give the means of doing it. In so far as mothers' work is peculiar, they have peculiar endowments, are qualified to do what they alone can do.

They possess a peculiarly ardent and unselfish love. In all the works of God with which we are conversant, there is nothing like a mother's love. It stands alone. It is not like conjugal love, though that often is remarkably strong; but it is transferable. It is not like sisterly love, though that is most precious; for a sister's love, too, may yield, and often does yield, to a stronger passion. It is possessed only by mothers, and comes into existence with the children on whom it is lavished; and by whatever number it is shared, it is as exhaustless as the sun of its beams, or the ocean of its waters. It is not a mere feeling, though it is deep feeling; it is not mere passion, though it is an ardent passion. It is a fixed principle, which neither passes away with events nor dies out in time. On the day when a woman becomes a mother, she finds herself possessed of a feeling which will thenceforth act as regularly as her heart beats. She loves her husband none the less, probably all the more, when this new love arises; but the new object of a new love is never absent from her thoughts. Whether the beloved one ever reciprocates the affection or not, her love continues. She knows she ought to be loved by her child, hopes that she shall be loved; but she loves because she is a mother. She will be regardless of personal comfort so that she may serve her children, loving them more than herself.

Mothers possess a sort of intuitive

perception; more than others they are endowed with the art of finding out, often in an instant, the peculiarities of a child's case. It has been often matter of surprise that a mother seemed to know what a child wanted, or what had happened to it, though it had made no communication; but she has been specially endowed to that end. If her child takes a course for which others were not prepared, it is often seen that she had foreseen and provided for it. It may happen, indeed, that this faculty may remain unused, and so become practically useless; but it exists, and sometimes it shows itself in spite of many negligences.

We do not contend that this faculty is equally developed in all mothers, for some are very feeble, mentally and physically, and scarcely ever rise above the level of the mere animal. But God has provided that, if they pay attention, there is scarcely any difficulty pertaining to their children which they cannot successfully meet. A child may be in danger of unkind treatment from others, through some mental peculiarity which they do not perceive; but that can hardly be the case with a mother, for there is no mental peculiarity of her children which she has not had under her constant inspection. She is often able to direct those who undertake their education, when they pass from her immediate instruction; for, though she may not understand metaphysics, she has observed the mental habits of her offspring, and has a better acquaintance with their tendencies and capabilities than any preceptor can have. They thus know for what they are best fitted, and are able to prepare them largely for the positions they are destined to occupy.

As a mother's love does not easily fail, so her sympathy does not soon wear out, or her patience cease. It is all but impossible for her not to love, and sympathize with, her children under any circumstances; and though they may not be all she desires, she has long forbearance with them. If they are froward, she will still have compassion; if they are unfortunate, she will perseveringly hope; if they fail her in her own hour of need, she will still continue

to love. There is nothing that relates to them which is indifferent to her. She is as much interested in their success as they are, and their well-doing excites her as if it were her own. With what joy mothers tell of the prosperity of their children; how they seem to live over again in their offspring! Nobody is surprised at the glowing accounts which they give, at the praises which they lavish; for it would be strange if they saw no excellencies in their children, and did not rejoice to exhibit them. Nor do we wonder that they are so afflicted by the griefs and disappointments of their children. We expect it. The very instinct of childhood causes it to take its troubles where it is more sure to meet with sympathy. Even perverse children have frequently calculated upon maternal fondness; have rushed into folly, in the confident persuasion that their mothers' love would help them out of their difficulties. They knew that they would be the last to believe ill of them; the first to forgive it when they must believe; the readiest to screen them from evil consequences; and so they have basely taken advantage of a devoted affection, and made it the occasion of their own ruin. On the other hand, numberless children have been encouraged to persevere in the midst of difficulties by a remembrance of their mother's affectionate interest in their welfare. When they were dispirited and tempted to yield, and feared that no one cared for them, they have taken heart again as they thought, "At least mother feels for us, and wishes us well." There are sons, not a few, who think it a privilege, in manhood even to unbosom themselves to their mothers for they know that, though other friends may fail and grow weary, there is one who cannot.

"A thousand graces hourly fly,
A thousand charms untimely die;
But in maternal love we trace
The laws of each endearing grace:
And children, of that boon possess'd,
Rise and proclaim their mothers bless'd."

(To be continued.)

UNAPPROPRIATED BLESSINGS.

NO. III.—PERSONAL.

It seems never to occur to some men's minds that the great object of life is not to let life slip away; that, in fact, willingly or not, every one of us is at school, and, of design or involuntarily, is being educated, trained for something after. But it were well for us to pause and think; and ask ourselves for what and how are we being educated? It is worth while to know, because we cost a great deal; we have eaten, drunk, worn, and spent as much as would perhaps have endowed a little hospital, school, or church, and yet what are we? Men have written books; God has given us eyes and faculties to read and understand them. He gave many of us as fair a start in the race for knowledge as was given to some of the wisest of men. Then what do we know? and why do we not know more? We have just as much knowledge as we have appropriated of what were once "unappropriated blessings:" we do not know more, because we have left untouched large stores of wisdom, many intellectual blessings accessible to us: and it is of these latter we must now speak a little.

How rich we are! Our inheritance consists of the life-work, the life-thoughts of the great minds of former ages. By them we may be helped to find truth; they will adorn our minds with noble and graceful images; they will be our true and fast friends; for men's writings are less fickle and changeable than their authors themselves. Poetry, literature, will mould our character, chasten our views, multiply and refine our enjoyments, cheer us in sickness, and make solitude not only bearable, but sometimes most precious; and if we have not these blessings, the fault is our own, and the cause simple we have left them unappropriated.

It is sad that life hangs so heavily on some men; sad that for hours together their minds are unlighted at their labour by the memory of good thoughts; that the monotony of their lives, in fact, is scarcely ever broken by the contemplation of the productions with which men of noble intellect have enriched the

world. How is it that men are so destitute, when stores so boundless are at their feet? Mostly because they are indolent,—often because they are not ingenious.

Now, admitting that a man has a hard struggle for life, has few educational advantages, and many obstacles thrown in his way; yet, if he will, he may acquire knowledge despite all. Trouble will be involved in his carrying out his plans, but reward will follow. A family, it is said, once made an incredible sum of money in Mexico by a gold mine, and through the determination and ingenuity of one man. The mine was flooded, and seemed to be a thorough failure; destruction stared its owners full in the face. An irruption of water defied the engineers for some time; but all the difficulty was overcome by the expedient of one of the proprietors, a man of strong common sense and native talent. The vertical shaft was on a plateau or high ground, from which was an extensive slope into a sweeping valley. He therefore drove a horizontal shaft from the valley through the hill, hundreds of feet below the other shaft. By this means he drew off the water, and amassed an immense fortune.

The mine has been flooded for hosts besides that Mexican! treasures richer than gold might have been secured, if the baffled student had been but determined and had but exercised his ingenuity.

It is no excuse for a man's ignorance or inertness that he had difficulties,—difficulties are needful for most men's success. The lexicographers may, of course, be consulted; but, for practical purposes, a good definition of the word "difficulty" is, "that which must be overcome, and not run away from." "Those British," said Napoleon, at Waterloo, "have been beaten many a time, but they won't know it." A capital sort of ignorance that. We each have the Waterloo of our own life; and as to what shall be the result of this campaign of ours, depends upon our resolve and the treatment we give to difficulties. "Hard pounding, gentlemen," said Wellington; "but we will see who will pound the longest." Let men say the same in

their own difficulties, and they must succeed; for "the world is his who has patience."

Men, however, cannot be expected, as a rule, to be well-informed in a neighbourhood lacking good schools, literary institutions, and philanthropic teachers. Where these are found, and the advantages of mental culture have been made known, people are usually eager to secure instruction and books. Some years ago a West Indiaman had discharged its cargo in one of our docks at home. The ship was plagued with rats as never ship, the crew thought, had been plagued before. Their devastations, their noise, their odour, their destructions, had been almost beyond endurance; but there was no remedy. The captain, who was still on board, was awoken at midnight by his mate, and asked to step on deck as quietly as he could. It appeared that a fruit ship had arrived in the course of the day from the Mediterranean, and on coming alongside had passed a hawser to the West Indiaman. "Look there!" whispered the mate, pointing to the rope, which, in the darkness, seemed to be moving slowly towards the fruit ship. It was alive with rats! These, in a continuous stream, were migrating from the empty ship to the stranger, whose fragrance told the tale of its delicious freight. Before sunrise there was not a rat left on the West Indiaman; how it fared with the stranger it is needless to say.

Now, we have sometimes thought, that these rats were, after all, very much like men. They stuck to their old quarters, poor as they were, and a plague as they were to them, until they scented something better. Men, for the most part, do so too. The lord of the brute and the bird, also, when a hawser is thrown over to a fruit-laden ship, or a passage proffered to a richer continent, immediately emigrates. It becomes the duty, therefore, of good men and thoughtful to afford the means of transition from the empty ship,—the desolate scenes,—in which the ignorant and untaught famish, to the vessel richly freighted with delicious fruits that invite the palate,—the more favoured spots in which knowledge may grow and virtue may flourish.

With reference to the opportunities we have in this country for mental culture and for acquiring a liberal education, it is well to remember that the English are very rich in libraries and in old "foundations." Our grammar schools are noble institutions; and the sons of the middle and lower classes are more favoured with opportunities of obtaining a first-rate education, and by that an admission to a professional life, than most people know. In connexion with many local schools there are scholarships of various annual value at our universities; and in those ancient and noble seats of learning there are many scholarships open to the competition of comers from all ranks in life. Clever, studious lads have often gone from their cottage homes, become the successful competitors for these scholarships, have obtained other advantages open to them, and in consequence secured a good position as scholars, and have ultimately graced the professions to which they belonged.

This is a subject worthy the consideration of parents and guardians. Many fathers, whose ambition is to advance the interests of their sons, have failed because they have not known of these educational facilities. Lads who might have become eminent in science, art, or language have made nothing out in life, because their faculties were not exercised, their tastes not studied or consulted; though the means of doing so might have been found by a little diligence or self-denial on the part of parents and friends.

There are other "unappropriated blessings" which concern us closely, and about which much might be said of practical importance and interest. Just as crowds of men are wretched every day, only because they "borrow misery," so we may be sure myriads are troubled and poor,—poor in a deeper sense than needing money,—only because they will not appropriate blessings designed for them and put within their reach.

Now, doubtless, all through life, we are exposed to annoyance, to worry, care, and vexation; still, if we will, we may appropriate things that will lighten the burden, chisel off sharp corners, and make us more cheerful and contented.

than many seem to be. It is a great help in life if we are determined to see a bright light in the cloud; if, when surrounded by things calculated to annoy, we resolve to enjoy the blessings that, despite adverse circumstances, may yet be had. The things that darken the prospect are often simply self-made phantoms. The best plan of ridding ourselves of them, is to turn to REALITIES;—look at what we have, and what is actual;—then these dismal forebodings, these gloomy fears, will disappear, as night is chased away by dawn.

Contentment, for example, is one of the greatest personal blessings; but one too generally unappropriated. It may be enjoyed without interfering with that vigorous struggle for advancement that is needful in these days of hard competition.—But, some may say, the spirit that makes a man strive for a better position than the one he is in, is a spirit of modified discontent at least. How, then, do you reconcile the two things, and urge men to march forward, and yet to be content? Ah, friend, that question touches a most important point in the philosophy of life. It is well, indeed, for men to aim at progress, and be dissatisfied with present and past attainments; but it is a great mistake in many men's lives that they are so absorbed in the retrospect, bright or gloomy, of the path, and in their plans and desires for the future, that they let slip all the rich blessings of the present. They are not enjoying what they *have*,—the result and reward of past toil, or the blessings freely given by the great Giver of good. The sun does not shine on us that we may reflect on yesterday, or look into to-morrow, so much as to enable us to see the beauty and blessedness of to-day. He surely is not a wise man who does not cherish contentment with his lot, to such an extent as at least enables him to profit by its actual happier elements. It is very certain that, generally, we have many sources of pleasure, and advantages in our possession, that we do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a part of wisdom to acquaint ourselves with our own happiness and treasures.

These thoughts about contentment
 & naturally to the consideration of

those *adverse circumstances* which tend at times to interfere with it. Many struggle, and toil, and—FAIL. Many cultivate noble motives and kindly feelings towards others, and yet are thwarted and traduced in character.

It ought to be some consolation to people of this sort, to be told that there are things which have helped many like themselves, that need only to be appropriated in order to bring relief to them. To some extent, and in a certain sense, a man fails, who yet may find large old storehouses of enjoyment. He was intent, possibly, some time ago, on finding the pleasures and prosperity of life in trade, iron, steam, electricity, high pressure in business; these were the things he turned to. But the market, shop, funds, or his profession did not answer. The world said he "failed;" true, for he did so in one respect, but not entirely. And yet every man may have a wholesome enjoyment of life, despite commercial fluctuations and the changes that drive so many to insanity and suicide. The flowers bloom, and the corn grows; men can think, and read, and hope, and pray: these are the things that carry in themselves comfort for those who would despair without them; these present to all men the elements of pure satisfaction. But the man whose soul is bound up in his ledgers, or married to his troubles, fails to appreciate them; and here, in this great Temple, the offering he brings to Him who has carpeted the earth in gay and beautiful colours, and scented it with rich perfumes, here, in a world teeming with superfluous joys, the offering which *that* man brings to God for all this is wretchedness, groans, and discontent. But he is deeply in the wrong; for,—

"When we have thanked our God for every blessing sent,
 No time will then remain for murmurs or lament."

No! No! No man "fails" entirely who has life left; for *other opportunities* are "unappropriated blessings" to him; and, failing in one way, let him try in another. If he cannot succeed in a profession, let him try a trade; and if he

makes poorly out as a master, let him resolve to be a good servant.

Closely allied to contentment is another valuable, but too often, "unappropriated blessing, viz.,—a patient, good temper. With this, amid the vexations of life, we shall do well. Much of our trouble, with both friend and foe, has arisen from the fact of our leaving unappropriated this blessing.

A medical student was once under examination for his diploma. He was asked, among other questions, "Suppose a man was blown up by a steam-engine, what is the first thing you would do?" He said, "I should wait till he came down again." There was more wisdom in that reply than some may at once recognise. In life we may remember the reply with advantage; when we are "*blown up*" by men instead of steam-engines, they who do the thing, who give way to bad temper, in reality *go up*. Our wisdom, then, is to wait with patient good temper until they come down,—till their passion cools; for, really, until they are calm, we can do nothing with them. We all know the temptation to be severe and revengeful is strong, when men do us injustice or act harshly towards us. But the appropriation of the blessing of which we are now speaking will enable us to say, as did the illustrious Descartes, "that when an injury was offered to him, he seated himself so far above it, that it could not reach him."

If men who are cut by what Socrates called the "*saw of the soul*;" viz., envy, would cultivate this good temper, how much happier they would be. They would spare themselves their own tortures on beholding the success of others! The envious man, too, always admits inferiority, and puts himself on a level lower than he needs to take. Through life it is well to strive to be large-hearted, living in sympathy with all that is good, great, and kindly. Such a disposition brings inestimable comfort to our own mind, and saves us from the rasping of that "*saw of the soul*" which Socrates describes so exactly. Let us always suspect ourselves when tempted to be jealous or envious, when tempted to think evil of men, or pride

ourselves that we do so because we are better than they. For the great danger is, that we shall become jealous first, and look for the reason afterwards.

(To be continued.)

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

O FAIR sea of Galilee! oft by thy side,
Away from the temples of splendour and pride,
Away from the city's wild tumult and roar,
Our Saviour withdrew to thy calm, quiet shore.

O Galilee, Galilee! thou hast beheld
When the might of the wild wind thy billows had swell'd,
And the hearts of mariners thrilled with alarm,
How one word of His power spoke "peace" to the storm.

Beside thy bright waters, O blue Galilee!
He cried to the fishers, "Come, follow ye Me."
They heard the entreaty; nor was it in vain,—
They left their possessions and followed Him then.

On the shores of thy waters, so tranquil and clear,
The multitudes gathered His teachings to hear;
And whilst comfort He poured in each grief-troubled breast,
"Never man spake like this," they with wonder confess'd.

On thy waters, O Galilee! Jesus hath trod;
The wild waves, unyielding, acknowledged their God;
Whilst His form mid the tempest the rowers descry;
He soon quiets their fears and whispers "'Tis I."

O Galilee, Galilee! never again
Shall tread on thy billows the Saviour of men;

No more shall we hear His "Come,
follow Me"
Softly float o'er the waves of thy dark
gleaming sea.

Yet fondly the spirit will linger among
The scenes where such heart-stirring
memories throng;
Whilst rapt adoration the swelling
breast fills,
And longs to behold the blue sea of the
hills.

Yet, though on thy shores we never may
rove,
We still can adore, and worship, and
love
That Saviour who suffered and died on
the tree,
Who oftentimes wandered by Galilee's
sea. MARIE.

TEXTS ILLUSTRATED.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you."
(Luke vi. 38.)

THE Duchess of Gordon had long desired to have an Episcopal chapel and a school erected in the neighbourhood of Gordon Castle. The family estates were very much in debt, and the Duchess was determined not to encumber them any further. She looked, therefore, among her treasures, for the purpose of picking out one or more for sale. A gold vase, worth £1,200, was selected; but as the purchaser perceived that the lady really wanted the money, he refused to give more than £600 for it. This disappointment did not drive the good Duchess from her pious design. She next resolved to part with some of her jewels, and again received but £800 for what was worth £1,200. Another £100 was required still; and the Duke, her husband, determined to sacrifice something also towards this great and good object. Horses were among his chief earthly treasures, and some of these he sold to secure the required amount. It is probable that these sacrifices would never have been made public, but soon after the chapel and school were finished, an estate, worth £1,100 a year, became the property of the Gordon family. This event was either unexpected; but the Lord,

for whom the sacrifices had been made, had promised that He would not be unmindful of such "labours of love," and accordingly He abundantly repaid that which His servants had given.

W.

VOLCANIC ISLAND OF TOFUA.

THE following description of the volcanic island of Tofua is taken from Mr. West's "Ten Years in South-Central Polynesia," recently published:—"Ascending, by a steep and narrow path, from the village of Manaka, the visiter passes through patches of the most enchanting tropical vegetation, luxuriating under the cool shade of lofty forest trees. The ascent is toilsome; and, after passing upward for a considerable distance, the traveller emerges upon an expanse of open country, with little else upon it beyond a withered covering of coarse grass. Reaching at length the ridge of the land, the whole scene suddenly changes. The eye sweeps the entire circuit of the island, the centre of which is occupied by a circular lake, studded with a few small islets. The sides of the lake are most precipitous, and only admit of approach to the water at one or two points. The crater lies on the north-west part of the island. It has evidently been upheaved from the lake itself, inasmuch as it forms a promontory extending into its waters; while beyond it there is a continuation of the main ridge surrounding the whole. The space, between this outer ridge and the crater, has been partially filled up by deposits from successive eruptions; thus forming a valley of hardened lava, and loose ashes and scoria. The summit of the crater is much lower than the height of the island. So low, indeed, that the observer looks down upon it from all points, and would, but for the smoke, be able to see into the crater to some depth. The smoke was dense and murky. It curled and twisted, most singularly, about the gaping mouth of the crater for a while, and then shot up high into the air, accompanied by a dull, rushing sound. There was no appearance of flame while we were there: but huge boulders of scoria and blocks of

stone, lay scattered all over the ridge, as well as far down the smooth and shelving ground running down to the seaboard. Some of these stones were almost of fabulous size and weight. They bore silent but certain testimony to the enormous power of those Titanic forces by which they had been hurled into mid-air, to drop miles away, from the crater from whence they had been disgorged."

GOLD DUST.

DOING EVIL.—It is only a lamentable want of faith which can lead a Christian to do evil that good may come. God needs not our sin to work His own purposes.

DISTRUST OF GOD.—That thou despairest of thyself, and doubttest of thy power, does not displease me; but this displeaseth me, that thou also despairest of the power of God.

Memorials of the Departed.

Mrs. GILBERT, of Lynn, was born at Whitchurch, near Reading. She was early converted to God, and united to the Wesleyan church, of which, for half a century, she continued a devoted and most consistent member. Her principles were tried very soon after her conversion by her removal to Deene, in Northamptonshire; a place in which, at that time, the Gospel was not preached, and five miles distant from the nearest Methodist place of worship. The ardour of her devotedness to God and love to Methodist teaching overcame the difficulty. For many years she bent her steps to the village of Kingscliffe regularly every Sabbath, taking with her food for the day, that she might spend its precious hours in fellowship with the people of her choice. By diligent and thoughtful reading she obtained a good understanding of Gospel truth, and being blessed also with an aptness to teach, she became successively Sabbath-school teacher, sick visiter, and class-leader; one or other of which offices she usefully filled for a great part of her life. Her latter years were chequered with many severe trials, which she endured with intelligent, uncomplaining submission to the will of God, and with a firm faith in the Divine promises. In the month of February, 1864, her constitution, always weak, was assailed by an illness which proved to be the harbinger of death. Throughout the remaining months of life her spirit was undisturbed by anxiety, though she felt all the yearnings of a mother's heart. She had been accustomed dur-

ing an active life to care for the poor and needy, and by a most praiseworthy economy at home had often in her necessity relieved others. This Christ-like benevolence found employment on her dying bed; and one of her last acts was to make clothing for ill-provided children. When it became evident that her work was done, she awaited the end with a calm, firm trust in her Redeemer. The presence of Christ, which had cheered her through so many stages of her pilgrimage, was not wanting when she came to the dark valley. For a few days her faith was tried by the absence of joyous feeling; but the clouds soon disappeared, and she spoke joyously of the all-sufficiency of Christ, saying, "I have plenty of sins; but I have a great Saviour;"—"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." Once she said something which was not quite audible, and on being asked what it was, replied, "Mighty answers through the Spirit;" intimating, probably, some special consolations in answer to prayer. She calmly looked forward to the great change, and arranged for her own funeral. When told that she would soon be in heaven, she replied, "What a mercy." These were her last words, and she slept in Jesus, on Tuesday, the 4th day of April, 1865.

J. SMITH.

DIED, at Mutford, in the Lowestoft Circuit, in his sixty-eighth year, Mr. WILLIAM KNEE, for more than forty years a

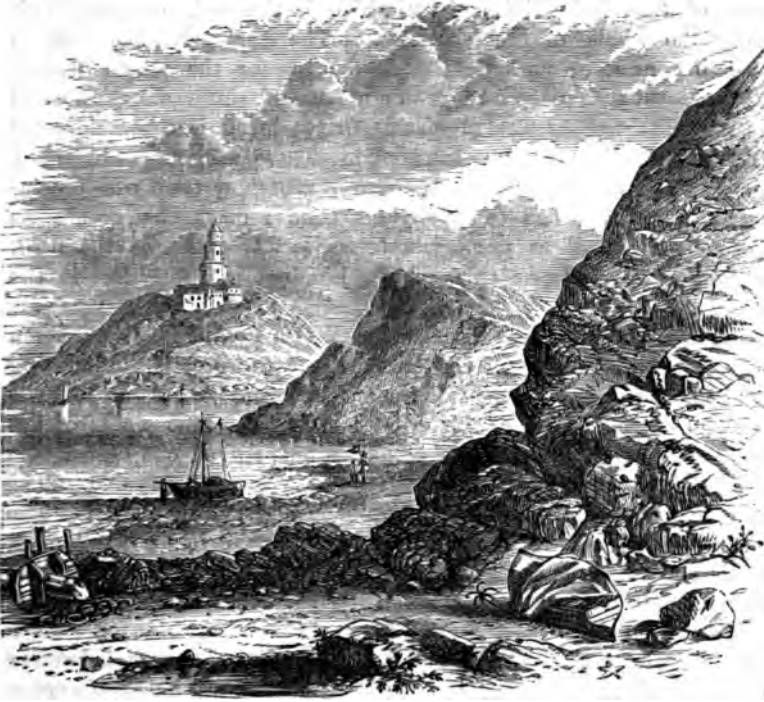
consistent member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society, and for more than twenty-seven years a class-leader at North Cove. The deceased was born at Framlingham, September 11th, 1797, and was the son of William and Maria Keer, for many years pious, consistent members of the Methodist Society. He was by them early instructed in the way of salvation, and from a child knew the Holy Scriptures. His first religious impressions were received through the Divine blessing on his mother's teaching, and especially by her reading to him, in his childhood, Janeway's "Token for Children." He early gave his heart to God, and united himself to His people, joining the Methodist Society, of which he continued a member until his death. In 1826 he married Miss Hannah Brown, and settled at Mutford; meeting in class with Mr. Charles Huke, whom he succeeded in the year 1838, in the important office of class-leader. During the whole of his domestic life, until the morning of its close, he was careful in observing the duty of family worship, by reading the sacred Scriptures and by prayer; and he thus endeavoured to order his household in the way of the Lord. He was diligent and attentive in the duties of the class, sincerely and intelligently attached to Wesleyan Methodism and its Scriptural doctrines, and was ready to say, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." His house was, for many years, a home

for the Methodist preachers in their journeys into the country; and he greatly esteemed the privilege of their society. For several years before his death he experienced severe domestic affliction and trials, which ultimately brought on great debility. It was manifest, for some months previous to his departure, that he could not continue long. But his affliction, though at times distressing, was borne with patience and resignation to the Divine will, showing that he possessed a well-grounded hope of immortality and eternal life, through faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ. His consciousness continued to the last, and he rejoiced in the prospect of future glory. For him to live, was to glorify Christ; but to die was gain. He greatly loved the literature, and especially the hymns of the Wesleyan Methodists; portions of which, with passages of Scripture, he often repeated in his affliction. He exchanged mortality for eternal life,—the earthly for the heavenly Sabbath,—June 11th, 1865, respected and beloved by a large circle of friends. His remains were followed to the tomb in Mutford churchyard by many of the members of the Society; and a funeral sermon was preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, North Cove, on Sunday, June 25th, by the Rev. John Locke, from Psalm xvi. 11: "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bagley, Ann,	St. Helen's,	St. Helen's & Prescot,	52	Jan. 11th, 1866.
Baker, Mr. James,	Ringwood,	Christchurch,	79	Dec. 2d, 1865.
Glover, James,	Cronton,	St. Helen's & Prescot,	77	Dec. 20th, 1865.
Newham, Emily,	Howden,	Howden,	15	Nov. 5th, 1865.
Newham, Joseph,	Howden,	Howden,	46	Jan. 6th, 1866.
Saunders, Miss Isabel,	Hubborne,	Christchurch,	18	Dec. 24th, 1865.
Thompson, Mrs. A.,	Louth,	Louth,	49	Dec. 28th, 1865.



(The Mumbles.)

THE MUMBLES LIGHTHOUSE.

THE county of Glamorgan derives its name from Morgan, a chieftain, said to be a descendant of Caradoc ap Brân, the Caractacus of the Roman historians, who possessed this territory after the departure of the Romans. The name originally was Morganwg (Morgan's country), or Gwlad Morgan, whence by corruption Glamorgan. This designation extended at first to Monmouthshire; (which was included in the territories of Morgan;) but, as the princes who held the district in after-times were gradually dispossessed of their territories by the invasion of the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans, the limits of Morganwg were contracted; till of late years, that part of Monmouthshire which is west of the Usk was popularly considered by the inhabitants of the eastern part to be in Morganwg.

Glamorganshire is covered with mountains, the principal range extending, east and west, through Brecknockshire and Carmarthenshire. The centre of the county is occupied by a group of mountains branching off in every direction except the north. None of these hills, however, attain any great elevation; the highest of them, Llangainor, being scarcely two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Abundant coal-measures are found in this county, and are a chief

cause of that industrial activity which it shares in common with nearly the whole of South Wales. The geologist finds coal, in many instances, at no considerable depth; for the whole county is intersected with deep valleys in a north and south direction; and the miner, taking advantage of this, drives levels into the adjacent hills, and obtains ironstone and coal. There are, however, many mines in valleys and low places. Near Swansea, a town whose commercial prosperity has of late years been remarkable, occurs an enormous "fault," as geologists term it. It traverses the field, effecting a rise, on one side, of two hundred and forty feet in the strata.

Swansea Bay has been termed the Welsh Bay of Naples. From the rocks in the vicinity of Oystermouth the prospect is exhilarating and beautiful. On the one side the spectator has just below him the Bristol Channel, which here merges itself in the blue water of the Atlantic; and on the other is seen the bay, spread out like a vast and placid lake, and dotted with the white sails of shipping. The eastern shore is bounded by mountainous and sylvan scenery. The anchorage inside the range of cliffs affords, except in an east wind, a secure roadstead for ships; of which, in stormy weather, there are often several hundreds lying here. "Inside the Mumbles," after a long and doubtful conflict, carried far into the night, between a fierce gale, aided by a flowing tide, and a small steamer, heavily laden and hampered with quantities of merchandize on deck, was a welcome cry to the writer on his first visit to this locality. So soon in safety from the pitiless blast; so completely sheltered from the surging waves close at hand! So may you and I, dear reader, escaping from the rude tossings of life, find, in our appointed time, that other haven—that eternal "rest" which we seek:—

"No halsers need to bind the vessels there,
Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear."

The peninsula which forms the western extremity of the county of Glamorgan, is called Gower; in Welsh, *Gwyr*. The circumference of this district is about fifty miles. The first English or Norman conqueror of this lordship was Henry de Newburgh, Earl of Warwick; who, in the reign of Henry I., defeated and gradually drove out the sons of Caradoc ap Jestyn, the Welsh possessors of Gower. To secure his conquest, he built the castles of Swansea, Loughor, Llanridian, &c. He is represented, like most feudal barons, as ruling with an iron hand. A few years after this conquest (1108), the peninsula was settled by a colony of Flemings, who had been obliged to emigrate in consequence of a disastrous encroachment of the sea in the Low Countries. They first landed on the southern coast of England; but, on account of their lawless conduct, Henry I. drove them into South Wales, where they fixed themselves principally in Gower, and became peaceful subjects. They afterwards mixed with

THOUGHTS ON THE LOSS OF THE "LONDON" STEAMSHIP. 99

the English, preserving their native manners and industry, but were often involved in disputes with the Welsh, resembling the ancient Border warfare in the North. Gower had distinct privileges, and was separate from Glamorgan till the reign of Henry VIII., when, by Act of Parliament, it was annexed to that county.

The coast scenery of the western side of the peninsula is of singular beauty. The Mumbles Lighthouse is placed on the more seaward of two rocky islands, by which Swansea Bay is terminated on the west. A rate is levied in support of it on all ships passing up or down the Bristol Channel. Below the lighthouse an immense cavern, called "Bob's Cove," may be seen at low water. Not far distant are several bays, remarkably wild and romantic, which abundantly repay a visit from the lovers of the picturesque. X.

THOUGHTS ON THE LOSS OF THE "LONDON" STEAMSHIP.*

God speaks to us in many ways. He has revealed Himself in His book, telling us in tones, now loud as the trumpet from Sinai, and again gentle and persuasive, of ourselves and of Himself,—of our duties, and privileges, and hopes. His voice is to be heard also in conscience: His whisper makes the stoutest at times tremble, and say, as did the Israelites of old, "Let not God speak with us, lest we die." It is uttered throughout nature, in the alternations of day and night, in the changes of the seasons, in the quickening of vegetation, in its corruption and decay, in the destruction and renewal of animal life, and especially in the government of man. And when people and nations will not give heed to the ordinary tones of God's providence, His warnings wax louder, until they are compelled to listen. From his earliest youth, God spoke to Belshazzar, in the sufferings and life of Nebuchadnezzar, and the young king's profligacy and wickedness were rebuked; but he heeded not till God warned him for the last time,—in letters written with fiery fingers upon the walls of his banqueting room,—a warning which was the herald of a sudden death.

Though God is addressing us in so many ways continually, and His voice is loud, we often do not hear it; partly, because we will not; partly, because we are so accustomed to it. Persons that have long lived near a railway are not roused from their slumbers by the din, and screech, and rumbling of the passing trains, with which they are so familiar. So, because we are familiar with God's voice, we do not regard it; and, therefore, He is sometimes compelled to speak out of the common way. He has done so of late: in winds and storms around our

* This vessel foundered in the Bay of Biscay, on her voyage to Australia, January 11th, 1866.

100 THOUGHTS ON THE LOSS OF THE "LONDON" STEAMSHIP.

coasts, in the horrors of shipwreck, in the cry of drowning hundreds, and the tears of bereaved thousands. On the first day of the New Year, when we were exchanging wishes for each other's happiness, there sailed from the Nore the ship "London." But her voyage was one of almost unbroken disaster. The vessel had to shelter from a storm in the English Channel: off Plymouth a pilot was lost in trying to board her. Pursuing her course, sails were rent, spars washed overboard, and boats stove; until an attempt was at length made, a few days after leaving Plymouth, to put the ship about for home. Then came the crowning disaster. In almost the dead of night a "mountain of water" burst upon the main hatchway and upon the sky-light over the engine-room; and, in spite of all exertions, in a few minutes the water had risen above the furnaces, the fires were put out, and, the engines being stopped, the ship lay helpless upon the waves. Further particulars of the story are scarcely needed here; for our readers will never forget what has been told, far and wide, of the announcement of extinguished hope by the captain; the fortitude of those who felt they were on the verge of death; the noble conduct of one of Heaven's ambassadors,* who then pleaded with perishing men to be reconciled to God, and interceded with God for men; the departure of the few who were saved, and the burial of the rest in the mighty waters.

In Job's time God's providence was misread by some; and so it still is. Too often, even by devout persons, the Most High seems to be put out of His own empire. A solitary miner is rescued from imminent deadly peril, arched over and preserved in the midst of falling stones and rocks in a pit, which destroy scores of others. "God's providence," we say, was over that man: but was there no such care for those that perished? A brother, surrounded by disease and danger, enjoys long years of vigorous health, and in this God's "providence" is properly recognized. But is there no watchful eye over that invalid sister, who, for the same number of years has been confined to a couch of suffering? Very noticeable is God's interposition in the salvation of nineteen from the wreck of the "London," and in preventing the sailing of some others, who in vain sought a passage in the same ship. But was the eye of God not upon Mr. Draper, who was drowned, and over all those two hundred and twenty who were lost with him? God works through human failure, as well as through human success. As it was His hand on the stout rowers and skilful steersman that saved the survivors, so it was His hand that ruled the floods, and through the fury of the storm controlled the destiny of the rest. Nothing takes place without His permission or appointment. Unsearchable are His ways. "Clouds and darkness are round about Him." Often are we

* The Rev. Daniel J. Draper, Wesleyan Minister, who, with his excellent wife, had a watery grave on this sad occasion.

compelled to ask, "Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper?" Why does Dives roll in wealth and fine linen, whilst Lazarus pines and dies in rags? Why must Moses, the man of God, live long in exile, whilst Pharaoh sits upon a throne? Why should Abel die, and Cain live? Why, when "two women" are "grinding at the mill," is "one taken and the other left?" We cannot tell. But this we know,—that "in Him we live, and move, and have our being;" that "He hath prepared His throne in the heavens, and His kingdom ruleth over all;" and that the falling sparrow, as well as the living one, is within the range of His oversight.

How worthless is everything except religion in the prospect of death! "A thousand guineas," cried a young lady, it is said, to the survivors, as their boat left the wreck,—"a thousand guineas, if you will take me;" but what were such offers at such a moment? "Millions of money," cried Queen Elizabeth, it is reported;—"millions of money for an inch of time." But not all the wealth of the Indies, nor all the honours of an empire, can bribe off death, or buy back life. What folly, then, for men to spend all their strength for this world, and to neglect the future; we find them toiling early and late, "eating the bread of carefulness," giving their first thoughts, and best efforts to win money, honour, and pleasure. Obtain wealth, if you can, but only after you have made sure of saving your soul. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

We have heard much of the calmness displayed by those on board the ill-fated ship. Perhaps this arose, in some cases, from the natural fortitude of the English character; perhaps, in others, it was the calmness of despair; probably, in many, it was the result of long-continued sickness and fatigue. But we cannot fail to observe how eagerly were sought the supports of religion. Bibles that had been neglected were fetched out and anxiously read; the instructions of the man of God were most welcome; and many came, saying, "Mr. Draper, pray for me." Ah! when men have to face death they want to come into contact with real religion. What, then, are fine music, an elaborate ritual, the pomp of religious ceremonies? In the chamber of the dying these are "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." In health, indeed, many persons seem to prefer them to simple and unadorned Christianity. They seek some fashionable place of worship, but the plain way of the godly is neglected. Some of those on board the "London" would, a few days before her departure, have had no wish, perhaps, to hear Mr. Draper preach; but now they were glad of his fellowship in danger and death. Godly people are often little thought of by their wealthier neighbours whilst all is well; but who are more welcome than they when people feel that they are appointed to die? They who never attended a prayer-meeting whilst in health, would fain have unbroken prayers offered at their bedside when they are on the verge of an eternal world.

For the last forty-eight hours, Mr. Draper, we are told, was incessant in his ministrations; praying with all who sought his aid, reading with them from God's holy word, exhorting them to repentance and faith in Christ, and exclaiming, as he walked amongst them, "O God, convert them; convert them by hundreds." Often had he sung those joyous lines,—

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

And so it really fell out to him. "Faithful unto death" in his work, he doubtless took to heaven with him some who are jewels in his everlasting crown of rejoicing. Whilst plucking immortal souls from a deeper peril than that of the yawning seas, he passed suddenly from his labour to his reward, exclaiming, as he entered the presence of his Lord, "Behold, I, and the children which Thou hast given me." Enjoying a "peace that passeth understanding," he had the fulfilment of the promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." With the eye of faith he saw a heaven awaiting him; and with the ear of faith he caught, amidst the storm, the music of the skies. Thus he departed, as a minister of God should, doing his Master's work to the last, and "being dead, yet speaketh." His voice, with the voices of two hundred and twenty others, cries to us from the great deep sea, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

B.

THE LIGHT OF THE CITY.

It is Sunday night; the evening service is ended; the congregation to which I have ministered has dispersed; and, shaking hands with the good class-leader, I turn my steps homeward. Here, in the country, prevails a pleasant stillness, unknown to the streets of the crowded city. A few stars only appear now and then; and the moon—the Preacher's friend—has not yet arisen. In the fields the cattle are sleeping quietly; and in the lanes there is not a creature moving. The day's work is over, and the hallowed influences of the sanctuary still hover round my heart. How favourable is this time for meditation! My eyes turn, as I walk, to a light which

shines in one part of the darkened heavens. It is a sight which awakens no surprise or alarm; for I know that six miles away lies a large city, and that yonder light is the reflection of its thousand lamps. How the eyes love light! Think of what I may, as I walk, my eye will wander upward to that brightness in the sky. It has reminded me of heaven; and the dulness of this weary walk will be beguiled by thoughts of the heavenly Jerusalem, the "city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God." That city is radiant with a brightness such as earth knows not; for it hath "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." And thrice

happy is the thought that, wanderer upon earth as I am, I know myself to be a citizen of such a home; and, in the darkness of this weary life-journey, I am cheered by that blessed *hope*, of which that light in the sky has reminded me.

Yonder light is *distant*.—There is the city; but so far away, that I cannot see its buildings, nor hear the tramping of footsteps in its streets, the sound of the voices of its inhabitants, nor the songs which, perhaps, even now are rising from its sanctuaries. It is miles away; and it is only the far-off reflection of its light that I see. Even while I have thought this, a rut in the way-side has admonished me that I must take heed to the path; and the roughness of this road offers a contrast to the smooth pavements yonder.

And so heaven is distant. We have a hope, an anticipation; but the reality is yet unpossessed. We are in the earthly wilderness yet, although blessed with the light of God's promises. How often have I been ready to envy grey-headed saints, whom I have known to be dwelling in the "Beulah land," which is close by the "narrow sea!" How short a distance lies between them and the city! A few more weeks or months, or years at the very longest, and they shall hear the call, "Come up hither." How happy to be on the border of home! But to me it often seems a long way off:—

"O God, to Thy bright mercy-seat the way is far!"

How many years of journeyings; how many mountains of difficulty; how many long, weary miles of the narrow way, between this and my "rest!" And those pitfalls into which others have fallen; those snares which have been laid by the cunning adversary; those conflicts which must be passed, ere the gate

of the city is reached,—often has my heart sunk within me at the thought of these things. Shall I conquer these active and powerful foes? Shall I escape those dangers, and, enduring to the end, receive the crown of life? God has given me hope; yet it is sometimes put to severe tests:—

"Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above."

The light of the city is *cheering*.—But for it, how gloomy would be this solitary walk! The sun has departed, and left the world to darkness; the moon is absent, and dense clouds obscure the stars; but *that* light still shines. The miles would appear longer, and the way more weary, were it not for its cheerful play above me. Nor has this happened once or twice only; but in many a dreary walk, on many a gloomy night, it has thus cheered my path.

And how shall be told the comfort, the calmness, the joy which thy light has given, thrice blessed hope of heaven? How many of God's saints, in this night of weeping, when overhead there have been clouds, and all around storms and darkness, have been made joyful by the hope which grace has inspired! Many a tempted one, battling with a fierce Apollyon in the valley of the Shadow of Death, has been defended and made victorious by the word and promise. Often has the believer, in the midst of some mysterious providence, when the way has been perplexed, and God's counsels hidden in the thick darkness, been cheered by the thought that all will be cleared up in heaven; that what is unknown now will be known hereafter. How many a troubled one has been made to rejoice amid deepening sorrows by the thought, "The night is

brief; the morning is at hand; and there shall be no night there!" True, heaven is distant; but the light of its glory shines far down into this vale of tears.

And the light at which I have been looking is *suggestive*.—Were there no city below, there would be no brightness on the clouds above. There shines the light; but what a world is beneath it! There are streets, and houses, and sanctuaries, where God is worshipped, and places where the spirit of evil prevails. There are rich and poor men, the glad-hearted and the woe-stricken; men who are living for God, and others who are rebelling against Him. The light suggests the city, and the city the multifarious forms of good and evil within it. So *hope* suggests the heaven but for which it could have no existence. Is it a faint, but cheering, reflection of heaven's radiance, shining, not in the skies *above* the city, but on the dark world below it? Then let it call away our thoughts for a moment to heaven itself. Happy, thrice happy, its favoured inhabitants! No sufferer there complains, "I am sick;" no heart crushed with sorrow, or eyes pouring forth bitter tears, are there. There are no painful bereavements, and no cruel death. Blessed be God, there will be no bitterness mingled with the waters of the river of life, nor any tolling bell to declare a soul departed; nor any mournful funeral procession to darken the shining streets, nor wail of anguish to mingle with the shouts of everlasting joy: for God Himself shall dwell there. No cloud of ignorance, or heavy despondency, or blank despair; for the curse shall be done away, "and God shall wipe away all tears." O city of the Lord! happy are thy inhabitants, who on earth "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Happy are

those thy citizens, who stand within thee, and continually behold the face of thy King. And happy for ever are they; for "the sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."

"O house of many mansions!

O paradise of joy!

Where tears are ever banish'd,

And smiles have no alloy!

Thine ageless walls are bounded

With amethyst unpriced;

Thy saints build up its fabric,

And the corner-stone is Christ."

Hanham.

I. E. P.

"ONE THING I DO."

PAUL never said but once, "Who art Thou, Lord?" He never said but once, "What wilt Thou have me do?" As soon as it pleased the Father to reveal His Son in the soul of Paul, and the feet of the new convert were fixed on the Rock of Ages, he disentangled his mind for ever from the elements or rudiments that typified and foreshadowed Christ: having found Christ Himself, he broke away from the shadows, as a man who emerges from the gloom of a dungeon into broad day; and he never returned to those "beggarly elements," as did some of his brethren. Have you never admired the clear and decisive style of Paul's experimental writings? Christ stands out from them, evidently, as the sun in the heavens. Everything else is thrown into the background,—types, carnal ordinances, controversies, traditions, and the wisdom and philosophy of the world; their unsubstantial nature is laid bare, their luminous appearance is seen to be borrowed; the wandering eye is directed to Jesus, and, looking to Him alone, the doubtful, hesitating step of the pilgrim is reassured, and he goes on his way

rejoicing. Mark the confidence of his personal feelings when he finds occasion to impart them to us. "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." This is the language of a man who has laid aside for ever the doubt of his acceptance with God; the doubt of Christ's ability to save to the uttermost, the doubt of his Master's constant presence and guiding Spirit. By whatever means Paul had arrived to certainty on these three subjects, he never permitted any reasoning, or any knowledge subsequently acquired, to shake that certainty. Doubts on other matters, arising in the progress of his ministry, he would discuss in their proper time, but those which had once been disposed of, were forgotten for ever.

What a melancholy religion is theirs who are ever contending with old doubts. It is as if they were always asking, "Who art Thou, Lord?" For, after the Lord has showed them His hands and His side, to assure their hearts that He is the very Sacrifice that has borne their sins; after they have seen Him with the eye of faith; after they have looked upon, and their hands have handled of the Word of Life,—they seem unable to let this matter rest as an established, immutable fact. A conversation with an unbeliever, the perusal of a book, the pressure of a besetting sin, disturbs their assurance; and they go over the old ground, "Who art Thou, Lord? Art Thou my very Saviour? Tell me again my peace is made. Tell me in clearer tones, and with shining evidence, that Thou art mine." And the tones become once more audible, the still, small voice of heavenly love, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? I have engraved thee on the palms of My hand." Ah! that was so expressly, so dis-

tinctly spoken, they can never doubt again. O that they could always feel as they do now! But, my brethren, it is not given to us to feel at all times alike; so, when their feelings change, their doubts recur, and the old conflict begins again. Whereas, having obtained faith in Jesus, the faith that justifies them, and by which they are adopted into the family of God,—a transaction, let me say, that rests upon the oath, the covenant oath, of Him who cannot lie,—they ought to give all diligence to add to their faith courage to confess it, to avow it to themselves, and to their brethren. A bold utterance of our trust in Jesus is an excellent remedy for unbelieving fears. To this boldness of confessing Christ they should add knowledge: they should go on to know the Lord. A growing knowledge of Christ will multiply instances of His faithfulness, and make the believer acquainted with the diversity of His manifestations to the heart, and with the inherent sweetness and loveliness of His Person. Knowledge will thus fortify both faith and courage. And then, lest knowledge should puff up, there should follow temperance, self-discipline, meek endurance under adverse circumstances; and, to all these, there should be added a habit of fervent piety to God, and charity to men.

Such is the masterly discrimination of the degrees of a Christian's progress given us by St. Peter in his second Epistle. "He that lacketh these things," saith this Apostle—that is, he that stops with his first faith, adding nothing to it—"is blind;" he grows blind; he "cannot see afar off" into those things that are before, "and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins;" he fails to realize his forgiveness as a fact; he dwells upon debatable ground, is never happy, and sometimes draws back unto perdition. "Let us there-

fore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should come short of it," by failing to hold the beginning of his confidence firm unto the end.*

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

In the year 1820, Etienne de Grellet, a French *émigré*, being convinced of the errors of Popery in America, joined the Society of Friends, became an accepted minister, and was on a journey of religious service in Europe. A considerable number of persons, all strangers to Grellet, met him at Pasteur de Malleyer's, in Geneva. After some instructive conversation of a general nature, Grellet addressed the company assembled in a very edifying manner. Whilst he was speaking, a gentleman, who was but slightly known to the family, and had never before attended the little meetings occasionally held at their house, entered the room, and took his seat by the door, without interrupting the stillness, and, it was thought, unobserved by the speaker. For a while there was no change in the tenor of his discourse; but, towards the conclusion, he was led to address himself, with increased solemnity, to an individual then present, whom he described as being in great danger of committing suicide. After a solemn warning against the fearful sin, and its awful consequences,—the forgiving mercy of God, the bountiful provisions, entreaties, and promises of the Gospel of Christ, and the all-sufficiency of the help of the Holy Spirit, even for the most sinful, were dwelt upon in such a manner, that all present were deeply affected; though wondering why, at that time, they should have been thus specially

addressed. But, from that period, it was remarked that the gentleman, who had unexpectedly come into the room while M. de Grellet was speaking, became a serious character, and that he frequently attended the evening services, which continued to be held by the little company of pious persons with whom he had mingled. It was not, however, till many years after, that the person in question informed Pasteur de Malleyer that, on the evening of the meeting alluded to, he had left his own house, under the pressure of great trial, with the full determination to throw himself into the lake—the beautiful Lake of Geneva—close by. On his way to it an involuntary impulse led him to take a less direct course, which brought him to the house of the Pasteur. He entered it, he scarcely knew why; and, through the Divine blessing, his doing so became the means of his temporal and eternal deliverance.

Our own Christian poet, William Cowper, it will be remembered, was in a wondrous way preserved from suicide.

THE INTEREST OF ANGELS IN MAN'S REDEMPTION.

ANGELS take a lively interest in the affairs of our world, as the Scriptures show, and as Jacob saw in his vision; for what else means that ladder where they appeared to his dreaming eye ascending and descending between earth and heaven! To the care of John our dying Lord committed his mother; but God, when He sent His Son into the world, committed Him to their care,—“He hath given His angels charge over Thee, that Thou dash not Thy foot against a stone.” The care which their Head enjoyed is extended to all the members. How happy are the people that are in such a case! Think

* From Sermons by the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A.

of the poor saint who has none to wait on him, or the pious domestic who serves a table, and humbly waits on others, having angels to wait on her. Are they not said in Scripture to be "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—however the world may despise them, "this honour have all His saints." However lowly their earthly state, the saints are a kingly race; and as our highest nobles deem it an honour to wait on the princes of the blood, accepting and soliciting offices at court, the angels are happy to serve such as, through their union with His incarnate Son, stand nearer the throne of God than themselves. Unseen by him, these celestials guard the good man's bed; watch his progress; wait on his person; guide his steps; and ward off many a blow the devil aims at his head and heart. They are the nurses of Christ's babes; the tutors and teachers of His children. A belief in guardian saints is a silly Popish superstition; but we have good authority in Scripture for believing that in this our state of pupillage and probation, along all the way to Zion, in the conflicts with temptation, and amid the thick of battle, God commits His saints to angels' care; and that, as it is in their loving arms that the soul of an aged saint is borne away to glory, every child of God has its own celestial guardian, and sleeps in its little cradle beneath the feathers of an angel's wing. What said our Lord? On setting a child before the people as a pattern for them to copy, "Take heed," He said, "that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven."

But whether we are, or are not, the happier for angels, there is no question that they are the happier

for us. They always loved God; but since man's redemption they love Him more, and employ higher strains and loftier raptures to praise His wisdom, power, holiness, justice, and love. It has disclosed to them new views of God, and opened up in heaven new springs of pleasure. Heaven has grown more heavenly, and though they might have deemed it impossible to add one drop to their happiness, they are holier and happier angels. There is joy among the angels of heaven over every sinner that repenteth; and to the joyful cry, "My son that was dead, is alive again," they respond, as they receive the returned penitent from the Father's arms into their own, "My brother that was dead, is alive again; that was lost, is found!" Never from surf-beaten shore or rocky headland do spectators watch with such anxious interest the lifeboat as, now seen and now lost, now breasting the waves and now hurled back on the foaming crest of a giant billow, she makes for the wreck, as they watch those who, with the Bible in their hearts and hands, go forth to save the lost. And when the poor perishing sinner throws himself into Jesus' arms, what gratulations among these happy spirits! "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons." The event is one which I can fancy was in the prophet's eye when, fired with rapture, he cried, "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified Himself in Israel!" And the heavens do sing. While the saints, descending from their thrones, cast their sparkling crowns at Jesus' feet, and ten times ten thousand harps sound, and ten times ten thousand angels sing,

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—*The Angels' Song: by Dr. Guthrie.*

ANECDOTE OF A LATE NOBLEMAN.

It is a deeply interesting fact that Lord —, an eminent statesman, the day before he died, wrote instructions to a publisher to print for him some copies of the following leaflet, which was drawn up by his Lordship:—

"DEATH MAY BE NEAR.

"READER, whoever thou art, it may be soon,—very, very soon. 'The clouds of the valley shall cover thee,' and 'the worm shall feed sweetly on thee.' 'Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.' (Job xiv. 1, 2.) On the day when thy poor body shall be cold and motionless, the sun will shine as brightly, the birds will sing as gaily, men will pursue their different objects with as much earnestness, as when thou wast full of health, and youth, and spirits. Few—very few—will ever think of thee; and, even from the minds of these few, soon wilt thou pass away, and be forgotten.

"Reader, after death is the judgment! Thou must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. And yet, perhaps, thou hast, to this moment, lived as careless about thy soul as if thou hadst none. It may be thou hast gone on, day after day, week after week, month after month,—yea, perhaps, year after year,—as unconcerned about its eternal state as if hell were a tale, and eternity a trifle. Death may be near at hand: how near thou knowest not. It might be this hour,—this moment;

but, should it be this moment, where would thy soul be?

"Thou canst not serve God and Mammon. In vain dost thou profess to serve God if thou art doing nothing for Him. Art thou, like Jesus, going about doing good? Dost thou visit the sick, pity the poor? and art thou seeking the salvation of all around thee?"

These words, uttered as it were from the brink of the tomb, must surely fall with deep solemnity on every ear. He who uttered them now knows that religion was not a mere empty sound, but a grand and glorious reality; and has proved the truth of the Scripture, "It shall be well with them that fear God." It is common in these days to fritter away the grand realities of religion. Ritualism and Rationalism—two great evils at work in England—are turning the great things of God's law into a mere ceremony, or a shadow; but now, when "the love of many waxeth cold," let us ask for "the old paths," and grace to walk therein. T.

SHORT REFLECTIONS ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

NO. I.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." (Gen. i. 1.)

THIS is the opening statement of Divine revelation; the first word of God to man: and to all that follows this is the fitting introduction. Before all things were, God was. Whatever is, is by His will and His word. He created all things in their substance, gave them their respective properties, and fixed the laws according to which Himself would act upon them, and by them. Whatever we see is from God; all the operations of nature, all its forms of existence, are His work. Everything, therefore, ought to remind us of Him; and our admiration should extend to Him.

We should walk by faith, even in reference to the things that we see. Whether they suggest the ideas of power, wisdom, goodness, or any other spiritual perfection, in Him they reside, not in them. All His works praise Him; but His saints are to bless Him. This is the ground on which rests the duty of adoring worship. "These are His, and He made it: and His hands formed the dry land:... the strength of the hills is His also." "O come, let us worship, and fall down; and kneel before the Lord our Maker." Heathenism peopled nature with numberless gods. The light of revelation has made them all disappear; but there is an unbelieving forgetfulness which, disdaining heathenism, lives in real atheism. True faith acknowledges everywhere a living, infinite Presence; and it is our duty to cherish a devoutly grateful sense of it.

"Let all that breathe Jehovah praise,
Almighty, all-creating Lord!
Let earth and heaven His power confess,
Brought out of nothing by His word."

CHRISTIAN CONSECRATION.

A MAN's Christian life is regulated by the completeness and earnestness of his consecration to God. The placing himself in God's hands is the measure of his faith. Underneath the joys and the "afflictions" of the Christian life, lies what determines both of them—how much or how little is consecrated to God.

If so, dear reader, you and I may easily get a knowledge of our present state by asking, what is there of mine in God's hands? An answer to this question, sincerely put, will soon be forthcoming. For God's Spirit quickly makes us conscious of our relation to Him, whether intimate or distant; and He will assist us in answering an inquiry which so deeply concerns the purposes of that relation. I gave myself to His service

when I became a Christian. I am in that service now. I am happily conscious that I am God's. But is there not a step further? Is there not another question? Am I conscious of having committed my body, soul, spirit, time, talents, money, influence, all into His hands. There is a difference between the consciousness of having given up oneself, when starting the Christian course, and that matured, perfected, and all-embracing covenant which an earnest soul is sure to come to when seeking "a closer walk with God." This is not a slighting, depreciating estimate of the first consecration, but a more vigorous observance of it; not regarding it as a thing done in the past, and done with, but a more perfect development of it; not the same indefinite and general dedication, but the thoughtful, searching, self-recrimination that a soul feels when seeking a fuller communion with God, a richer experience, and a more vigorous life. The reader, perhaps, remembers how relieved of that long-lived anxiety he was, when he made a consecration more consonant with his increased Christian knowledge.

He remembers that calmness of soul when his will was surrendered; that indescribable peacefulness when the future, in all its aspects, was laid at God's disposal; the firmer grasp and deeper hold his faith took when he shook off the trammels of feeling and self; the activity and desire for work, pleasant and healthful to his soul, when he laid all his powers for every moment at God's service. He then felt as though heaven and earth were very near each other, and that death seemed to be only the more intimate uniting of his soul to God. He then constantly referred all things, thoughts, words, plans, and deeds, to the wise Counsellor within, to whom he was no stranger. O, how sweet the implicit trust, the peaceful an-

surance, the growing enjoyment that sprang from the simple, yet entire, rendering up of himself to God through Christ, under the influence of the blessed Spirit!

Has there been a time, my dear reader, when that experience was *yours*? Is it so with you *now*? Or is it only to be in the future? Think over this question, and answer it to yourself.

A.

RULES FOR DAILY CONDUCT.

THE following interesting document, written during his residence at Emanuel College, was found among the papers of the late Rev. William Law, M.A.

The name of William Law was entered as a Sizar of Emanuel College on June 7th, 1705. He was admitted to the degree of B.A. in 1708, elected a Fellow of his College in 1711, and created M.A. in 1712. In the year 1716 he vacated his Fellowship, and left the University.

RULES FOR MY FUTURE CONDUCT.

1. To fix it deep in my mind that I have but one business upon my hands, to seek for eternal happiness by doing the will of God.

2. To examine everything that relates to me in this view, as it serves or obstructs this only end of life.

3. To think nothing great or desirable because the world thinks it so; but to form all my judgments of things from the infallible Word of God, and to direct my life according to it.

4. To avoid all concerns with the world, or the ways of it, but where religion and charity oblige me to act.

5. To remember frequently, and impress it on my mind deeply, that no condition of this life is for enjoyment, but for trial; and that every power, ability, or advantage we have, are all so many talents to be

accounted for to the Judge of all the world.

6. That the greatness of human nature consists in nothing else but in imitating the Divine Nature. That therefore all the greatness of this world, which is not in good actions, is perfectly beside the point.

7. To remember, often and seriously, how much of time is inevitably thrown away, from which I can expect nothing but the charge of guilt; and how little time there may be to come, on which an eternity depends.

8. To avoid all excess in eating and drinking.

9. To spend as little time as I possibly can among such persons as can receive no benefit from me, nor I from them.

10. To be always fearful of letting my time slip away without some fruit.

11. To avoid all idleness.

12. To call to mind the presence of God whenever I find myself under any temptation to sin, and to have immediate recourse to prayer.

13. To think humbly of myself, and with great charity of all others.

14. To forbear from all evil-speaking.

15. To think often of the life of Christ, and propose it as a pattern to myself.

16. To pray, privately, thrice a day, besides my morning and evening prayers.

17. To spend some time in giving an account of the day, previous to evening prayer. How have I spent this day? What sin have I committed? What temptations have I withstood? Have I performed all my duty?

A BOOK THAT LIVES.

THE tables of literary mortality show the following facts in regard to the chances of an author to secure literary fame:—Out of 1000 published books 600 never pay the cost of print-

ing, &c.; 200 just pay expenses; 100 return a slight profit; and fewer show a substantial gain. Of these 1000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only 50 survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the seventeenth century hardly more than 50 have a great reputation, and are reprinted. Of the 50,000 works published in the eighteenth century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century. Men have been writing books these three thousand years, and there are hardly more than 500 writers throughout the globe who have survived the ravages of time and the forgetfulness of man. The vanity of young authors, though there are exceptions, is proverbial. Every year a thousand writers imagine that they have something to say which the world ought to hear. They hurry into print, and ask men to listen to the new oracle. But the great world goes on its way, and pays no more heed to their request than the ox in the fable to the fly on his horn. Only "the Word of the Lord endureth for ever."

SELFISHNESS.

HE who lives only to himself, and consumes the bounty of Heaven upon his lusts, or consecrates it to the demon of avarice, is a barren rock in a fertile plain; he is a thorny bramble in a fruitful vineyard; he is the grave of God's blessings; he is the very *Arabia Deserta* of the moral world. And if he is highly exalted in wealth or power, he stands inaccessible and strong, like an insulated towering cliff, which exhibits only a cold and cheerless prospect, intercepts the genial beams of the sun, chills the vale below with its gloomy shade, adds fresh keenness to the

freezing blast, and tempts down the lightnings of angry Heaven. How different this from the gently rising hill, clothed to its summit with fruits and flowers, which attracts and receives the dews of heaven, and, retaining only sufficient to maintain its fertility, sends the remainder in a thousand streams to bless the vales which lie at its feet.—*Payson*.

ADVANTAGES OF PATIENCE.

IT is but reasonable to bear that accident patiently which God sends, since impatience does but entangle us, like the fluttering of a bird in a net, but cannot at all ease our trouble or prevent the accident: it must be run through, and therefore it were better we compose ourselves to a patient than to a troubled and miserable suffering.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

CHRIST THE ONLY CAUSE OF SALVATION.

THERE was, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, living in Italy, one who was truly a child of God; his name was Aonio Paleario. He wrote a book, the title of which was, "The Benefit of Christ's Death." It was destroyed in Italy, and for three centuries it was impossible to find a copy. Two or three years ago, an Italian copy was found, in either Oxford or Cambridge, and printed. It is perhaps singular that this man did not, as he ought to have done, leave the Romish Church. His whole heart was given to Christ. He was brought before the Judge in Rome by order of the Pope. The Judge said,—“We will put to him three questions. We will ask him, ‘What is the first cause of salvation? then, What is the second? then, What is the third?’” They thought that, by putting these questions, he

would at last be made to say something which would be to the glory of the Church of Rome. They asked the three questions, to each of which his reply was, "*Christ*." They expected him to have said to the first, "*Christ*;" to the second, "*the Word*;" and to the third, "*the Church*." For that confession which he made in Rome, he was condemned to be put to death. My dear friends, we should think and speak like that man. Let every one of us say the first, second, and third cause of my salvation is *Christ*: *Christ*, and His atoning blood; *Christ*, and his powerful regenerating Spirit; *Christ* and His eternal [sufficient] grace: *Christ* is my only salvation; I know of nothing else.—*The Messenger*.

DIVINE GUIDANCE IMPOLORED.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." (Psalm lxxiii. 24.)

GRACIOUS Saviour! through the mazes
Of earth's thorny wilderness,
Through its dreary, desert places,
With Thy guiding presence bless.
Let the sunlight of Thy favour
Cheer each chequer'd scene of life;
Aid and guard me, O my Saviour,
Through its weariness and strife!

In all sorrow, pain, or weakness,
Which my faith and hope shall try,
Arm with patient, lowly meekness;
Let me on Thy love rely.
If beneath the cross I languish,
Pity, succour, strengthen me;
Thou, who drank'st the dregs of anguish,
Bore my bitterest agony!

Should my path be wild and lonely
As I climb life's rugged steeps,—
And my tears be noticed only
By the Eye that never sleeps,—
Hold my hand, while gently blending
Mercy with Thy judgments, Lord;
Evermore my steps attending,
Until Jordan's stream I ford.

When my feet dip in the river,
(Shoreless unto mortal view,)
And my failing heartstrings quiver,
As I hear earth's last adieu,—
Thou, who passedst at its deepest,
Death's mysterious, dreaded flood,
And an open pathway keepest
Through it, to the throne of God,—

Safely bear my fluttering spirit
O'er the threat'ning waters deep;
Only resting on Thy merit,
Let me gently fall "on sleep."
All is well, if Thou art nigh me,
Life is happy, death is gain!
Living, may I glorify Thee;
Dying, rise with Thee to reign!

M. T.

HOW A GREAT FAMILY ROSE.

ON the right bank of the Maine, and not far from the junction of that river with the Rhine, stands the ancient city of Frankfort. It is a place famous for fine public buildings, consisting of churches, hospitals, asylums, educational institutions devoted to the study of science and art, and other edifices; some of which date from a very remote antiquity. It was a city of note more than a thousand years ago; for in the end of the eighth century Charlemagne built a palace here, in which he held a council of the Church. In the days of the German Empire it maintained a position of high rank and influence; and in its noble cathedral, begun in the time of the Carovingian princes, the electors accepted the Emperor as their sovereign, after he had been solemnly crowned and anointed at the high altar. It has also long been distinguished by its commerce, manufactures, and extensive money operations.

Before the period of the French revolutionary wars, there existed in this old city of Frankfort-on-the-Maine a narrow thoroughfare known as the *Juden-gasse*, or "*Jew-lane*." The houses were dark and dirty, and the inhabitants had a most wretched, woe-begone aspect. To this confined and miserable quarter the Frankfort authorities rigidly restricted the Jewish population; and, to inflict further humiliation and dis-

*(View in Frankfort-on-the-Maine.)*

comfort on the despised and persecuted race, heavy chains were hung at either end of the wretched Jew-lane, and at a given hour every evening, and on every Sunday, and on every festival of the church, these chains were fastened across the narrow street, and no Jew was allowed to pass thence, under penalty of death.

It was here, in the year 1743, that a child was born whose family was hereafter to acquire a world-wide renown. This was Meyer Amschel, the founder of the house of Rothschild. Both his parents died when he was only eleven years old. After their death, he had the advantage of a few years at school; and he then left Frankfort, and went in search of some employment to the city of Hanover, where he obtained a situation as clerk to a small banker and money-changer. Set on money-getting,

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he limited himself to the lowest personal expenditure, and contrived to set aside savings, which laid the foundation of a wealth, the amount of which in a single family was, probably, never exceeded.

In the year 1772 Meyer Amschel returned to his native city, and began business in the Juden-gasse, as broker, money-lender, and dealer in old coins. He hung over his shop the sign of the Red Shield,—in German, “Rothschild,”—and his fame as a skilful collector of curiosities in the shape of ancient and rare money-pieces brought him under the notice of a German prince, who afterwards became Elector of Hesse, under the title of William I.

We now reach a period of European history in which the German States were beginning to suffer from those terrible wars which broke out immediately after the first French revolution.

William of Hesse at this time found, in the banker of the "Red Shield," a very useful friend, and they became pretty closely associated in monetary transactions. Nor was Meyer Amschel less indebted to the German prince; for, on the approach of the French army to Frankfort, in the year 1796, he succeeded in removing his valuable property to Cassel, where William securely lodged it in his own palace. During the bombardment of the city, the Jews' quarter was entirely destroyed, and the inhabitants were reduced to a condition of severe suffering. This calamity, however, issued favourably, as they were ultimately allowed to purchase and lease houses in other parts of the city. The Hebrew money-lender now took a house side by side with the men of his own craft, and from this time received the public patronage of Prince William.

Some ten years afterwards, the Elector had, in his turn, to avail himself of the good offices of his Frankfort banker. Driven from his territory, in the year 1806, by Napoleon, William was in no little perplexity how to keep the money which he had accumulated in his treasury from falling into the rapacious hands of the French invader. Confiding in the integrity of Meyer Amschel, he placed the sum of three millions of florins under his care. This would be about a quarter of a million of our money. The disastrous exile of the Prince of Hesse proved, however, something quite the reverse of disastrous to the Jewish capitalist. In those times money often bore twelve per cent. interest, and occasionally, under a heavier strain than usual, it rose to twenty per cent. Only think of this vast sum of £250,000 in the hands of so shrewd a man as Meyer Amschel, and at a time when money was so scarce! His royal patron did not require any interest; he had merely entrusted the cash for safe keeping at the sign of the "Red Shield." It will be readily believed that the fortunate Jew turned this unexpected windfall of hard cash to profitable account. Secure loans were negotiated; gold rapidly made gold. A period of six years elapsed before William returned to his possessions; and in the year 1812, the

orphan of the Juden-gasse of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, now known as Herr Meyer Anselm Rothschild, died worth a fortune estimated at one million sterling.

At the restoration of peace which followed the battle of Leipsic, the Elector of Hesse re-entered his capital, and the eldest son of Meyer Anselm immediately conveyed to him the three millions of florins which, six years before, he had deposited with his father.

The house of Rothschild had by this time acquired a distinguished position among the great capitalists of Europe, and three years after Meyer Anselm's death, the Emperor of Austria conferred upon his five sons the rank of hereditary nobles. Subsequently, the same sovereign bestowed upon them the higher title of baron.

It does not fall within our purpose to write a history of the Rothschild family, but we will give a short sketch of part of the career of the second son, who was born in the year 1777; and who seems to have inherited his father's skill in money-getting, and who was, withal, a man of boundless avarice and selfishness. When only twenty-two years of age he left Frankfort, in order to commence business in this country. Starting from home with only a thousand florins,—between £80 and £90,—he began his wonderfully successful course of acquiring wealth in Manchester, the population of which, at that time, 1798, could scarcely have numbered thirty thousand. So rapidly did the affairs of this Hebrew emigrant thrive, that in the short space of five years his capital had increased to the sum of £200,000, and he resolved to remove to London. The report of his business tact had got pretty well abroad, and when he made his appearance in the great city, he was soon deeply engaged in the speculations of the day.

England was at this period passing through the fierce ordeal of her great wars with Napoleon; and in the year 1810, during the sharp and anxious struggle of the Peninsular campaign, heavy bills were drawn upon this country by Wellington. The Government treasury was exhausted, and the doubtful issue of the strife with the great foe aggravated the difficulty. In

these circumstances, Nathan Rothschild, calculating, with his usual sagacity, that the probabilities of final success lay on the side of Great Britain, took up the bills on terms so advantageous, that he realized enormous profits.

This was his first transaction with the British Government, and it opened up a wider scheme of financial operations. He now began to arrange a great system of correspondence with the most important political points of the European continent, in order to obtain the earliest possible information of the progress and action of the allied and French armies, whose successes and defeats so powerfully affected prices in the public funds. This was before the day of railway and electric-telegraph communication; and by means of swift-winged carrier pigeons intelligence was dispatched from the seat of war, which sometimes arrived in London even earlier than the messages that were transmitted to the Government. Nathan Rothschild, the quick-witted and wide-awake man that he was, would thus appear on the Stock Exchange with secrets which, in the transactions of a single morning, would increase his wealth by thousands of pounds.

Let us now look at this enterprising speculator in connexion with an occurrence on which the weightiest interests that can well be imagined were suspended. The event to which we refer, is the famous battle of Waterloo. Nathan Rothschild witnessed that terrible conflict. From morning till night of the memorable 18th of June he watched with eager eye the movements of those brave armies. The issue of that decisive strife would tell with amazing effects on the money-market, and would, probably, nearly ruin the great Hebrew capitalist, or raise yet higher the fame and the wealth of his house. A little before sunset, the French troops gave way before the Allies, and the long hours of suspense and anxiety were over. The money broker galloped to Brussels, and thence drove, with the utmost possible speed, to Ostend. But here he found his progress interrupted by an unexpected, and what, for a time, seemed an unconquerable difficulty. A violent

storm was raging in the Channel. No ocean steamers then traversed the German Sea, and no one was willing to embark in the teeth of such a gale. At length, however, a fisherman, tempted by the unusual prize of a thousand francs, which the adventurous speculator offered, consented to run the risk. The little craft bore her freight swiftly across the stormy waters, and in a few hours Dover was reached. It was now evening. Without a moment's delay horses were engaged for London, and the next morning Nathan appeared in his accustomed place at the Exchange. Despondency and fear prevailed very generally, for the period between Napoleon's escape from Elba and the battle of Waterloo had occasioned a terrible reaction of uncertainty and alarm. Little did the anxious merchants of the city imagine, on the morning of that 20th of June, that the decisive battle of the 18th had been fought, and that the great Jew, who looked as downcast as any of them, had seen the fight. Keeping close within his own breast the secret which he had bought at so much toil and peril, he made the largest possible purchases in the public funds, which had sunk very low. Almost everybody was ready to sell; few were hopeful enough to buy. The next day, the news of Wellington's victory arrived, filling every English heart with joy, and restoring public confidence at the Exchange. The funds immediately went up, as the Hebrew knew full well they would; and it is reported that the harvest reaped by the house of Rothschild could not be much short of one million sterling.

Such was one result of the last great battle with Napoleon. But, as far as real peace and happiness are concerned, the old proverb is true, "It is not all gold that glitters;" and in the closing years of the great financier's life we have an example of inward disquiet and care which gives no little force to our Lord's caution, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Threatening letters kept the envied millionaire in a state of constant alarm. He knew no repose, while a grasping covetousness

rendered him niggardly to all in his employ; and, after having accumulated almost fabulous wealth, and lived in a style of much outward show, he died without leaving one farthing to any servant or public charity. E. L.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

VIII.

(Continued from page 86.)

Lycidas. The work finished, the sacrifice remains; and many sorrows past are to be followed by the great sorrow.

Penseroso.

"For what was all the gracious Saviour's stay,
Whilst here He trod in life's encumber'd way,
But troubled patience, persecuted breath,
Neglected sorrows, and afflicting death?
Approach, ye sinners! think the Garden shows

His bloody sweat, His agonizing woes:

Approach His grief, and hear Him thus complain,

Through David's person, and in David's strain:—

'O, save me, God! Thy floods about me roll;

Thy wrath Divine hath overflow'd my soul:

I come, at length, where rising waters drown,
And sink, in deep affliction, deeply down.

Deceitful snares, to bring me to the dead,
Lie ready placed in every path I tread;

And hell itself, with all that hell contains
Of fiends accursed, and dreadful change of

pains,

To daunt firm will, and cross the good design'd,

With strong temptation fasten on the mind.

Such grief, such sorrows, in amazing view,
Distracting fears and heaviness pursue.'

'Ye sages, deeply read in human frame,

The passions' causes, and their wild extreme,—

Where moved an object more opposed to bliss;

What other agony could equal His!'"

L. What was the cause of our Lord's deep sorrow?

P. Indeed, it seems to come from Heaven, Earth, and Hell; for Earth is at war with Heaven, and Hell with both; and the Saviour, though the Prince of Peace, is the central point in the tremendous strife.

L. What a baptism of sorrows was that endured in Gethsemane! Even before He reaches the deeper floods, our Lord is "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Though He has not received the Spirit "by measure;" though He has shown

Himself Satan's conqueror, He is "sore amazed." From whatever cause, a fearful storm swept over Gethsemane and Calvary.

P. We know the cause but too well. He who bore the storm knows its fury. We, who stand at its edge, are unable to pierce the gloom. We may gather something, however, from the hints given in Scripture. Here are "prayers and supplications offered up with strong crying and tears." Here is a thrice-uttered prayer, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Here is redoubled earnestness in prayer. Here is sweat, "as it were drops of blood falling to the ground." Let these prayers and supplications, this crying and these tears; let this thrice-offered petition, and this redoubled earnestness in prayer; let this sweat, falling like drops of blood, show, as far as these signs can show, His deep anguish while He trod the fearful winepress alone.

L. Our Lord said to His Apostles, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." How different is the language which you have just quoted! "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me."

P. Very different, but still blameless. Yet, blameless as it is, it reveals the fearful pressure which drew it forth. What but the direst extremity could have wrung the words from the suffering Redeemer?—They are the words of the Son of Man tried to the uttermost.

L. "And there appeared unto Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him."

P. Who can tell the thoughts and feelings with which the angel must have approached his task? And now the crushing burden, the exceeding fear, is removed; and calmly will our glorious Captain meet the rest.

L. Yet how much remains to be endured! The Apostles will forsake, and Peter even deny, Him.

P. Yes. I remember once looking over an illustrated Bible, and finding, in one of the Evangelists, an engraving, accompanied with these, or similar, words: "He showed a courage far superior to that of His Apostles." "Superior courage," indeed! Who can

think of the fearful baptism with which He was baptized, and spend a thought on any courage but His?

L. And now comes the traitor, with his infamous kiss.

P. Infamous indeed! I never could satisfy myself whether the kiss showed greater shamelessness or wickedness. The deep dishonour is followed by many injuries. The Master is forsaken by His disciples. He is brought before Caiaphas, and charged with blasphemy. He is mocked, disowned, insulted, buffeted, spit upon. He is scourged. He is rejected, and Barabbas chosen. He is arrayed, for derision, in a gorgeous robe. He hears His bitter and eager enemies clamour, "Crucify, crucify Him!"

L. How the pent-up malice shows itself at last! Was there no one to send these spiteful accusers home?

P. Herod will not, and Pilate dares not. Pilate "gave sentence that it should be—as they required."

L. Well might our Saviour say that this was "the hour and power of darkness." Surely all the atrocious wickedness, all the spite and injustice, could not spring from earth alone?

P. Very likely not. Good and evil are always at war. At this central point of the conflict, and at this juncture, Hell, be sure, will not be far off. No wonder if now Satan makes one desperate and ruthless effort to support his kingdom.

L. Yet Satan has not quite his own way: all shame and feeling are not for ever lost; for, though there is no indignant Paul or Elijah to cry aloud against the enormity, yet a great company follow and bewail the sufferer on His sad way to Calvary. What a light thing a simple, ordinary death must be, as compared with that of the cross! How full of pain and shame is death by crucifixion!

P. Our Lord "despised the shame:" the pain was not to be despised. To pain must still be added reproach, the reviling of the soldiers, and the mocking of the scribes.

L. And even of the very thieves! How account for this fearful depravity, this carnival of spite? Surely Hell is not let loose?

P. No; but "the thoughts of many hearts are revealed." The wickedness of many is proclaimed without a blush. There are others who, though not bold enough manfully to espouse Christ's cause, are yet His friends. There are none who openly confess Him.

L. Except the penitent thief, snatched, in the hour of pain and weakness, from the hands of the destroyer.

P. Poor Mary had cause, on that sad day, to remember the aged Simeon, and to believe him a true prophet when he said, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also."

L. The hours pass away, and the solemn scene becomes yet more solemn; for the land is shrouded in darkness.

P. And the suffering becomes more severe. In another world we may know, but shall hardly know in this, the full import of the cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!"

L. But even our Lord's sufferings came, at length, to a close. He exclaims, "It is finished!"

P. Finished! once and for ever finished, and without a spot or a flaw! Through what the Son of Man has passed we do not know: we only know that He has passed innocent through all. If His path has lain through floods of distress, through flames of fire, through difficulty heaped upon difficulty, through impossibility piled upon impossibility; yet, by the Eternal Spirit, He has "offered Himself without spot to God."

L. And *what* is finished? *It*,—the subject of His thoughts, the object of His efforts: *it*,—the only thing, everything. For Himself is won "the joy set before Him;" for His Father, "glory in the Church throughout all ages, world without end;" for us, eternal redemption, the removal of mountains of sin, the drying up of floods of iniquity.—He bows His head, and dies. What glory must follow!

P. Yes, Lycidas; but we will not look at that. Why hasten so quickly over the forty days? For my part, I cannot yet look away from the stupendous victory. The honour will duly come: there is time enough for that. The battle won is everything.

L. You know the verse ?

" All hail the power of Jesu's name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all ! "

P. I do ; and, I confess, I do not quite like it.

L. You surprise me. What conceivable fastidiousness possesses you to object to words so good ?

P. *Who* is to crown Christ ?

L. In the verse just quoted I will suppose the Church addressed.

P. I quite believe that the gracious Redeemer could stoop a great deal lower than merely to condescend to be crowned by the Church. But will the Church think itself worthy ? Ask John the Baptist what he has to say about the " shoe's latchet." How can the poor Church honour Christ ? God has " highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name : that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth ; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

L. What more, then, needs to be said ?

P. Nothing.

" He cannot 'scape uninjured from our praise !
Uninjured from our praise can He escape
Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
The heaven of heavens to kiss the distant earth.
Against the cross Death's iron sceptre breaks,
From famish'd ruin plucks his human prey,
Throws wide the gate celestial to His foes,
And, to close all, omnipotently kind,
Takes His delight among the sons of men ! "

UNAPPROPRIATED BLESSINGS.

NO. III.—PERSONAL.

(*Concluded from page 93.*)

WE are often told that " for every ill there is a remedy." This is satisfactory, because, though the *suffering* always makes itself felt, the *remedy* does not ; but, accepting the axiom, if we do not know the remedy, we may hopefully seek it. We all are aware how common it is to find persons who suffer from *ennui*. Everything seems to pall their palate ; they are wretched, not knowing why. On scenes that others regard with

zest, they look languidly ; like the

worn-out Duke of —, who, from his windows at Richmond, watched the Thames, and said, " That everlasting river ! will it never cease to flow, and I so tired of it ! " Now, what is the " unappropriated blessing " that all such people should seize, and, using which, they would be cured ? Industry, work, occupation. There are some men who speak of labour as though it were a curse,—" the curse of the fall." That is a great mistake ; for our sorrows are lightened by labour, and industry ever brings happiness in its train. " When the Lord doomed man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, He saw that only by labour could he bear up against the evils he had brought upon himself, and so mercifully ordered him to work. It was not [an unmixed] curse ; it [included] a blessing, thrown in to relieve him from the effects of the curse. Idle men feel the curse of humanity ; industrious men scarcely know it." Labour is always needed,—if not for bread, at least for physio.

In Taylor's " St. Clement's Eve," we read,—

" The night is chill ; but something in my soul
Dances and sparkles like yon frosty star.
Work, when a man is working with a will,
Warms him at heart."

Those words are true ; and they suggest an excellent thought ; namely, that, for relief from depression of spirits, for real satisfaction of mind, we should seek work ; agreeable, if possible ; but work of some kind or other : and, having found it, we should go to it heartily. So good a recipe is this, that Bishop Hall says, " Employment so certainly produces cheerfulness, that I have known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral, because he had the management of it." Yes, that man is contented and happy who sets about his duties earnestly, and so " does good, and gets good." Indeed, such a spirit is as much needed for the world's benefit as for our own. Indifference to duty—a cold, heartless, performance of it, whether in the family, business, profession, or society—is one of the chief of evils ; and, wherever it exists, the " unappropriated blessing " needed, is thorough heartiness in the performance

of what lies before us. Robert Hall's words are very apt :—" Your doing your duty does not depend on what hour of the day you get up, but on what you do when you are up." A consolatory thought for those who, though not distinguished for early rising, yet wish to have the rewards of work fairly done.

There is another point that may be considered just now ; I mean the subject of toleration and liberty of opinion. This is of more personal importance to us than one might at first suppose. Every one likes freedom from restraint for himself ; but we are all too fond of having our own way, and of making other people bend to our will. But let us pause ; let us think. If we are to have liberty for ourselves, we must be tolerant ; if we are to enjoy the right of private judgment, we must be quite prepared to concede that right to others. In this country, the general principles connected with this subject are well established. They have been tried now for a long time, and with good effect. Look round on the Europe of to-day, on the lands of a fettered press, of cramped opinion, where men are not free to say what they think, and be what they wish ; and then look at Great Britain, and we cannot fail to discover the immense advantage of an unshackled conscience, a free press, a broad, unfenced platform for the declaration of thought. Nay, to see this, we need but compare England now with England a hundred years ago. There was domination over mind then ; there were gags for even English mouths : and the clamorous seekers of liberty, political and religious, were persecuted, and that sometimes to death. But the blessing of civil and religious liberty has been extended, and with what result ? Is there less loyalty to the throne now, than there then was, or more ? Why, the National Anthem is as well known as the " Old Hundredth ;" and Catholic and Protestant, and Whig and Tory, and Conservative and Radical, sing it ; one as often as the other. More than that ; apart from the regular troops, we have now about one hundred and fifty thousand volunteers, to whom are entrusted fire-arms and ammunition, and

to whom military instruction is imparted, without the least fear of insurrection. No nation where intolerance obtains, where thought is fettered, dare do that. Nay, more ; could England itself do it now, if she did not give her sons pure laws, the right of private judgment, and a large amount of personal liberty ? No, she dare not ; because, defrauding them of their right to express their thoughts, trying to chain their opinions, she would only have a disunited, discontented multitude ; not a great, noble community such as English society now presents. For no real, worthy association can be formed of insincere men ; who only profess a love for the country which they cannot feel, so long as, individually or in classes, they are deprived, by human power, of rights bestowed on them by the King of kings. Well, then ; while glad that the privileges of free thought and expression have been appropriated for us, let us go a step further, and strive to secure, in perpetuity for others, a full toleration of opinion.

There are some excellent people who are alarmed at this. You may read their thoughts on their countenance ; such as this, " If you allow a ' full toleration,' you will tolerate error." They are afraid, and we honour their motives, that truth will be set aside, if men with erroneous views are allowed freedom to express them. We would say, " We think you are wrong, entirely wrong. You forget that, though you allow these men liberty, yet you allow the advocates of truth liberty as full ; and there is no doubt about the issue of the contest between truth and error, allowing both a ' fair field, and no favour.' " There is force in Lord Macaulay's words, when he said, " Error is no match for truth alone ; but it has often proved more than a match for truth and power together : " he means power abused.

You may keep men quiet if you command them, and can force them not to speak ; but you do not thereby make the nation safe. Writing of France, Sir Charles Napier once said, " I suspect Paris is as quiet as a barrel of gunpowder. King Philippe had better take care how he smokes his pipe." It is

very advisable to have the gunpowder out of the way. If they will, let men take aim and fire at the sun. There is a great noise, considerable smoke and dust for a little while in the air; but they never hit the orb, and he shines none the less brightly for all the uproar. That is better than to say to these errorists, "You must not touch that powder; we will have none of your noise and smoke, much less will we permit you to shoot at the sun." To such a speech we would reply, "You had better not sit on your barrel of gunpowder; for, sooner or later, there is sure to be an explosion. Let them have the powder; it will please them: they will soon dissipate it; it is not a good thing to have about; and when they cease firing, the sun—the truth—will still ride on in its strength untouched." This subject of tolerance is of great importance in our personal relations, in our companionships, in our families. A very large amount of the vexation of life, and quarrelling in families, arises from the simple fact, that men do not exercise the blessing of a tolerant spirit. People will not give room for the play of their neighbours' preferences; they insist on compelling others to do and say precisely as they wish; and there are multitudes who would cry themselves hoarse against the "despotism" and the "intolerance" of others, who are, in their own small way, as thorough tyrants, and as stupidly intolerant, as the length of their tether will permit them to be.

A clever essayist gives a good illustration of all this. A friend of his would, at dinner, ask whether the company had heard his story about that much-approved condiment, mustard. Those who had not heard it, said "No," and begged him to tell it; and those who had heard it, wished to hear it again. Upon this Mr. L—— would send for a "Times" newspaper, and thus begin:—

"We are at a coffee-house. You, Jones, [choosing some one who knew what was about to follow,] are having your dinner brought upon the table,—a juicy beefsteak. I have just finished mine at the same table. I look off from my paper, and pass the mustard to you. You must always decline.

"L. Mustard, Sir?

"Jones. Thank you, [but does not take it].

"L. [Looking baffled and cross, reads on a little.] You will take mustard, Sir?

"Jones. No, thank you; I don't.

"L. [After more impatient reading, and glancing round his paper to peep at Jones.] Most persons take mustard, Sir, with beefsteak.

"Jones. I seldom or never do, Sir.

"L. [Attempts to get interested in a railway accident, and mutters:] 'Three lives lost; the stoker escaped by a miracle. No blame can be attached to any of the officers of the company.' [Continues to look round his paper, and over it at Jones. At last he exclaims, warmly:] It is a most extraordinary thing, Sir, not to eat mustard with beefsteak. I never did such a thing in my life.

"Jones. [Calmly.] Perhaps not.

"L. [Turns to his paper, and attempts again to read; but manifests a state of strong excitement. Once or twice he stretches out his hand, and withdraws it. At last he can bear it no longer: he throws down the 'Times,' and exclaims:] Sir, you must, and shall, have mustard! [and forces a quantity upon Jones's plate.]"

Now, not a few are resolved to force mustard on your beef, whether you like it or not. Such a spirit disturbs the peacefulness of families; it spoils the harmonious working of associations; that is, there are people to be found, too many, who will not permit others to enjoy, without molestation, their own opinions, preferences, and prejudices. It is said of Charles V., that he had a large number of watches which he set all a-going, and tried to make keep time together: but his efforts were vain, go they would, but *as* they would. At last he gave up the endeavour, and said they taught him the lesson, that it is utterly impossible to make all men act or think alike.

Men regard what is called "happiness" as a blessing; but too many forget that it is one that often is not enjoyed, simply because it is unappropriated. It lies within the reach of almost all: it is

to be obtained in other ways than those most popular; that quiet, calm pleasure, that absence of mental turmoil, that deep, spiritual serenity—that gush of mental, moral, satisfaction—which we call happiness, is not necessarily the consequence of strong exertion in pursuit of it, much less the result of greatness, or the purchase of large wealth.

A beautiful incident is recorded in the life of Sir Walter Scott. He lay dying. His life had been very active, and very successful. His books were read with avidity by dwellers both in palaces and cottages: no Scotchman of his day was more renowned, or more beloved. But when the end was near, he called his son-in-law, Lockhart, to him, and said, "My dear, be a good man, be a good man; nothing else can comfort you when you lie here." In those words is wrapped a profound truth; no secret, but a truth too seldom thought of—that, to be happy, you must be good, be true, be worthy; and to be all this is within the power of each of us. We may not be rich, or learned, or great, or popular; nor *need* we be. But we may be pure, truthful, loving, diligent, useful; and then we shall be happy: and if we are not so, it is because we leave "unappropriated blessings" untouched and neglected.

Chatham.

C. H. K.

MOTHERS: THEIR DUTIES AND INFLUENCE.

(Concluded from page 89.)

III. *Mothers must not wholly depend on their natural endowments: there are qualifications to be sought and cultivated, without which their work cannot be properly performed.*—Mothers require to gain an intelligent apprehension of what their position involves; for they are sometimes apt to trust too much to their natural endowments, and to overlook the fact, that no work can be well performed which is not understood. It is not more necessary for a professional man to study his profession, than for mothers to study their calling. In neither case will superior qualifications supersede study. Mothers too often act rather on the spur of the moment, at the

bidding of the instincts, than upon calm thought and reflection. To their deep feeling, their ardent love, their quick impulse, should be added extensive knowledge; for to thoughtlessness, rather than to wilful wrong-doing, we owe the ruin of many families. In too many cases, the proper early education of children, and especially of females, is wholly neglected; the knowledge that they will be sure to need is not imparted; their whole attention is directed to things that will be of little service in after life. Does the mother desire to know, in order that she may train, her children's mind? That mind is unfolding itself under her own eyes, and she may look at it, observe its tendencies, note its predilections, mark its endowments, watch its growth, until she has ascertained its individual capacity. But, as children are not alike, and their faculties differ, so circumstances very greatly affect their developments; and if a mother is to treat them properly, she must be quite alive to all this; she will need to direct them, to curb the unruly, restrain the impetuous, instruct the inquiring, and help the feeble. Woe to her and them if she be unfit for such work! She should never seem at a loss how to act if she would rule them; for it is to her judgment, as well as to her authority, that they defer. If it is found necessary, as it often is, to send children from home for education, she will need to observe the influence that a school education has, in order that she may encourage, or counteract, as occasion may require. She must not forget, either, that her children cannot be kept from mixing with others; and that they will be greatly affected by the company they keep. Would she not as soon send her children into the vicinity of fever, as into the midst of improper companions?

The mother who rules herself, can rule her children. Self-conquest wins for her the domestic sceptre. If she is passionate and restless, often giving way to ill-temper, and speaking without thought, she forfeits respect, and proves herself incapable of ruling. Her children soon discern this, and cease to regard her wishes.

Mothers require strong, vigorous confidence—in truth, in principle, in God. This is nowhere more necessary than here. It is assumed that woman naturally exercises trust more readily than man: that her weakness, organization, and position make her confiding. Perhaps that is so. But that is not what we here mean. They have to live, work, and suffer for their children; and their difficulties are great, their discouragements innumerable. They must toil in the dark; work on, though they cannot foresee the issues; seek to influence mind which has the power of resistance, and is personally responsible for choice. In such a work they are liable, naturally enough, to be discouraged. When they look into their neighbours' houses, and see how many families do not turn out well; when they read history, and discover that some of the worst men had a godly parentage; and especially when they find symptoms of waywardness among their own children, the temptation is strong to abandon all special labour, and allow things to take their own course. "Is it worth while to toil so hard, at so much cost, with so much inconvenience, and with such a probability of failure?" Now, it cannot be denied, that there have been frequent failures; that human nature is fearfully corrupt: but mothers must have faith and confidence, nevertheless. Faith is not knowledge; but it is a marvellous incentive to activity. A mother cannot be sure of success, but she may believe that it is possible; that it is in her particular case probable; and *that* faith will prompt to continuous zealous labour. She knows that her children are depraved. She may not, cannot, shut her eyes to the difficulties of her work; but *truth* is mighty, and God is on her side. It is not for her, therefore, to give up. Despair is not to be thought of.

This kind of work requires ceaseless activity. An indolent mother will be sure to fail, and deserves to fail; an active, zealous perseverance cannot labour in vain. Efforts in the home are sure to tell; and home is the mother's proper sphere. The Church may need her aid, press her to engage in public enterprises, and it may be suggested by others that she should not "bury

herself in her household;" but, if wise, she will resolutely refuse to leave the post which Providence has assigned to her. It cannot be her duty to neglect her family for the sake of doing good elsewhere. At any rate, public calls must ever be subordinated to home duties; family training must not be left to servants. A good mother will not seek to delegate her duty to another, knowing well that none but herself can do it, and that whoever may, or may not, work, she must.

IV. *Mothers have to contend with special difficulties.*—However pleasant it may be to sustain the maternal relation, there is none more beset with perplexities.

How vast is the diversity of character to be found, not seldom, in children of the same family. This dissimilarity is a chief source of a mother's difficulty. Some children are easily taught, and, of course, take the lead of the others; and their rapid growth is the occasion of no small anxiety in preventing an overweening estimate of themselves and their abilities. Then there are the plodders, who will do well if they are borne with; but who sorely try the patience. Others, again, are impulsive spirits, who betake themselves eagerly to anything, and seem only to need a curb to restrain them from going too far and too fast; but who, in the end, disappoint hope, and accomplish little. We meet, also, with timid ones, whose mental powers are fair, but who need constant encouragement to keep them from giving up their tasks in despair. And there are lazy ones, who *could* do anything, but, without the spur, will do nothing; a constant trouble to all who have to do with them.

These difficulties are often made greater by the unwillingness of many parents to think that there is quite so much that is faulty in *their* children as in others. They will not readily believe that their offspring are not faultless. It is hard for them to admit that the very same qualities are to be found in them which mark the character of the low and abandoned. As they look upon the smiling, innocent babe, how can they imagine it possible that it should ever become vicious? Yet some of the very worst

men, unfortunately, have had a pious parentage. In all the race there is the same original taint, the same perverse tendency, the same absence of native purity; and a watchful mother may soon perceive the peculiar form which evil in children is likely to assume. Some are addicted to falsehood, others to pilfering, some to violent outbursts of passion, others to sullenness; but all to something more or less wrong. These traits of disposition must be studied, and correctives be early applied, if they are not to become permanent in the character.

Temptation from without is another danger; for, do what she may, it is impossible for a mother to keep her family wholly from contact with others. Nor is it desirable that they should be prevented from seeing what is in the world, and mixing with their equals in society. The attempt unduly to restrain them, will generate mischief. Human passions cannot be wholly repressed. But, suppose a mother properly allows her children to associate with others, doing all she can to protect them from contamination, she must not shut her eyes to the fact that the excellency of her own system of training may itself become a means of temptation. Her family will find that their companions are not so much restrained as they are; that they are permitted to do what is forbidden to them; that others have enjoyments which have not been provided for them; and they will be tempted to think themselves unkindly dealt with. Perhaps they will say so, and thus will arise a new difficulty in the management of them. The mother must now explain her conduct, and begin to give reasons to those whom she has taught to accept her will as law. It will not answer to deal with the case peremptorily; for, as the temptation has presented itself, and a real difficulty has arisen, she must meet it by reason. Then there will be actual incitements to sin. Pleasures which no good parent can allow, will perhaps be offered, and pressed upon the attention of the children. Young people will invite them to improper associations, and seek to allure them from the paths of strict virtue. Society is full of snares,

vastly increasing the risks of successful family-training.

V. *Mothers are exposed to dangers.*—Ill-temper is one of the errors to which mothers, like other people, are liable; and that of two kinds. There is the soft and easy just-as-you-like temper, which attends to nothing, cares about nothing, and lets things take their own course. If a promise is made, it is only to be broken; if a threat is uttered, it is not designed to be fulfilled; if a command is given, it is not enforced; if children do well, they are caressed extravagantly; and if they do amiss, they are left uncorrected. Such a temper ruins a family by excessive indulgence, and the utter want of discipline. Then there is the sharp, stormy, boisterous temper, which scathes the tender mind of childhood like lightning. When mothers say words in anger which are unwarranted and inexcusable, children soon learn to neglect them. It is not very likely that a child will tell his troubles to one who will probably scold him for doing so. Such a mother may rule her children despotically, compel submission to her authority, but the confidence and affection of her offspring she can never gain.

Mothers are very liable, as well as the rest of mankind, to indulge in foolish prejudices and partialities; and children are sure to discover and resent such frailty. Parents give up all possibility of properly controlling their children if they either pet them, or are cool towards them; for such treatment is unjust. A petted child is rarely docile, seldom affectionate, often turbulent, and frequently spoilt. A ridiculous partiality gives a ruinous license, and destroys maternal influence for good. Such a child is placed in a false position in the family, and suffers accordingly. He is sure to be hated by the one who is neglected; and thus mischief is done to both. A mother is almost the only person who is permitted to recognize diversities, yet disallowed to be partial; for all her children have equal claims on her, and righteously demand that she treat them all alike. She must, therefore, pet none, and neglect none.

VI. *Mothers have encouragements.*—As flowers turn towards the sun, as water

seeks its level, so do children cling to their mothers. There never yet was one whom a child did not naturally love. It will learn to love its father; but it loves its mother without learning. It is an endowment, is this babyhood love; but it may be cultivated: and there is a power in the mother's hand of making it a strong cable by which the child's heart may be bound to her for ever. One of the last things to die out of the human heart is this love.

There is a deep feeling in human society which promotes maternal influence. A man who behaves ill to his mother is execrated; yes, even among heathens, a man is not allowed to go unpunished who commits such a crime. We should certainly refuse to consider him a trustworthy man who treats his mother contumeliously. Though the world is not always friendly to religion, it does demand kindness to mothers.

"In all labour there is profit;" and we may fairly expect that what is said of labour generally shall prove true of this special toil. Will not mothers' prayers be answered? their love call forth tender affections in response? their confidence be the means of provoking trust? their diligence produce fruit? their devotion and piety obtain a reward? Who doubts? Tears a mother may shed; but they are not unheeded. Sighs she may heave; but Heaven regards them. Long and wearisome days of toil, and nights of sorrow, may be hers; but the work done, and the anguish endured, will be chronicled on high. And if, in some cases, her hopes are blighted, and those for whom she toils so much are not saved, the great Master will, and does, accept her service. She will not be allowed to interfere with the personal freedom of the child. Each individual must choose for himself; and, of course, may make a bad choice. A mother may give counsel, example, prayers, but she cannot give grace; and is responsible only for what she can do. Suppose, then, that her children grow up irreligiously, does she lose her labour? By no means. She will still be rewarded for what she has done; according to her *work*, not for success in it.

The past, however, is full of victories gained by mothers. There are two main classes of them to whom it has been given to gain these moral triumphs: those whose strong intellect swayed their children's minds and hearts; and the prudent and painstaking, who, by beauty of character and earnestness of purpose, have won their love. In many conspicuous cases we trace up the career of successful men to this source. Augustine, Chrysostom, Nazianzen, had not been such men as they were but for their mothers. John Wesley, among moderns, is a good example. We deny not that there was average mental worth on the father's side; but the mother was a remarkable woman, and, in her son's education, her hand is specially seen. She was well adapted to the work of training children, and succeeded where ordinary women would have failed. For all that was wide, liberal, and catholic, John Wesley was largely indebted to her. And wherever the history of Methodism shall be read, it shall be told what she did. Myriads of mothers have lived whose names have perished; many have been noble and learned, who are all but forgotten; mothers of Kings are mentioned genealogically; but a simple clergyman's wife will be held up to the view of admiring generations, as one who, "being dead, yet speaketh."

W. H. B.

OUR COLONIES.

THE total area of the British colonies is 3,356,320 square miles, and they contain a population of 9,109,722, of whom 3,965,766 are coloured people. India is not included in these figures. That "Possession" alone has an area of 933,722 square miles, with nearly fifteen times as many people as all our other colonies together. Our fellow-subjects in "the colonies" purchase from us, annually, manufactured articles worth about £30,000,000; and they send us nearly the same value of colonial produce. Great Britain has hitherto had the chief burden of protecting these colonies; nearly £4,000,000, per annum, being expended, even in times of peace, for troops, transport, and fortifications.

Some of the colonies are assisted in meeting their judicial expenses; in 1861, £35,213 were paid for this object, and Great Britain also paid, in the same year, £25,928 for ecclesiastical purposes.

GOD'S OPPORTUNITY IS MAN'S EXTREMITY.

ISRAEL halts beside the sea,—
How can Israel further flee?
Egypt's hosts are following quick;
Israel's fears are gathering thick!
Israel calls upon the Lord,
And, "Go forward," is His word.
Israel's extremity
Is God's opportunity.

See the waves, on either side,
Open up a pathway wide;
Israel flees: but flees dry-shod!
Guided by the hand of God.

Egypt follows; and the waves
Open twice ten thousand graves!
Israel's extremity
Was God's opportunity.

Now the persecuted band,
Thankful, kneel upon the strand:
Egypt's hosts they fear no more;
Safely landed on the shore.
Hands and hearts in triumph raise
One harmonious song of praise.
God's blest opportunity
Was their dire extremity.

Here is comfort, troubled saint:
Still "pray on, and never faint."
God will hold His praying band
In the hollow of His hand:
He will open up their way,
Turn their darkness into day;
Make their *worst* extremity
His *best* opportunity.

R. R. T.

Memorials of the Departed.

JAMES BENNELL was born at Colchester, in the year 1803. His parents were godly people, members of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society.

When James was very young, his excellent mother used to take him with her to the class-meeting; and, by this means, deep religious impressions were early made upon his mind. She would also frequently weep over her children, commending them in prayer to God.

From his childhood James was moral in his conduct, having the fear of the Lord before his eyes; but it was not until he was about eighteen years of age that he became decidedly religious. A sermon preached by the late Rev. Dr. Harvard was the means of greatly alarming him. His distress of mind was great, bordering on despair. One of the leaders, observing his regular attendance at the prayer-meetings, invited him to class; and most thankful was he to accept this invitation. Here he was instructed and encouraged; but, nevertheless, passed through much trouble of soul before he saw the simple plan of salvation by faith in Christ. At

length, while in an agony of prayer, he was enabled to trust in the atonement, and obtained "a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins."

At once he manifested an ardent desire to labour for God. He became a prayer-leader; and, in that capacity, frequently took journeys into the country. In distributing tracts, and in visiting the sick, he laboured diligently, and was the means of doing much good. During the last fourteen years of his life he had the charge of a class, which greatly prospered under his faithful and affectionate care.

Thus he continued to live and labour till summoned to his reward. Just before this occurred, he had been so greatly blessed, especially at his class-meeting, that he was constrained to cry out,—

"Enlarge my heart to make Thee room."

In April, 1865, his health seriously failed; but his mind was kept in perfect peace. During his affliction he was in such a happy frame of mind, that it was a privilege to visit him. He repeatedly

said that he had no fear of death, and that "the valley" was all light. On one occasion, on the Lord's day, he wished all the members of his family to go to chapel. His wife said that she did not like to leave him alone. "O!" he said, "I am never alone: Christ is with me." He quoted, with much energy,—

"My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 't is heaven below."

Thus died this good man, in the sixty-third year of his age, having been a member of the Methodist Society about forty-four years. According to his request, his remains were borne to the grave by members of his class. "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." (Acts viii. 2.)

R. MAXWELL.

WILLIAM WADE was born October 31st, 1812, in the parish of Pickhill, near Thirsk, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. His mother was a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society in that village; and fervent and unceasing were her prayers on his behalf. About the year 1830 he left his native place, and went to reside in the village of Cottingham, in the Beverley Circuit. For several years he lived a thoughtless, irreligious life; resisting the Holy Spirit, and following the sinful pleasures of the world. Respecting the state of his mind during that period, we may judge from his own words, spoken at a lovefeast: "I am a sinner saved by grace. Before I was converted, I lived a very wicked life: I hated the Methodists, even the name of them; but, after my conversion, I felt a love for them such as I cannot express." In 1838 he was appointed to the office of Local Preacher; and, in the year 1839, he was made a class-leader. In this office he was made a great blessing to many under his care. His last sermon was from the solemn words, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward." After a service conducted by the Superintendent of the Circuit, on Wednesday evening, November 23d, 1864, in the Wesleyan school-room, Cottingham, his class

was met for the renewal of quarterly tickets. In relating his experience on that occasion, he said, "I am tired of the world. My sins are all forgiven. I have 'peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' I feel, through His grace, I am ready at any time He sees fit to call me." On the following Friday night he was seized with the affliction which terminated in his death. On the Saturday he was exceedingly happy, and repeated, many times over, these two lines:—

"Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who ought to my charge shall lay!"

A friend, calling to see him, said, "O, brother Wade, I am very sorry to find you so ill!" He replied, "I am very ill, brother; but, thank God, I am very happy. I have had such a manifestation of the love of God to my soul as quite overpowered me. I never felt anything like it before. My dear wife could do nothing but weep; and I was so filled with joy, I could do nothing but shout for joy." On his friend remarking that "it must be a great comfort, when laid on a sick bed, to look back on so many years spent in the service of God;" he replied, "It is: but, O! I have been very unfaithful. All my hope is in Christ; I trust only in the merits of His death:—

"I the chief of sinners am;
But Jesus died for me."

During the following week he spoke but little, his sufferings being great; but he continued in a happy state of mind. On Sunday, December 4th, a friend said to him, "Do you feel Christ precious?" He, with much earnestness, answered, "Yes:" and, when prayer was offered, he appeared to be filled with heavenly peace and joy. To a member of his class he said, "Jesus is precious. I long to die; I do not wish to get better:" and, lifting up his arms, repeated, with much feeling, one of his favourite verses:—

"There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

The closing scene was now near. About midnight, he whispered to his wife, "They are waiting for me." She inquired, "Are they angels?" He replied, "Yes." He then requested those who were present to fulfil his wish, expressed while in health, that they should sing to him, when dying, a hymn which he named. On this being done, he seemed to col-

lect the little strength he had left, and was heard distinctly to say, "O, praise the Lord . . . for ever!" Shortly afterwards he became unconscious; and, on Friday morning, December the 9th, 1861, the "silver cord was loosed," and his happy spirit entered into that rest which "remaineth to the people of God."

Occasional Notes for Readers.

THE conversion of the young is a subject of vital importance, not only to themselves, but to the Church at large; and, of late years, it has been one of increasing anxiety to every thoughtful mind. When we think of tens of thousands of children, taught for years in English Sunday-schools, and yet see so small a proportion of them brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, we cannot but inquire whether, as parents or teachers, we have been faithful to our trust. While labouring to fix good impressions on the young mind and heart, have we really looked for their conversion? To those who feel seriously interested in this subject, we have great pleasure in recommending to their prayerful perusal, *Early Conversion*; being a selection from the unpublished manuscripts of the late REV. SAMUEL JACKSON. (London: Sold at 66, Paternoster - Row. Leeds: H. W. Walker.) It cannot fail to be useful to those who are earnestly seeking to win young souls to Christ.—*The Model Prayer*, being ten sermons on the Lord's Prayer, by the REV. T. LOMAS. (London: Houlston and Wright.) Suggestive and thoughtful; well fitted for quiet devotional reading.—One of the most delightful volumes, of its kind, we have read for a long time, is, *Sermons delivered in the Wesleyan Chapel, Madras*, by E. E. JENKINS, M.A. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) Clear, forcible, and what, in some people's estimation, will be thought a great excellence, SHORT.—*Parable, or Divine Poetry*, is a gathering of many hundreds of extracts from divines, both ancient and modern, by R. A. BERTRAM.

(London; F. Pitman.) We miss the names of many authors, passages from whose writings would have greatly enriched this collection; still it will be valued by those who have neither time nor opportunity to consult the many volumes from which these beauties have been culled.—*The Gospel Treasury, and Expository of the Four Evangelists*, compiled by ROBERT MIMPRISS, (London: Elliot Stock,) is too well known to require more than the mention of its name, to secure attention to this second, large, and handsome edition, as a valuable book of reference.—For those who require aids in conducting their domestic worship, many compilations may be found suitable for the purpose. Before us lie three of this kind. The first, entitled, *Family Worship*, a small book, by the REV. JAMES BEAN, (London: William Tegg,) eleventh edition, containing prayers for four weeks, and also for particular occasions, with a prefatory discourse on Family Religion. The next is, *Prayers and Offices of Devotion for Families, &c., &c.*, by BENJAMIN JENKS, thirteenth edition. (London: William Tegg.) The third, and most comprehensive, is, *The Family Altar, a Series of Devotional Exercises*; with a preliminary discourse by JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D. (Glasgow and London: M'Phun and Co.) This is a noble volume, perhaps inconveniently large for daily use. We wish that the head of every household could be "priest in his own family" without the use of a form of prayer; believing, as we do, that a few simple petitions coming direct from the heart are more acceptable, in the sight of God, than the most elaborate

composition can be. Yet, even in the privacy of the home, there are some who fear to trust themselves in extemporary prayer, lest anything should be uttered that might lessen the solemnity of family worship. To these, such books will be of service.—A sensible and well written book is, *The Jewish Temple, and the Christian Church; a Series of Discourses on the Epistle to the Hebrews*, by R. W. DALE, M.A. (London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.)—We should like to make extracts from *The Angels' Song*, by THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D., (London: Alexander Strahan,) in addition to the one given in the former part of our present number; but we can only here say that this beautiful little volume well sustains the reputation of its author.—The venerable Dr. Dixon has at length been induced to bring out a second edition of a biography which has been for some time out of print. *The Memoir of the late Rev. William Edward Miller* is a very interesting one, both to preachers and people. In his youth, accomplished, gay, and the delight of his friends, he gave no thought to the things which belonged to his eternal interests. Curiosity induced him to attend a revival service in Sheffield, and there he became deeply concerned about his soul. After finding peace, he consecrated himself and his talents to Christ, and soon became a devoted preacher of that Saviour whom he had found; and when, after a holy and consistent public career, he was laid aside from active duty, he

still spoke to all with whom he came in contact about the love of Christ. It was his delight to persuade sinners to come to Jesus. Such a biography is invaluable; and we sincerely hope it will, once again, have a wide circulation.—We see, with great pleasure, that an edition, in parts, of Dr. KITTO's *Daily Bible Illustrations* is being brought out by W. Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh. We trust its cheapness will induce many, who have not yet done so, to possess themselves of this delightful work. To every student of Bible history, manners, and customs, it will be welcome.—Out of a great number of small books on our table, we can only briefly announce the following. *Tales of my Sunday-Scholars*, by Mrs. SCOTT. (Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co.) *The Lighted Way*, by COUSIN BESSIE. (London: Elliot Stock.) *Little Patience*. (Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co.) *The Parables of Jesus*, and *The Friends of Jesus*, both by the author of "Doing and Suffering." (London: John F. Shaw and Co.)—We have also received a specimen part of *The Holy Bible*, with illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ. (London and New-York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.) The illustrations are beautiful specimens of the perfection to which wood-engraving has been brought; the letter-press is also clear and large. We venture to predict a popular reception for this undertaking.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Atkinson, Mary,	Somercotes,	Louth,	42	Jan. 11th, 1866.
Dunham, Thomas,	Willingham,	Louth,	65	Jan. 28th, 1866.
Hunt, Mrs. Ann,	Louth,	Louth,	72	Feb. 16th, 1866.
Maddison, Ann,	South-Preston,	Louth,	49	Jan. 24th, 1866.
Odling, Mr. E.,	Louth,	Louth,	61	Feb. 10th, 1866.
Smart, Thomas,	Salfleetby West,	Louth,	91	Feb. 11th, 1866.



TONGE CHURCH.

ABOUT four miles east of the little town of Shiffnal, in the county of Shropshire, lies the village of Tonge. It is an ordinary enough place, and except, perhaps, the schoolmaster, who keeps the keys of the church, the people who live there, generation after generation, would probably wonder what there is in it to be worth special notice. That functionary has so often to open the church to admiring and inquiring visitors, that its importance must certainly have become a fixed idea in his mind. But the want of reverence for antiquity, the utter carelessness about preserving relics of the past that are priceless in value, which those people feel who have been accustomed to them all their lives, struck us most painfully last time we visited Tonge. The bells of Tonge and Donnington were just then ringing, on the occasion of a marriage in the neighbourhood; and, the church being open, we walked in. The ringers' wives were grouped round the little porch with their husbands' dinners. The ringers stood in the centre of the edifice, just under the little belfry, between several of the principal monuments; and every time a man let go his rope, it went swinging backwards and forwards over the recumbent figures on the tombs. The effect of this constant friction, going on for one knows not how

long, has been to deface the more prominent portions,—the hands and the faces of the sculptured effigies. It is probable that, if the material used had been less hard and durable than marble, they would, by this time, have been completely worn away.

Before entering into any minute description of Tonge Church, its history, its architecture, or its sculptures, it will, perhaps, be interesting to give the earliest known record of the ancient manor of Tonge, and to mention some of the illustrious names with which it has been associated, either as an abode or a heritage. It is stated in "Domesday Book," referring to Roger de Montgomery, the first Norman Earl of Shrewsbury,—“The same Earl holds Tuange. Earl Morcar held it. Here are iii hides geldable. In demesne are iiii ox-teams, and there are viii serfs and iii villains, and ii boors with iii ox-teams. Here is one league of wood. In time of King Edward [the manor] was worth £11 [annually]; now it is worth £6.” This short notice carries us back in thought to the stormy days of the Norman Conquest; to the last struggles of the Saxon Earls of Mercia; to the bravery of Edwin and Morcar, grandsons of the great Leofric and the Lady Godiva; and to the miseries and oppression endured by the poor people, who are variously classed as “the serfs,” “the villains,” and “the boors.” How great is the contrast between the peace and freedom of our own day, and the rude life of our ancestors; yet to the horrors of that transition time England owes much of her present prosperity and strength.

From Earl Morcar's hands the manor of Tonge passed into the possession of Roger de Montgomery; and, though it was estimated at what seems to us so low a value, it was a prize worth having to the Norman Earl. In those days, a fertile, level, and well-watered soil alone constituted manorial value; and Tonge and Donnington (which adjoins it, and was held with it) were well-favoured with these natural advantages. Within ten years after “Domesday,” A.D. 1086, the Earl founded a church in each of these manors, and this seems to give proof that the locality was of special interest to him, and that he frequently visited it. There were woods for hunting, waters that would afford an ample supply of fish,—an essential in those Catholic days,—and valuable salt-works connected with Donnington.

Tonge was held by the two successors of the Earl; but the last of these, Earl Robert of Belesme, forfeited all his estates by treason, in the reign of Henry I. Tonge and Donnington were, therefore, held by the Crown for a time, until the king made a grant of both to his viceroy in Shropshire, Richard de Belmeis, Bishop of London. This Richard de Belmeis was a man of note, ambitious and active; and his history is closely connected with that of Shropshire for many years. The post of Viceroy, or Sheriff, was a very complicated one, and was described by a variety of names. It would hardly seem compatible with the office of a Bishop; but in those days secular posts were often held by church dignitaries. An old chronicler, Eadmer, speaking of the

haste with which his consecration was arranged, says it was "because the said Richard was a most able man in secular affairs; and the king was arranging to send him on the instant far off to the western marshes of England, there to manage the king's concerns." After the death of Richard de Belmeis, Tonge was held by his collateral heirs, who had considerable property in the county, and one of whom founded Buildwas, and another, Lilleshall Abbey. Passing, by intermarriages, into the families of La Zouche and Harcourt, we find it about the year 1279 in the possession of Sir Fulk de Pembruge. He had three successors bearing the same name. The last of these died in 1408, leaving no children; but mourned by his widow, Isabel, who determined to erect a collegiate church to his memory which should perpetuate his name and her devotion. The estates passed, on his death, to his nephew and heir, Richard de Vernon, who also inherited Haddon in Derbyshire, Harlaston in Staffordshire, and other Vernon estates. Of him we do not hear much; but his third successor, Sir Henry Vernon, K.B., was governor and treasurer to Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., and signed his marriage articles with the Princess Catherine of Spain. The great bell in Tonge Church was his gift. It weighs forty-eight hundredweight, and is six feet in diameter. He died in April, 1511, leaving a son George to inherit his estates. Margaret, a daughter of this Sir George Vernon, married into the Stanley family; and through her Tonge passed to the Earls of Derby, in which house it continued till Sir Edward Stanley sold the estate.

To quote from the "*Antiquities of Shropshire*:"—"These are the great names and reminiscences with which the place is associated! The Saxon Earls of Mercia, brave, patient, and most unfortunate, victims of inexorable progress; then their three Norman successors, one wise and politic, another chivalrous and benevolent, the last madly ambitious and monstrously cruel; then the majesty of England represented by Henry I., a prince who, in ability for ruling, almost equalled his father, and has been excelled by none of his successors; then the sumptuous and vice-regal pride of De Belmeis, bishop, general, statesman, and withal very priest; his heirs, with their various and wide-spread interests, dim in the distance of time, but traceable to a common origin; the adventurous genius and loyal faith of Brittany, represented in La Zouche; tales of the oscillating favoritism and murderous treachery of King John; overweening ambition and saddest misfortune chronicled in the name of De Braose; a Harcourt miscalculating the signs of his time, and ruined by the error; a race of Pembruges, whose rapid succession tells of youth, and hope, and the early grave; then the open-handed and magnificent Vernons; lastly, Stanley, a name truly English, and ever honourable in English ears, yet for one of whom it was fated to add a last flower to this chaplet of ancestral memories, to cut short the associations which five centuries had grouped around this fair inheritance."

No vestige, apparently, remains of the old castle or manorial residence

connected with this long list of names. It was probably all swept away to make room for the modern fantastic erection put up within the last century, by a person who became possessor of the estate. It is to the church only that we can look for any relics of the illustrious dead.

This venerable structure is itself a monument; for it was erected, as above-mentioned, as it now stands, (with the exception of a small addition,) to the memory of the last Sir Fulk de Pembruge by his widow, Isabel. She obtained a license from King Henry IV. to purchase the advowson from the Abbey of Shrewsbury, with the object of founding a collegiate church. It is probable that the first church, built by Earl Roger, had by this time fallen into decay; but a portion of it appears to have been built into the new one, judging from the earlier style of some of the architecture in the south aisle. The building is a pure and beautiful example of the early perpendicular style. It consists of a nave with aisles, a chancel, and a central tower of a very singular construction. The lower part is square; it then assumes an octagonal form, and is surmounted by a low spire. A small chapel has evidently been added at a much more recent date. It forms a sort of south transept, and has a stone roof, with a rich fan vaulting. It is now used as a pew belonging to the castle.

Interesting as this church is on account of its architectural details, still its most remarkable feature is the number and extreme beauty of the monuments it contains. One of these is described as follows by Sir William Dugdale, who visited Tonge in 1663:—"Towards the north side of this church stands a faire tombe of alabaster, whereon do lye the figures of a man in armour, and of his wife on his right hand, and on her chin a wimpler. Upon the helm whereon the man rested his head is this crest: namely, a Turkish woman's head, with a wreath about her temples; her haire platted and hanging below her shoulders, with a tassell at the end of the platting. This is sayde to be the monument of Sir Fowke Pembrugge, Knt., some time Lord of Tonge Castle." Unfortunately, the tomb bears no inscription or date: but this appears to be the earliest, and is one of the most beautiful. It is, in common with many others, carved out of fine alabaster; and, except where there has been rough usage, as in the case of the bell-ropes, every line is so sharp and clear, that it could not be supposed that hundreds of years had passed since the sculptor's chisel was at work upon them. Few sights of the kind have ever impressed us more than these tombs, so artistically designed, so carefully detailed, so exquisitely carved. There is a drawing of one of them now before us. The sides of the altar-tomb are ornamented with rich canopy-work, in the compartments of which are carved, alternately, the figures of angels and of apostles. Above lie the figures of a knight and lady, with hands folded, as if in prayer; their heads resting upon cushions, which are supported by small figures of angels. The knight is in mail armour, and his helmet is richly jewelled. His face is noble, and very

peaceful: the repose of death. The lady's face is lovely. The broad, fair forehead, and the well-arched eyebrows; the straight nose and beautiful-moulded mouth and chin; and, above all, the expression that seems to animate the features, though in stone, and to shine down to us through the centuries, fills even a casual observer with admiration and a kind of awe.

Many curious and interesting details of dress may be gained from this and the other monuments. The lady's hair is covered by a net, with beads, or jewels where the threads crossed each other. Round the head is a jewelled band, similar to the one the knight wears upon his helmet. About the throat is a richly-worked collar. The long robe, reaching to the feet, is fastened round the waist by a tasselled cord; and a mantle is secured by a brooch to the shoulder. The fingers are covered with rings. This monument is perfect. Another, which is placed not far from it in the chancel, has two striking peculiarities. It is a double altar-tomb, the one rising like a canopy above the other; and the lower figure is coloured, so as to present, as nearly as possible, the living appearance of the person to whose memory it was raised. This is the figure of a man not past the prime of life, dressed in the plaited ruff and doublet of the Tudor time. His hair, moustache, and pointed beard are all black, and the face is a good flesh colour. Every detail of his dress, and of the bed and mattress on which he is lying, (not stiffly laid out,) is most carefully painted. The effect, though life-like, is not so pleasing as that of the pure uncoloured stone; it is more imitative than artistic. Many of these tombs are without inscription; and it is, therefore, impossible to identify them with certainty: but that, after all, matters little, except to an enthusiastic antiquary. The great diversity of feature suggests very careful portraiture, and gives scope for the play of the imagination as to the characters and the histories of those who lie beneath; great ones who left the turmoil of a busy, changeful life, and the vicissitudes of camps and courts, and sought the quiet of this rural spot for a last resting-place. One of these monuments is honoured by an epitaph from the pen of Shakespeare. It is as follows:—

"Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble and defacers' hands:
When all to Time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

This was Sir Thomas Stanley, who died in 1576.

There is a curious circumstance connected with another tomb which is worth noting. A tourist, visiting Tonge Church, towards the close of the eighteenth century, after mentioning the monuments, says that he noticed one of alabaster to the memory of a Vernon. "The effigies," he continues, "lie on an altar-tomb, and had the remains

of a garland of flowers (then nearly reduced to dust) round the neck and breast. The sexton told me that every midsummer-day a new one was put on, and remained till the following year, when it was renewed." This custom has now fallen into disuse; but the following is a suggestion as to its origin:—When Roger La Zouche, in the thirteenth century, enfeoffed Henry of Hugford in lands at Tonge, the only acknowledgment reserved was a "chaplet of roses, payable to the grantor and his heirs upon the feast-day of the nativity of St. John Baptist, (June 24th,) in case, he or they should be at Tonge; if not, to be put upon the image of the Virgin, in the church." Of course the image would be removed at the time of the Reformation, and the chaplet was apparently laid on one of the earliest tombs of the manorial lords. If this explanation be correct, this singular custom was kept up for nearly six centuries.

The visiter to Tonge Church will, in all probability, be taken up into the belfry to see, and to stand under, the great bell presented to the church by Sir Henry Stanley. It is now cracked, but its iron tongue has sounded over the country for many a mile; over meadow and wood and hamlet, ringing in, and tolling out, generation after generation, since the days of Henry VIII.

There is, to many minds, a peculiar pleasure in visiting places like this: in tracing out their history, indulging in the reflections to which they give rise, and gaining an actual interest in the men and women of bygone days. No one with comprehensive views of the present state of our country, and of the gradual growth and development of our national life and institutions, will condemn such a taste as puerile and uninteresting. It is to be hoped that those into whose hands the care of Tonge Church has now fallen, will do all in their power to preserve from injury or innovation this beautiful structure, and the relics of the past which it contains; for no wealth can ever replace them.

M.

THE GREAT WANT OF CHRISTIAN COMMUNITIES.

(Acts i. 8.)

THERE is a feeling prevalent in the present day, among God's children of almost every part of His Church, that they are not individually what God wishes them to be; and that, as churches, they are not accomplishing the work for which He raised them up. It is not difficult to account for this. A little thought results in the conviction that the feeling is, in the main, a just one. Thousands of the people of God are living below their

privileges. Their experience is as unsatisfactory to themselves as it is plainly deficient, when compared with the requirements of the Word of God. This is the case with many among the Methodist Societies. Any one who has thoughtfully attended to the statements of Christian experience, such as we have in our class-meetings, or has observed the burden of many public and social prayers, will have heard confessions like this,—
"We want something higher; we are not living as we ought. May God arouse us, and revive us again!"
In our Sabbath-schools, where the

seed of God's blessed truth is sown in ground most favourable to its taking root, the labourers, in many cases, are discouraged. "We teach," they say, "and the children give attention; we pray, we exhort; but our scholars are not being converted to Christ." It is matter of fact, too, that in our chapels thousands of most regular and attentive hearers remain unsaved. The most searching preaching appears to fall powerless; and the ministers of God return, Sabbath after Sabbath, to their closets, to grieve, and sorrowfully to ask, "Lord, who hath believed our report?" And as to the masses outside the walls of our Zion, the thousands who are daily living in open rebellion against God, and dying in acknowledged unpreparedness for eternity, the influence of the Church seems scarcely to touch them. Hence the prevailing sense of want. We need, as individual Christians, as Churches, something more than we have. What is that something?

A little attention to the matter will convince us that our want is a spiritual one. There is no lack of *truth*. We have in our own tongue, and in almost everybody's hand, the Bible; God's completed revelation of His will. The grand old doctrines with which Peter and Paul shook men's consciences are preached in the ears of hundreds of thousands every Sabbath. The truths which, in the hearts and on the lips of Luther, Wesley, Whitefield, and others, wrought such wonders, are ours to-day—salvation by faith, the new birth, the Spirit's direct witness, a full salvation through the blood of Christ; these truths are held, and proclaimed. Nor is it *knowledge* that is needed. Never was light more widely spread, or acquaintance with biblical truth more prevalent. It has been rightly taken for granted that ignorance is a great barrier to conversion; that the instructed are more likely to

be saved than the ignorant. And, accordingly, the young in our congregations know the truth, and have been taught to reverence it. And, assuredly, *means* of grace are not infrequent. Houses of prayer meet the eye in every direction; preaching, prayer-meetings, and meetings for religious fellowship abound. Means are not wanted; but life and power in the means. Knowledge of God is not wanted, but power to apply the knowledge. Truth is not wanted, but power to force the truth upon the consciences of men. The body of Lazarus in the tomb had its organization perfect—head, hands, feet; but it lacked *life*. And the church to-day has its Heaven-bostowed truths; its Divinely-appointed ordinances, and its wide-spread field for work. All things are ready; but it wants *power*.

Let it be distinctly understood that the power needed is a purely spiritual one. It is to be felt in the heart and conscience, manifested in prayer and faith, and to exert an influence on the souls of men; a power which rich and poor may have alike, and old and young, and which may dwell in the heart of the unlettered peasant as in the doctor in divinity. The power needed is such as shall overthrow the dominion of internal evil, change stubborn rebels against God into His obedient children, make vile hearts true and holy, and render men meet for God's service on earth, and for His presence in heaven. O for this power in our hearts, and in the Church!

Inquiring as to its Source, we are, by the Word of God, directed to the Holy Ghost:—"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." In the Divine scheme of redemption the Father is made known as the great Source of grace: He gave His Son, gives the Spirit, and bestows salvation. The Son is the Divine Mediator: He dies

to reconcile the world to God; stands between the Father and sinners; and, receiving from Him spiritual blessings, dispenses them to men on earth. The Holy Ghost is the great Agent of the Father and Son in bestowing salvation. He dwells in the Church, and communicates the blessings which the Father confers for the sake of the Son. He is all-present, and makes known the purposes of the Divine will to believing hearts, helping them in all their infirmities, and "making intercession for them with groanings which cannot be uttered." Hence the presence of the Holy Ghost is the power we seek to possess. He is God in us. He fills us with His light; sheds abroad His love; makes us hunger for His holiness, and writes upon our hearts His law. He is the Spirit of truth, the Spirit of holiness, the Spirit of faith; and wherever He is, the Church is full of energy and life, "endued with power from on high."

In exact harmony with our acknowledged want, the power of the Holy Ghost is *spiritual*. It may dwell where the body is weak, and the mind uneducated. It works not to make men intellectually strong or eloquent, but to make them holy. In anything that concerns the soul's salvation, the blessed Spirit finds His proper work. He makes the truth evident to the mind, and felt in the heart; removes barriers, and breaks down oppositions. His presence is convincing and reproving, causing men to feel that God is with His Word and in His people: it is converting, regenerating men's hearts; and sanctifying, changing the believing heart into love and purity. He works not irresistibly, but by persuasion, alarming, drawing, alluring men's souls. He abides in the Church, and His influence in awakening and renewing, is *according to faith and prayers of the people*

of God. As of Christ, so of the great Spirit whom Christ sends: in some places He cannot do "many mighty works, because of their unbelief."

The Holy Ghost is promised to us by God, who cannot lie.* Let us first be assured of our need of Him; that without Him there can be no real light and power. We shall then cease to trust in the force of truth, the wisdom or eloquence of man, or the suitability of means of grace. So far as we repose confidence in these things, we dishonour and grieve the Holy Ghost. Let us have faith in His love, in His willingness to bless. When our hearts seem as adamant, let it be remembered the Holy Ghost can soften them; when the Church is dead, He can quicken her; and when we see thousands unsaved, poor, blind, and far from God, let us believe that He can awaken and save them all. Thus we shall imitate the first disciples in their patient, prayerful waiting for His descent. Beginning now, let us give ourselves, and our merciful God, no rest till He fulfil our heart's desire, and pour His Spirit upon us, as "floods upon the dry ground."

Hanham.

I. E. P.

A WORD BY THE WAY.

WHILE fresh in my memory, I will note down a little incident which occurred the other day, confirming me in the belief that when a Christian is willing and wishful to work for the Lord and the good of others, opportunities are providentially placed in his way.

In the morning of the day in question, I was led out in earnest prayer that I might be useful to souls, con-

* See Luke xxiv. 49; John xiv. 16, 17, 26, 27; xvi. 7-11; Acts i. 4, 5.

sidering how much I owed my Lord, and desiring to

"Labour on at His command,
And offer all my works to Him."

At that time I had no intention of going from home; but during the forenoon went to see my friends at C—— N——. Returning in the evening by way of A——, two passengers were already in the carriage, one of whom left at the next station, and I was left alone with an old gentleman, who had annoyed me by his previous trifling. I was inclined, at first, to change carriages; but at length felt constrained to remain where I was. In the course of conversation he told me he had been to see a sister in Manchester; and that, to his surprise, another sister had died, and was in her coffin, before he had heard even of her illness. I said, "You must have been very much shocked."

"Yes; but, do you know, I have not wept! Men are hard, dry creatures, are they not?"

"Some are," I replied, "until the grace of God touches and softens them."

He was silent a moment; then looking up, he said, "That word has done me good."

"What word?"

"The grace of God.' Do you know what that means?"

"Yes," I said; "I think I do. I feel it in my heart; do you?"

"I have known something about it ever since I was eight years old. O, how this recalls it!"

"But do you feel it now?" I said, most earnestly; for I felt unusually anxious, and forgot we were strangers.

"No," he said, "not as I once did."

He was softened now, and I said, "But you may."

"Yes, that is a comfort."

"O! do be in earnest, and never

rest until you again possess it, and are happy."

Another moment's silence, and we drew up at A——. He got up, and with much emotion said, "Madam, I never saw you before, but you have done me good. From the bottom of my heart I say, God bless you! May I ask you a question, if you will not think it impertinent? Are you a Wesleyan?"

"Yes, Sir, I am."

He exclaimed,—“And my mother was one of John Wesley's converts!"

He bade me farewell with a hearty shake of the hand. Most likely we shall never meet on earth again; but many times since have I prayed that he might be led to seek and find rest in the Lord.

I believe the love of Christ "constrained" me in this instance, taking from me all fear of man, and placing before me the value of a soul drawing near to the grave in danger of being lost.*

EARLY WRITERS OF TRACTS.

WYCLIFFE, emphatically the Reformer before the Reformation, sent forth one hundred small publications, which were widely, yet secretly, diffused over England; and thus fed with holy oil that torch which, once kindled, was destined to fill with light all the land. When you have visited Lutterworth, where Wycliffe wrote and taught, and when you have looked over the Leicestershire hills and plains around, where, in all probability, the farmers and tillers of the rich fields are the lineal descendants of the men who first

* The above was found amongst the papers of a lady, eminent for her piety, a short memorial of whom appeared in the "Wesleyan - Methodist Magazine" for 1864.

embraced the doctrines of Wycliffe, vivid are the impressions left on the mind, not only as to the power of his oral teaching, but of the little manuscript treatises for which the friars and the "regular" priesthood, with the bishops, afterwards sought his life, but in vain. What a flutter of alarm must have run through their ranks on discovering, ever and anon, one or another ceasing to attend mass and confession, because Wycliffe's New Testament in the vulgar tongue, and his tracts, had revealed to them a new "way," which yet was the "old paths." It is a historic fact, that a young foreign nobleman visiting England, who had become a "heretic" by reading Wycliffe's small treatises, on his return home, placed them in the hands of John Huss; and thus was there another great witness-bearer raised up, whom the Council of Constance might consign to the flames, but whose preaching and suffering unto death evoked, cherished, and strengthened true faith in the hearts of thousands.

Tindal, besides being the most famous of all translators of the Bible, was also a writer of tracts. When a copy of one of them was presented to Henry VIII., he said, after perusing it, "This book is for me and all Christian kings to read."

In 1790, Hannah More published her first tract, "William Chip;" and of this and similar publications she records in her diary, that two million copies had been circulated in the first year. The name also of Mrs. Rebecca Wilson, of Clapham, who expended for years labour and money in the preparation of abridgements of useful works, and who also had tracts written for scattering abroad, is worthy of veneration as that of a woman full of faith and actuated by hallowed zeal.

When Charles Simeon and a pious friend went on horseback over the Borders, and penetrated into Scot-

land, John Campbell (afterwards Missionary in South Africa, and pastor at Kingsland, London) was much interested in finding that these "riders," as they passed along the highways, were wont to scatter copies of an earnest tract, with the title "Friendly Advice."—*Christian Work*.

THOUGHTLESS HEARERS.

THE Saviour, in His explanation of the Parable of the Sower, graphically describes different classes of hearers, modern representatives of whom are to be found in every congregation to whom the Word of Life is ministered. Of these, the first is generally the most numerous:—"When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart." Thoughtlessness is undoubtedly the characteristic of the persons thus described. They hear the word, without examining into its truth, or considering its importance. It thus produces no impression on them. Lying lightly on the surface of their minds, "the wicked one," who is ever on the alert to prevent the good seed taking root, finds it easy to remove it altogether. By various methods he does this, even while the truth from the preacher's voice is still falling on the ear; and often, by the time the discourse is ended, all trace of it has disappeared from the mind.

There are too many to whom this description applies. There are people who sit, and *appear* to listen, while the great verities of the Gospel are unfolded before them; but whose minds are, in reality, wandering far away, and occupied with thoughts of their business or their pleasure. Some engage in reviewing the past week. Others indulge in day-dreams about the future, dwelling on their

or their plans, discussing with
selves the probabilities of suc-
n their projects. The cessation
e preacher's voice recalls them
their reveries, only to find their
: a perfect blank as to all that
s been saying.

: tendency to all this exists in
of us; a defect of which the
y of our souls takes subtle
stage. Which of us has not
, when attending to the sermon,
something we had been in vain
; to remember all the previous
suddenly starts out distinctly
: us; or some puzzling, per-
ing thing becomes, all at once,
ar as daylight? At such times
ave found the temptation very
; to give up listening to the
her's voice, and follow out the
of thought suddenly suggested.
the devout hearer, who has
ed to the sanctuary with the
urpose of being instructed in
e truth, whose sincere desire
to receive that truth into his
, that he may bring forth the
ts great Author designed, knows
these are but the attempts of
wicked one" to pre-occupy his
, lest any lasting impression
d be made upon it. He steadily
s, therefore, all wandering
ghts, and prays for the grace
sary to hear with profit. We all
, however, who have tried it,
difficult it sometimes is to do
how constant the efforts needed,
ow seldom, after all, they are
s ther successful.

: those who come to the sanctuary
no such high purpose, who sit
: the sound of the preacher's
with no effort to control their
s, and concentrate their atten-
must easily become a prey to
atchful adversary, who prevents
ruth from effecting a lodgment
air hearts. There are some,
d, on whom the preaching of
ospel seems to produce abeo-

lutely no effect. It matters not in
what form the truth may be brought
before them, whether in its brighter
or its more solemn aspects. The
preacher's arguments may be clear,
his eloquence thrilling, his appeals
earnest and touching: it is all the
same to them. The whole is a mere
form, through which they are accus-
tomed to go Sabbath after Sabbath.
They are triflers in spirit, under the
most solemn circumstances. They
never appear to dream that the
preacher has a mission to *them*,—a
message for *them*; that he really is
professing to deliver God's solemn
truth to *them*. He has *his* part to
go through in the service, and they
like him to do it nicely; they have
also *their* part to perform, and they
do it with outward propriety: and
there is an end. The service closes;
and they leave the pew without one
right thought having been lodged in
their minds, or one right chord struck
in their hearts, the same triflers as
they entered it. Every Sabbath
night leaves such hearers worse than
the morning found them.

*How are these people ever to be
saved?* is the question which forces
itself upon the attention. "Faith
cometh by hearing." But, like the
Jews of our Lord's time, these,
hearing, hear not; and seeing,
they perceive not; neither do they
understand. We sometimes com-
plain that it is so difficult to make
people feel; but is there not greater
ground for the complaint that we
cannot get them to *think*? The case
of a man who does not feel is hope-
less enough; but that of the man
who *will not think* is even more so.
It is easier to make men feel than to
make them think. The orator can
sway his audience from sadness to
laughter, as his voice changes from
the pathetic to the gay; but, when
the eloquent voice shall have ceased,
there may be no more permanent
effect than the summer's breeze

leaves on the waving corn. Let the preacher succeed in filling the minds of his unconverted hearers with serious thoughts about their duty, and how they have neglected it; their highest interests, and how they have trifled with them; the gracious Saviour, and how they have rejected Him; about their approaching death and the coming judgment, and how unprepared they are,—and he will have accomplished a far greater work than if he had moved them all to tears. It is greater, because more difficult of accomplishment; and because it is more likely to result in lasting good. Feeling may neither arise from, nor lead to, thought. Serious thought, on the other hand, can scarcely be dissociated from right emotion. The only hope for the salvation of such hearers of the Word as we have been describing, lies in changing their *thoughtlessness* into *thoughtfulness*. Till that is done, "the wicked one" will find no difficulty in catching away "that which is sown in their hearts."

Need the Christian reader be reminded that there is a "Power from on high," promised in connexion with the ministry of the Word, whose mysterious, Divine influence can change the gayest trifler into a serious hearer? Let the devout and spiritual in every congregation, remembering the thoughtless ones by whom they are on all sides surrounded, lift their hearts heavenward for the influence of the convincing Spirit, and many a glorious transformation may be witnessed even amongst these careless ones, of whom we are sometimes almost ready to despair.

W. S. D.

"THE HELPING HAND."

As I was crossing a field, one bright summer's afternoon, wending my way to a thickly-populated neighbourhood in the suburbs of a large

manufacturing city in the north of England, where I was then labouring in the capacity of Home-Missionary Minister, a working man crossed my path, hand-in-hand with a little daughter, whom he was evidently taking to school, on the way to his own occupation. Full of glee and lively converse, she tripped along most pleasantly; but suddenly something in the path which she had not noticed, or a false step, caused her to stumble, and she staggered a few paces forward, happily without falling, for she still retained hold of her father's hand. When she had recovered herself, the look of anxiety and fear caused by the accident, passed away, like a dissolving view, into one of smiling gratitude; and, glancing upwards into her father's face, she said, "O, father, I should have fallen, if you had not held me!"

The beautiful scene and the suggestive words fixed themselves in my memory, and awakened a train of pleasing and profitable reflection, which tended not a little to prepare me for my afternoon's work in the homes of the poor. I thought of other "stumbleings" in life's rough path, and of the stronger Hand, which, if grasped, will always save. I remembered how frequently the children of God are in danger from some obstruction in the path, or through the consequences of some false step; and would, most assuredly, fall, but for the "helping Hand" of their kind and indulgent Father above. I felt how grateful we should be for opportune assistance—for "grace to help in time of need;" and how necessary it is for us ever to have hold of our Father's hand with a firm and unwavering grasp; so that, when seasons of emergency come, we may not have to grope for help from strange hands, or from untried sources; but *feel* that help is nigh, from One who is stronger than the

strongest, and whose heart is ever full of sympathy and love.

I considered how ready we ought to be to help those who not only stumble, but fall; those who have possessed far inferior advantages to ourselves; who have been surrounded by less kindly influences; and who, by the very force of circumstances, have undoubted claims on our Christian sympathy and succour. I thought what a far happier world this would be, and how greatly many of the sorrows of life would be mitigated, if every Christian would copy the example of the "Good Samaritan;" or, better and brighter still, the example of the blessed Saviour, who did not spurn the outcast and the wanderer from His presence, but received them with a gracious welcome; who constantly "went about doing good;" who allowed the woman, "which was a sinner," to "wash His feet with tears," and "wipe them with the hairs of her head;" and who, on another occasion,—when, in human judgment, censure, and even condemnation was justly merited,—said, in words of tenderness, which no human sympathy could reach,—
"Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

"Deal gently with the erring :
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour :
Ye may not know how earnestly
He struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of darkness came,
And sadly thus he fell.
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod."

G. S. W.

"I'LL BURN THE LAST BOOK."

SOME years ago an infidel went to hear a noted and useful minister in one of our large towns. The preacher was very earnest; and, warming with

his theme, pressed repentance and decision on the congregation with much holy power. The infidel, as he left the house of prayer, said to himself, "That man is a fool and a knave." A second time he went to hear him; but, though still a scoffer, he this time only said, "He is a fool, but no knave." A third time, drawn by the good Spirit, he went to hear; and, at the close of the service, came to the conclusion, "The preacher is neither fool nor knave: I will give my heart to God."

At the prayer-meeting, when penitents, among whom he placed himself, were invited to seek and plead for mercy, he could find no peace. On reaching home, he strove to go to rest; but in vain did he close his weary eyes: sleep had fled. There was a great battle in his heart between his long-cherished scepticism and the Saviour. At length, thinking of the infidel books in his library he had so long prized, he resolved to burn them all except *one*, the most valuable and cleverest of the whole. This he carried into effect. Still no rest was secured, either to soul or body. Another struggle took place; and, with a mighty effort, he declared, "I'll give it all up: I'll burn the *last* book;" and, so determining, he committed it to the flames. Then, at his bedside, he sought mercy through a crucified Redeemer. Peace took possession of his soul, and he was made happy in a sense of God's pardoning mercy.

This peace, this pardon, reader, you perceive, followed his determination to give up sin, so far as lay in his power. While he clung to the infidel notions, the sceptical volume, no faith could be exercised. When he decided, "I'll burn the last book;" when he acted on his decision, his heart was ready to exercise trust in Jesus for mercy.

Have you burnt *your* "last book?" Have you, through Jesus' help, sin-

carely renounced your besetment? If not, no peace can ever be yours; and, if you have a kind of peace, it is merely a fire of your own kindling, a warmth not Divine.

What is your "last book" that you ought to burn, and that keeps you from Christ? Is it self-indulgence? Is it pride or covetousness? Is it unbelief? O, throw it far from you; give it up! It may be a severe struggle to do so. Perhaps your sin brings you position, wealth, much pleasure. Perhaps, like the books which the believers of Corinth burnt, the price may be as "fifty thousand pieces of silver." But better to lose the silver, and gain the cross; to lose the earthly treasure, and win celestial joys. "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."

Determine, therefore, by God's help, now, even now, to "burn the last book." Deny yourself. Take up your cross, and follow Christ. A blessing will follow your decision; and the Holy Spirit will soon enable you to rejoice in a sense of the favour of God.

R. H. O.

NOTES ON THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.

The salutation, and an ascription of praise to God for the blessings of redemption. (Chap. i. 1—14.)

THE words, "at Ephesus," in verse 1, are wanting in some MSS. Hence it has been doubted whether this epistle was addressed to the Ephesian Church, especially as there is an entire absence of personal salutations, as in other epistles. But the early Church accepted the superscription, and the majority of MSS. have it. Usher suggests that it may have been a circular letter, first addressed to Ephesus, but intended

for all the Asian Churches. Another peculiarity of the epistle is, that it does not deal with any particular heresies, whether Jewish or philosophical, though it alludes to their existence and influence in chapter iv.

The persons addressed are doubly described,—*"saints,"* and *"faithful in Christ Jesus."* The former refers to God's work in them; the latter to their act of faith towards Him. Or the Apostle has in mind their general and special character as Christians. In general, they were *"saints;"* a title common to them and the earlier Church of the Jews; but, as Christians, they were *"faithful"* (believers) *"in Christ Jesus."* Sanctification is the result; faith in Christ the cause.

"Grace and peace." *"Grace,"* the fountain: *"peace,"* the stream issuing from it; the application of grace to the believing heart. *"From God our Father,"* the Source of all good; *"and the Lord Jesus Christ,"* the Mediator of all good; and, as Head of the Church, united with the Father as the Source of every blessing.

Praise to God for the blessings of redemption. (Verses 3—8.)

It is addressed to *"the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ:"* not *"to God who is the Father,"* &c.; but to Him who is both God and Father,—the God of His humanity, and the Father of His Divinity. Or, more properly, the God and Father of Christ, considered as *"the Lord Jesus Christ,"* the Head and Representative of believers; in whom He is our God and Father, if we believe in Him.

He is *"blessed,"* because He hath *"blessed"* us with *"blessings."* Our blessing is a response to His mercies. We bless Him by our praise; He blesses us by *"all spiritual blessings."* They are *"spiritual,"* or of the Spirit; and, therefore, in their nature spiritual, and given to our spirits. Thus they are distinguished

from the temporal blessings which were characteristic of the old covenant. They are "in the heavenlies." The italic "places," is to be preferred to "things," in the margin. (See verse 20; ii. 6; iii. 10; vi. 12.) The sphere of these blessings is heaven,—let down to earth, to lift us up to heaven. "In Christ," our Head, from whom the blessing flows, like Aaron's anointing, to all the members of His body.

1. Those blessings are traced (verses 4, 5) to their origin in the choice and predestination of God. That was their archetype,—now fulfilled. "Chosen us in Him." Here is election; but not necessarily of individuals, but of a class: believers in Christ, whether Jews or Gentiles. "Before the foundation," &c. Some refer this to the Jewish Church. Is not the true reference to the plan of the world's redemption from the beginning? (See chap. iii. 11.) The answer does not affect the doctrine of predestination; for only those who believe are personally elected. "Having predestinated us," He chose us in Christ. (Compare with "predestinate" in Rom. viii. 29.) In both places predestination is connected with the sanctification of believers.

2. The nature of these spiritual blessings is then stated. *Sanctity*.—"Holy and unblamable:" positive and negative holiness. Or the reference may be to the inward principle, and its outward manifestation. "Before Him:" such as He will approve. "In love," which is the essence of all holiness. This is sometimes construed with what follows, and understood of the love of God: "having predestinated us in love." "*Adoption of children*."—This expresses the relation, as the former does the character, of the "saints." To the Jews "pertained the adoption." Here is the complete fulfilment of the plan, in the adoption of believers, both

Jews and Gentiles. *Acceptance*.—"Accepted in" Christ, as we had been reprobated in Adam. "In the beloved" Son: in whom, and for whose sake, believers are beloved sons. "*Forgiveness of sins*."—This is "redemption" by price, ("in His blood,") with its present application, as distinguished from the final redemption of verse 14. In the experience of believers these blessings are simultaneously received; but there is an order in which they are related to one another, which is here inverted. Forgiveness comes first; then acceptance, adoption, and holiness, which, beginning with the witness of adoption, thenceforward is progressive to the end of life.

3. The medium of these blessings is frequently referred to,—the Lord Jesus Christ. The Apostle's heart is full of Christ; and he will not allow us to forget Him. "In His blood." (Verse 7.) First, the Mediator; then the Atonement, on which that mediation is based.

4. Nor must we lose sight of the final cause of our blessings,—"the glory of His grace:" (verse 6:) to illustrate this glory of His nature, and to excite our praise of it. (Compare verses 12, 14.) Hence the Sovereignty of the whole procedure: "the good pleasure of His will." (Ver. 5, 9.) Not only must we admire the sovereignty of grace, but observe that Divine Sovereignty is gracious.

The grace of God shown in the revelation of His will. (Verses 8—14.)

"Wherein he hath abounded;" that is, in grace. (Verse 8.) This grace has overflowed: in general, "in all wisdom and prudence,"—the knowledge of truth and duty; "prudence" being the practical application of "wisdom:" in particular, "having made known unto us the mystery of His will,"—the mystery which in the Gospel is explained, and is the key to all His dealings with men. The Apostle then declares,—

1. God's general design. (Verse 10.) (1.) It related to "the dispensation of the fulness of times;" (compare Gal. iv. 4;) when the seasons of former dispensations had run their course. Thus the purpose of God had waited from "before the foundation of the world." (Verse 4.) (2.) That purpose was "to gather together in one," &c.: to re-unite the divided family of God under the government of Christ. "Both which are in heaven, and which are on earth:" Jews and Gentiles, angels and men. "Peace on earth."

2. The particular development of that design.

(1.) To the Jews. "In whom *we*," as contrasted with "ye," in verse 13, —we of the house of Israel. "Have obtained an inheritance" of present and final salvation, of which Canaan was but a feeble type. "Being predestinated," &c. The same purpose which ordained a Church of Jewish and Gentile believers, appointed that the Jews should be its first members: "who first trusted in Christ." (Verse 12.)

(2.) To the Gentiles; particularly to the Ephesians, who represented other Gentiles. (Verse 13.) Here are traced the successive steps of their redemption. i. "Heard the word of truth;" which was not only true; but, in design and in effect, also "the Gospel of your salvation." ii. "Ye also trusted" [in Christ]—from the previous verse. iii. "Sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise," —the promised Holy Spirit, —as the assurance of present salvation, and the earnest of, iv. Final "redemption." "Of the purchased possession:" the Church, of which Israel was the type, and the blood of Christ the price, foreshadowed by the paschal lamb. This Church, which Christ has acquired for Himself on the cross, He shall at last redeem from the grave. (Compare Rom. viii. 18—23.) They trusted "after

that" they heard the word of truth; they were sealed "after that" they trusted; and they shall be finally redeemed because they were sealed. This is the universal order of grace.

(3.) To both Jews and Gentiles. "That we should be to the praise of His glory." (Verses 12, 14.) "The glory of His grace." (Verse 6.) The converted Jews in an eminent degree, because originally the chosen people, and now the first saved.

Let all who read unite in praising the grace of God, who has devised and revealed "such a plan for the recovery of lost and undone sinners;" and has thus far worked out that plan in their personal enlightenment and salvation. May they partake, also, of final redemption from the last penalty of sin, and be for ever with the Lord. Amen. H.

FEMALE ADORNING.

(1 Peter iii. 3—5.)

SONNET.

"THE HOLY WOMEN," in "the time of old,"

"Adorned themselves" with ornaments most pure,

That ever would in beauty still endure:
More precious far than sparkling gems
and gold,

And all the costly things by merchants
sold.

The gaze of mortals they did not allure,
But sought the approbation to secure
Of Him who did not that high meed
withhold.

Wouldst thou the same blest heaven-
ward path pursue,—

Their pure, imperishable graces wear;
More comely far than "pearls" and
"broidered hair,"

And all the beauteous things that
deck the fair,—

Then seek them in THE BOOK most rich
and true:

That "treasury" of jewels, "old and
new." T. C.



(Ruins at Is-nik, the ancient Nicaea.)

A GLANCE AT THE NICENE COUNCIL.

MIDWAY between the southern inlet of the Sea of Marmora, and the River Sakaria, and to the north of the snow-crowned Olympus, lies a poor and most desolate-looking Turkish village, called Is-nik. In the fragments of ancient columns which are strewn about, and in the remains of the surrounding walls, it is not difficult to trace the memorials of a city which was once adorned with noble architecture, and which, as a second capital of Bithynia, held a pre-eminence of rank among the places of note in the Eastern Empire. Beautifully situated in a plain at the western extremity of the Ascanian lake, and in the neighbourhood of richly-wooded mountains, Nicaea became a favourite place of resort; and in the later years of the Roman Empire

it seems to have been occasionally an Imperial residence.

It was here, in the year 325, that the famous Nicene Council was held, under the presidency of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. For some time the Church had been extensively and grievously torn with disputes respecting the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ. These contentions arose at Alexandria, where the subtleties of a metaphysical philosophy, ambitious of being "wise above what is written," had long perilled the straightforward and common-sense simplicity of the Christian faith. The immediate occasion of the disastrous Arian controversy, was a sermon, which Alexander the bishop had delivered to his clergy, in explanation and defence of the teaching of Scripture, with respect to the relation subsisting between the Father and the Son in the Godhead.

In that sermon he rightly and earnestly maintained the doctrine of the essential equality of the Son with the Father, according as our Lord Himself had taught, "I and my Father are one."

It may, perhaps, seem to some, that the terms which Alexander used were not as carefully and wisely chosen as so abstract and difficult a question demanded. In fact, no task is harder than that of describing in human words, and according to human analogies and modes of thought, the mysterious and ineffable relationship existing between the sacred Persons of the adorable Trinity. Arius, a presbyter of the Alexandrian Church, and, moreover, a man of distinguished learning and commanding eloquence, took exception to the bishop's statements. Not content with simply refusing assent to the form in which Alexander explained the doctrine in question, he boldly denied the doctrine itself; declaring, on the ground of a metaphysical argument, that the Son could not be truly, and in the highest sense, a Divine Person.

Failing to convince him that he was in error, and clearly perceiving that the heresy to which he so tenaciously clung was fatally subversive of Christianity, Alexander, in the year 321, summoned a provincial Council, at which he was deposed from the ministerial office; and, according to the custom of the times, excommunicated. Upon this, Arius left Egypt; but, with great energy and ability, and astonishing success, he continued to teach the doctrine of the essential inferiority of the Son to the Father.

Multitudes of all ranks, both among the clergy and laity, were won over to his side; among whom was Eusebius, Bishop of Nicomedia, the capital city of Bithynia,—a man whose high ecclesiastical rank and social position necessarily gave him great influence. Openly and warmly did Eusebius, and many of his clergy, espouse the tenets of the deposed presbyter of the Alexandrian Church; and they also formally admitted him into their own communion. The Arian doctrine, thus favoured in high places, continued rapidly to spread, and a controversy ensued; so violent, that it not

unfrequently aroused some of the fiercest passions of human nature, leading to the most excited and tumultuous ebullitions of popular fury; so wide-spread, that it raged from the remote regions of the East, throughout Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, and far away West among the Latin and Teutonic nations of Europe, to the shores of the Bay of Biscay; and so protracted, that it ran on through the long period of three hundred years.

The vehemence with which these disputes were carried on, everywhere disturbing the peace of the Church, and producing an irritation of public feeling which spread through all classes of society, determined Constantine to summon a General Council, at which the question might be authoritatively settled. He also issued a letter of admonition and entreaty to the disputants, pointing out the necessity of a wise and conciliatory forbearance. The Imperial mandate fixed upon Nicæa as the place where the Council should assemble; and the end of May, or the beginning of June, was mentioned as the time when its deliberations should begin. It is probable that the civil authorities were required to furnish the necessary supplies to those who, in obedience to the Emperor's call, would travel to the Council. "Each bishop was to have two presbyters and three slaves as his retinue. They travelled partly in public carriages, partly on horses, asses, and mules, provided for the purpose, both for riding and carrying baggage." On their arrival at Nicæa, they first assembled in a large building; partly, it would seem, for mutual greetings, and partly for religious exercises. When these were over, they repaired to a hall in the Imperial palace, which had been fitted up for the sittings of the Council. A copy of the holy Gospels was reverently placed on a conspicuous elevation in the centre of the room; and at the further end of the hall was a throne carved in wood and covered with costly gilding, the seat of the Imperial President.

When the Emperor entered, in solemn procession, to open the deliberations of the Council, the entire assembly rose to their feet. To those three hundred and

eighteen bishops, with their attendant presbyters and deacons, collected from so many provinces of the empire, the whole scene appeared like a pleasant dream. Only fifty years ago, in that very city, the Church was suffering severe persecutions from the pagan authorities; now, instead of fines, imprisonment, torture, exile, and cruel deaths, the Christians enjoyed rest and protection; and the Emperor himself had declared publicly his conversion to the Christian faith. Of lofty stature and noble features, wearing the Imperial crown of pearls and a gorgeous robe flashing with precious stones and bright with golden embroidery, Constantine passed between the ranks of wondering and admiring clergy, to his throne.

A very remarkable assembly was that. It was the first of a series of General Councils, held at various intervals, and summoned to meet various emergencies, during a period running through the long course of twelve centuries. And as it was the first of the General Councils, so, perhaps, it was the best. It was, we readily own, far from faultless; far from offering a worthy example of the Christianity set forth in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

The historians speak of "the clatter of angry voices," and of "recriminations and accusations bandied to and fro, without regard to the Imperial presence;" and there was too much of the fiery spirit of partisanship, and too little of "speaking the truth in love." Still, there were not lacking instances of forbearance, charity, and simplicity, which make the Nicene Council appear to advantage, when compared with many that followed it.

(To be continued.)

TRACT-DISTRIBUTERS:

A PLEA FOR A NEGLECTED CLASS.

It is our privilege to live in an age when the parting command of our Saviour to His disciples, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," receives much serious thought and attention. The sorrowful tale of immortal souls, "without God, and without hope in the

world," awakens lively feelings of sympathy and commiseration in Christian hearts, from whatever nation the tidings come.

We may, therefore, hope that our brief appeal for a class of perishing ones, often passed by in the weekly round of benevolent love, will not be altogether in vain. Why should we so often hear the remark, "It is of no use to call at the houses of *Irish Catholics*?" If they refuse a tract, is that a sufficient reason for thinking no more of them? If a careful mother warned her children not to accept infidel publications, should we expect them to be readily received? Catholics have been solemnly warned against Protestant tracts as impious and pernicious. Might not their ready acceptance often be evidence of a reckless unconcern, rather than of intelligent inquiry?

Some will perhaps reply, "But we can't do any more than offer the tracts." Pray think a moment. If a neighbour's child were drowning, would you be so easily satisfied? If you could afford no help yourself, would you not take the trouble to ask the assistance of one who could? And is there no meaning in the words, "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much:" "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not?" Believing prayer is, we know, intimately associated with the conversion of souls; and does not the answer often descend, in part, upon our own spirit, deepening the interest already felt in the welfare of others, and awakening that loving ingenuity so frequently displayed by true Christian charity?

We venture to illustrate this subject by a reference to a tract-distributor's experience. Noticing some little Irish children at play, and reflecting that they were, probably, being trained in a false creed, she looked at them with sorrowful interest. The beauty of their bright eyes attracted her attention, and just then their mother appeared at the door. "I was admiring the brightness of your little one's eyes," she said. The mother looked pleased, and asked, "Would the lady step in, and see her sick child?"

The poor thing was lying on a few rags in a corner of a most desolate room. The mother wept as she told her tale of trouble. The visitor replied, "God is full of goodness, why do you suppose He lets trouble come? May it not be that He wants us to dwell with Him in heaven, and escape from hell,—and we won't think about it?" The mother was depressed by sorrow, and was glad to listen to words of comfort. Her prejudices were not shocked at this first interview by a denial of the false doctrines of her Church; but Christ was spoken of as dying to save us, and she was told that prayer to God will be heard and accepted for His sake. Both visitor and tracts were always welcome after this.

In connexion with some Missionary services, a Bible collector was roused to take more interest in a part of her district, crowded by Roman Catholics. An effort was made to recommend the Bible, in a simple way, as a book "teaching the way to be happy; the way to heaven." Following up this attempt the next week, she found, in a wretched Irish home, a poor woman, who answered her first remark by saying, "I am oppressed with poverty and illness; I cannot think of these things." The visitor replied, "That is the reason I am so anxious to recommend the Testament to you; I want you to read in it of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost." The poor creature saw that the speaker was touched with her condition. The reserved, suspicious look, so usual among Catholics, was exchanged for the true Irish expression of warm-hearted confidence. The Protestant visitor and Protestant tracts were henceforth welcome.

A very suitable one, "Why will not the Priest allow me to read the Bible?" was selected, some time after, by this once devoted Catholic, in preference to a narrative offered instead. The last time she was visited, just before emigrating to America, she said, with deep feeling, speaking of her Testament, "Indeed I will read it."

It is not easy to realize the sad condition of members of a Church

acknowledging many mediators, and making void the commandments of God by the traditions of men. The impressive words of St. John show us their danger: "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." "Come out of her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Permit us to plead once more for these poor outcasts, in the words of the Lord Jesus, by whose precious blood they are redeemed: "How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? . . . Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." E.

AFRICAN CEREMONIALS.

On entering a village, says Dr. Livingstone, we proceeded, as all strangers do, at once to the Boalo: mats of split reeds or bamboo were usually spread for us to sit on. Our guides then told the men who might be there, who we were, whence we had come, whither we wanted to go, and what were our objects. This information was duly carried to the chief, who, if a sensible man, came at once; but if he happened to be timid and suspicious, waited until he had used divination, and his warriors had time to come in from outlying hamlets. When he makes his appearance, all the people begin to clap their hands in unison, and continue doing so till he sits down opposite to us. His counsellors take their places beside him. He makes a remark or two, and is silent for a few seconds. Our guides then sit down in front of the chief and his counsellors, and both parties lean forward, looking earnestly at each other: the chief repeats a word, such as *ambwista*, ("our father," or "master,") or, *moia*, ("life,") and all clap their hands. Another word is followed by two claps; a third by still more clapping, when each touches the ground with both hands placed together. Then all rise and lean forward with

measured clap, and sit down again with clap, clap, clap, fainter and still fainter, till the last dies away, or is brought to an end by a smart loud clap from the chief. They keep perfect time in this species of court etiquette. Our guides now tell the chief, often in blank verse, all they have already told his people, with the addition, perhaps, of their own suspicions of the visitors. He asks some questions, and then converses with us through the guides. Direct communication between the chief and the head of the stranger party is not customary. In approaching they often ask who is the spokesman; and the spokesman of the chief addresses the person indicated exclusively. There is no lack of punctilious good manners. The accustomed presents are exchanged with civil ceremoniousness, until our men, wearied and hungry, call out, "English do not buy slaves; they buy food:" and then the people bring meal, maize, fowls, batatas, yams, beans, and beer for sale.

GOD'S SECRET ONES.

YESTERDAY, whilst engaged in pastoral work, I had, in the course of duty, to visit some of our poorer members, who live in one of the worst streets of the town of H—, chiefly inhabited by a low and degraded Roman Catholic population. I had noticed in the street an aged woman leading a little child by the hand. I seemed to attract her attention; for she followed me with her gaze from door to door. Her dress indicated that she was in necessitous circumstances; yet there was a brightness and intelligence in her eyes which told of better days. Whilst engaged in conversation with one of our members, in the front room of her house, the old woman came in, and said, "Well, I thought it was you, Mr. W—, and I must come and speak to you." She then began to tell me something of her history. Giving a most clear and beautiful account of her conversion in early life, she described her rapturous feelings when the Lord "set her soul at liberty;" and how she felt she could "skip across Jordan," for she had

no "fear of death." She also spoke of her present experience,—that she was "still happy in God;" and that it would "take eternity to tell all that God had done for her soul."

I was so much struck with the deep-toned piety and the intelligence of the "old disciple," that I made some inquiries; and found that she lived in "a little room over an entry" in the same street. Having the care of some grand-children, she had but few opportunities of attending God's house, and through force of circumstances had not been able to join the Society since residing in the county of C—; but, although seventy-four years of age, was still "kept by the power of God," in the absence of many of the means of grace which more privileged ones constantly enjoy. If we could penetrate into all the streets and courts and alleys, in the various towns and cities of this favoured land of ours, there would doubtless be found many an "old disciple" who lives in the lowliest of dwellings, and whose outward condition is anything but desirable. They know the meaning of privations and want, and may be emphatically called "Christ's poor." But if it is storm without, it is sunshine within; if they are poor in substance, they are rich in grace. Many a humble lodging is brightened with a richer than earthly splendour, because streams from the upper and "excellent glory" flow down into them. "Bethel" might be justly printed above the window-frames, because hallowed converse is there enjoyed between true disciples and their Father in the skies.

The aged saint told me, in simple but beautiful words, how she taught her grandchildren to pray; and that, in her prayers, she spoke the words audibly, so that the little ones might know that they were prayed for; and, as she said, "might remember her when she was passed away."

God has many such "secret ones" scattered up and down the world,—more than the registers of our churches represent; but they are known to Him. Their names are "written in heaven;" and, when Christ shall come in His glory, they also shall "appear with Him." Perhaps

it will then be known that the humble witnessing for Jesus, and the stammering, but earnest supplications of many of those who are neglected and obscure, have tended to augment the number of the saved, and to enrich the splendours of the Saviour's conquests.

G. S. W.

WORDS TO THE SOWER.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

TAKE courage, husbandman! nor stay
thine hand,

Though barren seem the ground, and
cold the sky;

Though thorns and thistles thick
around thee lie,

Toil on, and faint not; 'tis thy Lord's
command.

The seed thou sow'st comes not of mortal
soil,

But has been garner'd in the rounds
of Aye;

And bears within a vitalizing ray
Of power divine, which will reward thy
toil.

Then let not doubt disturb, nor fear
dismay;

But sow the precious seed where'er
you go,

On rocky ridge, high hill, and valley
low;

And with thy constant sowing, watch
and pray.

So shall it rise, though earth and hell
annoy,

To crown at length thy "rest" with
harvest joy!

F. L. N.

SOMETHING ABOUT BEES.

I.

THERE are, doubtless, many readers of the "Christian Miscellany" who have watched the bees at work on a summer's day, but who have a very indefinite idea of what they are really doing. You have seen one alight upon a flower, appear very busy for a moment or two, fly off for another moment, just hovering about the plant, then alight upon another bloom; and so on, until, with a sharp

whirr, it flew swiftly away. Or you have seen a bee work very actively upon something or other in the centre of the flower, and then fly away with two little masses, like yellow dough, attached to its hind legs. You have, doubtless, wondered at these yellow, red, and brown lumps; what they were, and what became of them, why all bees do not carry them, and so on. In two or three papers I will offer answers to these and some other questions, and say a kind word for an insect, familiar enough in appearance, but whose habits are little studied, though they are a never-failing source of interest, and, indeed, astonishment, to those who observe them.

On a fine spring morning there is sure to be a merry hum about the hives, and a cloud of bees on the wing, incessantly coming and going. At first, all seems confusion, especially if the hives are numerous and pretty close together. But we soon observe an orderly arrangement of forces, and that each one of the many thousands of bees has a distinct errand, as well as its own home. A large proportion of the arrivals bring in the little pellets already spoken of; and very weary they often seem, dropping almost motionless upon the board in front of the entrance, and requiring to rest awhile until they have strength to enter. If we were to mark them by means of some coloured powder, we should find that each bee is rarely absent more than ten or fifteen minutes from the hive, and that it repeats the journey several times in succession. This fact can be corroborated in a very simple way: for, if the entrance of a hive be closed, so as to prevent all egress until the neighbouring hives are in pretty regular work, and the barrier be then removed, one or two bees will return with a load in the course of eight or ten minutes; and in another five minutes the arrivals will be numerous and regular. Many will return without pollen; but their somewhat swollen appearance, which is readily detected by a practised eye, shows that they carry their load under cover, the said load being a drop of pure honey gathered from two or three score of flowers, and stored away in a pouch, or crop, that, after being distended, forcibly contracts

at will; so that, on reaching a convenient cell, the load is emptied into it.

Besides these labourers, we shall probably see, about the middle of the day, if it be calm and mild, a little cloud of bees hovering in front of the hive, neither coming nor going, but simply poised in mid-air; occasionally dropping on the landing-board, and, after a short time, rising again, as before. These are young ones, taking what is called their first flight, or rather trying their new-found powers, and evidently rejoicing in them. They do not leave the hive for the first two or three weeks of their existence, being engaged in various home duties. There is probably nothing more to be seen, unless now and then an unfortunate wanderer makes a mistake, and attempts to enter the wrong hive, when the sentinels, who are always on the watch, and who literally challenge every arrival, seize the stranger by a leg, or a wing, and hustle and tumble him over and over, until they all drop together from the board to the ground, where they are often locked together, and so remain struggling and fighting for some minutes.

A hasty observer sees little more, certainly; but the longer we stay, the more we are surprised. Timed by a watch, the arrivals are fifty, fifty-five, sixty, possibly seventy, to the minute; and there is an equal number of departures. I have seen this number greatly exceeded; once, especially, near some heather, at the close of a fine day in August. This was by far the prettiest sight of the kind that I ever witnessed. Two hives stood in a deep hollow, and the bees were thus compelled to take a wide sweep in their flight before they could settle, looking like a flock of fairy birds rather than insects. On arriving, about ninety were entering per minute in the one, and seventy in the other. I left them for an hour, and then returned, expecting that the commotion would have subsided. Instead of this, they were coming in faster and faster; and the sight was really wonderful. They came not by twos and threes, but by seven, eight, nine at a time. I counted one hundred and forty-seven in a minute; and have no doubt that they

entered at this rate into both hives during at least a quarter of an hour. They could be seen quite distinctly in the air, coming over the hill and along the hill-side, and sweeping down the hollow, like a bird to its nest. On another day, when the sun was suddenly overcast, they arrived so fast, that they could not enter, and crowded each other until the landing-board was one black mass, as was also the ground in front of it. Such a case, however, as already stated, was altogether exceptional. Half the number makes a busy scene, and it is the endless succession that is so striking. This goes on all day long, from early in the morning till near sunset; and every fine day from April to September.

The scene within is equally busy. The entire hive is filled with combs from top to bottom, and from end to end, leaving only a narrow passage between each. Let us try to get a glimpse of what is going on. Here are experimental hives, of different shapes and sizes. Some of them are fitted with glass windows. On looking in, the ends of the combs are to be seen plainly enough; nine or ten of them standing in a row, about half an inch apart. The bees crowd thickly upon them, and there is a good deal of running up and down; but nothing very clear can be made out. Here is another hive, in which the combs have been built parallel with the window, and something more can be seen. Here is a third sort of hive, in which the combs are fixed in frames, and suspended, one above another, between two glass sides; so that the entire operations of the hive are visible, at any time, without creating any disturbance.

But, before describing these operations, take a spare piece of comb, and examine it carefully. Creation is full of marvels; but neither on the earth, nor in the sea, is there anything more wonderful than this very fragment. Look at its purity, as white as snow; its delicacy,—a film of talc, or a leaf of tissue-paper is no thicker; its capacity,—fifty cells, half an inch deep, in a square inch; its economy of space,—not an atom wasted; its strength,—a square foot will sustain four to five pounds' weight. There are

In an ordinary hive about sixty thousand cells, which are used for storing honey and pollen, and for rearing the brood. Fig. 1 gives a representation of cells, the natural size as regards diameter, though not as regards depth, an ordinary comb being about an inch in thickness. It will be seen that the upper series of cells are considerably larger than the lower.* The former are drone-cells, used for the drone, or male brood; and the latter for the ordinary, or worker-brood. Of the former there is only a small proportion in any healthy hive; but, as it requires a smaller amount of material, and is, therefore, more rapidly constructed than the other, drone-comb is often made for storing the surplus, when honey is more than usually plentiful. Thus the glass "supers" which appear on our breakfast tables often consist entirely of these larger

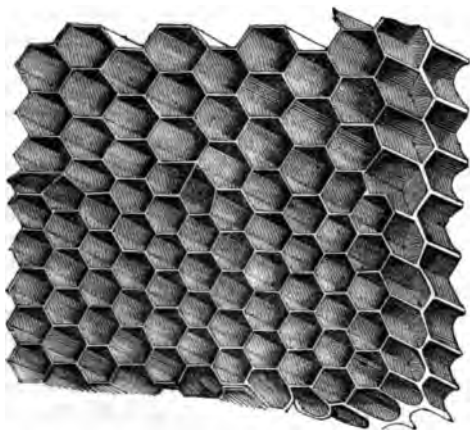


Fig. 1.

cells. The bulk of the comb in a hive is, however, of the worker size. The combs are one inch in thickness, and consist of two series of cells placed back to back. A side view, or vertical section, is seen at Fig. 2; and the arrangement may also be seen in the right-hand series of cells in Fig. 1. Though the ordinary cells are thus half an inch deep,

* The series of transition cells by which the two are connected is very curious. They are, of course, useless for brood, and are invariably stored with honey.

those of the outermost combs of the hive, and those of the supers, are often much deeper. It seems extraordinary how such a weight of honey as these combs contain, can be sustained by such a fragile material. And though a closer examination shows a beauty of contrivance which one is never weary of

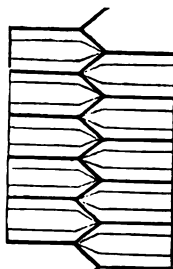


Fig. 2.

admiring, the difficulty is not fully solved. The double series of cells are placed back to back; but one cell is not opposed by another cell, but by parts of three others. On holding up a piece of new comb to the light, the three dividing walls on the opposite side can be very clearly made out, somewhat after the manner of Fig. 3. While the base is thus strengthened, each of the six sides is supported by the wall of an adjoining cell; making altogether nine buttresses, so arranged that the weight is equally distributed over them all. Indeed, so perfect is the mutual dependence of the cells, that, if a breakage once begins, it is impossible to say where it will stop. The comb is like a pane of glass, which, so long as it is whole, has considerable power of resistance; but, once

broken ever so slightly, the crack may run the whole length of the pane, or, perhaps, spread in three or four different directions, and destroy the whole; or, on the other

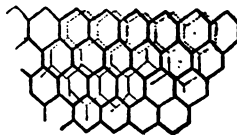


Fig. 3.

hand, it may remain as it is, and go no further. And in a newly made comb, if it receive an injury, the delicate equilibrium is broken, many cells are destroyed, or two or three cracks

spread in all directions, and the comb will sometimes fall down altogether, a complete smash, to the surprise as well as the mortification of the young operator. Another curious thing is, that *the size* of the comb (as long as it is perfect) appears to make no difference to its strength. Thus they have been found two, three, four feet in length, weighing as much as twenty pounds; and yet, on the principle of mutual support, the fragile cells of these immense combs were able to bear such a weight just as well as those of the ordinary size.

It was once supposed, even by such authorities as Buffon and Réaumur, and is yet believed by many people, that the material of which the combs are formed, is gathered from flowers. But it is a true animal product; a secretion obtained under certain conditions. When wax is required, as when a colony takes possession of an empty hive, or when a glass, or box, is to be stored with honey, the bees cluster together in a dense mass, raising the temperature not only by the crowding together, but by a quickened respiration,—which is always resorted to when necessary for this purpose; so that summer heat can be obtained even in the coldest weather. When this high temperature, which often exceeds 90° Fah., has continued for sixteen or twenty hours, a thin film of wax is formed in eight pouches, which may be found on the under side of the body, often with the delicate film protruding, (Fig. 4.) It is



Fig. 4.

only the younger bees that are able to furnish this substance; the older members of the community, say of four weeks old and upwards, who may be in the cluster, assisting only in maintaining the temperature. When building commences, a single bee detaches itself from the crowd, withdraws a plate of wax from its pouch, cuts it into strips with its horny jaws, presses or rolls these together, masticates the mass, which then issues as a sort of ribbon coated with some peculiar fluid. The substance, thus carefully kneaded and

worked much as a cook prepares her dough, has undergone obvious changes, and is now true plastic wax. The little roll is fixed to the upper surface of the hive, or box, and successive plates are added in continuation of the line. Another bee comes forward, and continues it at the opposite end; and when these are tired, or have exhausted their supply, their places are taken by others. The work is at the same time being extended downward; the masses of wax, crudely fixed, are pulled out and reduced in thickness. Then a hollow is scooped out on one side, the exact size of the base of a cell. As soon as this is distinctly traced, two other hollows are formed on the opposite side; but so placed that the centre of the first cell is opposed by the circumference of the other two. The circular form gradually gives way to the hexagon, the base takes the figure of a three-sided prism, and the walls of the cell are commenced.

As fast as the foundation-work is laid, fresh cells are in this way marked out, and every cell gives employment to several workers; so that the numbers engaged in building increase in a sort of arithmetical progression. When the foundation-line of one comb has progressed a few inches, the distance necessary to be left, both for the completion of the cells, and for the passage between the combs, is carefully calculated, and a comb is commenced on each side of the first; so that three are now in progress. Moreover, the first by this time allows of extension downwards, and this on each face, and at each end; and the more it extends, the greater number of workers does it find occupation for. When the second and third combs are sufficiently advanced, fresh measurements are taken, and the foundations laid for another on the outer side of each, thus:—
and so on, until the whole available space is filled up. The rate of progress depends ⁵³¹²⁴ upon the strength of the hive, (or number of bees,) the state of the weather,—an electrical condition of the atmosphere being most favourable to working in wax,—and the abundance or scarcity of honey. Under very favourable con-

ditions an ordinary hive will be filled with comb in a fortnight; at other times, not within a month; and if the swarm be weak, perhaps not during the season. Some proportion of the whole will consist of drone-comb; but the quantity is quite uncertain.

For a fuller description of these interesting operations, the reader is referred to any of the better class of bee-books; but more particularly to Huber and Dr. Bevan. It is the intention of these papers to refer only very briefly and generally to the economy of the hive, and to those developments of instinct which have been marvelled at for centuries; and which, although they have been described, and discussed, and speculated upon, and disputed over, from the days of Aristotle downwards, are still enveloped in much mystery.

F. H. W.

REASON AND REVELATION.

WHAT is the province of reason in matters of revelation? Where is the boundary line between reason and faith? We speak of religion apart from Christianity; of Christianity as distinct from religion. Religion, in its widest acceptation, is twofold,—natural and revealed: the former, is the teaching of nature deducible by reason; the latter, is the dictate of Divine revelation, which not only confirms and completes the former, but goes beyond the ken of human reason. It is to be expected, then, that, as far as the truths of natural and revealed religion are parallel, there would be an analogy, not only from the reason of the thing, but also from the identity of Authorship. Also it was to be expected that there would be not only an analogy, but, in the case of the essential truths of revelation, a superiority and supremacy. For, if the doctrine of Christianity did not go beyond the province of natural religion, such revelation would be comparatively superfluous. The very notion of a revealed truth conveys to the mind naturally, and of itself, something superhuman, superrational, and supernatural. Revelation, therefore, contains doctrines not merely that man *did* not know, but

which he *could* not. It reveals that which is beyond the penetration of the human mind, and consequently not discoverable by human reason.

But let it not be supposed that, on the other hand, we decry reason, or intimate that it has no province in things revealed. Most certainly not. This cannot be done without reflection upon Him who is at once its Author and Donor. It is here many have most egregiously erred, much to the disparagement of the Christian religion. When we ask you to enter the Christian temple, we ask you not to lay down your reason at its gate, and approach the high altar of God without a mind; nor does religion demand any such ignoble requirement. When we invite you to a study of the Bible, we wish you not to leave the exercise of your mental endowments in abeyance, until you have closed it. No; on the contrary, as you open it you hear the voice of revelation saying, "Come now, and let us reason together!" Religion challenges our rational powers; yea, it commands their exercise, by the injunction, "Prove all things!"

The word reason is taken in various significations, and is used for the mind itself, as also for the exercise of its faculties. Man is a reasonable being because he has a mind; and he reasons when he brings the powers of that mind to bear on a given subject. God has not endowed us with this noble gift, and then commanded that, when He spake, the ear of our reason must be closed, the eye of the intellect put out, and the soul veiled and darkened. That would be to undo His own work, to strip man of his manliness; and, in fact, to level him with the inanimate objects of unintelligent creation. Our Saviour, when upon earth, was constantly appealing to the power of the mind; and condemned those who heard Him, on the ground either of its non-use or its abuse. But reason has its limit—the authority of God. Many things, being above reason, may appear irrational to us, because we are unacquainted with the real nature of those things upon which their truth is founded; but to reject them as *contrary* to reason, because they are *beyond* it, is manifestly irrational. A thing may

be above *our* reason, yea, contrary to all *our* experience; but it cannot therefore follow, by any manner of fair argument, that it is opposed to *all* reason and *all* experience.

In revelation there are truths *beyond* reason; (and if there were not, where would be the ground of our faith?) but we are not called upon to believe what is at once contradicted by accepted and universal truth. For instance, that three persons are one person would be *contrary* to reason; but not that three Persons are one God. This is *above* reason, and therefore an *object of faith*, and not a *matter of reason*. Faith is pre-eminently and essentially the distinguishing requisite in revealed religion, as reason is in the attainment of the knowledge of natural religion. And faith, from its very nature, implies something beyond the certainty of human knowledge, whether intuitive or inductive, whether inherent or acquired. It is the province of Revelation to enlighten and assist Reason; and where the latter cannot breathe the air in which the former moves, let them still go hand in hand. Faith often ascends to regions which Reason has no wing to reach; but let her, like the eagle clinging to the aspiring eagle, rise also, and bask in the sunbeams of revealed truth.

J. B.

A FRAGMENT OF ANTIQUITY.

THE anonymous epistle to Diognotus is one of the most precious fragments of antiquity, and gives a beautiful and touching view of the position of the Church of Christ in an ungodly world; which *should* be true of it in *all* ages, and was, in this instance, evidently true to the graphic writer as a picture of the Church in his own days.

"The Christians are not distinguished from other men by country, language, or civil institutions; for they neither dwell in cities of their own, nor use a peculiar tongue, nor follow a singular mode of life: they dwell in the Grecian or barbarian cities, as the case may be; they follow the usage of the country in dress, food, and the other affairs of life; yet they show a *peculiarity of conduct*,

wonderful and striking to all. They dwell in their native land but as sojourners; they take part in all things as citizens, and they suffer all things as strangers. Every foreign country is a fatherland to them; and every fatherland is a foreign country. They marry like all others, and have children; but they do not expose their children. They live in the flesh, but not according to the flesh. They sojourn upon earth, but are citizens of heaven. They obey the existing laws, and yet raise themselves above the laws by their lives. They lose all, yet are persecuted by all. They are unknown, and yet condemned. They are killed, and yet made alive. They are poor, and make many rich. They lack all things, yet abound. They are dishonoured, and yet glorified; calumniated, yet justified. They are cursed, and yet they bless. They receive scorn, and they give honour. They do good; yet are punished as evil-doers. When punished, they rejoice, as being made alive. By the Jews they are attacked as aliens, and by the Greeks persecuted; yet their enemies cannot tell the cause of their enmity. In short, what the soul is in the body, that are Christians in the world. As the soul is diffused through all the members of the body, so are Christians diffused through all the cities of the world. The soul dwells in the body, but is not of the body; so Christians dwell in the world, but are not of the world. The invisible soul is inclosed in the visible body; so Christians are known to be in the world, but their piety is unseen. The flesh hates and wars against the soul, though it does it no wrong, because it forbids the indulgence of its pleasures; and the world hates the Christians, though they do it no wrong, because they resist *its* pleasures. The soul loves the flesh and its members, that hate her; and so do Christians love those that hate them. The soul is inclosed in the body, and yet holds the body together; and Christians are detained in the world as a prison; yet they hold the world together. The immortal soul dwells in a mortal tabernacle; and Christians dwell as sojourners in mortal things, expecting immortality in heaven.—Such is the place

which God hath assigned to them; and woe to them if they fly from it!"

"Verily," says Burns, "these old Christians knew how to live, and how to die."

"You must not mourn," says Cyprian, "for those whom the call of the Lord hath released from the world, when you know that they are not lost, but sent before, to anticipate those left behind, as travellers or voyagers. We must, indeed, long after them, but not bewail them. We ought not, for their sakes, to put on black garments, since there they are already clothed in white."

It is refreshing to read of the simple faith and holy living and dying of our godly fathers. O that they may not be ashamed of us, their degenerate children!

R. R. T.

THE LAKE OF GENNESARET.

THE first glimpse of its waters the traveller will have had from the top of Tabor; they also lie opened out wide before him from the top of the Mount of Beatitudes. But the first full view, as it is approached by the regular road, is on the descent through the hills, whose summits form the boundary of the plain Hattin, and which, on the other side, slope abruptly down to the lake itself, as it lies a thousand feet below the level of the country. Whether it be tame and poor, as some travellers say, or eminently beautiful, as others think, there is no doubt that it has a character of its own. It is about thirteen miles long, and in its broadest parts six miles wide; that is, about the same length as our own Windermere, but of a considerably greater breadth. In the clearness of the Eastern atmosphere, it looks much smaller than it is. But what makes it unlike any of our English lakes is the deep depression, which gives it something of the strange, unnatural character that belongs, in a still greater degree, to the Dead Sea, and, in a smaller degree, to all lakes of a volcanic origin. As we descend through the rocky walls which encompass it, its peculiar situation makes itself more strongly felt. Another climate begins. In the summer or late spring, all travellers speak of the exces-

sive heat, as they sink below the bracing atmosphere of the hills of Galilee into the deep basin of the Jordan lakes. In the early spring it is not so; but, even then, the natural features at once indicate that we are approaching the temperature of Jericho and the Dead Sea.

Like Olivet at Jerusalem, like Nazareth, like Galilee generally, it is connected with no cycle of sacred associations but one, and that the holiest of all. The contrast it presents to its sister lake on the south, gives to the natural features of the Sea of Galilee a peculiar interest. If the southern lake is the Sea of Death, the northern is emphatically the Sea of Life. From the earliest times this lake has been renowned for its fisheries. Two of the villages on its banks received their name from that source, and all of them sent forth their fishermen by hundreds over the lake; and when we add the crowd of ship-builders, the many boats of traffic, pleasure, and passage, we see that the whole basin must have been a focus of life and energy; the surface of the lake constantly dotted with the white sails of vessels flying before the mountain gusts; the beach sparkled with the houses and palaces, the synagogues and the temples, of the Jewish and Romish inhabitants.

It was to these scenes that He, whom His fellow-townsmen at Nazareth rejected, came. He "came down" from the high country of Galilee, where He had hitherto dwelt; and from henceforth made His permanent home in the deep retreat of the Sea of Galilee. It was no retired mountain lake by whose shore He took up His abode, such as might have attracted the Eastern sage or Western hermit. It was to the Roman Palestine almost what the manufacturing districts are to England. Nowhere, except in the capital city itself, could He have found such a sphere for His works and words of mercy; from no other centre could His fame have so gone "throughout all Syria;" nowhere could He have so drawn round Him the vast multitudes which hung on His lips, "from Galilee, from Decapolis, from Judea, and from beyond Jordan." He came to preach the Gospel to the poor,

to the weary and heavy-laden, to seek and to save that which was lost. Where could He find work so readily as in the ceaseless toil and turmoil of these teeming villages and busy waters? The heathen, or half-heathen, publicans would be there, sitting at the lake-side at the receipt of customs. The women who were "sinners" would be there, either from the neighbouring Gentile cities, or corrupted by the license of Gentile manners. The hardy boatmen, filled with the faithful and grateful spirit by which that peasantry are always distinguished, would supply the energy and docility which He needed for His followers.

Another remarkable feature of the lake must always have been the concentration of varied life and activity in a basin so closely surrounded with desert solitudes. The plain of Gennesaret, enjoying its tropical climate, even now presents a striking contrast to the bare hills, thinly dotted here and there with scanty grass, which embrace it. In ancient times this near contrast of life and death, population and solitude, must have been brought to its highest pitch. It was these desert places, thus close at hand on the table-lands, or in the ravines of the eastern or western ranges, which seem to be classed under the common name of "the mountain," that gave the opportunities of rest for retirement and prayer. The lake, in this double aspect, is thus a reflex of that union of energy and rest, of active labour and deep devotion, which is the essence of Christianity, as it was of the life of Him in whom that union was first taught and shown.—*Stanley's Sinai and Palestine.*

THE CRITICS CONTENTED.

SODERINI, the Gonfalonier of Florence, having had a statue made by the great Michael Angelo, when it was finished, came to inspect it; and having for some time sagaciously considered it, poring now on the face, then on the arms, the knees, the form of the leg, and at length on the foot itself, found it of such perfect beauty, that he

was at a loss to display his powers of criticism, except by lavishing his praise. But only to praise might show that there had been an obtuseness in the keenness of his criticism. He trembled to find a fault; but a fault must be found. At length, he ventured to mutter something concerning the nose: it might, he thought, be something more Grecian. Angelo differed from his Grace, but said he would attempt to gratify his taste. He took up his chisel, and concealed some marble-dust in his hand. Feigning to retouch the part, he adroitly let fall some of the dust he held concealed. The Cardinal, observing it as it fell, transported at the idea of his critical acumen, exclaimed, "Ah, Angelo! you have now given an inimitable grace!"

When Pope was first introduced to read his "Iliad" to Lord Halifax, the noble critic did not venture to be dissatisfied with so perfect a composition; but this passage and that word, this turn and that expression, formed the broken cant of his criticisms. The poet was stung with vexation; for, in general, the parts at which his Lordship hesitated were those with which he was himself most satisfied. As he returned home with Garth, he revealed to him the anxiety of his mind. "O!" replied Garth, laughing, "you are not so well acquainted with his Lordship as myself: he must criticize. At your next visit, read to him those very passages as they now stand; tell him that you have recollected his criticisms; and I'll warrant you of his approbation. This is what I have done a hundred times myself." Pope made use of this stratagem; it took, like the marble-dust of Angelo; and my Lord, like the Cardinal, exclaimed, "Dear Pope, they are now inimitable!"

THE TWO SIDES.

ALL rivers, small or large, agree in one character: they like to lean a little on one side; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon, and

another to cool under: one shingly shore to play over, where they may be shallow, and foolish, and childlike; and another steep shore, under which they can pause and purify themselves, and get their strength of waves fully together for due occasion. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their life for play and another for work; and can be brilliant, and chattering, and transparent, when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side, when they set themselves to their main purpose.

And rivers are, just in this, divided also, like wicked and good men: the good rivers have serviceable deep places all along their banks that ships can sail in; but the wicked rivers go scooping irregularly under their banks, until they get full of strangling eddies which no boat can row over without being twisted against the rocks; and pools like wells, which no one can get out of, but the water Kelpie that lives at the bottom: but, wicked or good, the rivers all agree in having two kinds of sides.—*Ruskin.*

Memorials of the Departed.

It has been said of Wesleyan Methodism, that it finds a suitable sphere for the employment of every talent in every member. All who understand its organization and working will readily admit that the saying is not altogether wide of the truth. The various offices and duties connected with its Societies and institutions afford full scope for all classes of labourers, both male and female. For more than fifty years the subject of the following sketch found in it a happy Church-home for his soul, and an appropriate sphere of usefulness.

Those who have had an opportunity of knowing Methodism as it appears in our country villages, will sometimes have met with one who was the leading spirit in all that was done. Perhaps he was the first who showed his fellow-villagers what a real Methodist was, by a beautiful exemplification of his profession in his own spirit and example. Or it was he who first invited the Preachers to come and teach them the way of life. His humble cot was, probably, the first place where, behind a table, with the well-used family Bible lying before him, the ambassador of Christ proclaimed to the neglected neighbours the Gospel of our salvation. That one leading spirit sought out the ground for a little chapel, and begged hard for money to build it, and

watched its erection with as deep an interest as a young mother watches the growth of her firstborn. When the chapel was opened, he was looking after every person and every thing; and the joy of his countenance, on that happy occasion, betrayed a holy delight. No one sung so joyfully, or wept so gratefully, or responded so heartily, or, according to his ability, gave so liberally as he. And, when it was afterwards found that various articles were wanted to make the fittings complete, he bought or begged them. He took care, too, that they were of the right sort, and that, when they were wanted, they were always in the right place. And then, when an enlargement or a Sunday-school was necessary, he was busy again. The neighbours soon found out that he had some new project on foot for the benefit of themselves and their children; and, as soon as they saw him, guessed that there was something more to be done. Village Methodism—and town Methodism too—has had many a faithful friend such as we have attempted to sketch.

JAMES ATKINSON was one of that honoured number. It is now some sixty years since he first went to reside at Bolton, then in the Bradford, but now in the Woodhouse Grove, Circuit. From that time till the day of his death, by his devout and amiable spirit, by his

artless simplicity, and uniform consistency, he showed his neighbours that he was a good man and just, and "feared God above many." Not a few learned from him that a true Methodist is a genuine Christian. He regarded it as his glory and his joy that Methodism was nurtured in his cottage home, and that there his neighbours heard the Gospel of Christ preached. To the close of his long life he delighted to talk of those good men, John Nelson, John Gaultier, George Story, Alexander Suter, and Josiah Hill, who had stood in his dwelling, and preached the truth with power. And, when James was not far from the end of his journey, he wished to have one more service in the cottage, around which so many hallowed associations still entwined. The writer can never forget that occasion. Though the good old patriarch was nearly worn out by pain and feebleness, yet the thoughts of former days came upon him with a fervour that seemed to give him fresh life. He watched the gathering of his neighbours with intense interest, and was delighted to see the room well filled. Through the whole service there was a glow on his countenance, that seemed to betoken more of heaven than of earth; and, at the close, he joyfully joined in the hymn,—

"A day's march nearer home."

What we have said of the qualities of a leading spirit in village Methodism may be well applied to James Atkinson. In securing the ground for the neat little chapel that now graces the village of Bolton,—in begging, first for its erection, then for attaching a school to it, he was first and foremost. Nor had he any sympathy with those who seem to think that *anything* is good enough for God's house and service; who will suffer the pulpit to be furnished with a Bible and Hymn-Book that are fast falling to pieces; who, when either of the sacraments has to be administered, will allow a Prayer-Book to be laid before you that has outlived several sovereigns, and whose faded leaves and antique type render the service almost undecipherable. James had no notion of his Ministers having to kneel on the cold stones,

or on the dusty floor. He took good care that Bible, Hymn-Book, service-book, buffet, pulpit-cushion, chalice, were all there, and in good order, and in keeping with the holy and beautiful little sanctuary that was the delight of his soul. He was a poor man, and could not supply the furniture for God's house himself; but he had a rare talent for begging, and he used it well and discreetly on behalf of the cause of God. His spirit was so transparently artless, his appeals so winning, that few could say, "Nay." He knew all the kindly-disposed Christian people for some distance around the village; and they all expected an occasional visit from him, and were generally induced to do something more than wish him "good speed." Possessing a vein of dry humour and keen homely wit, he often made good use of it in his begging expeditions. But his wit and humour were kept under due control. He knew, too, how to use them as a wholesome chastening to those whose conduct called for such inflictions.

There are few of whom it may be more emphatically said, "He loved the habitation of God's house." Its burden was his burden; its relief was his ease; and its prosperity was his happiness. The debt upon the building, for a few years past, though but small, was to him matter of grave concern. He thought that he could not die happy, and leave the chapel thus encumbered. Having reached that period of life when "the grasshopper is a burden," he used to tell his friends that they must "really get the debt off, and set him free to go home." But, anxious as he was on this subject, yet he would not induce them to neglect their duty to the Circuit. He encouraged the trustees to pay £1 per quarter to the Circuit funds,—a considerable sum for so small a place. Looking with loving concern upon every part of Methodism, he believed that no one interest would suffer by showing a prudential regard for the general good. And God honoured his faith. He lived to see the debt upon the sanctuary discharged; rejoicing in the fulfilment of his desire only a few weeks before his death.

James was long the Society steward for Bolton; and no one marked the tone, or watched the business, of the Quarterly Meetings with more devout attention than he. His own happiness was augmented or diminished according as those meetings seemed to augur either for the good or ill of the Circuit. As steward, he was very careful to have all his accounts correct. He once said to the writer, "I have been steward these many years, and have never yet had any mistake about money; and I would like to have all fair and clear to the end."

During his last illness he had every appearance of a ripe Christian, calmly waiting till his change should come. Many expressions of joy and hope dropped from his lips. He spoke of dying as "going home," and welcomed any symptom that indicated his approaching end. While gasping for breath, he just managed to articulate, "Sing 'Come away.'" It was his last utterance; and, soon after, the "silver cord" was loosened, and his happy spirit peacefully departed "to join the music of the skies."

His funeral was a remarkable day for the village of Bolton. The number who gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory showed the high estimation in which he was held. As

one after another came to take the last fond look at his venerable face, it was quite evident that a company of sincere mourners were gathering around his bier. The Sabbath-scholars presented one of the most touching features in the scene. Old James had long been regarded as their best and most valued friend. Not only had he endeared himself to them by his efforts in providing them with a Sabbath-school, but his kind treatment of them had won their hearts. He knew how to admonish them, and to keep them in order; but his countenance was so benignant, his manner so gentle, and the tones of his voice so kind, that there was scarcely a scholar in the school that did not venerate and love him. Now they came, dressed in their Sunday attire, to weep over his corpse, to lay their bunches of flowers on his shroud, and to follow in procession a distance of three miles to his grave. Such deep and genuine esteem moral worth alone can command.

Thus closed the days of James Atkinson, after a life of steady consistency and unobtrusive usefulness. He died September 21st, 1864, in the eighty-fifth year of his age; and, on the 24th, was buried in Calverley churchyard, the resting-place of his fathers. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Barnes, Mrs. Susannah,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	78	Mar. 16th, 1866.
Beastall, Mr. William,	Reston,	Louth,	68	Feb. 20th, 1866.
Bingham, Mr. Henry,	Covenham,	Louth,	76	Mar. 12th, 1866.
Bradley, Mrs. Sarah,	Windhill,	Shipley,	73	Feb. 15th, 1866.
Crane, Mrs. Arabella,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	65	Mar. 18th, 1866.
Dunwell, Mr. John,	Windhill,	Shipley,	76	Feb. 16th, 1866.
East, Mr. John,	Grimoldby,	Louth,	83	Mar. 1st, 1866.
Fussey, Mrs. F. L.,	Reston,	Louth,	26	Feb. 9th, 1866.
Michael, Mr. W.,	Alvingham,	Louth,	63	Mar. 10th, 1866.
Rowson, Mr. J.,	Carlton,	Louth,	63	Sept. 28th, 1865.
Youle, Mrs. E.,	Louth,	Louth,	61	Feb. 18th, 1866.



(Brunswick-street Wesleyan Church, Melbourne.)

OUR COLONIES: AUSTRALIA.

ON Saturday, May 13th, 1787, a company of convicts, consisting of five hundred and fifty-eight men, and two hundred and eighteen women, sailed from Plymouth for Australia. Two hundred soldiers, with their wives, accompanied them; forming, in all, a fleet of eleven vessels. After a voyage of nine months, they landed near Botany-Bay. This was the first batch of convicts ever sent to Australia; and when they arrived, neither they nor their keepers had any useful knowledge of the district. It is true Captain Cook had, eighteen years before, landed on the east coast, and his companion, Dr. Solander, the Swedish

naturalist, struck with the profusion and beauty of the flowers, called the place Botany-Bay; but neither the captain nor his friend could give any report of the district further inland.

In selecting Australia as a penal settlement, the Home Government desired to make it impossible for the criminals to escape; but they almost succeeded in making it impossible for them to live. Little or no food was obtainable from the convict settlement itself, and it therefore became necessary to send out a supply from England. The "Guardian" storeship was proceeding, in 1790, to Botany-Bay, on this errand, when she was lost, and the unfortunate officials of the penal settlement, as well as the criminals themselves, were in danger of perishing from starvation. Since 1816 proper care has been taken of the convicts during their passage, whatever may have been the case previously. Captains of great experience have been selected, and ministers, schoolmasters, and medical men have accompanied each vessel. No fewer than one thousand four hundred and eighteen vessels were employed in this service between 1816 and 1842, not one of which foundered at sea; though, during the same period, fifty-nine ships of war, and ten Government packets were lost. For upwards of thirty years after the departure of the fleet already referred to, Australia was little else than a penal settlement. The convicts, in gangs of one hundred and ten, were employed in the construction or repair of roads, clearing mountain passes, laying out farms, erecting Government offices; and, in later years, in constructing churches, school-houses, gaols, and other public buildings.

No regular stream of emigration to these colonies set in till 1825, when upwards of four hundred persons chose Australia as their future home. During the next ten years nearly twenty thousand more settled there, followed by not less than one hundred thousand in the succeeding ten years. These emigrants generally became agriculturists, and soon possessed farms of great extent. They, however, needed the means of working the land,—labour was extremely scarce; and this circumstance led to the adoption of what was called the *assignment system*. By this plan, convicts who, in addition to obtaining a character for good conduct while in a *probation gang*, were able to read and write, became *pass-holders*. They then were let out to colonists, who engaged to find board, lodging, medicine, and wages. As the culprits completed their terms of punishment, they were liberated. Most of them remained in the country, and by a career of honest industry not a few of them gained an honourable independence. In 1850, there were fifty thousand *free persons* in Australia who had originally arrived there as convicted felons; and, at the same time, there were in Tasmania alone upwards of twenty-five thousand undergoing various terms of punishment. Of these, far more than half were either in private service, or held tickets-of-leave; so that it was scarcely possible to go into any company without meeting with some suspicious characters.

Although in a pleasing number of instances the discipline through which the offender had passed had rescued him from a career of wickedness, yet in many cases the hardened sinner only escaped from his fetters to become again a plague to society. Re-conviction was very common; and, as these offenders were generally from the very worst ranks, they were sometimes removed to Norfolk Island to undergo a more severe punishment. Even there they defied all authority; mutiny and murder were not uncommon, and the lives of many incorrigibles ended on the gallows. In addition to the mark which convicts left on Australian society, *penal stations* all over the settled parts of the country indicated their presence. A few years ago there were in Tasmania alone no fewer than forty-two such *stations*, among them "Jerusalem" and "Jericho," with the "Jordan" flowing near them; Port Arthur, Bridgewater, Tunbridge, and Darlington, are familiar names; but a few others have titles derived from the neighbourhood in which the *station* is placed: Point-Pier, Coal-Mines, Rocky-Hills, Long-Point, and Parson's-Pass are of this class.

As colonists continued to increase in numbers and respectability, the presence of convicts became extremely objectionable. The authorities declared to the Government in England that society was corrupted by the "transports," and entreated that no addition should be made to their numbers. Their request was granted in 1840; and the following year nearly thirty thousand emigrants, or twice as many as had ever before set out in the same time, arrived in Australia. Up to this period, however, the country was but little known. Round the coast, enterprising travellers, such as De Witt, Dirk Hartog, Nuyt, Carpenter, and Tasman, had left their names. Colonists, on arriving, generally found it convenient to remain near the ports; and all accounts respecting the interior were of a disheartening character. Several of the rivers had an inland course; but these, when followed, lost themselves in immense marshes: and the general belief was, that the interior contained an extensive inland sea. Captain Sturt, on returning from his explorations in 1845, declared that, instead of a freshwater sea, he had found a vast desert, "consisting of sand-ridges perfectly insurmountable, and so close, that the base of one touched the base of the other. These ran for miles and miles in parallel rows, and were at last lost in a stony desert of absolute boundlessness." The bad name that the original settlers had given to the country, added to this unfavourable account, had the effect of greatly checking the desire to settle in it. From 1841 to 1847 not less than 737,864 emigrants left the ports of the United Kingdom; but of these only 18,616 found their way to Australia.

Brighter days were, however, beginning to dawn. In 1849 gold was found; and, in the ten years following, nearly half a million of emigrants left the shores of the United Kingdom for the Australian colonies. Before the close of 1863 the numbers were swelled by 107,000 more; and still the movement continues. The gold-provinces

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No religious men are steadily forwarding the great designs of God in that when part of the world. Of these labourers in God's vineyard a great many ture are Methodists, holding the same faith, and as earnest in its propagation as Methodists at home.

The Brunswick-street Wesleyan Church, at Melbourne, is a substantial stone building, erected in 1860. The interior is fitted up with colonial cedar, and will seat twelve hundred and fifty persons. It is situated in the midst of a dense population. At the rear of the building are commodious and beautiful schoolrooms, with classrooms, vestries, and other conveniences. There are week-day as well as Sunday schools conducted on the premises; separate provision being made for "boys," "girls," and "infants."

In 1850, the only Wesleyan-Methodist place of worship in that part of the city was a small wooden building, used as a chapel and schoolroom, so frail as to afford but very imperfect protection from either dust or rain. About the time that the gold-fields of Victoria were discovered, this wooden structure was superseded by a stone edifice, which, at the time, was considered sufficient to meet every probable requirement of the locality for many years to come. It had, however, soon to be enlarged; and, after that, another addition to it took place. It was eventually taken down, and the present building erected on the spot. Wesley Church, the Wesleyan Emigrants' Home, the Fitzroy-street Chapel.

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by taking the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, while they were employing their vast stores of secular knowledge to prove Christianity, of which it was the most beautiful symbol, an imposture. Whence come the numerous embezzlers of their masters' property in the present commercial age! Not always from the scum of society; but too often from the clever and accomplished men, whose intellect has been trained with care, but whose passions and heart have been neglected.

What, then, is education? In one of the leading encyclopædias it is defined as—"The means employed for enlightening the understanding and drawing forth the dispositions of the heart between earliest infancy and that period when we occupy a position for applying the principles learned and adopted;" and this is held to include "the place and circumstances of residence, the nature and degree of care required in early days, the attention to the body in harmony with all the laws of health; the example set by parents, teachers, and companions; the degree of restraint and liberty exercised or allowed; the languages, arts, and sciences taught, the method and order in which they are communicated; the moral and religious principles instilled," &c. It is training up the entire nature, physical, intellectual, and moral, in accordance with the laws ever operating upon it; and that, too, with a view to the position which youth are intended by God to occupy

hitherto the most productive are New South Wales and Victoria. It is impossible to say exactly how much gold has been obtained in these districts; but, between 1853 and 1863, above £100,000,000 was exported; 1856 being the most productive year. The names of many of the gold-diggings are quite familiar to us; as, Ballaarat, Bendigo, Geelong, Ophir, the Turon and Meroo rivers. It must not, however, be supposed that all who emigrated, even during the gold-fever, became gold-diggers. Many intelligent men foresaw that provisions and manufactured articles would soon be in demand. They accordingly provided well-stocked stores, and obtained very high prices for the goods they sold. Others leased large tracts of land, and commenced cattle-rearing or sheep-farming. Wherever they settled, they gave to their neighbourhood some name that reminded them of the home they had left; such as Richmond, Windsor, Perth, Ipswich, Belfast, Macclesfield, York. Three of the counties of Tasmania are called Cornwall, Buckingham, and Dorset. Among the rivers we find the Tamar, with its tributaries, the North and South Esk; the Ouse; the Clyde; and the Derwent. This desire to reproduce their former home is also shown in the resemblance between an English farmhouse and a similar dwelling in Australia. Geraniums and honeysuckles, orchards of apple and pear trees, haystacks and corn-ricks, barns and outhouses, are everywhere to be seen.

A country colonized, in the first instance, by convicts, and, in the second, by adventurous gold-seekers, is sure to contain many elements of disorder. Yet there are abundant proofs that a great number of God-fearing men are steadily forwarding the great designs of God in that part of the world. Of these labourers in God's vineyard a great many are Methodists, holding the same faith, and as earnest in its propagation, as Methodists at home.

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and Charles-street Schoolroom, (used, also, as a place of worship,) are all within one mile of the Brunswick-street Church, and were erected during the time that the alterations there were going on.

The congregations, Society, and schools have increased with every enlargement; and the present church is as well attended as its predecessors were. Methodism has already taken firm root in Australia, and will doubtless exercise an important influence on its future history.

W. H.

ENGLISH HOMES.

NO. II.

IN our first paper we glanced at a family of seven, with different mental tastes and peculiarities, under one united head. The future is before them. In their early life, their education is of primary importance; and of this we now propose to speak.

What is education? Is it storing the youthful mind with the leading elements of truth? Is it merely teaching? Is that child educated who knows the principles of language, the facts of science, the theories of philosophy, or the accomplishments of life? If so, then, some of the most perfectly "educated" men, by their unholy lives, have been the world's greatest curses. The celebrated Lord Byron, who shot forth in the literary world like a comet, startling society by his magnificent genius, was a wild, intellectual trampler on the principles of moral order and purity. David Hume, whose mind was of wondrous power, and who could grasp almost all knowledge, was revengeful, remarkably vain, and could treat the grossest vices with indulgence. The intellectual Hobbes had no settled principles. The learned and philosophic Bolingbroke, was a rake and a flagitious politician. The well-known Blount committed suicide. Collins and Shaftesbury, who exerted a mighty influence, when their political star was in the ascendant, *qualified themselves for civil office*

by taking the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, while they were employing their vast stores of secular knowledge to prove Christianity, of which it was the most beautiful symbol, an imposture. Whence come the numerous embezzlers of their masters' property in the present commercial age! Not always from the scum of society; but too often from the clever and accomplished men, whose intellect has been trained with care, but whose passions and heart have been neglected.

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in this world, preparatory to the next. It, therefore, relates to body and soul, to time and eternity; and is, consequently, stamped with a character of momentousness which cannot be exaggerated.

In the application of home-training to this life, there is no principle, perhaps, more generally overlooked, than that upon every being and object God has impressed a definite nature, with definite faculties or powers; and that, by acting in harmony with that nature, and with those faculties, God's great designs are to be fulfilled. The statement of Mr. Wesley, in his preface to his Hymn-Book, that no man can write poetry unless he be *born* a poet, contains a principle applicable to every department of life. The great masters in music and mechanics, were born with a special adaptation to those arts. Viewing the Divine government as embracing man's temporal as well as spiritual interests, there was a providence in the life of Watt, Crompton, Stephenson, Mozart, Handel, and others, as truly real, as in the life of Cromwell, Baxter, Wesley, and similar great social and religious reformers of modern times. Men who change the aspect of a country, or give a new direction to an age, are not mere accidents, bubbles floating on the rapid stream of time; but are endowed by the Creator with special adaptations, and intended for a special mission. Had Mozart and Watt been placed behind the counter, they would, probably, have been speculating on the laws of harmony, or the forces of nature, while mechanically performing the duties devolving upon them; and thus might have helped, quite unintentionally, to bring their employers to ruin. Genius is not "indomitable will," or "courage," or "perseverance;" but is a power derived from some higher Source. Newton's discovery of the

law of gravitation was not the result of his own industry or will, but a perception of a principle involved in an ordinary occurrence which thousands had seen before, but did not understand. To an intelligent parent it needs no teacher of phrenology to say that many boys have no "talent," or "taste," or "inclination" for certain employments, while they might become proficient, and serve their country with honour in other ways. Why force a lover of books, or a chemical or music-loving lad into a counting-house, because of parental inclination or accidental "opening!" In our *family of seven*, with their distinct mental and physical adaptations, we shall ultimately see that—

"There is a Providence which shapes our
ends,
Rough hew them how we may."

God's Book supports our position: "Train up a child in the way he *should go*; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." The marginal reading is suggestive: "*Train up a child at the entrance of his way*," or "according to his way;" that is, in his own Divinely-appointed way,—the way indicated to parents in his particular constitution. If, in his own nature, he possesses a special adaptation for certain service, train him up for it, putting aside mere parental preferences. *This* training must be at the beginning: "Train up a *child*." What is a child but a being possessing every organ, sense, and faculty, as perfect, though not so fully developed, as in man? *Train up!* Is there not something suggestive here, also? The young of the inferior animals run and help themselves almost as soon as born. The infancy of man is marked by great helplessness; little muscular power, or volition, or understanding, or power of locomotion. An excess of light injures the sight; an excess

of sound injures the hearing. It is this helplessness, in the early period of man's existence, which shows the superlative importance of a right training. It proclaims that the parents' knowledge and skill must be brought to bear upon their offspring, in unison with the Divine designs as to man's entire nature. God's purposes of beneficence include the entire person, and all his interests, from the commencement of his being. There is a weighty sense in which the body is of as much importance as the soul. Both illustrate the wisdom and skill of Deity; both alike are bought with the Saviour's blood; and they will realize the wonders of eternity together in a state of reunion after the resurrection. The blessed Saviour, in the days of His flesh, healed the maladies of the body as frequently as those of the soul. In accordance with this is the apostolic injunction, "Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." The relationship of the body to the mind is a subject which requires studying even in our religious homes.

In this work a primary requisite of success is constant and intelligent watchfulness, arising from a deep consciousness of its importance. A person employed in erecting some humble cottage, or in repairing the roadside, feels little, if any, anxiety respecting the nature or issue of his employment; but different is the case with him who is engaged in constructing some mansion of vast proportion and magnificent adornment; or who undertakes to arrange and conduct the movements of a great army in some stupendous campaign, upon the success of which the destiny of a nation depends. Home education, in its results, is lasting as eternity; and whether this world shall be blessed with intelligent, orderly, and godly inhabitants, and heaven with glorified

immortals, or whether the opposite shall be the case, depends primarily on those who sustain the responsible position of parents. To be a parent is to be a centre of authority; a training power in God's economy; a living, speaking, acting example; a fountain of permanent influence. The parent, in his home, occupies a position which is connected with all the Divine purposes in their wondrous, and, to us, complicated, relations both to this world and the next.

We confess to a fear that there is a growing lack of parental anxiety on the subject of youthful training. Amid the varied competitions of modern times, there is ambition for the young ones to rise, to excel, to occupy some sunny heights where honours abound. But, in these designs, God's own intention, as to the grand purposes of life, is too frequently absent as a leading element. This is a fatal defect. Were an intelligent parent to be presented with some choice plant of peculiar habit and richly-coloured flower, questions varied and appropriate would be proposed as to its nature and requirements; and some knowledge of the laws ever acting upon it would be asked for. An individual entrusted with some costly treasure—say the Koh-i-noor, or "mountain of light," exhibited in such strict custody in that first of England's "Great Exhibitions," which excited the wonder of the world—would feel deep anxiety for its security. But let the Universal Parent bestow upon His creatures the gem of an immortal spirit, which, by its intellect, passions, and conduct, may affect the destiny of individuals, communities, and nations, and little earnest, intelligent concern, too often, is realized; few questions pressed as to its peculiar nature, and the laws, organic, mental, and moral, which constantly affect it, and by acting in harmony with which it will subserve

the purposes of the Creator. The child is regarded, too frequently, as a being simply to be loved and admired, rather than as a solemn charge, on the right bringing up of which depend mighty and everlasting interests.

"Knowest thou the value of a soul immortal?"

Behold this midnight glory,—worlds on worlds.

Amazing pomp! Redouble the amaze;
Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more;

Then weigh the whole: one soul outweighs them all."

A true education is "a comprehensive and endless process. It includes whatever inures the body to healthy exercise; whatever prepares the intellect for the duties best adapted to its own definite powers; whatever refines the conscience, and produces right feelings; and whatever trains the soul to harmony with the will of God, and ripens it for its future indestructible existence. It contemplates man in every aspect of his nature, as a physical, intellectual, and moral being;" and that, too, with a clear appreciation of the Creator's intentions, *as displayed in His own works and adaptations*, as well as in the written revelation of His will. There is no influence or agency of life but it includes. It is especially related, also, to eternity. "This fact should overshadow all else." This life is preparatory to the higher one yet to come. Home is the first school; the parent is the first teacher. Sound principles applied here are carried into the ever-shifting changes connected with business, pleasure, science, religion; and, as practised or rejected by its youthful inmates, will operate, for good or evil, in the ages yet to come. We may give, by and by, some illustrations how they work.

Bolton,

J. F. M.

MISSION-WORK:

CHEQUER-ALLEY, IN THE FIRST
LONDON CIRCUIT.

THE following extracts are from a little book, just published, which our readers will do well at once to procure and circulate.* We have read it with deep interest, and scarcely know which to admire most; the grace which called so many desperate characters, as are here described, from darkness to light, from utter depravity to newness and purity of life; or, the grace which so wondrously enabled a delicate woman to persevere for so many years, "hoping against hope," under the most adverse circumstances, ere she saw fruit of her labour. Miss Macarthy's name deserves to stand side by side with those of the noblest benefactors of our country, true heroine that she is. After much toil had been expended on this apparently barren soil, the result, at last, was more than a reward for all that had been endured. But let us quote Mr. Briggs's beautiful account:—

"The workers had found much to gratify and encourage, but had not yet seen those specific results so ardently sought. In their view nothing was satisfactory that stopped short of conversion. Yet might not something have been going on which they had not eyes to see? Was it not possible that the seed sown long ago was still silently germinating; that already the blade was creeping upward towards the surface; and that the time was not distant when many living plants would simultaneously display themselves? So, it may be presumed, the labourers hoped; and, free from tormenting solicitude, they slept and rose, content that the seed should grow they knew not how.

* "Chequer-Alley." By the Rev. F. W. Briggs. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

d grow it did, as it always men will but trust it; and at the blade suddenly shot forth. had been held, as usual, one evening, and the little con-on was preparing to disperse, n after-meeting was proposed. ave heard of conversions, of r life, and of such a thing as in believing,' said Miss Mac-

'Now, I, and my two sisters with me, know that these are real; and, if you will stay longer, we will tell you how ow it. But,' she added, 'I request the men to withdraw.

are women who desire to we should prefer to have only for our hearers.'—'You won't,' said two or three young, tartly. 'If you turn us out, ke care that nobody else shall and we won't come to your ; again.'—'Very well; you hat we propose: let as many remain as desire to do so.'

ay resumed their seats; and ee severally told the people simply, naturally, and in a rds, how they once were with a sense of sin; and s they trustingly and sub-ly looked to Jesus as their ; and surrendered themselves t, the love of God was shed in their hearts by the Holy given unto them; and how, use which they could not ex-heir fellowship was now with her, and with His Son, Jesus

A word or two of exhorta-re subjoined; and, as the act, the ladies knelt down to be people generally retaining ats.

s scene which followed will e forgotten. No sound of a ;, mighty wind was heard, ; tongues of fire were seen; d was as truly, and, though lherent manner, as manifestly in that humble dwelling as

once in an 'upper room' in Jerusa-lem. None can describe the sense of awe which suddenly came over every mind. There was no excitement, no noise, no commotion, no extravagance. One firm, but gentle and plaintive, voice was heard in earnest supplication; all else was perfect stillness, even as—

'When in heaven the stars about the moon

Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid;'

yet there was not a soul in that room that had not become conscious of the presence and working of some mysterious influence. At length strange sounds began to break forth: first a loud, convulsive breathing, as of somebody labouring to restrain an outburst of strong feeling; then whisperings of interjectory prayer, amidst abrupt sobs and suppressed cries of distress. The voice of intercession ceased; and, rising from their knees, the visitors found the people in a state of bewilderment, each gazing wildly on the rest, and the same question on every lip: 'What's the matter?' The ladies themselves were taken by surprise, and were almost alarmed. One young man they found standing by himself in a corner of the room, in a state of unconscious abstraction, as if incapable of speech or motion. *Twenty* persons were that night simultaneously convinced of the bitterness of sin; and, covered with shame and confusion, they sank to the ground, inquiring, in dismay, 'What must I do to be saved?' *Twenty persons* who had lived in debasing debauchery and crime, some of them the most licentious, intemperate, and violent in the whole neighbourhood! To each, personally, the visitors now began to speak words of sympathy and encouragement, striving to guide them to the exercise of that faith by which we are saved. Then, one by one, they

rose to their feet, their countenances strangely softened, their hearts melted with love, and their mouths filled with thanksgiving and praise."

In process of time, not only was a Sunday-school established, but a "free day-school," followed subsequently by a second, through the instrumentality of a gentleman who had heard of the work in the alley. In each case the teacher of the school belonged to Miss Macarthy's class, both of them having been rescued from deep degradation by the means here recorded. We give Mr. Briggs's graphic account of a scene in a schoolroom soon after its commencement:—

"A single fact may here be stated in illustration;—a fact for the consideration of the philosopher no less than the Christian.

"The children who composed the later formed of the two schools were, when first gathered in, some of the most shockingly depraved and troublesome in the alley. They were passionate, obstinate, and in the habitual use of foul and profane speech. Utter strangers to discipline, and subject to the continuous action of every corrupt influence as they had always been, the attempt to bring them under subjection to rule was resisted and resented with a kind of resolute scorn. For a time their turbulence was comparatively bearable, especially as it was hoped that, though it might be a work of time, yet, by degrees, order would be at length established. But the teacher found, to her dismay, that the tendency was in the contrary direction, and that the whole school was becoming more and more unmanageable. One day the children seemed to have come together in a spirit of more determined rebellion than ever. The room became a scene of riotous uproar. The boys shot marbles, fought, and swore; and the girls

screamed and giggled. The teacher's patience, no less than her skill, was tried to the utmost. What was she to do? Her authority was set at utter defiance; severity she had no desire to use, and could not have used with safety to herself; and to have dispersed the school would have been a declaration of incompetence and powerlessness, fatal to any future effort.

"Other means failing, she sought to reach the reason through the sanctions of religion, spoke of the displeasure of God, and called their attention to the sentiments of a hymn she had lately taught them, and in which they seemed at the time to take some interest, beginning,—

'Saviour, round Thy foolstool bending,
See this youthful band appear.'

But all continued stubbornly boisterous. Feeling that her resources had been taxed to the utmost, and yet that she must conquer or abandon her post in despair, she sank to the floor on her knees involuntarily, and began to implore the interposition of God Himself: 'Lord, whose I am, and whom I serve! Wilt Thou be pleased to put forth Thy power on behalf of Thy helpless handmaid, and for the honour of Thy name!' While thus pleading, the storm suddenly subsided; and, retaining the attitude of prayer, she began to supplicate with increased fervour the bestowment, then and there, of the converting grace of God: 'Thou canst turn the hearts of these children to Thee; for hast Thou not so turned *my* heart? I desire that they should come to Thee; but how much more dost *Thou* desire to receive them!' There was perfect silence while she thus continued to pray; silence which, after the previous outburst, was deeply impressive. But not many moments passed, when she felt two tiny arms

entwined round her neck, and heard the words spoken in her ears in broken accents and intermittent sobs, 'O, teacher! I's so wicked! Teacher, teacher, we will be good! we will be good!'

"That scene was a precious turning-point. The teacher's authority was then and thenceforth completely established; rule and order rose to supremacy; and the school since that moment has been a pattern of good conduct.

"Nor is this all.—

'Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there is a human tear,
From passion's dross refined and clear' —

It must surely be that which gushes from the eye of a penitent child. This child was not more than seven years old; but that she came at that moment under a power which drew her to Christ for salvation, was never doubted by those competent to judge, who had the opportunity of witnessing her subsequent spirit and behaviour. But she was taken to an early rest. After living a year or two, as though to show how beautiful a thing conversion of heart in a little child is, she was seized with a mortal sickness. Just before her death she said to her parents, and the friends connected with the school, who stood around her with tokens of sorrow, 'Let not your hearts be troubled. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions: and Jesus has gone to prepare a place for you as well as for me.' Then, requesting all to kneel down and join her in repeating the Lord's Prayer, her spirit 'leaped the bounds of time,' and she 'fell asleep.'

"Henceforth these little free day-schools became centres of moral influence, which acted with greater or less force on the whole neighbourhood."

To those who are anxiously en-

deavouring to rescue their fellow-creatures from the grasp of the fell destroyer, strong drink, the following remark will be suggestive:—

"We are all ready to denounce drunkenness as the deadliest curse under which our poor and ignorant neighbours groan, and the greatest obstacle to their elevation. But are we as considerate as we ought to be for those peculiar provocatives and incentives to this evil to which they are subject? Do we make due allowances for inherited constitutional tendencies; for early and habitual training; for the force of example; for the exhaustion and stupor produced by physical toil; for the nervous depression caused by bad air, innutritious or insufficient food, and exposure to cold; and for the lack of such means of recreation and pleasurable excitement as people of a better social grade find in books, in intellectual companionships, and in the scenes of nature? Is there as much intelligent sympathy among us with the helplessness of the intemperate as there ought to be? And, are we as patient, and judicious, and *persistent* in the use of means for their reformation as a true faith in the power of the means we employ so obviously demands?"

The writer of this interesting narrative has done a good work. Not only will it draw attention to the Chequer-Alley Mission, and the "school chapel" about to be erected there, but it will doubtless stir up many who are tempted to sit with folded hands, imagining themselves too weak, or too obscure, to do important service for God. To such we would say, study well this history, and then "go and do likewise."

UNEQUAL MARRIAGES.

MARRIAGE is, more or less, a topic, both for thought and conversation, among all classes of mankind. Although this is the case, how few think

about it aright, or give it that sober reflection which it so justly demands! To a Christian this is one of the most important acts of his life; an event pregnant with results, both for time and eternity. Our object in writing this paper is to bring before the minds of those who love our Lord Jesus Christ, and who may have a somewhat loose view on the subject, the great impropriety, nay, the great sinfulness, of *unequal marriages*. This is a point too seldom dwelt upon by those who occupy our pulpits, but which may be seen at a glance to be one of great importance. Were it not that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," we could never be brought to imagine that a child of God would deliberately take, as his nearest and dearest friend, one who is at enmity with Him. Yet is this not unfrequently done? Such, alas! is the depravity of human nature, and the power which our affections, if unrestrained and uncurbed, may possess over us.

A Christian professes to obey the word of God, on this point as on all others: let us, then, refer to the law and to the testimony. In the Bible, unequal marriages are most strictly prohibited. In the Mosaic economy, the Jews were specially forbidden to marry with other tribes or idolatrous nations. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," is language which none but the most perverse can misunderstand. We might prove the unlawfulness of unequal marriages, by varied inferences, from the same source. We are told to "love the Lord our God with all our soul, with all our mind, and with all our strength." Now, can a man do this who has vowed to love and to cherish a person at variance with God? That this is not overstated is evident; for "the carnal mind is enmity against God; is not subject to the

law of God, neither, indeed, can be." We are told to do all to "the glory of God." Can a man who thus acts comply with this precept? Does not God require all His people to be holy, separate from sin, and from sinners? Let those who till now have seen no harm therein, begin calmly to ponder and think about it.

Apart from the mere precepts of God's Word, there are many reasons that would at once forbid an act of this kind. A wife ought ever to be the companion, and the most intimate friend, of her husband. But the Christian with an ungodly wife, or the pious wife with a godless husband, at once loses the benefit, the consolation, the comfort, the advice which would otherwise accrue from one engaged in the same warfare, travelling the same road, having one common enemy to encounter, and one bright heaven to gain. It is impossible that they can have the same views, or possess the same feelings. The one is a promoter of Christ's kingdom, the other an enemy to it. In the emphatic language of Scripture, there is as much difference between them as betwixt "light and darkness." In cases like these, there is the greatest danger that the religion once possessed will be lost altogether: plans for usefulness, growth in grace, attendance on the ordinances of public worship, if not openly opposed, will be greatly hindered. One side or other must inevitably give way,—"*How can two walk together except they be agreed?*" Think not, ye who are strong, that ye will be able to withstand the varied influences brought to bear upon you. Solomon, one of the best of men and wisest of princes, was turned aside by his unbelieving wives. Instances of a similar kind abound on every hand, and should serve as beacons for those who have to cross "*life's troubled main.*" This evil does not terminate with

individuals. To parents there is entrusted the high honour of training young immortals for the skies. The infant mind is most susceptible of a mother's influence: impressions made in childhood are seldom, if ever, effaced. Almost all of our great and learned men trace their first convictions back to a mother's example and a mother's prayers. Thus mothers may act upon thousands yet unborn: how infinitely important that the good man be not unequally yoked together with an unbeliever!

Every true Christian will, if circumstances allow, connect himself with some branch of the Christian Church. In the case of an ungodly marriage what a fearful loss does the community sustain. The Church expects every member to do his duty to the very utmost, to promote the cause of Christ; to hasten forward that happy time when the wide world shall echo the Saviour's praise; when from every nation under heaven the song of ransomed captives shall be heard. The world is made up of families: but if a house be divided against itself, how can it stand? If, in place of a clear, luminous, and steady light, removing moral and spiritual darkness, we have the flickering and feeble flame of a rush-light, the Church itself suffers loss, she is wounded in the house of her friends. If, instead of the powerful salt, removing and nullifying putrescence and pollution, we have the savourless lives and divided affections produced by unequal marriages, the results intended to be effected by connexion with the fold of Christ, both as regards ourselves and others, are greatly frustrated. Marriage has been ordained by God; and, if properly undertaken, will ever have His smile and sanction. *Unequal marriages will ever incur His frown and disapprobation.*

SIGMA.

MINISTERIAL SUCCESS.*

THE pulpit is under no obligation to teach what is commonly called "science." The speculations of metaphysics, the dark utterances of geology, the splendid discoveries of astronomy, the endless combinations of chemistry, and many other kindred subjects, are worthy of all the attention which has been paid them, and deserving of more than they are likely to receive, in this busy age of ours; but the Minister of Christ is no more required to know and teach them, than the professor of chemistry is bound to know and teach the science of theology, or the art of writing. All the fields of literature are open to the Christian preacher for analogy and illustration; but to substitute science of any kind for the preaching of the Cross, is at once rebellion against Christ, and sin against men. When a Christian Minister has made the Book of God his own, when he has scanned the various phases of the human character, pondered the springs of human action, comprehended the motives by which men are likely to be influenced, the temptations by which they are sure to be assailed, the manner in which they are to be instructed, warned, encouraged, and sustained, and has leisure on his hands, he may turn to investigations of a more secular character; but, even then, it would be as much out of place to supply the theories of metaphysics, the subtleties of logic, or the sentimentality of poetry for the Gospel of Christ, as it would be for the teacher of rhetoric to substitute, for lessons in elocution, the antics of the buffoon. Of course, the mind must have relaxation from the studies that are pertinent to the pulpit, as well as from those that belong to

* From a sermon, bearing this title, by the Rev. Robert Wallace, Dublin.

any other calling; and it is far from our intention to prescribe in what engagements or pursuits mind, in such circumstances, should seek for recreation. What we insist upon is, that the Christian Minister is responsible for such studies and such teaching as are adapted to secure the end for which the ministry is established.

Neither is it our purpose in any sense to depreciate learning,—the ignorant Minister is only less hurtful than the immoral or the heterodox; but the learning should be pertinent to the pursuit, and the most learned will do well to remember the sentiment of a late eminent preacher, "That in the pulpit we have the Saviour, the sinner, and the salvation, and every fourth idea is a grand impertinence." It is, indeed, the duty of the Minister to *adapt* the truth to the congregation; not by keeping back part of it and weakening its force, or presenting it in ambiguous terms, to suit the views and tastes of the people, but by giving to every man his portion in due season. No conduct on the part of the Minister is less excusable than to degrade the pulpit, in this respect, to the level of the pew. We are familiar with the maxim, "Like priest, like people;" and, although it is usually used in a bad sense, how much more consistent is it than, "Like people, like priest." Yet, probably, the latter is the danger of the present day. The influence of wealth, of position, and learning, is so likely to tell upon the popularity and worldly interests of the Minister, as to suggest great temptation to study what may please a congregation rather than what would save their souls. Not certainly in conforming the style of his preaching to what may suit a vitiated taste may the Minister adapt the pulpit to the pew, but by considering the moral and spiritual condition of the people, by pondering it in the closet, by

carrying it to the throne of grace, and seeking heavenly counsel and heavenly aid, that he may so speak that they may believe and be saved.

But, of all human qualifications for successful preaching, there is none so potent as sympathy with men,—with men as such, wherever found, and however circumstanced; sympathy with them because they are men of like passions, made of one blood, liable to the same sorrows, capable of the same joys, redeemed by the blood of the same Saviour, and in every sense needing the same salvation as the preacher himself. We are well aware that it is "God giveth the increase," that it is "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," that the work is done; but, if we may venture the analogy, sympathy is the electric wire along which the heavenly fire passes to the human soul.

And here it is well for us to notice the importance which the Scriptures attach to the sympathy of Christ with men, not as a mere indication of kindness, but as a qualification for the work He undertook. When it is said, "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage," we can understand, that, in order to die at all, and thus to atone for the nature that had sinned, it was necessary for the Word to be made flesh; but when it is said, that it pleased the Father, "in bringing many sons to glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings,"—that, though He is the Son of God, He is not "a High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,"—

cannot sympathize with us,—there is reference to a totally different principle, and we have brought under our notice the sympathy of Christ as regards qualification for the full accomplishment of His work. “Wherefore, in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people; for in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted:” hence the prophet not merely says of Him, “He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed,” but also, “He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.” And how fully did His life bear out these sayings. See how He sympathized with the widow of Nain, when her only son was carried out to burial; how He equally sympathized with the innocent enjoyment of the marriage-feast at Cana of Galilee; how He fed the hungry, healed the sick, and raised the dead.

“Nay, but his bowels yearn’d to see
The people hungry, scatter’d, faint;
Nay, but he utter’d over thee,
Jerusalem, a true complaint;
Jerusalem, who shedd’st His blood,
That, with His tears, for thee hath
flow’d.”

Sympathy with men on the part of a Minister will be seen, first in his identification with their danger as impenitent sinners; and here it will be of unspeakable importance. In the absence of this feeling a preacher may denounce sin, and pour upon wrong-doing the bitterest invectives to little or no purpose. Men are seldom much moved by the

terrors of the last judgment when seen on canvas as a work of art; and so it will be by such representations from the pulpit, when the thought of eloquence and fine preaching is mainly suggested to the hearers. True it is that severe satires upon sinners are very popular with most congregations,—popular for reasons which need little penetration to apprehend. Men love them on the same principle as gossips love scandal, and never dream the preacher means themselves. But popularity even here is not success. The faithful Minister, indeed, cannot overlook the danger to which the guilty are exposed; he must not shun to declare “the whole counsel of God;” must “warn the wicked of his way;” by him the violated law must speak out its thunders. But, if it is to be done with any saving results, it must be with the utmost tenderness of spirit. Let the preacher remember that he is not a judge nor an avenger, but the messenger of mercy and peace; let him appreciate the penalty he denounces; and, as one has said, “if he must lead the sinner to the door of hell, and show him what it is, let him do it with tears in his eyes.”

This sympathy will have full play in dealing with the penitent inquirer; here the Minister will remember all the difficulties he had to encounter himself in laying hold upon the Saviour; and here, uniting his own soul, so to speak, with that of the seeker, will, like the Apostle, travail in birth with him till Christ be formed within him. Probably there is no other part of his work so interesting to him as this: it awakens all his sense of the love of Christ to himself; all his pity for his fellow-men; all his hopes for the triumph of the Redeemer’s cause, and links him with heaven itself in the joy with which it looks upon the returning sinner.

WORLDLY PLEASURE.

No worldly pleasure hath any absolute delight in it; but, as a bee having honey in the mouth, hath a sting in the tail. Who sees an ox grazing in a fat and rank pasture, and thinks not that he is near to the slaughterer? Whereas, the lean beast that toils under the yoke is far enough from the shambles. The best wicked man cannot be so envied in his shows as he is pitiable in the conclusion.—*Joseph Hall.*

“THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT
THERE.”

“No night” in that land where our
Father doth reign,
That heaven lit up by His love;
No darkness, no sorrow, no sighing, no
pain,
In the home that awaits us above.
There the weary doth rest at Immanuel’s
feet;
There the prisoner is loosed from his
chain;
There the long-parted children in hap-
piness meet,
And never are sunder’d again.

No night in that land where our Saviour
doth shine,
That Canaan of infinite rest;
No shadow e’er darkens the radiance
Divine
That falls on the pure and the blest.
There the sigh of the sorrowful never
doth rise;
There the days of our mourning are
o’er;
There God wipes away every tear from
our eyes,
And sadness can touch us no more.

No night in that land where the Spirit
doth shed
The calm, peaceful, light of the day,
Where a halo of glory encircles each
head,—
The crown that ne’er fadeth away.

There no storm ever ruffles the crys-
talline sea;

There no tempest of anger or strife;
There no cloud in the bright sky above
us shall be,

To lessen the joy of our life.

No night in that land where the Great
One in Three

Will welcome us each to our home;
No longer to sail upon life’s stormy sea,
No longer a stranger to roam.

There the wanderer finds all his wander-
ings cease;

There the pilgrim doth wait at the
shrine;

There the soldier of Christ finds inef-
fable peace,—

Unbroken, eternal, Divine.

—*Evangelical Magazine.*

RAMBLES IN THE TROSACHS.

IN the present paper we are about to give a few details respecting the scenery of that part of Scotland which is immortalized by the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. We have no other excuse for recording our impressions, received during a short stay near Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and Loch Achray, than the hope of recalling pleasant experiences to those who know the scenes we describe, or of assisting the imagination of those who do not.

Loch Lomond was the first of the inland and fresh-water lochs that we saw in Scotland. It has a beauty all its own, and very distinct from that of the sea-lochs, such as Loch Long, Loch Fyne, and Loch Etive. Our first visit to it was in the blaze of a glorious autumn day. We walked from Arrochar to Tarbet along a beautiful country road, within full view of the imposing peak of Ben Lomond, made hoary with a fleecy mist. At Tarbet we went on board the little steamer that plies daily up and down the loch; and soon this magnificent sheet of water was spread out before us. Looking southward, its ample expanse was diversified by the green islands that dotted it here and there. We were too close under Ben Lomond to see the whole of the



(Inversnaid Waterfall.)

in, one huge shoulder of which down to the water's edge. The of the loch is narrow; but the surrounding hills are most picturesque in their grouping. One seems to overlook the other, till the most distant ones melt into the blue sky. But the beauty of the scene was even more lovely than its outlines. The water was intensely blue, and so clear as to mirror its banks, and the light, blue clouds, distinctly. The prevailing tint of the near hills was a bright green, varied by patches of purple and brown, and the brown of the fading fern. Tiny trickling streams

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from the heights sparkled in the sun, and showed like threads of silver; or, when unseen, their course was marked by a deeper line of green, while everywhere blocks of grey granite-rock cropped out in every variety of size and shape. On one side the banks of the loch were well wooded, and the bright hues of the oaks, and the grey green of the birches and aspens, began to be diversified with the richer tints of autumn.

It does not take many minutes for the steamer to cross the lake and reach Inversnaid Pier. This spot is noted for its waterfall, formed by the River Arkill, and for a fort and cave associated with

the name of Rob Roy; the one as a defence from his depredations, and the other as his place of refuge. Here many tourists take the coach for Loch Katrine; but, this not being our route, we remained for an hour or two well occupied with the waterfall and its scenery. It is thirty feet in height, and so close to the shore, that it is seen best from the loch. The rocks are all feathered over with underwood and young trees; slender birches, that seem to have no foothold, almost dip their sprays into the foam. These falls are not so imposing as they are beautiful; there are many grander ones in the Highlands, but few that are lovelier in detail and in their surroundings. We cross a rustic bridge, that carries the road up the hill above the torrent, and then, turning into a little wood, one may trace the stream, by dint of much clambering, as far as Loch Arklet, as it rushes downward among great stones worn into strange shapes, or babbles, eddying round the moss-grown trunks of trees. Here tufts of lady-fern cluster, flourishing in the damp and shade; now the foot sinks in soft beds of moss. The star-like white blossoms of the *Parnassia palustris* may occasionally be found; while other plants, that love the shade, grow in a wild luxuriance.

Loch Lomond is about twenty-four miles in length, and its greatest breadth is five miles. It abounds in trout; and in some parts is six hundred feet deep. In and out, among the islands, of which there are thirty, the steamer threads its way, and calls at several landing-places round the coast. Some of these islands are large, and well-wooded. Inchmurrin is about two miles long, and has a deer-park and a hunting-box in the midst of its woods. On some the ruins of old castles may be found. The finest views of the loch are to be had in travelling from south to north. Professor Wilson has said of it,—“Along the margin of the water, as far as Luss, —and much farther,—the variations of the foreground are incessant. . . . The islands are ever arranging themselves into new forms, every one more and more beautiful; at least, so they seem to be, perpetually occurring, yet always unexpected; and there is a pleasure

even in such a series of slight surprises that enhances the delight of admiration. And alongside, or behind us, all the while, are the sylvan mountains, ‘laden with beauty,’ and, ever and anon, open glens widen down upon us from chasms or forest glades, and lead our hearts away into the inner gloom.” Coming up the loch, some grand views of Ben Lomond may be had, and of distant shadowy peaks beyond it,—such views as the landscape painter revels in; and on the west comes into view the weird, fantastic outline of Ben Arthur, or “The Cobbler.” At sunset, when its strange form shows distinctly against the golden sky, the effect is very fine. It looks like two hooded giant heads protecting a poor little mortal who is crouching down between them. This mountain scenery is as changeful as the sky; and every hour, from sunrise to sunset, gives something fresh to enjoy. It is lovely in early morning, when the clouds drift from one peak to another, and roll along the ridges; and it is equally beautiful when the sun has full power, and makes the distant hills show like opal, pale green and gold. The light, fleecy clouds then float in purple shadows across them, while the colours of the nearer hills are full and glowing. But, perhaps, it is finest of all at sunset, when the tints are richer and the shadows stronger, and the purple glooms of evening are already gathering around the base of the hills, while their tops are still bathed in mellow light. Such was the aspect of the mountain guardians of Loch Lomond when we reluctantly left its banks to walk back to Arrochar.

Snatches of Scott involuntarily rise to the lips on the road from Callander to the Trosachs. The distance is ten miles, and it is traversed most pleasantly on the top of a coach. The road crosses the River Leny, as it flows from Loch Lubnaig to join the Teith. Then we pass Coillantogle’s Ford, where James Fitz-James met Roderick Dhu in deadly combat. Skirting the fair expanse of Loch Vennachar, we pass under the shadow of Ben Ledi. Loch Vennachar is calm and restful in its aspect, and is a favourite resort of wild fowl. Then comes the “Bridge of

spanning the river that connects
 Achar with Achray. To the right
 "raggan's huts" are pointed out,
 beyond them is the entrance to
 the lake. This spot is so lovely, that
 we are inclined to look regretfully at
 the ruined walls of the hotel, (which
 burnt down about a year ago,) and
 regret that this, of all places, was the
 one we would like to stop at. But regret is
 unavailing, for every turn in the road
 brings some new beauty into view.

enter the copse-wood grey,
 raved and wept o'er Loch Achray,"—

in the road, after toiling up a
 bit of hill, brought us in full view
 a little loch; a picture set in a
 park of overhanging birches.
 It lay, in the quiet afternoon light,
 on one little island, and its shores
 were fringed by hills that were reflected
 in the clear surface. The heights on
 either side were covered with "bosky
 trees" down to the water's edge;
 and the hills were bare and heathery;
 at the head of the loch, towering
 above all, rose the "giant form of Ben
 An Teallach." At the foot of the mountain
 were several eminences rising one
 above another, all wooded, except
 a few points of grey rock cropped out;
 between these, we were told, lay the
 ruins of the Trosachs. But how there
 were any pass, or way, through such
 a part it was difficult to imagine.
 A scarlet-coated driver could not let
 us, however; and we went on our
 winding through the wood, and
 occasional glimpses of Ben An
 Teallach, with its narrow peak. Here
 were breaks among the trees to the
 sea-loch and the lake and its guardian
 in in different points of view,
 a never-changing outline of shore.
 Reaching the hotel, we found that
 the ruin for beauty and variety, sur-
 vived that of the ruined one at the
 foot of Turk. It is just at the head
 of the loch, and at the foot of Ben An
 Teallach, near Ben Venue, as to give us
 a new acquaintance with its varied
 scenery. A fine day is precious, especially
 in capricious weather as we often
 find in the neighbourhood of mountains.
 We soon off, therefore, for a stroll

in the direction of Loch Katrine, through
 the Pass of the Trosachs, that gives a
 name to all this region. No words of
 ours can describe the mingled grandeur
 and loveliness of this spot. But, indeed,
 they are needless. In the first canto
 of the "Lady of the Lake," in the
 eleventh and twelfth stanzas, begin-
 ning—

"The western waves of ebbing day
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way,"—

Scott describes it most truthfully and
 forcefully:—

"Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shatter'd trunk, and frequent hung,
 Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glist'ning streamers waved and
 danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream."

We walked many times up and down
 the glen, during our stay; till its minuter
 beauties, as well as its grander features,
 became familiar. Nowhere have we seen
 Nature more lavish and abundant,
 either of form or of colour. Every rock
 was lovingly festooned by climbing plants.
 The rose-bushes were gay with clusters
 of scarlet berries, and twining brambles
 were covered with blackberries. Ferns
 and wild flowers grew everywhere. The
 birds sang ceaselessly, and whole families
 of pheasants walked leisurely along the
 road; a sight that might have delighted a
 sportsman, or rather teased him, consider-
 ing that the shooting season had not set in.

Reaching Loch Katrine, the eye does
 not at first catch sight of a broad expanse
 of water, but only of a deep, narrow pool.
 But, on following the path, and getting
 fairly out of the glen, the scene widens,
 and the lake, in all its wondrous beauty,
 is gradually disclosed to view. When
 we first saw it, on a fine but not
 sunny evening, our most vivid im-
 pression was that of its extreme verdure.
 Islands that looked like promontories,
 and jutting points that one took for
 islands, were all green to the water's

edge, with the soft, yet varied, tint of that colour which distinguishes the wooded parts of these Scotch Highlands. The rocks, that would else have been stern and rugged, were clothed with trembling aspens, that seemed to creep up their steep sides, and were crowned with the dark hue of the Scotch firs, their sharp outline standing out clear against the sky. The enchantment was repeated in the water, which was a faithful mirror to its beautiful banks, scarcely breaking their image by a ripple. The walk round the loch, to the right, now close to its edge, now in the shade of birch-woods, made lighter by the gleaming of their white trunks, now crossing some tiny, tributary stream by stepping-stones, is delightful. It leads to the "silver strand" opposite "Ellen's Isle," and goes on round the loch to its western extremity.

Having grown familiar with Loch Katrine from the land, the next thing was to make acquaintance with its surface. Like Loch Lomond, it boasts a steamer, in which we went up and down its entire length; but that did not satisfy us. We took a boat and paddled between the islands, and in and out of the bays, making a closer acquaintance with Ellen's Isle. Mooring our skiff

"underneath the aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,"

we clambered up the steep bank, and explored the little island. Tangled shrubs and luxuriant trees covered it; but it required an imagination as vivid as a poet's to fancy a sylvan retreat for the Douglas and his fair daughter in this wild spot.

We had an opportunity of seeing Loch Katrine from quite another point of view; from the summit of Ben Venue, where it lay stretched out, as in a map, far below our feet. After waiting many days for a sufficiently clear one to make the ascent, patience was rewarded by a glorious morning; and we started, two of us, a trusty Scotch shepherd for our guide, with his "two doggies." Ben Venue is only about three thousand feet high, and is overtopped by many of the Scottish mountains; but it is difficult to

climb, nevertheless, there being no path. We skirted the end of Loch Achray, and crossed the roaring stream that connects that lake with Loch Katrine by a crazy foot-bridge; passed through a farmyard; and then began a gradual ascent over short turf, pleasant, springy heather, and loose stones; and occasionally over boggy places, and through the beds of rills and streams, being often reminded of those lines of Keble's:—

"Go up and watch the new-born rill,
Just trickling from its mossy bed,
Breaking the heath-clad hill
With a bright emerald thread."

Our guide strode on before us at a steady, jog-trot pace, talking to us about the hills, saying that he had lived among them all his life; had been a shepherd more than fourteen years on the sides of Ben More; and that his father, a very old man, was a shepherd still. He could walk, he said, fifty miles "about the hills" in one day. The sea might be seen, he told us, on both coasts of Scotland, and the hills beyond Edinburgh. Pausing to rest about half-way up, he showed us Stirling, and the Wallace monument, and the field of Bannockburn. Higher still, we saw the three sister lakes, Loch Katrine, with its islands, its many curves and indentations; the little Achray, with its solitary island; and, still more distant, Loch Vennachar.

From the top the view amply rewarded all our toil. Over all the north and west rose the Grampians, range beyond range, peak beyond peak, till the clouds hid them. It was like a billowy sea of mountains, and awed us into silence with its grandeur. It is a strangely solemn feeling to be on the top of a high mountain, the busy world far below. How frail is man in the presence of the eternal hills! Ben An, the slender mountain, seemed dwarfed into a moderate eminence; while Ben Ledi towered behind it like a giant. Between these two lies the beautiful valley of Glenfinlas. A few words about this glen, which formed the object of another day's excursion, and these rambles must be brought to an end.

Retracing our steps in the direction of Callander, as far as the "Brigg of Turk," where, crossing the bridge, a road leads

up the valley, past the low cottages called "Duncraggan's huts." At one of these, with more pretensions than the rest, whitewashed, and overgrown with roses and other flowers, we called to make some inquiries, and a thick-set, grey, shaggy-browed Scotchman came out to speak to us. He proved to be the schoolmaster of the neighbourhood, the precentor of the little kirk at the Troasachs, and a sort of general factotum. After he had kindly and courteously given us the information we wanted, we proceeded up Glenfinlas for some distance, every step showing some new beauties. There was the mountain torrent—the Turk—dashing and falling over great masses of rock; now made useful to turn a water-wheel for a saw-mill, now rushing and tumbling on, as if impatient of the momentary control. Its steep banks were wreathed with shrubs and trees; the drooping silver-birch and the hazel, rose-bushes thickly covered with their brilliant berries, waving bracken-fern, and crowns of male and lady fern; the very grass was gemmed with little flowers. Farther on is a beautiful fall, and a rustic bridge; and it is practicable to proceed up the glen till you reach the hills that border Loch Katrine, and then to descend to the shores of the lake.

But all our enterprises were stopped by the fickle weather. The blue sky suddenly became dull and leaden, and a genuine Scotch mist speedily enveloped hills and woods. A heavy, soaking rain now began to pour down. For a little while we sheltered in a Highland cottage, built of rough, unhewn stones, the crevices filled up with earth and grass, thatched with heather, and furnished with a peat-stack. The "gudewife" gave us a hearty welcome into the one room. A peat fire was burning on the hearth, on a kind of gridiron, and a pot hung over it, suspended from the roof by a chain and hook. There was a sleeping loft at one end of the cottage, which could be reached only by a ladder; but, though so primitive and simple, all seemed very comfortable and clean. The little barefooted, yellow-haired children *played outside, sheltered under the projecting eaves. To wait was, however,*

useless, for the rain poured without ceasing for hours; we, therefore, made our way back as quickly as possible.

It was with regret that we left these scenes, wonderfully dowered as they are with beauty, and associated with so much that is romantic in legend and history. But the remembrance of them is a possession, "a joy for ever," as it flashes

"upon that inward eye
That is the bliss of solitude."

There is no space here to speak of the wilder scenery of the more northern Highlands; the romantic grandeur of the passes; the glorious expanse of moors; the magnificent coast-scenery of the sea-lochs. This, however, may be a future task, and certainly a pleasant one.

M.

THE OUTCASTS GATHERED.

THE outcast children of London, to the number of about twenty-six thousand, are received, taught, sheltered, and blessed in the schools and refuges of the Ragged-School Union. But, in spite of all that is doing, and has been doing, thousands of boys and girls are outcast still; either trained up to thieving and vicious habits, or seeking, by small sales in the streets, by sweeping crossings, and by other precarious ways, to earn a little to keep them from actual starvation. It is painful to see even one of these desolate and unfortunate children; how much more touching was the scene lately revealed at the Refuge, Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. Hundreds of this class, all boys, were seen, one evening in February last, crowded together before the doors, ragged and exceedingly wretched. What brought them thus together without concert on their part? A divinely-suggested thought in some one Christian heart, ripening into a purpose, and then into a proposal, that all these outcasts of the street should be entertained at tea at the Refuge, with the ultimate design to try to rescue them, and put them on the path to industry and independence. Lord Shaftesbury and many more noble-minded fellow-labourers were there. The little fellows had each got a ticket, or pass. That was his card of invitation. After a while, when they had been re-

freshed and fed,—their eagerness in eating revealing the hunger of which they are the daily victims,—questions were put to them as to where they slept the night before, and how they got, or how they tried to get, their living. The disclosures were touching beyond expression. They were asked, "Would they like to be put on board a 'big ship,' moored in the Thames, to be trained up to various trades, where they would have warm clothing and plenty of food?" It was not promised, but only spoken of; and the glistening eyes of the poor boys showed, as well as the voices of most, how ready they were for such a new and hopeful enterprise.

And now it is very pleasant to be able to record that not only for boys, but girls, who are selling, or trying to sell, small articles in the streets, provision is likely to be made: for the boys in the way already indicated in the question put to them at the tea-meeting; and for the girls, to send them out daily to work of various kinds, until they are thoroughly trained for domestic service in Christian homes.

HINTS ON WRITING.

WE have in the art of writing a valuable means of correcting a tendency to vagueness and desultoriness of thought. Writing gives sharpness, definiteness, to thought, by first compelling us to *compact* it in words, and then by re-acting on the mind itself. We do not speak now of grammatical construction, though that is a great art. We speak of the necessity of giving our ideas a boundary and a shape in language. If you cannot do this, your thoughts are too shadowy to be of use. Profound thinkers, no doubt, often find great difficulty in giving utterance to their ideas; but this is because they deal so closely with the things themselves as to be unable quickly to revert to language. There is a difference between having an idea for which there is a word, if it could only be remembered, and being unable to find a word because there is no definite idea to suggest it. If "reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, writing" makes "a correct man." So says the great

Bacon. If you wish, then, to methodise your knowledge, and to be an accurate thinker, write. And when you write, aim at terseness and vigour. Avoid diffuseness; avoid false ornament. Let your sentences be short; your connexion evident, without being too explicit; your meaning free from ambiguity.

Writing serves also to fix those fugitive shades of thought that are as evanescent as the various changes in the face of Nature. Bright glimpses come and go. Sometimes, when the mind is dullest, an idea will flash from it like the electric gleam from the murky cloud. These we retain by writing. So the painter's hand trembles with eagerness to catch, at the right instant, the delicate fast-fading tints of sunset. Or the photographer, in the twinkling of an eye, arrests, upon a sensitive surface, the ship in full sail, the passing cloud, the very specks of spray that jet from the breaking wave; or, what is as restless as any of these, the unique expression that fits over the human features, and is gone.—*Our Own Fireside.*

LONDON BRIDGES.

NOT less than fourteen bridges now span the Thames between London and Battersea, and several others are in course of erection. They vary greatly in length, Charing-cross railway-bridge measuring 1,536 feet, while Southwark only measures 800, and Vauxhall 840 feet. The cost, per square foot, of London-bridge was £11 6s., and of Chelsea suspension-bridge, only £2 5s. Old London-bridge was about 60 feet above the level of the water; the new one is only 29 feet 6 inches in its central arch. The old bridge was 936 feet long, the new one is exactly two feet longer. Southwark-bridge contains 14,000 square feet less than London-bridge, and Westminster-bridge is more than twice the area of Southwark-bridge. The passenger traffic over the London bridges (not including the railway passengers) is above 120 millions per annum, and of this vast number one-half pass over London-bridge, at the rate of 160,000 per day.

SOMETHING ABOUT BEES.

II.

last month described the formation of the honey-comb, with the two of cells which are found in every The comb is used for two purposes—the upper portion for storing the middle and lower for rearing brood. When a cell is filled with honey, it is left for a greater or less time to allow of evaporation; the time being according to the consistence of the honey when gathered. It is then covered over with a thin lid of wax. The honey is not laid on in one piece, but is added, at one time, but in successive additions, beginning at the circumference, leaving a small opening in the center, through which any deficiency is supplied. This aperture being filled up, the cell is completed; and the honey, thus added and hermetically sealed, is left to keep for a great length of time, without fermenting nor candying, both of which "run" honey is liable to.

As, however, with the brood-cells, the wonderful changes that take place within them, that we have now to describe, begin early in the spring—generally about the first week in February, if the weather be mild—the bees begin to bring in honey regularly from the crocuses and ranunculus, and the queen commences to lay eggs. At first this is only to a very small extent; but, as the season advances, the number of eggs increases, until it amounts to fifteen hundred or two thousand a day. The rate of increase depends on the temperature, and the amount of pollen and honey which comes in, and, especially, on the quantity of food stored in the hive. If this be small, the queen refrains from laying, or the bees do not lay the eggs, as they will on no account imperil their own safety, or allow their mouths to feed, unless the necessary food be supplied. During May,

and the greater part of July the laying rate is maintained; then it gradually falls off,—the cells, in fact, being chiefly occupied with honey. As the bees are constantly coming forward during August and September, but, compared with the three months preceding, the number is small.

The accompanying illustrations will give some idea of the process of development from the egg to the perfect insect. The egg, when deposited, is an oval, slightly curved, semi-transparent body, looking like an infinitesimal grain of rice, except that it is rather more pointed.

Fig. 5 gives a sectional view of a cell double the natural size, showing an egg deposited on the pyramidal base. It adheres

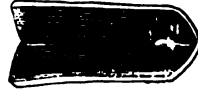


Fig. 5.

by a glutinous substance, with which it is covered; and so remains for three days, when a little worm escapes from the shell. It soon finds itself amply supplied with food, consisting of the pollen before spoken of, mixed with honey and water. This is prepared by the nurses, who attentively examine the cells, and furnish fresh supplies as fast as they are needed. Three days after hatching, the food which is given it is supposed to undergo some change, and to consist of a larger proportion of pollen. This diet is continued for three more days; during which time the grub eats voraciously, and grows rapidly. Fig. 6 represents the progress

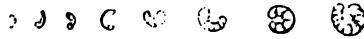


Fig. 6.

that is made during the first period of its existence. It lies on the floor of the cell, having ample room as yet, small as the space really is, but gradually coiling itself into a circle. On the sixth day after hatching, (the ninth day from the laying of the egg,) the cell is sealed over by the nurses, so as to make the worm a prisoner. The cover thus put on is not of wax, as would be the case, if the contents were honey, but a mixture of wax and pollen, which, though strong enough for the purpose, is yet sufficiently brittle to be readily broken away when needed, and, meanwhile, is porous enough to allow of a thorough ventilation of the little prison. The worm, or larva, being now left to its own devices, proceeds to spin a thin cocoon, which envelopes the whole body. Fig. 7, which

is an enlarged drawing, shows the larva preparing to spin. It then sinks into a

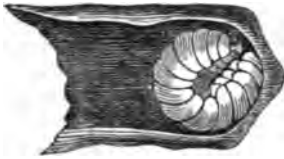


Fig. 7.

mysterious sleep, in which it is not only motionless, but powerless, and apparently dead. Nevertheless, during this nine or ten days of unconscious existence, nature is marvellously active, and a transformation is taking place far more wonderful than anything that occurs in its perfect and active state. Fig. 8 shows



Fig. 8.

this change in progress. The altered form of the head, the tongue protruding from its sheath, the three pairs of legs, and the rudimentary wings, will be noticed. Gradually the grub-like body shows three distinct divisions. The simple eyes become large and prominent organs; and, in addition, are formed two compound eyes, each consisting of many thousands of lenses, or perfect eyes, and capable of distinct vision over the distance of a mile. Two pairs of filmy wings spring from the second division of the body; the final one becomes coated with scales; a sting develops at its extremity; the pupa changes in colour from white to yellow, and from yellow to brown, and from brown to grey, ultimately fringed with golden hairs, and the creature that went to sleep a worm, awakes a handsome insect. See Fig. 9.



Fig. 9.

The young bee soon gnaws through the cover of the cell, and protrudes its tongue, asking to be fed. It is just possible that its wants may be attended to; but the nurses, who were so devoted in their attention formerly, are quite indifferent now, and the little bee gets sadly knocked about in the crowd, which is continually passing and repassing,

during its laborious efforts to extricate itself from the cell. When, at last, this is accomplished, it is very weak and puny; and, as we have just said, is quite grey in colour. The tint gradually deepens, and in a few days is black, so far as the body is concerned, though somewhat concealed by the downy covering. Time and hard labour gradually wear off these hairs: hence the blackness of an old bee.

The great majority of the eggs laid are those of workers,—most appropriately so called,—for it is upon them that the entire labour of the hive devolves. While young they attend to indoor duties: they feed the young larvae; clean out the cells as fast as they are vacated; secrete wax, as already described, either for the repair of damages or the formation of new combs; they remove any litter, dirt, or foreign substances that may have found their way in; attend upon the queen, who does not help herself, but is fed by her attendants; and perform other similar services. When three or four weeks old, they leave these duties to their successors, and henceforth become outdoor labourers, collecting pollen, honey, or propolis. They have intervals of rest, and may be seen motionless for several hours; but a worker bee is always considered to be on the active list. There are no superannuation allowances in this community; no hospitals, no indoor relief. A bee who is ailing is ruthlessly driven out to die. The only idlers are the drones.

These are the gentlemen bees,—great, sturdy fellows; for whose accommodation the large cells, described in the last paper, are intended. About the middle of April, if there is a large population in the hive, and abundance of flowers in bloom, the queen visits these larger cells, and deposits in them drone-eggs. These are tended by the nurses in the same way as the rest; but, after sealing over, require two or three days longer than worker bees for their full development. The drone (Fig. 10) differs from the worker in size, shape, and slightly in colour. He is destitute of the long tongue, or proboscis, so that he cannot gather honey; and, therefore, is either fed by the other bees, or helps himself from a full cell. The hollow thigh is also

wanting, and the brushes found on the legs of the workers; so that he cannot gather pollen. Happily, also, he has no sting: the eyes, also, differ considerably, as may be seen in the cut. Unless the weather be exceedingly warm,

the drones remain indoors until the middle of the day, and then course through the air with a strong and rapid flight. At the end of July, or, perhaps, the middle of August, as soon as honey becomes scarce, and all probabilities of swarming are over, the drones, who have been the objects of so much consideration to the rest of the community, become, in an extraordinary manner, objects of hatred and attack. They are seized, dragged out of the hive, their wings bitten through, or their bodies stung; and they, like the wounded or decrepit bees, are driven out to die. And so ends their history.

There is a third description of cell; though, in looking through an old hive, an ordinary observer would not notice



Fig. 10.

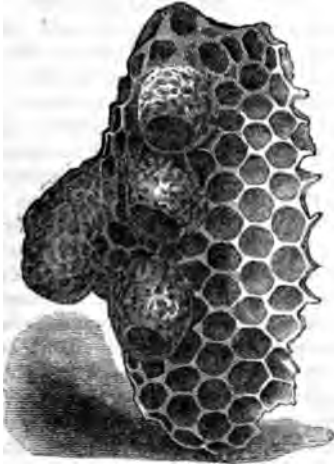


Fig. 11.

it, as they are cut down as soon as done with. We refer to Fig. 11, which is copied, like the rest of these illustrations, from a first-rate American book, *Langstroth on "The Honey-Bee."* When the population of a hive becomes too

dense, the time of which varies from the middle of May to the end of June, preparations are made for swarming. A worker-egg, or a young grub of not more than three days old, is selected; and, the partition-walls of two other cells having been removed, a large, roomy chamber is formed, and is arched over with an abundance of brittle material, being a mixture of wax and pollen. The royal cell (for such it now becomes) presents somewhat the appearance of a pendent acorn, the entrance to which is from below. The young grub is further stimulated by a peculiar food, and develops to a larger size than the common bee, but it scarcely occupies the whole of the room allotted to it. Though a much more highly-organized insect, it attains to full maturity in sixteen days, and occasionally in less time. It must be borne in mind that the egg is an ordinary worker-egg, and that the organic differences between the two insects are due solely to the nature of the food provided for the grub; and that every individual in the hive, except the drones, would be similarly developed under this treatment. The question of size is a subordinate one: occasionally a queen is scarcely distinguishable from a common worker. The differences just referred to are extraordinary. They affect the shape, size, colour, external members, internal structure, habits, instincts, and duration of life. The differences in shape and size are seen in Fig. 12. The colour varies chiefly on the under side of the body, which has a metallic, coppery lustre. Then the proboscis is short; there are no minute brushes on the legs, no pollen-baskets, and no wax-pouches; the wings are short, so as to be out of the way



Fig. 12.

during the deposit of eggs; the abdomen is prolonged and pointed; and the sting is of a peculiar form. An elaborate apparatus is provided, from which proceeds an almost unlimited supply of eggs, amounting, during May and June, to one thousand five hundred or two thousand in a day. After egg-

laying has commenced, the queen never leaves the hive, never stores either honey or pollen, or takes any share in the general labours; and, so far from showing respect to another queen, the sight of a rival fills her with the utmost fury; so that, when two queens meet, the combat is always continued until one of them is killed by the other. Finally, while the worker bee lives only about two months, during the summer, and but six months, if born late in the autumn, the queen lives three, and occasionally even four, years. Thus, in what she is, what she does, and what she does *not*, she is quite a different creature from the thousands of little workers, or half-developed queens, who are her subjects, and to whom she is superior only by the accident of selection. Four or five royal cells are usually formed, and that in succession; so that they may not all mature at the same time. As soon as the earliest-formed cell is sealed over, which is on the tenth day from the laying of the egg, the old queen-mother prepares to depart. She chooses a fine, still, warm day; and the fact is known throughout the hive a little time before; and, according to some authorities, the very bees who are to depart are previously selected. These are both young and old, and drones as well as workers. Most people who have lived in the country are familiar with the symptoms of swarming, and the good-wife's clatter with poker and frying-pan. If the weather sets in cold or wet, and so continues until a young queen is ready for hatching, the guards who protect the cell, allow the queen-mother to destroy her rival, and probably the second also, should it be far advanced. Sometimes, in bad weather, the whole series is destroyed, and others are afterwards formed; considerably delaying the swarm, or even preventing it altogether.

After the first swarm has gone off, the hive is, of course, queenless, though with one or more queens in prospect. Should the population be only moderately large, it may be decided that there shall be no further swarm; and in that case, the eldest princess, on issuing from her imprisonment, visits the remaining cells,

and is allowed, indeed assisted by the guards, to destroy their inmates. If further swarms are intended, the eldest princess is warned off from the remaining cells, and gives vent to her anger in a hoarse croak. This is replied to by one or more of the still enveloped queens, who croak defiance somewhat more feebly; and this is the explanation of what is known as "piping,"—a sound familiar enough to all bee-keepers, and by which they judge whether further swarms are to come off. For the day after this occurs, a second colony may be expected, though not more than half the size of the first. Young brood is still coming forward, and assists to replenish the exhausted population; and a third swarm sometimes issues, though too small in numbers to be of much value, and which is, therefore, generally returned to the hive.

Now we see the reason of all the activity and bustle described in our first paper. There are 30,000 or 40,000 mouths to be fed with honey, and from 10,000 to 15,000 greedy young grubs to supply with pollen. Besides which, liberal provision must be made for rainy days. Wet or dry, the queen goes on laying, and the demand is just as great. It is this constant looking forward, this providing for the future, which is one of the interesting features of bee-life; so different from the thriftless and improvident existence of insects generally. Let the weather be ever so settled, there is no such thing known as presuming upon it. On the contrary, the work goes on as actively as though the rooks and the spiders had foretold a long season of rain, to commence at sunset. And so, all day long, the passages between the combs are crowded by troops of foragers, some coming in loaded, and others going out on their errands; by nurses and their supplies of baby-food; by scavengers cleaning out newly-vacated cells, or removing particles of broken comb; and, especially, by the royal lady going her nearly perpetual rounds, herself as industrious as the humblest of her people.

The way in which the combs are liberally covered by the bees, so as to be invisible, and which is necessary in order to keep up sufficient heat for the development

of the brood, is something marvellous. Add that the contents of each cell are known; that no young grub is neglected; that the quantity of food furnished is always a little in advance of its wants, but never to inconvenient excess; that any little accident is immediately known and repaired; that, in spite of the turmoil, the crowd falls back for royalty in any required direction; that disputes and mistakes are alike unknown,—in a word, that everything is as orderly and well managed as in the best of our few model institutions; (we owe an apology to the bees for the comparison!) and all this in a state of *total darkness*,—and the reader will perhaps look with something like respect on the next battered, and possibly very dirty, hive which he may see in a cottage-garden.

F. H. W.

THE AGED FRUIT-BEARER.

AN aged servant of the Lord, who was wondrously privileged to “bring forth fruit in old age,” and whose works now follow him, affords a beautiful and instructive example to us who are now bearing “the burden and heat of the day,” and looking forward, in humble trust, “to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.”

At eighty the strong man had begun to tremble under the weight of years; so much so, that his children would not willingly consent to his living apart from them any longer. “Father,” they said, “you have done enough: it is time for you to rest. Let us take care of you. Enjoy the freedom of our homes. Go where you please, and when you please, amongst us, and be at home with each in turn. All we have is yours, and from you; but gratify us by working no more for yourself, or living away from us.” The good old man loved his children, and was pleased by their proposal; but, for two years longer, he would not consent to their plan: and, meanwhile, as if winding up his life of separate responsibility, he visited every family, prayed in every house, and talked personally with every man in a circle of *five thousand inhabitants*; and *many were awakened by his exertions*.

He established, and kept up amongst them, a weekly union prayer-meeting, changing it from house to house, in a circuit as large as he could manage. This was the beginning of a blessed revival, which embraced almost every family in the township in its sweep. All this he did after, “by reason of strength,” attaining his fourscore years.

At eighty-two his children prevailed; and he made his home amongst them, forty miles away. But he had not yet done bearing fruit in his Master's vineyard. He saw about him, in his new location, a population of above two thousand without any to care, specially and individually, for their precious souls; and, in the faith of Christ, still burning with love and zeal in His blessed service, he started amongst them, alone and on foot, from house to house, affectionately warning every soul in the community.

His last visit made, his last prayer offered, he went home to his daughter's house to rest, and went out no more. His work abroad was done; but he lived some weeks, and now taught his descendants how a Christian could die. An American Minister says, “It was the writer's privilege to see him some time before his death. The noble old Christian patriarch was still full of life and love, but feeling intensely the breaking up of the once powerful frame. ‘I thought,’ he said, ‘to die would be nothing but gain. I knew that Jesus was my Surety for pardon and purity. I was, I thought, all ready, waiting for my summons: nothing to do but strike my tent and depart, and that right joyously. But now, though not afraid of death, I find it is not merely striking my tent, as I thought: it is pulling down, piece by piece, the old house,—beams and timbers torn apart. But, thanks be to God, my Saviour is with me; and His grace is sufficient. *Thy will be done.*’

“I asked him what was the power that had enabled him to work so remarkably for God up to his advanced age; and his answer was a lesson not to be soon forgotten:—

“‘I was converted young,’ he replied, ‘and in my birthplace. For forty years I was a Christian,—from twenty to sixty; but, in all that time, as far as I

know, I had never been the means of the conversion of one soul. When I was sixty years of age, God was pleased to visit Utica, where I then lived, in much power. Many were converted; some of them hardened sinners, some moral, decent people: and there was, also, a great shaking and revival amongst real Christians. I myself was much troubled at the thought of my barrenness,—a barren fig-tree in the garden of the Lord,—a mere cumberer of the ground; and forty years of the prime of my life so passed. Satan, too, tempted me to think I was now too old to begin to work; but he could not keep me from offering myself to the Lord, to make use of me if He would, and to give me His own blessed Spirit in richer measure, to fit me for His service. I then felt that, if work was to be done by me, my Saviour must work in me “to will and to do;” and I left the matter in His hands. From that hour I found it easy to wear His yoke, and bear His cross; and, to His glory be it said, He has ever since blessed me in His service, and prospered me in His work. Jesus has been with me in my labour every day now for twenty-two years; and every day He enabled me to do whatever He laid out for me as the work of that day in His vineyard: so whatever I have appeared to do, He wrought in and by me. He has been in me, by His Spirit, as a well of water springing up to everlasting life; and I have been the earthen vessel,—the pitcher to carry it to thirsty souls. The power is of God. He alone is worthy to receive honour and power, might and dominion; and He alone shall have it for ever and ever. Amen.”

Such was the story of this aged disciple. It was of such characters the Apostle wrote: “Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation: Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.”

R. R. T.

A GLANCE AT THE NICENE COUNCIL.

(Concluded from p. 147.)

It well deserved the name of General Council. Representatives of the Church

sat in the assembly who had come from some of the most remote provinces of the empire. Indeed, there was one bishop, “John, the Persian,” who came from beyond the Eastern frontier; and who, fifteen centuries ago, bore the title which has recently been conferred upon the Anglican bishop of Calcutta, “Metropolitan of India.”

But that which impresses upon the Council features of special interest, is the singular variety which appears in the age and character of the men who took part in its discussions. There was Hosius, the bishop of Cordova, in Spain, a man of distinguished gifts and high integrity, much esteemed by Constantine and held in general repute as a steadfast confessor of Christ amidst the persecutions of Maximin. Others, too, were there, who, in the days of furious and general hostility, had suffered cruel tortures, and now bore in their “body the marks of the Lord Jesus.” Among them were Potammon, bishop of Heracleopolis, and Paphnutius, bishop of the Upper Thebaid, whose right eye had been dug out with the point of a sword, and the socket then seared with a red-hot iron. Besides this, Paphnutius had been lamed for life, in consequence of one of his legs having been hamstrung. A “companion in tribulation” with these veteran sufferers was Paul, bishop of Neocæsarea on the Euphrates, whose hands had been paralysed by the scorching of all the muscles of the fingers with red-hot iron. How vivid to these men the contrast between those days of insolent reproach and bitter anguish, and the peace and even honour which the Church now enjoyed. How strange it was to see the once terrible Head of the empire, a successor of Nero and Domitian himself, presiding over a council of bishops and bearing the Christian name! Then, side by side sat men of refinement and scholarship from cities famous for civilization and learning, and strange-looking ascetics, whose home lay far away in the solitudes of wild deserts.

One of these hermit-bishops gives us a singular view of one form which Christian life took at that period. It is James, bishop of Nisibis, who is

described, and who, in company with three other representatives of the Armenian Church, had come from the distant region of Mesopotamia. He had lived for years as a hermit on the mountains; in the forests during the summer, in caverns during the winter; lying on leaves and roots like a wild animal, and, like a wild beast, clothed in a goat-hair cloak. This dress and hermitage, even after he became a bishop, were laid aside; and the mysterious quality which his presence inspired was used by the stories of miraculous power; which, we are told, he exercised in a manner as humane and playful as a grotesque." A curious counter-example to this Asiatic anchorite appears in the island of Cyprus, in the person of the old shepherd Spyridion, a hermit both before and after his elevation to the episcopate." Childish and fantastic tales, according to the degeneration of the Christianity of that age, are told of him; but these it does not all within our purpose to repeat. He died, after having been interred, in Cyprus, and then at Constantinople, was removed to Corfu; in the cathedral of which it is preserved to the present day. It is the object of superstitious regard to the islanders; and every year is carried about their streets in a solemn procession. Such is a specimen of the Nicene Fathers, with their widely-diversified habits of thought and

They formed a conclave whose deliberations and decisions the Churches, of the East and the West, have since regarded with a respect amounting to veneration.

What of the great subject which called them together, and which, about two months, held them in debate, sometimes in subtle and hazy speculation? In referring to this it was necessary to keep distinctly in mind the one fundamental point on which Arius diverged from the Scriptural doctrine of the Sonship of Christ. According to the tenet which he had so actively asserting, "there was a time before the commencement of the world when the Parent Deity dwelt alone in undeveloped and undivided unity. *It is time, immeasurably, incalculably,*

inconceivably remote, the majestic solitude ceased, Divine unity was broken by the Sovereign will; and the only-begotten Son, the Image of the Father, the Vicegerent of all the Divine power, the intermediate Agent in all the long subsequent act of creation, began to be." Thus ably and briefly does Dean Milner state the question at issue in its Arian aspect. The great antagonist of Arius in maintaining the true doctrine of our Lord's eternal pre-existence was Athanasius. At that time he was scarcely twenty-five years of age, while his heretical opponent was sixty.

Although holding no higher position than that of deacon in the Church of Alexandria, the great ability which he displayed in theological and metaphysical argument procured him the chief place among those who contended against the error of Arius. After repeated discussions, a creed was submitted to the Council, bearing the signatures of eighteen Arian bishops. Amidst a tempest of indignation, it was not only utterly refused, as in no proper sense expressive of the true faith, but the obnoxious document itself was torn to pieces. The debate was renewed, and presently Eusebius of Cæsarea introduced an ancient creed, which, as it was framed before the rise of the controversy, was scarcely sufficiently definite on the one point under consideration. It ran thus:—"I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of all things, both visible and invisible, and in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Word of God, God of God, Light of Light, Life of Life, the only begotten Son, the First-born of every creature, begotten of the Father before all worlds, by whom all things were made," &c. The Emperor signified his approval of this confession, and the Arians were ready to subscribe to it. Suspicion was naturally aroused; and as the creed proposed by Eusebius, though capable of a sound interpretation, was, after all, equivocal on the one great article,—for an Arian would admit that Christ was "begotten of the Father before all worlds," but not that He was the *Eternal* Son,—this formula was also rejected. And now arose the vehement and memorable dispute which turned

upon the word "Homoousion,"* and which it was proposed to use as affirming that Christ was "of one substance" with the Father, as St. Paul expresses it, "equal with God." After much altercation, the large majority of the Council resolved to accept the term *Homoousion*: Constantine also consented to its admission; and, amidst profound silence, Hosius, Bishop of Cordova, declared the creed of the Council of Nicæa to be completed.

Thus, in the Nicene Creed, "begotten of the Father" was explained in these words, "only begotten, that is to say, *of the substance of the Father*;" and so the supreme and absolute Divinity of Christ was fully affirmed.

It would have been well if the Nicene bishops and the Emperor had been content with this protest against error and this vindication of the Christian faith. But many centuries of bitter persecution had to elapse before men would learn to unite tolerance with truth and fidelity. Constantine sent into exile all who withheld their signatures from the Nicene Creed. Arius and his adherents were branded as impious, and the penalty of death was decreed to those who read his books. But it was found to be an easier task to anathematize and punish, than to silence and suppress. Arianism spread far and wide, like a desolating flood, and for a long time it seemed as if it would overwhelm the entire Church.

* From two Greek words, signifying *sameness of nature*.

Two subordinate matters occupied the attention of the Council. One was an old controversy which had been a cause of much irritation between the Eastern and Western Churches, relating to the proper time for observing Easter. The decision which the Council came to was almost everywhere received, and the golden numbers and the table to find Easter-day, inserted in the Prayer-Book of the Church of England, may be traced to the Nicene assembly, and probably to the hand of Eusebius, the learned Bishop of Cæsarea. The other and more subordinate subject, though one of considerable local importance, arose out of a disagreement between the bishops of Lycopolis and Alexandria, respecting the treatment which those Christians should receive who had lapsed into sin, and which is known in Church history as the Melitian schism.

The judgment which the Council gave did not at once allay the strife. Indeed, it was not until the close of the following century, that the party which sprang from Melitius, the Bishop of Lycopolis, finally disappeared.

E. L.

SWIMMING WITH AND AGAINST THE STREAM.

A DEAD fish will swim with the stream, whatever be its direction; but a living one will not only resist the stream, but, if it chooses, it can swim against it.—*Cecil's Remains*.

Memorials of the Departed.

"THE memory of the just is blessed," is the utterance of an inspired writer; and when our friends "die in the Lord," it is well to trace their history, in order to gather the lessons requisite to restrain us from sin, and to incite us with earnestness to "follow them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

RALPH FOSTER died at Little Atwick, near Hornsea, on the 20th of October, 1866, aged eighty-three years. He did

not consecrate himself to God in the morning of life. This was afterwards cause of deep regret to him. In the year 1821 he began to yield to the strivings of the Spirit. He felt the burden of sin, and longed to be relieved from it. An earnest determination to seek and obtain the favour of the Most High was formed, and he was soon enabled to believe, to the saving of his soul. His captive spirit was set free, and he rejoiced in an

assurance of God's favour. But from his journal we learn that he soon lost his evidence of adoption into God's family. "For six days," he says, "I laboured under heavier convictions than before. Having tasted of the sweet forgiving love of Jesus Christ, I went about mourning, saying, 'O, that I could find Him!'" The light of God's countenance soon shone again upon his soul, and ever afterwards he retained a sense of God's forgiving love; and his path henceforth was "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." One great means of this delightful advance in the Divine life was his union with the people of God. This proved to him a restraint from sin, and an incitement to seek after purity of heart. Thus we find him writing, "After the Lord restored me to health, I joined the Methodist Society; a step for which I shall have reason to bless God to all eternity. This union has been a means of much improvement to my soul. O! may I never be a disgrace to them by my loose or careless walking." For many years he was an acceptable class-leader in the Atwick Society; an office which he retained until increasing infirmities compelled him to give it up.

One of his manifold traits of Christian character was his habitual delight in family worship. Even in the busiest seasons of his life, when some would have pleaded lack of time, or pressure of engagements, as a plausible excuse for exemption from this great duty, he was conscientiously diligent and devoted in his observance of it.

While thus faithfully discharging his varied duties in connexion with the Church, his family, and the world, Mr. Foster sought not acceptance of God through any works of his own. In the expression of his religious experience was repeatedly embodied the statement of the Apostle,—*"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."* The secret of his strength and success was his constant dependence upon the atonement of Christ; and we find him repeatedly mentioning this with grateful joy and unwavering trust, as the anchor of his soul, *"sure and steadfast."* Thus,

he writes, in January, 1824, "Since I began this Divine life I have felt spiritual duties to be crosses; but, according to my day, so has been my strength. A Christian's life is altogether a life of faith. I see my own vileness more than ever; but in Christ my Saviour I find a sufficiency even for me, the chief of sinners." And again, in November of the same year,—*"I find a sweetness in communion with my Saviour. Lord, I am not worthy of all these blessings. But all is of grace. My soul cries out for power to do Thy will perfectly. O make and keep me pure within!"*

His desires after holiness were unceasing; his diligence and delight in the public and private means of grace marked and unvarying. While thus gratefully availing himself of the opportunities to work out his own salvation *"with fear and trembling,"* he was enabled to rest in the assurance that God would deepen his desires and strengthen his determination to be fully the Lord's. Thus, in 1826, he says in his journal, *"Upon reflection on my late experience, I find I need more grace. O Lord, give me more heavenly zeal, and open more fully the intercourse between my soul and Thee. Impart more light, more love; give me an increase of every grace in my soul. — To be exceedingly happy, we must be exceedingly religious."*

In another place, after mourning over spiritual declension with the fidelity and jealousy of a sensitive soul longing to be rid of all sin, and to be *"filled with all the fulness of God,"* he says:—*"Yet, praise the Lord, in my worst state, I retain a sense of the Divine favour, a love to Christian people, a hatred to the company and ways of sinners, and a strong desire to be wholly devoted to God."* He then expresses his opinion that, *"a half-hearted, unsteady, Christian professor is a discredit, rather than an ornament to religion;"* and what he here denounces, he studiously and conscientiously sought to avoid in his own spiritual experience. He had clear views of his responsibilities; and he delighted practically to acknowledge them by bending all his varied powers to promote the Divine glory. In the

following strain he gives expression to his hallowed aspirations:—"Now and then the Lord gives me such glimpses of His longsuffering, patience, and mercy, that He enables this unworthy heart to rejoice in hope of future glory,—when I shall drink of the river of pleasure, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God. As I have lived without Thee, O Jesus, in the world, may I henceforth be devoted to Thy service. While I have a thought to think, let me not forget Thee; or a tongue to move, let me mention Thee with delight; or a breath to breathe, let it be after Thee; or a knee to bend, let it daily bow at Thy footstool. Keep me while I remain on earth, daily breathing after Thee; and when Thou comest, let me be waiting and longing for my blessed Lord's return."

He was often a subject of affliction; but, like the Psalmist, could view it as a messenger from heaven, sent to remind him of his mortality, and to lead him to think of eternity, with all its blessed hopes and solemn realities. He says:—"At present I am under the afflicting hand of God. May His rod be sanctified to the good of my soul. Were it not for the promises of God, I should faint by the way. May I lay in His hands as clay in the hands of the potter." On this point he says again, in the last entry of his journal:—"God has often given me to drink of the cup

of affliction; but it is mingled by a skilful hand, and proves a blessing. I know by experience the truth of His word, 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth.'"

After repeated warnings of impending dissolution, the last summons came. But he was found ready, waiting, in calm expectancy and joyous anticipation, for the coming of his Lord. Throughout life his experience had been scriptural, his hopes of heaven clear and bright; and, when drawing near his end, he was enabled to rejoice in the assurance that death would be to him eternal gain. Thus, while entirely resigned to the Divine will, as to the disposal of life, he could adopt from his heart the words of Milman:—

"It matters little at what hour o' the day
The righteous fall asleep; death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die:
The less of this cold world, the more of
heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

Spared to a ripe old age, he was graciously permitted to shed around him the influence for good of a holy life and consistent example. His last affliction, however, was short, and of such a nature that he was not able to converse much; but what he did say was highly encouraging to those around him. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace."

HENRY WILKINSON.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Altham, Mary,	Wigan,	Wigan,	61	Feb. 9th, 1866.
Cuckson, Mrs. Elizth..	Eastgate,	Worksop,	64	April 5th, 1866.
Davies, Jane Harris,	Swansea,	Swansea,	71	Feb. 3d, 1866.
King, Margaret,	Blackrod,	Wigan,	76	Feb. 13th, 1866.
Mole, Richard Hopkins	Bridgewater,	Bridgewater,	41	April 5th, 1866.
Thompson, Nancy,	Blackrod,	Wigan,	77	Nov. 4th, 1866.
Tindill, Matthew,	North-Cave,	Howden,	84	Mar. 30th, 1866.
Walker, Jane,	Belby,	Howden,	29	April 7th, 1866.



(Archbishop Langton swearing the Barons.)

MAGNA CHARTA.

THE GREAT CHARTER OF LIBERTIES was extorted from King John in 1215. The King had already quarrelled with the French monarch and the Pope when the disagreement broke out between himself and his barons. Both quarrels having ended in John's defeat and disgrace, there could be little doubt of the result of a struggle between the cowardly tyrant and his oppressed nobles. For many years it had been evident that the power of the Monarch was reaching an intolerable pitch, and must be checked; but, whenever former kings found themselves threatened by their vassals, they had either managed to set the discontented spirits one against another, or else had the wisdom to yield to their demands before opposition became dangerous. In John's case the passions of a depraved heart had so long had the full command of his actions, that he refused to listen to any counsels that presented the least obstacle to his vicious indulgences. An eminent historian has thus drawn John's character:—"He stands before us polluted with meanness, cruelty, perjury, and murder; uniting with an ambition, which rushed through every crime to the

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attainment of its object, a pusillanimity which often, at the sole appearance of opposition, sank into despondency. Arrogant in prosperity, abject in adversity, he neither conciliated affection in the one, nor esteem in the other. His dissimulation was so well known that it seldom deceived; his suspicion served only to multiply his enemies; and the knowledge of his vindictive temper contributed to keep open the breach betwixt him and those who had incurred his displeasure." Such a man was sure to show his foes the necessity of making common cause against him, whatever private feuds might remain unsettled between themselves. In organizing their opposition, they were chiefly directed by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had accidentally discovered a charter, in which Henry I. had confirmed divers privileges granted by the Saxon kings, and had renounced all those unjust prerogatives which his predecessors of the Norman line had assumed. On the 20th of November, 1214, the chief earls and barons, under pretence of making a pilgrimage on St. Edmund's day, met at St. Edmundsbury. Langton came also with them. He took his place at the high altar; and, as each peer advanced according to seniority, the archbishop directed him to lay his hand on the altar, and there take a solemn oath that, if the King refused to acknowledge their just claims, they would make war upon him till, by a charter under the royal seal, their demands should be confirmed. About six weeks after, a large number of these barons, "in a very resolute guise, with their military garb and weapons," waited on John in London; and, in a calm, but determined, tone, told him their intentions.

This appearance of resolution completely convinced the tyrant that his subjects were in earnest: he promised, therefore, to give them an answer after Easter. The nobles knew John too well to trust him; so they insisted that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Ely, and the Earl of Pembroke should be sureties for him. During the three months that followed, the King tried a variety of schemes for avoiding the fulfilment of his promise: he granted a special charter to the clergy, framed a new oath of allegiance, applied for help to the Pope; and, on the 2d of February, 1215, vowed to lead an army into Palestine for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. The Pope tried the effect of his thunder, both on Langton and on the barons; but the archbishop continued to advise, and the barons continued to prepare. When Easter came, a force of two thousand armed knights assembled at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, from which place they marched towards Oxford, where John then was. They sent their demands in writing to the King; and, on receiving a refusal, prepared for a conflict. They besieged Northampton, took Bedford, pressed forward to London, and were welcomed by the citizens. Fear had driven John to the Tower; and, when he found himself deserted by the citizens and besieged by the barons, he consented to grant all that had been demanded, and desired his nobles to name the time and place for a conference. "Let the day be the 9th of June; the place, Runny-

mede," said they. The place chosen was a grassy plain, of about one hundred and sixty acres, on the south bank of the Thames, where similar meetings had before been held, and hence was called Runnymede; that is, "the council-meadow." The conference did not open till Monday, the 15th of June. On that day the King and his train, consisting of two archbishops, seven bishops, four earls, eleven barons, the Pope's legate, and the master of the Knights Templars in England, pitched their tent in the council-meadow. The barons had already encamped there. Each party wore its own distinctive dress: John wore his royal robes and his golden crown, the ecclesiastics their pontifical dresses, and the barons their chain-armour. From Monday to Friday there was a constant passing to and fro between the two camps; for the articles of the charter were numerous, and the King tried every manœuvre for putting off the important act of sealing the document. On Friday, the 19th of June, 1215, the Magna Charta was signed by John, and by all the lords temporal and spiritual. It was then sealed with the great seal, and confirmed by the King's solemn oath; copies of it were scattered throughout England; and one was preserved in every diocese.

We have so long enjoyed the blessings that were secured to us by this Great Charter, that we are in danger of forgetting the claims which those true patriots have on our gratitude; but, when our attention is turned to the subject, and we "bless their memory, and pay those thanks which God appointed the reward of public virtue," let us not be backward to acknowledge that, in laying the foundation of English liberty so deep and broad, they were guided by an all-wise God, and that to His good providence we are indebted for the blessings of liberty. Other nations have struggled for the same boon; but men of depraved passions, who refused to acknowledge God, have guided their efforts, and the result has been that, after passing through fearful moral convulsions, they have been left without the blessings for which so much blood and treasure have been spent.

The articles of Magna Charta were sixty-seven in number, most of them aiming directly at checking the abuses of the feudal system. This system established a regular gradation of dependence and subordination; the great barons were the vassals of the king, and had knights as their vassals; and these, again, had inferior tenants under them. Every inferior was exposed to the oppressions of his lord, and was tempted to tyrannize over those dependent on him. Heirs under age, rich heiresses, and widows were specially subjected to injustice; owners of land through which the king and his court passed were plundered without mercy by the royal purveyors; rich criminals paid fines for their offences, while poor ones suffered the extreme rigour of the law. The Great Charter guarded against these abuses; but its most important articles were those which provided that no freeman should suffer but by the judgment of his peers, and that no tax should be levied without the consent of the national council.

The names of the chiefs who took a prominent part in this great transaction are preserved by the chroniclers of the time, and in the Charter itself. The first name is that of Robert Fitz-Walter, who belonged to the great family of Clare. The title given to him, as head of the host, was Marshal of the Army of God and of the Holy Church. Next to him come Eustace de Vesci, Richard de Percy, Robert de Roos, Peter de Brus, Nicholas de Stuteville; Saier de Quenci, Earl of Winchester; the Earls of Clare, Essex, and Norfolk; William de Mowbray, Robert de Vere, Fulk Fitz-Warine, William de Montacute, William de Beauchamp, and many others of families long after famous in English history, the progenitors of the ancient baronial houses of England.

It could scarcely be expected that what was unwillingly granted would be religiously observed. John himself would have gladly infringed or broken it, as would his son, King Henry III.; but the barons were watchful of their own privileges, those of the Church, the cities, the boroughs, and of the people at large; and King Henry was led to make one or more solemn ratifications of the Charter. To keep the rights thus guaranteed fully in the eyes of the people, a copy was sent to every cathedral church, and read publicly twice a year.

W. H.

ENGLISH HOMES.

NO. III.

THE ancients had their symbols. They availed themselves of flowers and trees to express the thinkings, passions, or affections of the soul. By these they made known their loves and hates, their joys and sorrows. By these, they represented their inner life amid the circumstances of courtship, marriage, the birth of children, affliction, and death. Among these symbols the palm-tree was prominent. It was the emblem of prosperity. In Solomon's magnificent temple were pilasters of palm-trees. When Christ fulfilled one of the grandest predictions of prophecy, the multitude scattered about His path branches of this tree. With the ancient emperors the palm was the symbol of victory; and upon its leaves the oracles were said to be written by the ancient sibyl. It was said to flourish the more it was

crushed, and it grows even in the wilderness: a beautiful representation of man acting out a noble part, and living to do good, when clouds gather blackness, as well as when the sun shines brightly about his path. The palm-tree flourishes in our family garden.

But the cypress grows beside the palm; and "passing away" is written on the most enchanting of earthly scenes. "Behind every scale in music, the gayest and cheeriest, the grandest and most triumphant, lies its dark relative minor; the notes are the same, but the change of a semitone turns all into gloom; all our gayest hours are tunes that have a modulation into those dreary keys ever possible,—at any moment the keynote may be struck." Births, marriages, and deaths make up the household life of the world. Underneath the gloomy branches of the cypress, the mother may have to mourn her loss in plaintive numbers:—

"She was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expression of her form, and
mark

The unfolding mind like vernal rosebuds
start

To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy footsteps following me,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Close seal'd to mine; and, in the watch of
night,

The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek,—was such a full con-
tent

Of happiness, as none but mothers feel."

Thus, by and by we may have to con-
template her exhibiting the beautiful
affection of a true woman's heart in
union with that calm resignation to
the Divine will which exclaims,
amid crushing calamities, "He
doeth all things well." But now the
palm-tree spreads its feathery leaves
beneath a cloudless and stormless
sky: the cup of domestic blessing
is full; and, within the magic circle
of the family, true enjoyment is
realized. The elements of real pros-
perity, however, in the home are
simple; and are thus enumerated by
one who appears to have had some
experience of life in all its various
conditions:—"Parents and children
spared to one another, continued
good health, the mental faculties
unimpaired, daily food and rai-
ment, regular employment, and a
comfortable home." Riches, position,
and high rank are not essentials of
home-happiness. Amassed gold does
not enrich the soul. The heart of
the millionaire is often a dark region
of misery. Nobility of character
is greater than that of blood. At
the cottager's fireside, or in the
home of the artisan, family tranquil-
lity and comfort are often found to
which luxurious splendour could add
nothing.

"A competence is vital to content.

Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease:

A competence is all we can enjoy.

O be content where Heaven can give no
more!"

Home-life is composed of many

and interesting elements. Brothers
exhibit brothers' peculiarities; but a
uniform treatment of sisters as their
equals is of primary importance.
Weaker in body, but possessed of
those beautiful qualities without
which no home could be happy, their
sisters may justly claim that they
should throw about them the shield
of a brother's protection, and the
influence of a brother's love. While
sisters are regarded with pure affec-
tion, every duty of considerate
politeness will be readily tendered.
Pitiable is the youth who is all
attention to strangers, but indifferent
and selfish to his sisters at home.
There is a moral beauty in the re-
lation of woman to man, from the
earliest period of her life. She can
make home a bright and peaceful
spot in the midst of a dark and
stormy world. When her beauty
is opening like the rose, she is
not to regard herself as a mere
ornament, but as a source of elevat-
ing power. In her brothers she
will find enough to exercise her
virtues; yet it is part of her mission
to guide and influence them. The
nature of things requires that man
should be good, but that woman, we
had almost said, should be *very*
good. Beautiful as true is the
language of one who had well
studied the position of sisters in
the family:—"They can make home
a place radiant with joy; by enter-
ing into their brothers' plans and
pursuits, by sympathizing with their
vexations, by performing those trif-
ling acts of kindness which only
result from affection, by pleasant
conversation, and by joining readily
in their pleasures; and thus, by
binding them to home, they pre-
vent the world from throwing the
poison of its attraction over them,
so that they will feel then no wish
to pass their evenings in pursuit of
other amusements abroad; for home
will seem to them a flowery stream

of pleasure, deepening as it rolls." Home-life, as thus constituted by brothers and sisters of various tastes and temperaments, under a united head, consists in little amenities, kindly looks, sweet laughter, kind and honest words, loving counsels, mutual forbearance, and sympathy with each other in individual pursuits and fancies. In the family only let each bear the others' burden, cultivate mutual confidence, gratify his own particular talent without opposition to the rest, and it will soon be found that kindness will spring up on every side.

Day-dreams are the curse of many youthful lives; splendid castles rise in the air, a bright halo surrounds the course which the imagination shapes, no standard being too high to measure success. Meanwhile the intoxicating dream consumes the time which should be devoted to the duties of the present hour. Let the youth set his standard as high as he pleases; but let it not be forgotten, that it is by a conscientious and persevering performance of present duty that success is gained. Mere reveries or wishes will never procure eminence. It is a strong will, the central power in man, which only can successfully wrestle with the tide of opposing circumstances. It is the law of God, that man must labour for positions of honour and enjoyment; and that position is most dignified which is gained by hard work and God's blessing upon it. They are weaklings who never think without first ascertaining how others think, or act without consultation with a prudent friend. Yet sounder sense was never conveyed in poetic numbers than that uttered by one who attained to a proud position of wealth and social influence, and, looking back upon the battles he had fought, and the toilsome path he had pursued, sang, in all the blitheness of a brave and happy heart:—

"They gave me advice and counsels in store;
Praised me, and honoured me more and more;
Said that I only should 'wait awhile';
Offered their 'patronage,' too, with a smile:

"But, with all their honour and approbation,
I should long ago have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

"Good fellow! *He* got me the food I ate;
His kindness and care I shall never forget:
Yet, I cannot embrace him, though other folks can,
For I myself am that excellent man."

One great danger is frequently found in the character of the young men with whom the youth, at his first start, is obliged to come in contact in some of our large business-establishments. In all the walks of life there is a restless activity—for evil or for good. Young men glory in being designated "fast;" youths of sober and thoughtful habits are ridiculed as not "up to the age." Sabbath-pleasures and the theatre are, with many, the chief sources of amusement. But fast youths are often those who have been caressed, pampered, and spoiled at home. "Let me speak plain English here," is the language of one deeply impressed with the dangers of modern times:—"If I wanted to take a young man and make of him a terrible and loathsome character,—one who would spurn every human control, and gnash his teeth against human laws, and kick against every attempt to cover his shame and pollution,—I would begin the work by destroying in that young man his reverence for the Sabbath; and when I had got him so that he would trample under foot this positive institution of God, I should have no fear but he would quickly turn his back upon all other, till he became a monster in sin, and

a terrific tool in the hands of the great destroyer." The theatre is a fascinating centre of attraction. The first visit is damaging; and may corrupt the imagination and the heart for life. Let any one read Walter Scott's account of his first visit to such a place, and he will see that it was the novelty of the scene, the brilliancy of the light, the gorgeousness of the scenery and paintings, the thrilling music and the gay audience, that charmed him. "It is the very hotbed of vice. Much has been said about the licentiousness of the theatre, but a very small part of the story has been told." Its expensiveness leads to practices which often end in social ruin and disgrace. Could the secret history of modern embezzlements, gambling, and other crimes be viewed in their true relation to Sabbath-desecration and the theatre, what a startling revelation would be made!

Now comes the conflict. The temptations to the youth first placed amid the busy life of a great mercantile establishment are mighty. We celebrate the praises of the brave who, from love of country, will face the horrors of the battle-field. Wealth, rank, beauty, and learning have done homage to the warrior who has dashed into the jaws of death at the sound of martial music and amid the frantic yells of infuriated hosts; but there is a heroism which is far nobler, and the laurels of which will be green when military prowess shall be regarded only as one dark effect of the Fall. He is a hero who leaves the home of his birth and childhood, resolved to be as that son who—

"never did amiss;
That never shamed his mother's kiss,
Nor crossed her fondest prayer."

He is a hero who can say "No" to the first temptation to appropriate, to private uses, money not his own; who can say "No" to the

temptress who whispers horrid words into his ears, only to destroy; who can say "No" to the first invitation to the Sabbath-excursion and theatrical amusements; who can stand firm amidst the cajoling, and banter, and ridicule of godless shopmates; who can feel his manhood to be worth something, and who is active not only in promoting his own interests, but in reclaiming and blessing the sinful and frivolous about him! Though not possessed of broad acres and titles, he has what is far more enduring, the approbation of his own conscience, and, above all, the approval of his God. The future will prove it.

"This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all."

J. F. M.

AN EARLY CHAPTER OF RUSSIAN CHURCH HISTORY.

THE condition of Russia, both politically and ecclesiastically, is, in many important respects, altogether unlike that of any other European country. In her form of government, especially as it regards the absolute authority of the Czar, and the veneration for his person and office which is universally cherished, and also in many of the ideas, social feelings, and habits of the people, Russia seems to have sympathies and modes of thought which connect her rather with Asia than Europe. That form of Christianity, moreover, which has been adopted in Russia necessarily draws her more to the East than the West, and thus tends to strengthen her Oriental traditions and tastes.

The Russian Church is a great and vigorous offshoot of Eastern Christianity. Russia received the Christian faith, nearly a thousand years ago, from Byzantium. Her first

Christian sovereign was united in marriage to a Byzantine princess; and it has been a chief object of her ambition to fill the place of the ancient Greek empire. Hence, for a long period, she has kept her eye steadily fixed on Constantinople; and, but for the interference of England and France in the diplomacy which issued in the Crimean war, the city of the Sultan would probably, by this time, have been the southern capital of the Czar.

The Christian religion—that is, as it is presented (indeed, we may say sadly misrepresented) in the corrupt formularies of the Greek Church—has entered most thoroughly into the political and social life of the empire. Its festivals are celebrated, among all ranks, with an extreme ardour of enthusiasm; and its ceremonies are observed with reverent and punctilious care. The Russians look upon their government as a sort of theocracy: their country is “Holy Russia;” their monarch is God’s vicegerent. At his coronation he places the crown upon his head with his own hands, and repeats aloud the Nicene creed. In the sacred paintings which adorn the churches, Russian artists, agreeably to popular sentiment, have found analogies between various incidents of Jewish history and their own: Joshua, David, and Solomon, with other Old-Testament characters, find their counterpart in venerated Russian heroes and kings.

Dismissing the legendary tales which pretend to describe the earliest events of Christian history in Russia, we will give what has been preserved in the most trustworthy records that have been handed down to us. For these we are indebted to Nestor, a monk of Kiev, who lived A.D. 1050 to 1116, and whose “Chronicles” remind us of the Church History of our own Venerable Bede.

The first Russian sovereign was

Ruric, a valorous sea-king of the Baltic, whom the inhabitants of Novogorod, an ancient and wealthy Slavonian republic, had invited to protect them from the incursions of some of their fierce, predatory neighbours. Ruric finally settled himself in the province which he had come to succour, and subjugated the people. Novogorod thus formed the nucleus of the Russian empire; and Ruric became the head of a powerful dynasty, which held the sceptre during the long period of seven centuries, and numbered fifty-six kings.

The first Russian monarch who embraced Christianity was Vladimir, a grandson of Ruric. Prior to this time, the Greek Church had attempted something in the way of missionary efforts among the Slavonians on the banks of the Danube; and a Russian Grand Princess had received Christian baptism in the cathedral of St. Sophia, in Constantinople. But it was not until the reign of Vladimir that any successful attempt was made for the conversion of the Russian sovereign.

According to the historian of this event, the disciples of Mahomet, and even some Jews who had settled among the Khazars, contended with the representatives of the Greek and Latin Churches for the conversion of Vladimir. Nor shall we be surprised that the Russian Grand Prince was the object of so much religious care and zeal, when we bear in mind the rapidity with which the newly-formed kingdom had been strengthening and extending itself.

The fertile province of Kiev had been conquered, a formidable expedition had been fitted out for the invasion of the Eastern empire, the Russian warriors had actually entered Bysantium, and the Emperor Leo was glad to ransom the city by the payment of an immense sum of money, together with the grant of certain commercial and other privileges.

When Vladimir learned, from the Jews who visited him for the purpose of gaining him over to their religion, that their own people had been dispersed into various countries because of their sins, he reproachfully exclaimed, "What! you want to teach others,—you whom God has rejected and scattered!—we do not want to be without a country, as you are." So their mission failed.

Among other objections which he urged in reply to the arguments of the Mohammedan emissaries was the law of the Koran respecting wine and pork, more especially the prohibition of wine. "Drinking," said Vladimir, "is the chief delight of the Russians: we cannot live without it." And thus the messengers of the false Prophet met with no better success.

After listening to the representations of those who were sent—whether from Germany or Italy seems uncertain—to urge the claims of Christianity, as offered by the Latin Church, the Russian sovereign plainly told them he was determined not to receive his religion from the Pope. One would like to know if the reports of Papal intrigues in civil matters had anything to do with this decision.

The representative of the Greek Church made a more favourable impression. He was evidently a man of learning and skilful address, and well equipped for the service which he had undertaken. Struck with what he said about the Christian faith, and yet not quite prepared to break away from his ancestral Paganism, Vladimir said he would consider what had been told him; and, as he sent away "the philosopher from Greece," (for so the "Chronicles" style him,) he gave him several valuable presents. Shortly afterwards, by the advice of his nobles, he sent wise men to Bulgaria, Germany, and Constantinople, for the purpose of making inquiries on the spot

about the religions which he had been invited to embrace. Neither among the Bulgarians, with their poor mosques and unattractive forms, nor among the Germans, who performed a rude worship in roughly-built wooden churches, was there much to win the favourable opinion of the Russian travellers. But when they visited Constantinople, and saw the beautiful structures which had been reared in the imperial city, and the imposing ritual according to which public worship was celebrated, a very different impression was produced.

Upon hearing of their arrival, and the object they had in view, the Emperor, Basil Porphyrogenitus, anxious for the conversion of the Grand Prince, and, doubtless, wishful to show all respect to the envoys of so powerful a sovereign, gave instructions to the Patriarch to exhibit to them one of the grandest ceremonies of the Church. "Let them see," said he, "the glory of God."

The service arranged for them was one used in the celebration of a high festival, and was held in the cathedral of St. Sophia, a building whose magnificent architecture, bright with gold, and adorned with costly mosaics, was enough of itself to strike the Northern barbarians with wonder and awe. Placed in the church so as to have an imposing view of the splendid ritual of Greek worship, the Russian visitors listened to the chant of anthems, and gazed on the gorgeous robes of the Patriarch and the ministries of the attendant clergy, while the air was all fragrant with the perfume of burning incense, until they seemed scarcely able to restrain their surprise and delight. But that which most astonished them was "the appearance of the deacons and sub-deacons issuing from the sanctuary, bearing torches," while wings, made of white linen,

extended from their shoulders. The people fall on their knees, and all around arose the cry, "Kyrie Eleison!"

At this part of the service the Russians exclaimed, "All that we have seen is awful; but this is supernatural. We have seen young men with wings in dazzling robes, who, without touching the ground, chanted in the air, 'Holy! holy! holy!' and this is what has most surprised us." We are told that the attendants, readily lending themselves to give effect to a "pious fraud," replied: "What! do you not know that angels come down from heaven to mingle in our services?" How lamentably had Christianity come down from its high primitive mission of spiritual energy and life, when it could seek to win over men by showy ceremonies, and stoop even to ally itself with deceit, in putting forth a pretence to supernatural power! How different all this from the true "power from on high," without which the services of the Christian Church are no more than "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal!"

(To be concluded.)

THE BIBLE IN THE BARN.

A SOLDIER's wife, with her three children, was passing through Essex, on her way to Chelmsford. It was a fine summer evening. They had walked, with short intervals of rest, all day, and were now weary, and anxious to find a lodging for the night. A young man was standing at the gate of a farmyard on the roadside, and to him the woman spoke, in the hope that he would ask his master to give her leave to pass the night in his barn. He looked kindly at the tired mother and her little ones, and saying, "I think he will," hurried in to his master to ask his leave. The farmer consented, and

told the young man to unbind two trusses of straw for the little family to sleep on. He soon returned with his message, which was gladly received by the travellers. When she had seated her children, she asked him where she could get water. He went himself and fetched her a pitcher of fresh water, and also brought her out a little can of milk, for which she was very thankful. She then untied her bundle, took out a loaf of bread, and broke it into pieces; but, before they began to eat, she asked God to bless what she and her children were about to partake of. The supper of dry bread and milk was very relishing to the hungry children; and the young man felt such interest in them, that he sat down on the "lift" of the barn-door, pleased to see them enjoy their simple meal.

After they had done, the soldier's wife said to him,—“We are tired with our journey, and must get to rest soon, to be ready for the cool morning walk to Chelmsford; but, before we sleep, it is our habit to read the Bible, and pray; to thank God for His past mercies to us, and commit ourselves to Him for the night. If you will join us in our evening worship, I shall be much pleased.”

He did so; and, after reading the first ten verses of the nineteenth chapter of Luke, the good woman prayed very earnestly for herself and her children, and then asked the Lord to give His special blessing to the farmer, his family, and servants, particularly the young man who had been so helpful to her; and that His favour might rest upon them all for the kindness she had received from them.

This simple prayer struck the youth greatly. He had never heard a prayer like that, and the words sank deep into his heart. He could not sleep, but lay thinking that this was a

happy woman, and he wished he had God for his Friend, as she had. He rose very early in the morning, and went to the barn to learn from the stranger the way of salvation,—but she was gone!

He told one of the servant-girls what had passed, who related it to her young mistress; and the mistress told the simple story to the rest of the family. One by one it led them all to serious reflection. They looked out and read the passage which, the young man told them, had been read by the soldier's wife, and the mistress asked him to tell her all he knew about their late visitor. He wept as he told the story, saying,—“Salvation has come to my heart, if it has not to this house, for I feel as I have never done before!”

The farmer, his family, and the youth became constant hearers of the Gospel, proving its power by the change they exhibited in the whole tenor of their lives.

“Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.” And surely such an angel or messenger of mercy was the poor soldier's wife to her entertainers at the farm.

R. R. T.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

THOSE who are strangers to the liberty of dear children, often fall into great mistakes in regard to the obedience which true disciples render to their Lord. Here is a man who lives for present pleasure, and lives without God. He is good-hearted, in the ordinary acceptance of that word. He lays himself out for happiness, and he would like to see all his neighbours happy as well as himself. If he would not suffer much to promote the happiness of others, neither would he spontaneously do anything to injure them. As soon

as one source of pleasure is exhausted, he puts his wit on the stretch to invent another: he denies himself nothing that is agreeable. Be it eating and drinking; be it luxury in things more elevated; be it the midnight dance or play,—whatever pleases him he tastes in turn. He knows another man, a neighbour in residence or business, who denies himself all these indulgences, and prosecutes some difficult scheme of benevolence. The free liver looks on that neighbour and studies him, but cannot understand him. If the Christian were a morose and gloomy-natured man, he thinks he could explain the reason of his conduct; but his character is precisely the reverse. He is diligent in business, cheerful in company, affectionate and sprightly at home, literary, it may be, or patriotic. With all this, he lives strictly as a Christian. He never turns night into day in any species of revelry; he neither reads newspapers nor attends to business on the Lord's day; he refuses to associate with any who dishonour the name and day and Word of God, however profitable the association might seem. The man of the world, called and counted free and easy, although he is neither free nor easy, wonders how his neighbour, being not a morose and gloomy, but a cheerful man, can consent to lie under such grievous restraint; how he can deny himself so many liberties, and bind himself so steadily to a round of dull duties.

It is a mistake. This man is not capable of understanding his believing neighbour; his stand-point is low, and his range of vision limited. He counts *that* liberty which the Christian counts bondage; and *that* bondage which the Christian counts liberty. The Christian, before he was converted, entertained the same views; but his world has been turned upside down by the Gospel. The

disciple of Christ has been changed; he is become a new creature; but his neighbour, who is not changed, cannot understand him now. He applies carnal measurement to a spiritual nature, and is out of his reckoning at every point.

It is as if he were told that a certain vast quantity of water has been in a very short space of time removed a distance of a thousand miles over mountains and valleys, from one continent to another. Forthwith the thought arises of the heavy, sluggish, gurgling mass, enclosed within vessels innumerable, of vast capacity and strength, and of these being dragged by mechanical power up steep mountain sides, and precipitated into the valleys beyond. It is all a mistake. If the water could only have been transported in this manner, it would never have been transported at all. The water in inconceivable quantity was lightened,—was set free: being free, it rose into the heavens, and softly sailed away to its destination.

Thus, one who has not entered into peace through the blood of Christ, having no experience of liberty, cannot understand it as enjoyed by another. He counts that it must be a dreadful dragging to follow the Christian life. It would be uphill work for himself, if he should attempt it; and he thinks it must be uphill work for his neighbour too. In reasoning from the capacities and habits of his own physical frame to those of his neighbour's, he reaches a just conclusion; for in bodily constitution, notwithstanding minor differences, both are essentially the same: but in reasoning by analogy from his own spiritual state to that of his believing neighbour, he errs fatally; for the one is the old man, while the other is the new; the one *soul* is in bondage, the other has been made free by the Son of God. *The Christian obedience is not the*

dragging of a heavy weight over the rugged ground by the sheer force of fear; it is the easy, fleet movement of the cloud, after its constituent waters have been set free from earth and raised to heaven. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."

A ship outward bound has struck on a sunken rock ere she has well cleared out of the harbour. There she lies in the water, a mile from land, with the ocean all clear before her from that spot to her journey's end; but she moves not. What will make her move? The mechanical resources of our time could bring an enormous accumulation of force to bear upon her, but under all its pressure she will remain stationary. If you increase the dragging power beyond a certain point, you will wrench her asunder limb from limb, but you will not win her forward on her voyage. No; not this way,—not by any such method can the ship be set free to prosecute her voyage. How then? Let the tide rise, and the ship with it: now you may heave off your hawsers and send home your steamers. Hoist the sail, and the ship will herself move away like a bird on the wing.

It is thus that a soul may be set free to bound forward on the path of obedience. Dragging will not do it. A soul cleaving to the dust is like a ship aground; it cannot go forward until it be lifted up: but when it is lifted up, it will go forward without any violent drawing. Further, the soul cleaving to the dust is lifted, as the ship was, by a secret, but mighty, attraction in the far-off heaven. Elevated by a winning from above, it courses over life with freedom. "I will run in the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart."—*Family Treasury*.

A SELF-EDUCATION.

MR. JACKSON, one of the members of Parliament for North Derbyshire, delivered a speech at the *soirée* of the Dronfield Mechanics' Institution, held recently, in the course of which he gave "a little bit of his history;" for the sake, as he said, of inciting and spurring on many in the room, who had as great a chance before them as he had when he first started in life.

His father, a medical man, left his mother with eleven children, himself the seventh son. To some of her sons she gave a college education; but he had to rely on himself. When under twelve years of age, he was taken from school and was put to hard work at a ship's side, from six o'clock in the morning till nine at night, with half an hour for breakfast and three-quarters of an hour for dinner; and he remained in that position nine months, when his master was taken ill, and he was put in the office. This gave him an opportunity of studying, and he read the "Encyclopædia Britannica" from A to Z: it was his education. After that he never lost an hour. He had hung a lamp over his bed at night, [a practice, however, to be condemned,] after working till nine, and read a part of the night; for he found that, if he had to rely on himself, he must practise self-denial. He afterwards put himself to a trade, and his subsequent career had been one of uninterrupted success. But he wondered where he should have been if he had not read the "Encyclopædia Britannica." If ever he wanted information in any of his pursuits in life, great or small, he only had occasion to look at that book, and he found the genius, the mind, and the application of those who preceded him recorded in letters unmistakable, and it had formed his character as it now was.

In the last forty-eight years he

had been in the four quarters of the globe; and there was scarcely a port into which a ship could go that he had not commercial relations with. He first began with the west coast of Africa, and his ships were found from Sierra-Leone to the Cape of Good Hope, nearly two thousand miles, trading with the natives. Where did he get his information regarding each tribe? From the Encyclopædia. As the divine read the Bible to enable him to preach, so did he (Mr. Jackson) read the Encyclopædia that he might be "posted up," as the Americans said, respecting the places with which he had transactions; and whether it was the Indies or the Cape of Good Hope, whether Hottentots, Boers, Dutchmen or English, Mussulmans or Hindoos, he found the information he wanted regarding the manners and customs of the people. He traded as far as California, buying raw hides, and carrying salt from the Cape Verd Islands to pay for them, before an ounce of gold was found there.

He said to those who did not read, "Read, instead of smoking your pipe and drinking beer in a public-house; get that book, and you will find art, science, language, and much else that will entertain and instruct you." He spoke at some length on the importance of the study of the modern languages to a manufacturing community. If, he said, he knew French, German, and Italian fluently, he would give all he possessed, for he should be confident of soon making it up again.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

MR. HARFORD, of the Royal Society, the intimate friend of the justly-celebrated Wilberforce, was privileged to receive, from his own lips, many interesting particulars of his early life. Some extracts from

Mr. Harford's account we here present to our readers, in the full conviction that they will be both useful and acceptable:—

"Harford," he said, in one of our long walks together, "I have entered thus particularly into a detail of these facts, because I wish to make you, and one or two more, depositaries of them." I lost no time in committing to paper his communication, which was as follows:—

"I lost my father when I was eight years old. My grandfather was still living,—an active, useful, influential inhabitant of Hull. My father was a younger son, and had been in the Baltic trade. After his death, Mr. Abel Smith, father of the present Lord Carrington, managed his business for our benefit for some time. I was sent to a school at Putney, near London, when I was about twelve years old. My father's elder brother, who had married a sister of Mr. John Thornton, had previously settled in London. He had a house in St. James's-place, and a villa at Wimbledon. I was much with him. My aunt was an admirer of Whitefield's preaching, and kept up a friendly connexion with the early Methodists; and I often accompanied her and my uncle to church and to chapel. I was warmly attached to them both. They had no children, and I was to be their heir. Under such influence, my mind was, even in these early days, much interested and impressed by the subject of religion. I may venture to say, at least, that I was sincere. From the tenor of my letters home, my friends in Yorkshire became alarmed with the idea that I was in danger of becoming a Methodist. My mother was a very worthy woman, of Archbishop Tillotson's school, who always went to church on Wednesdays and Fridays; but at this time had no just conception of the spiritual nature and aim of

Christianity. The apprehensions I have named brought her up to town to fetch me away. I deeply felt the parting from my uncle and aunt, whom I loved as parents. Indeed, I have scarcely ever felt more pain of mind than from this separation. My religious convictions continued some time after my return to Hull; but no pains were spared by my friends to stifle them, by taking me a great deal into company, and to places of amusement. I might almost venture to say that no pious parent ever laboured more to impress a beloved child with the sentiments of religion, than my friends did to give me a taste for the world and its diversions. However, had I retained my early impressions, I might, probably, have become decidedly Calvinistic in my opinions; and this would have given such a tincture to my views that, had I written my book on practical Christianity under this influence, it would have differed materially from the issue of my maturer judgment.

"Hull was then one of the gayest places out of London. Plays, balls, supper and card parties, were the delight of the principal merchants and their families. I was invited almost everywhere, and made much of. By degrees I began to relish it; and so the good seed was smothered. My talent for singing made my company the more sought; and in this idle way I spent my vacations. Having been sent to a very expensive school, where my friends paid three or four hundred pounds per annum for my education, I went early to the University,—to St. John's College, Cambridge,—and was introduced to licentious, drinking companions; but I never relished their society. I felt horror-struck and miserable; and, after the first year, shook off that connexion. I became acquainted with Mr. Pitt at Cambridge; and, after he left col-

often met him in the gallery of House of Commons, where we resorted. When I was about y I canvassed Hull, and had y every vote in the town. I as member for the town at y-one. Mr. Pitt came into ament a few months after me; our acquaintance ripened into acy. We lived much together, vere both in possession of our stive fortunes. At this time he came with me to Wimbledon; was the depositary of his most lential thoughts. I then bed to five clubs. During the in October, 1784, I went, with other and sister, and two other relatives, to Nice. Mr. (after- s Dean) Milner came with us. then imbibed sceptical opinions, ad engaged a sitting in a Uni- 1 chapel. Milner, however, was cere believer; and, when I let my opinions, he would say ly, 'Wilberforce, I am no h for a running fire with you; when you wish to discuss such s in a serious manner, I shall ost happy to enter on them you.'

ust before quitting Nice, in 1785, k up *casually* Doddridge's 'Rise Progress,' &c., and asked Milner haracter. 'It is one of the books that ever were written,' plied; 'let us take it with us, read it on our journey home;' h we did carefully and with effect: I now determined to ine the Scriptures for myself. urned to England for the meet- f Parliament in 1785, travelling

In the summer of the same Milner and I rejoined my mother moea. We went by way of Swit- nd. I have never ceased to recur delight to its enchanting scenery, ially Interlachen,—that vast, teous, fertile garden spread out e base of the giant Alps. In *course of this journey*, Milner

and I resumed the subject of reli- gion, and my convictions were deepened and confirmed. We read parts of the New Testament together, when I pressed on him my doubts, &c.; the final result of which was a settled conviction of the truth of Christianity. After my return to England, conscience told me I was not leading a Christian life. I laughed, I sang, was apparently gay and happy; but my inward feeling was, 'What madness is the course I am pursuing! I believe; but act not as if I did. If I die I must be miserable.' Then I thought, 'Has not God promised to give His Holy Spirit to those who ask Him?' This led me to earnest prayer. I was brought under deep conviction of sin, and looked back on my past life with unfeigned remorse. My anguish of soul, for some months, was indescribable; indeed, I do not suppose it has ever been exceeded. Almost the first person I unfolded my mind to was good old John Newton, Cowper's friend, whom I had often heard preach when I was with my uncle and aunt in London. He told me he remembered me well as a boy, and had never ceased to pray for me!

"People now called me mad. Strange reports reached my friends in Yorkshire, and made them uneasy; but, on my visiting them, I took pains to be cheerful, pleasant, and kind in their society. Naturally I was irritable, which had often given them pain. They were struck by my changed deportment. They found me more kind, patient, and considerate than of old; and they said, if those were the effects of being "melancholy mad," it would be well if many of our friends would take the infection. Mr. Newton advised me to remain in Parliament. I wrote to Mr. Pitt, frankly telling him of my changed views, and the effects such a change would have on

my public conduct; and that, though I should ever feel the greatest regard and affection for him, I could no longer act as a party man. Pitt's reply was most kind. He said he hoped I would always act as I thought right, and that it would not alter our friendship. He thought I was in low spirits, and proposed to spend the next day with me at Wimbledon. We had much conversation; he was then inclined to be sceptical; but, in fact, was too absorbed by politics to allow himself time for due reflection on religion. At first he tried to reason me out of my convictions, but found himself unable to question their justness on the supposition of the truth of Christianity. I have entered thus particularly into a detail of these facts to you, my dear Harford, because I wished to make you a depository of them."

What a suggestive narrative!

T.

THE SCRIPTURES THE WORD OF CHRIST.

No object can well be more dull and meaningless than the stained window of an ancient church, as long as you stand without and look toward a dark interior; but when you stand within the temple, and look through that window upon the light of heaven, the still, solemn forms that lie in it start into loveliness. We often meet a verse in the pages of the Old-Testament Scriptures very like those ancient works of art. The beauty of holiness is in it,—put into it by the Spirit from the first,—and yet its beauty was not fully seen until the Sun of Righteousness arose, and the Israel of God, no longer kept in the outer court, entered through the rent veil, and, from the Holy of Holies, looked through the ancient record on an illumined heaven. Many hidden

beauties burst into view in the pages of the Old Testament, where Faith's open eye looks through in the face of Jesus: e. g., "I mercy and truth iniquity is purged (Prov. xvi. 6.) This line of the Scriptures becomes thorough transparent only when you hold it up between you and Christ crucified.

A "MISERERE."

THOU who reign'st enthroned on high,
In Thy glorious Majesty,
When in need I cry to Thee,
Graciously deliver me!

When in sin I go astray,
And do wander from Thy way,
Then, in my apostasy,
Pity and deliver me!

When "the world," with dangerous
smile,
Would my foolish heart beguile,
Then, lest I unfaithful be,
Speedily deliver me!

When, in life's great battle-field,
Sorely press'd, I almost yield,
Then, in my extremity,
O, my God, deliver me!

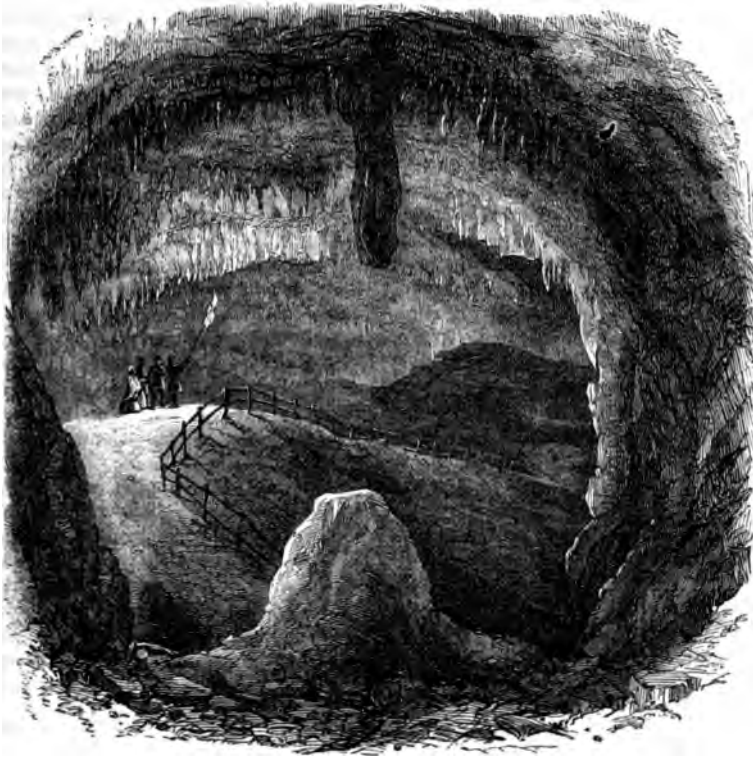
Let me know that Thou art near,
Bidding me dispel my fear;
Then, in signal victory,
Thou, Lord, shalt deliver me!

When my earthly joys are fled,
When my brightest hopes are dead,
And when other helpers flee,
O, do THOU deliver me!

When at last, as fails the light,
Deep shall fall the shades of night,
When, all-weary with the strife
Of this short, yet troubled, life;

When "the monster" shall assail,
And my heart and flesh shall fail,—
Then, lest I should fall from Thee,
O, in death deliver me!

R. GARDNER SMITH.



(Poole's Cavern, Derbyshire.)

A DAY AT BUXTON.

ON one of the remarkably fine days which lengthened the summer of 1865 far into the autumn, I was so fortunate as to make one of a small party in a day's ramble amongst the hills and valleys, the rich scenery and bare moorland, on the borders of Cheshire and Derbyshire. We did not set out with any special intention of searching for "the beautiful," but none of us will soon forget how much of it we found. When the ride was unexpectedly proposed, as we sat at the breakfast-table, all eyes were anxiously turned to the window, to ascertain the probability of fine weather. One glance showed that the aspect of the heavens was perfectly satisfactory. A cloudless sky, the blue of which rivalled the azure of Italy itself, gave promise of a lovely day.

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Away we went in an open carriage. A pleasant run of four miles brought us to a neighbouring market-town; whence we commenced a gradual ascent, now skirting huge hills, and anon going right over them, till at last we came to what was considered, a short time ago, as far as regards its site, the highest inn in England. Here the eye rested upon miles of purple heather, so soft and grateful to the sight, while the delicious breeze brought the scent of wild flowers most bewitchingly to our senses.

From a little beyond this point we made a rapid descent to a quiet-looking little town, lying in the very bosom of the hills. Passing along the streets, we saw many people here who were evidently suffering from some of the many ills to which flesh is heir. It was

sad to see, in that brilliant, gladsome sunshine, the lame and the halt, moving slowly and painfully about, unable to associate with many around them in whose veins and hearts danced health and happiness. But even that melancholy picture had its bright side. It did one good to see the tender, patient kindness and sympathy shown by relatives and friends to these suffering ones; and more especially when the light, elastic step, that could easily have scaled the inviting mountains around, was gently modulated to suit the slow, uncertain walk of the sufferer. Thanks to the Christianity which some would-be philosophers and moralists would fain uproot, a great amount of loving-kindness still cheers and blesses this fallen world of ours.

These invalids were here for the benefit of the mineral waters and baths for which Buxton has so long been famous. Indeed, the latter were known to the Romans; and have ever since been celebrated for their efficacy in rheumatic affections. Though not suffering in this way, we found a plunge into the "natural baths," as they are called, very refreshing after our long drive. We were then prepared to do justice to the excellent dinner to which, in company with some thirty others, we sat down in one of the comfortable, old-fashioned inns, of which there are several in the place.

Buxton lies in a deep valley, and is surrounded by hills and tracts of moorland; but the blackness and sterility which were once the characteristics of the scenery in the immediate neighbourhood have, for the most part, given place to woods and plantations, clothing the sides and even summits of the neighbouring hills. The "Crescent" is the great architectural feature of the place. It is a splendid pile of building. The lowest story forms a colonnade, extending the whole length of the front, the span of which is somewhere about two hundred and fifty feet. This large building contains two or three hotels, a library and assembly-room, a news-room, the public baths, a few private residences, and shops. The baths are beautifully fitted up, and accommodation for the

poor has not been forgotten, as there are baths set apart for them, under certain conditions. Many are sent by their richer neighbours, from different parts of the country, to benefit by their use. The well from which the water is supplied to those who resort to Buxton for the purpose of drinking it, is also in the Crescent; and the spring flows at the rate of sixty gallons a minute. The public walks are laid out with much taste; and, as there is a great variety of them, the invalids who are unable to climb the hills and breathe the bracing mountain air, enjoy change of scene and open-air exercise without inconvenience. Amongst the different religious denominations in the town, our own is very fairly represented by a tolerably handsome chapel.

The beautiful and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, sometimes visited Buxton, when she was the prisoner of Elizabeth of England, and in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. He had a house there, on one of the window-panes of which, were scratched the following lines, said to have been written by Mary on her departure:—

"Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebrabere nomine
lymphæ,
Forte mihi posthac non adeunda, vale."

"Buxton, farewell! no more, perhaps, my feet
Thy famous tepid streams shall ever greet."

The vicinity abounds with natural curiosities, and one of the most famous of these we examined. It is called "Poole's Cavern;" so named after an outlaw, who, in the reign of Henry VI., took up his abode, and kept his plunder, in it. This cavern is similar to those which are found wherever the limestone formation is prevalent. They are sometimes nearly filled with the deposits called *stalactites*, hanging from the roof. A description of the way in which they are formed may not be uninteresting to the younger portion of our readers, for whose benefit we quote the following:—
"Water containing carbonate of lime held in solution by carbonic acid, trickling through crevices in the roofs of the caverns, gradually, during its exposure to the air, loses its carbonic acid, and consequently, deposits its carbonate of

the water passing over the porous deposit slowly adds to it, and finally gives the carbonate of lime its length and stalactitic character." In caves are also found *stalagmites*; these are produced in the following manner:—"While the stalactite is formed, part of the water drops from it on to the floor of the cavern, or trickles down the walls, and thus produces those calcareous concretions called 'stalagmites.' On the floor they often form large masses, and as they rise till they meet the stalactites pendent from the roof, and hang in all directions." They take many diversified and fanciful forms, as we found Poole's Cavern no exception to this rule. We were told it was brilliantly lighted with gas," so we expected to be able to see every nook and corner of it; but we found the cavern dashed with an undue regard to economy. The light was only turned on by the guide as he preceded us with a torch, and was as carefully turned off again when he had made his brief speech at each particular object of interest. He did this very much in the style of a school-boy repeating his lesson by rote; and who, when he is interrupted by a question, begins again and goes over the matter once more. In this case we much preferred an intelligent guide. However, instead of plying him with questions and insisting upon his showing us things patiently and properly, we contented ourselves with getting some information from him. His attention was particularly directed to several objects in the cavern, and, with a little stretch of the imagination, very well bore out the names given to them: for instance, "Great Dome," the "Cascade," the "Arm-chair," the "Font," and others. But one of the most remarkable is that of which we give a representation in our woodcut. It is called "Fitch of Bacon." We understood the guide to say that it was at one time much longer, but that some foolish mischievous people threw stones at it and broke it. Its proportions, notwithstanding, are still goodly, and many some would be glad to possess a fitch of such dimensions. Passing

on, we were pointed to a huge stone form, called the "Rhinoceros;" but which, to our eyes, looked much more like an elephant. The "Oyster-bed," and some other curiosities, were shown, until we came to what is called "Queen Mary's Pillar." The tradition is, that here she halted, when exploring the cavern, during a sojourn in Buxton. Beyond this it is still possible to get; but he who ventures had need be both surefooted and willing to humble himself, as the path is dangerous, and, in some parts, can only be passed by creeping along on the hands and knees. We preferred to turn where Queen Mary did, the spot being between five and six hundred yards from the entrance.

Slowly retracing our steps, we gazed with admiration, not unmixed with awe, at the profusion of magnificent objects around us, the formation of which has been going on, all silently and in the dark, for so many ages. Then we listened, almost with a feeling of solemnity, to the faint sound of trickling water, which we could not see, and heard now and then the splash of a single drop, as it fell on some place beneath, each drop helping to wear into some other form the stalagmites below. It was with regret, at last, that we came forth into the sunshine, though a bright contrast to the gloom and icy coldness of the cavern.

While it seemed to us that words could scarcely describe the marvellous beauty and sublimity our eyes had rested upon, we saw some strangers there who evidently failed to appreciate them. They rushed in, cast a look about them, and were off again without even an expression of emotion; no, there we are wrong,—for the eye spoke, when it rested on us, with a pitying kind of astonishment that people *could* be found who were so very easily pleased! We thought of these people, when we read lately a vigorous passage by the author of "Self-Made Man." It runs thus:—

"Certainly the man whose powers of observation are in happy exercise can not merely find glory in the grass, and beauty in the flowers, but useful practical wisdom and advice:—

'To him the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

Where is knowledge to be found? The star-beam darts it down; the breeze whispers it; the grove preaches it; the waving forest is vocal with it; the ocean wafts it from pole to pole; the thunder, in full diapason, rolls it out: knowledge is everywhere—above, beneath, around, beside us. Nature is ever pouring it forth out of a thousand sources; and on earth and heaven, sea and land, cloud and sky, fountain and river, nodding tree and blooming flower, every intelligent and sentient being is free to gaze:—

'Nature, enchanting nature, . . .
Is free to all men; universal prize.'

How painful to think that multitudes are going blindfold through a world like this, a God-made and God-plenished world! . . . The Poet of the Lakes says of Peter Bell:—

'He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day:
*But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.*

'In vain, through every changeful year,
Did nature lead him as before;—
*A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him;
And it was nothing more.'*

But what joy, what varied and everlasting joy, is his who has educated himself in the knowledge of God's works?—an education, we have no hesitation in saying, infinitely more valuable, as a means of happiness and real elevation of character, than all the literary stores of Greece and Rome. Such a man discovers—

'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

Once more on the road, and with as cloudless a sky as we had in the morning; but, instead of the brilliant sun, it was the "light of stars," and the clear, mild lustre of the full moon that showed us the way home. What a journey was that! Now, moving silently amongst the deep shadows cast by the everlasting hills; the next

moment, rushing along what seemed like a pathway of glory and light. Occasionally the twinkle of a candle in the window of some solitary farmhouse, far up amongst the hills, would break upon us, reminding us of the great poet's words,—

"That light we see is burning in my hall
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

In a lone spot we came upon a little chapel, lighted up, from which ascended a hymn of praise. We drew up to listen, and distinctly heard the words,—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace,"

given out. Although outside, we gladly joined with heart and voice in praising God, till the hymn was ended; then we went on our way, feeling that this little incident was quite in keeping with the emotions called forth by the display of God's power and skill which we had been studying during the day. Such a day as we had enjoyed—one of peerless splendour—seldom graces our uncertain climate: it will ever be associated in our minds with the gloomy grandeur of "Poole's Cavern," with the evening devotions in the lonely chapel on the hill-side, and the singing in that wild spot. But the quiet, lovely evening was succeeded in a few hours by a fierce blast of wind and storm, reminding us that nothing here is abiding:—

"Change and decay in all around I see;
O, Thou that changeest not,
Abide with me!"

F. F. E.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

IX.

Penseroso. Ay, he was a melancholy man; but what a bright dream was that which he had about seven years before his death!

Lycidas. What dream?

P. "Seven years before his death he dreamed a dream of Pindus, and related it to Hayley. He seemed to be in a house in the city of London, with much company assembled in the room, when,

looking to the further end of it, he saw a figure, which he immediately knew to be that of Milton. He was gravely attired in the fashion of the times. Cowper, after the transport of astonishment and delight had passed away, determined to accost him, and was received with a welcome of mingled dignity and sweetness, and listened to with a smile and a gentle bending of the head, as he spoke of the 'Paradise Lost.' Milton then took his hand affectionately, and said, 'Well, you, for your part, will do well also.'

L. That was, indeed, a bright dream. Of course, however, it was a mere dream, and signified nothing.

P. Of course.

L. Your tone and your words contradict each other. Which am I to believe? Do you mean to say that Milton might have been in the poet's chamber?

P. Certainly I mean to say that he *might* have been there, as he *must* have been somewhere.

L. Nevertheless, you are sure that he *was not*.

P. Excuse me, I am not sure.

L. Then I am sure.

P. I am glad to find that you know so much, and that your piercing ken extends to the secrets of the invisible world. My wisdom extends only to doubting. If you are this morning a specimen of the sceptics, it seems that *they* are content with nothing less than denial. Come, unfurl your banner, and let us fight the battle out.

L. My banner?

P. Do not you know your own banner? You are at present in the camp of the (falsely-named) sceptics, who bear a flag emblazoned, "There is no supernatural; there *can be* no supernatural; there *shall be* no supernatural." Why, some of the French have even banished the supernatural from our epics!

L. The tasteful critics! What may we have instead?

P. You may write hundreds or thousands of Alexandrines, in alternate couplets of "male" and "female" rhymes.—

"Do this, and rise a Pope or a Despreaux;"
but at your peril create visions like Milton's, or harmony like his. Positively,

Lycidas, when you look at the caprices, the vagaries and pretensions of some third-rate men,—critics, sciolists, poetasters,—you are almost disgusted with the very name of learning, and think that Paul well said, "Knowledge puffeth up." But come, you will never make a sceptic, though you lapsed this morning. I cannot fancy you—

"As cool as a fish, with a natural wish
To make, if you can't find, objections."

Neither you nor I deny the supernatural.

L. No; and as for others, could we not conciliate them by extending the meaning of the word *natural*, so that it should include the things which we now call *supernatural*?

P. What would you gain by this? If we do thus extend the meaning of the word *natural*, we shall have to undo our own work by dividing the natural into the *natural-natural*, and the *supernatural-natural*. No, the question this time is not one of words, but of facts. There is a race of bigots, some of them scientific, some of them unscientific, whom no amount of evidence will convince of certain events. I own I have been sometimes moved when I have seen persons of very mediocre wisdom sneering away evidence, the like of which in the social, the political, the commercial, the military world, would be acted upon in a moment,—sneering away evidence as trustworthy as that which has sent many a man to the gullows.

L. But do you suppose that the *scientific* are ever bigoted?

P. Some of them are. Do you suppose that a touch of science will dislodge bigotry, when it is very plain that no small amount of something far better, genuine godliness, will suffice for the task? I have heard scientific men make some wretched attempts to explain away the supernatural, and have thought, while I listened, "Well, if you can hoax yourselves by your poor, inadequate solutions, you cannot hoax me. You are *too* scientific. If what I hear be *your* science, I think I could receive from you, with tolerable equanimity, the epithet,—the terrible epithet,—*superstitious*."

L. Let us drop altogether the words

natural and *supernatural*, and speak only of the *extraordinary*.

P. Very well. There is the extraordinary in Nature, in Providence, and in Grace. Now, as Nature herself, so the extraordinary in Nature, is too patent to be denied. Providence and Grace some altogether deny; and of those who admit both, some are very sceptical about the *extraordinary* in either.

L. Doubtless; but what is that to you and me? I should like to look with you at the *extraordinary* in Grace.

P. Agreed. You have no scruples to-day, yet the ground seems to me to be as sacred as that which we trod some little time ago. The operations of the Holy Spirit are not to be scanned carelessly.

L. I trust I shall be neither careless nor incredulous. I think that some of our friends would be. Suppose that honest Peter, the best man we know, should, wisely or unwisely, reveal an extraordinary manifestation from heaven. Probably I should give credence, and still more probably would you. But at least *four* in our narrow circle of acquaintance would be proof, if not against Peter's honesty, at least against his judgment. Eudoxus, Eugene, Scintillans, and Crassus would all either doubt or deny.

P. They would; and all for different reasons. Eudoxus would doubt chiefly because the manifestation was not made to *him*. Eugene would doubt, because, though he is a religious man, and though he even believes in the extraordinary in *general*, he has the infirmity of not believing in any *particular case* of the general; at least, not in any that transpires in his neighbourhood, and in the present day. Something which happened a thousand years ago, and a thousand miles away, he might believe. Scintillans is really *too clever* to believe our honest friend. I hope Scintillans will be steady. He always reminds me of Young:—

“What instances bleed recent in each thought
Of men to ruin by their genius brought!
Against their will what numbers ruin shun
Purely through want of wit to be undone!
Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain sound sense life's current coin is
made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us, wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A title sure to misery immense,
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can
tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.”

L. But even Crassus, who is not witty, will doubt or deny.

P. Because Crassus is as conceited of his common sense as is Scintillans of his wit. Each thinks that he has thrice as much of his excellence (real or imaginary) as he really possesses. As for Crassus, he almost provokes one to ask, “What is it that you mean by this *common sense*? Has a man all the more of it, if he has no accomplishments, if he can neither read nor write, if he can just find his way to market and his way home? Forgive me, but by *common sense* you seem to mean *dull sense*. Yours is the common sense which says there can be no railroads, no steamships; in short, the common sense which is for ever meddling with what it does not understand!”

L. Say all this to him, and mend him.

P. As well lash a rhinoceros.

L. All these men, then, throw discredit on honest Peter. But what does *Severus* do? Does he believe or disbelieve him?

P. He believes him, and is too honest to deny his belief; but, as it is not in his nature to drink, or to let any one else drink, a potion without a due mixture of gall, he makes unkind remarks:—What Peter says may be true; he dares say that it is; but, for his part, he desires nothing extraordinary: he only hopes that Peter's head will not soon be turned.

L. But is not Severus right in not desiring the extraordinary?

P. He is right, no doubt; for we are not called either to seek or to shun it. He is right, if only he knew how to be right with a good grace!

L. But to deal no longer in generals, let us have a few instances of the extraordinary.

P. There is Paul's, — Paul's *translation*. I can find no better word.

L. Why not say *vision*, or *revelation*?

P. These are very inadequate terms.

L. But they are those employed by Paul himself. He says that he will

come to "visions and revelations of the Lord."

P. That is, he will come to *that class of things*. A revelation is generally made to a prophet—

"Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole."

And surely a man may see a vision without entering the third heaven!

L. So thought our great poet when he so happily devised the introduction to the visions wherein future events were revealed to Adam:—

"So both ascend
In the visions of God. It was a hill,
Of Paradise the highest; from whose top,
The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon, for different cause, the tempter set
Our second Adam, in the wilderness,
To show Him all earth's kingdoms, and their
glory.

His eye might there command wherever stood
City, of old or modern fame, and seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinnean kings; and thence
To Agra and Labor of Great Mogul;

And where Rome was to sway
The world: in spirit, perhaps, he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa; and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado. But, to nobler sights,
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
Which that false fruit that promised clearer
sight

Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,
Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spirits became en-
tranced.

But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd:
'Adam, now open thine eyes!'

P. Scholasticus lately made a great discovery.

L. What was it?

P. That Milton was in error; for that, unless you—

"Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' globe,"

you cannot see Rome, much less Mexico,
from any hill in Eden.

L. Amazing! But we are forgetting

Paul. Was he really caught away from earth?

P. If words have any meaning, he was.

L. He says he was caught up to the third heaven, and to Paradise. Is there a repetition, or a relation of two separate events?

P. I should say that either there were two raptures, (real, not figurative,) or that one rapture included two entrances,—one into heaven, one into Paradise. There is no repetition.

L. I should like to hear your reasons.

P. There is, first, the air of the passage. Next, the fact that heaven and Paradise are not exactly interchangeable terms. Next, the change in the language. (See the original.) Paul knew a man caught up to heaven, into Paradise. Possibly a man has to soar much further to reach the heaven of heavens than to reach Paradise.

L. Good.

P. There is another change in the language. The first time the participle is used, the second time the verb. He knew a man "caught up to heaven;" he knew a man "that he was caught into Paradise."

L. What is the difference?

P. You say, "I found myself brought into London," when you know or care nothing about the journey. You say, "I was brought to London," or, "I was brought to Windsor," when you do remember the journey. Paul knew a man "caught up to heaven." The thing was done before he well knew what was being done; and he remembers, or, at least, mentions nothing but the termination of the mighty rapture in heaven. He knew a man "that he was caught into Paradise." Here he looks not merely at the termination of the rapture, but at the rapture itself.

L. You may be right. How astonishing that he did not know whether or not his body bore him company!

P. Yes, he lacked for the time either the strength or the inclination to pay any attention to himself. But what respecting the things which Paul heard in Paradise, and which it was not lawful, or not possible, to reveal? Must we

translate the Greek by "lawful" or "possible?"

L. "Lawful," I should think.

P. Why?

L. Because it must be *possible* to repeat what you have heard and understood, unless you have forgotten it.

P. But it might, when repeated, be unintelligible.

L. That concerns the *hearer*. You can repeat a demonstration from Euclid, whether you are or are not understood. Did not the prophets repeat things which even they themselves did not understand?

P. So it seems. Then we will translate "lawful."

L. It is folly itself to guess at the things which were to be kept secret. Can we guess the reason for secrecy?

P. The reason probably was, that the revelation, if made, would have been doubted, denied, or abused.

L. Surely there has been nothing similar since the world began! A man is, as it were, taken into the confidence of the Eternal, and entrusted with what he must not reveal!

P. Cannot you leave out "as it were?" You forget Peter, James, and John, who, for a time at least, were to be silent respecting the transfiguration. You forget John, who was not to reveal what the seven thunders had uttered. And does not Hannah More mention some one who, when dying, declared that eternity was opened to her in a way which she dared not to reveal?

L. I see the extraordinary *will* assert itself.

P. To the end of time. What an extraordinary man was he of whom we have been speaking! Had he not three or four talents from Nature, full five from Grace, and many more from Providence?

L. Yes, and talents so liberally bestowed, and so faithfully improved, made him what he was—Paul, the wonder of the Church; and, had the world been wise, the wonder of the world. Is the translation to heaven a plain proof that he was high in God's favour?

P. If we judge at all, we must judge a man, as Christ will judge him, by his conduct. Yet this translation, or rap-

ture, (call it what you will,) *almost* says that Paul was, like Daniel, "greatly beloved." Paul says, "Of such an one will I glory."

L. What is the meaning of that smile?

P. I was thinking that, if such an event took place in our days, many would be ashamed to believe it; and, perhaps, be glad enough that *they* were not the subjects of such a rapture!

L. How is all this?

P. I suppose we must say it is because Paul was "weak" and silly, and we are sensible and refined!

(*To be continued.*)

AFRICAN MODE OF MAKING FIRE.

WE met [says Dr. Livingstone] with native travellers occasionally. Those on a long journey carry with them a sleeping-mat and wooden pillow, cooking-pot and bag of meal, pipe and tobacco-pouch, a knife, bow and arrows, and two small sticks, of from two to three feet in length, for making fire, when obliged to sleep away from human habitations. Dry wood is abundant, and they get fire by the following method:—A notch is cut in one of the sticks, which, with a close-grained outside, has a small core of pith, and this notched stick is laid horizontally on a knife-blade on the ground; the operator squatting, places his great toes on each end to keep all steady, and taking the other wand, which is of very hard wood cut to a blunt point, fits it into the notch at right angles; the upright wand is made to spin rapidly backwards and forwards between the palms of the hands, drill fashion, and at the same time is pressed downwards; the friction, in the course of a minute or so, ignites portions of the pith of the notched stick, which, rolling over like live charcoal on to the knife-blade, are lifted into a handful of fine dry grass, and carefully blown, by waving backwards and forwards in the air. It is hard work for the hands to procure fire by this process, as the vigorous drilling and downward pressure requisite soon blisters soft palms.

SOMETHING ABOUT BEES.

III.

WE will now, with the help of two or three illustrations from Mr. Samuelson's book,* examine the instruments with which the bee accomplishes so much. Fig. 13 shows a front view of the entire

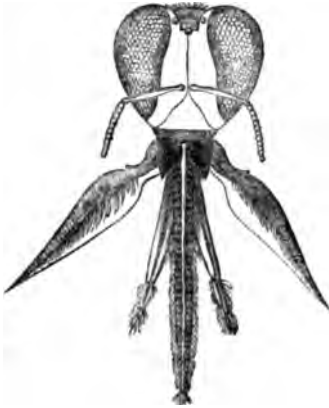


Fig. 13.

head, and, at a glance, it is seen to be very highly endowed. The bee, like most other insects, has two kinds of eyes. There are the three simple eyes, placed triangularly, which it had while still a grub, but which are now much larger and more perfect; and there are two compound eyes, each consisting of several thousand separate lenses. The number is said to be upwards of three thousand in each mass; each one of this great number consists of a lens, tube, diaphragm, optic nerve, and so on,—an organ complete in itself,—but all of them converging upon a common retina. Any one of them is competent to transmit a perfect image, though the result of the whole is still only one, just as a binocular microscope gives but one image, though transmitted through two tubes. The range of sight extends over at least a mile, and possibly much further.

It is curious to note how the ground is first marked, much as a pigeon marks a new locality. Young bees, on their first flight, and all bees on their removal from a distance, fly off with their head

towards the hive, "progressing backwards;" then, rising in the air, they circle round the spot, and, only after careful reconnoitring, venture away from the neighbourhood. Many circumstances go to show that the bee is near-sighted, and that these splendid telescopic eyes are chiefly useful at long range. They often blunder at the entrance, knocking their heads very unnecessarily against hard wood, especially if the entrance has been contracted, as is needful to be done in the autumn. And if the hive has been moved a yard or two to one side or other, they cannot understand the alteration at all; but fly about wildly, and get into a fluster, as excitable people sometimes will, on the slightest provocation. The results, however, are more disastrous to the smaller folk; for, while nervous people will, after awhile, listen to reason, especially if you use authority and master their terror, the bees, having no such adviser at hand, exhaust themselves between fatigue and fright, and die by hundreds. For this reason a hive is never moved to one side, unless absolutely necessary, and then only a few inches at a time. It may, however, be moved a short distance backward, in a straight line with the original position.

Below the eyes are the curious antennæ. (Enlarged in Fig. 14.) These are many-jointed tubes, covered with minute hairs, and still more minute perforations, or rather cavities; while careful dissection shows that over the whole surface, and apparently connecting these depressions, is a complex network of nervous fibres of exquisite delicacy. Indeed, these organs seem to be the chief seat of the nervous force, and to be analogous to the brain, or the spinal cord, in the higher animals.

When they are removed, the insect loses all power of self-control, its instincts are falsified, it appears to be more or less paralysed; and, after wandering for a time restlessly, and without any object, within the hive, it leaves it, and soon perishes, unable to find its way back. If removed from a queen, she, too, seems paralysed,



Fig. 14.

* *The "Honey-Bee,"* by James Samuelson. London: Van Voorst. 1860.

drops her eggs at random, runs wildly hither and thither, and generally leaves the hive. It is by the antennæ that the bees constantly communicate with each other; and this not merely respecting the presence or absence of their royal head, and the necessary details of the economy of the dwelling, but also concerning matters external to it. Any new source of honey, and especially any illegitimate source, as a queenless hive, is quickly announced; so is any impending danger, and to some extent its nature. The preliminary arrangements for swarming have already been alluded to, and the changes which are always possible up to the last moment. What may be the real extent of their communications no one can say, but certainly these are more extensive and more varied than would be thought possible. The wings are capable of producing various sounds, all of them having a distinct meaning. Take, for instance, the fluttering sound made by a young, or stranger, bee at the entrance of a hive, when begging for admission; that produced by the ordinary flight; the humming sound when the bee is hovering over flowers; and the unmistakable, angry sound, when a bee threatens an attack. Here are four distinct tones produced by the action of the wings,—so distinct, indeed, that they can be at once interpreted by the attentive ear without seeing the insect, or otherwise knowing what is going forward. Contrast, also, the roar, half of anger, half of fear, which rises when the lid of a hive is taken off, with the subdued, grateful murmur which follows when the syrup is poured out. This latter change of note is not directly the result of the libation, for it follows as soon as the first drops fall. Those who first taste, or probably scent it, give the signal, which is *instantly* responded to, before the sweetened water can be sprinkled upon the rest. The change is effected in a moment, and simultaneously. These are a few of the more apparent signals; but, as already stated, the most frequent communications are by means of the antennæ, of which we can know nothing. It is doubtless through these organs that the more

subtile influences of the weather are perceived, which are not merely temperature, or density, or electricity, but all these combined, and which only a combination of our newest and most delicate instruments is able to register.

Next comes the beautiful apparatus attached to the mouth, the greater part of which, when not in use, is conveniently stowed away,—folded backwards under the chin, so to speak. The mandibles, however, are always apparent, separating like the nibs of a pen, but saw-edged instead of plain. These are formed of a hard, horny substance, called *chitine*, of which material the envelope of the body mainly consists. These pincers are used for the roughest description of work, and will break down, not only old wax, which is a very tough material, but more intractable substances, fragments of which will sometimes find their way into the hive. Immediately behind and below the first pair of jaws, is placed a second pair,—longer, sharper, and more delicate, bearing the same relation to the first that a pair of scissors have to a pair of pincers. In fact, they are the two blades of a pair of shears, which pare the wax with the most perfect neatness and regularity; so that, for example, when a series of long honey-cells has been cut down to the proper length for brood, it is impossible to detect the operation, so uniform is the face of the comb. Along the middle of each blade is a rib running its whole length, while towards the extremity a series of cross ribs give further strength. The inner half is a thin, keen, smooth edge.

Next come the feelers belonging to the tongue, which constitute a sheath for that organ; and, lastly, the tongue itself, which, under the microscope, presents the appearance of a succession of rings encircling a hollow tube, and themselves thickly covered with hair, the extremity being distinctly globular, and not pointed. Its appearance at once displays a highly complicated structure, and naturalists are still disagreed as to whether it is solid or tubed, whether a tongue proper, or a proboscis. But, in addition to the microscopic scrutiny, which in some specimens shows

the tube very plainly, the fact is, that the extremity of the organ, when inserted into the nectary of the flower, is not withdrawn and again inserted, as would be the case if the process was that of "lapping;" but it remains as first placed, and the somewhat jerking motion which accompanies the act of feeding, agrees better with the idea of sucking or pumping. The strong hairs with which the proboscis is so thickly covered may have their office in polishing the waxen cells when first formed.

We briefly note two beautiful contrivances in the anatomy of the bee, and leave the reader to pursue the subject for himself, should he be so inclined. Fig. 15 shows the manner in which the two wings on each side are locked together, so as to become practically one, presenting a



Fig. 15.

broad and perfect surface of resistance to the air. On the front edge of the hinder wing is a row of minute hooks; while on the lower edge of the anterior wing is a minute rib, or raised membrane, upon which the points of the hooks take firm hold. The rapidity of the flight is thus greatly increased; indeed, the speed is reckoned at the rate of a mile in a minute, though, of course, kept up only over a short distance, generally from half a mile to a mile, but occasionally further. The wings, also, perform another office. It has probably not escaped attention that a hive has only one opening, that which constitutes the entrance. Every other crevice, however minute, whether above or below, is closed with propolis, or varnish, and the habitation is made as far as possible air-tight. How, then, do the bees escape suffocation? The answer is, by a system of forced ventilation. Just as in a coal mine currents of air are driven by revolving fans through all the passages and workings; so in the hive a certain number of bees fix themselves firmly to the floor by their feet, and rapidly vibrate their wings, when the force which, if free, would impel them swiftly through the air, now drives a current through every passage, and

even down the sides of every cell, so that the air is as pure at the very top of the hive as it is at the entrance. This is carried on, especially during the summer months, without intermission, night and day, generally by two sets, who stand opposite each other, and, consequently, beat in reverse directions, one forcing the fresh air in, and the other forcing the spent air out; causing, in fact, a true circulation, or rotary motion.

Fig. 16 shows the hind leg of a worker, furnished with a cleft between the two large joints and a hollow above it, which together constitute the pollen-basket, and the stout brush below the cleft which is used for gathering the delicate powder from the anthers. There are other curious points, especially the pad, and the convenient hooks which terminate the foot. Then there is the



Fig. 16.

sting, through which flows an intensely acrid poison, distilled from the sweetest of all substances; and there is the whole internal anatomy which we have left untouched. Enough, however, has been said for the present. We have no new moral to draw, or lesson to teach, from this brief study. Even if it were complete, instead of being the barest and most meagre sketch, it would be merely the spelling out a few lines in the revelation—as in one sense it may be termed—of Almighty wisdom and skill, which is written upon the world around us,—a revelation which many undervalue, and many more neglect, but which harmonizes with, and evermore confirms, that higher revelation which we have in the inspired Word of God.

F. H. W.

THE SPIDER: PROVIDENCE AND RETRIBUTION.

SOME years ago a remarkable trial for murder took place in Paris. A man who had lived unhappily with his wife

determined to poison her. Long he waited his opportunity of administering the deadly powder. One day, during their dinner, while serving, the husband mixed the poison in his wife's food; but, when he had done so, he could not endure to see her eat it, and, making some excuse, he arose, and left the table. During his absence from the room, and before the wife could partake of the food, her eye was attracted by a spider, which let itself down by its thread from the ceiling upon her plate, over which it crawled. Disgusted at the sight, she could not eat her portion; but thinking that, as her husband was out of the room, and had not seen it, it would not affect his appetite as it had hers, she changed their plates, and was engaged in eating her dinner from his plate when he re-entered the room. Of course he knew nothing of the change of plates, or of the spider, and so ate his dinner as usual; but, in a short time after dinner, he was seized with violent cramp, and every symptom of poison soon became evident. The poor woman was terrified, and sent for assistance; but suspicion fell upon her, and she was taken into custody. She declared her perfect innocence, as she could well do with a clear conscience; and, on being questioned, she confessed that she had changed the plates in consequence of the spider, but had no idea of spiders being poisonous. Nor are they, but harmless insects; but this one had its commission from Him who made it, to save the innocent and punish the guilty. The wretched husband, when he heard his wife's true relation, was so struck by the wonderful work of God in causing a feeble spider to stay his hand from murder, that he confessed his own guilt. Soon after his confession, he died; having fallen into the pit, according to the Scripture, that he had so wickedly prepared for another.

R. R. T.

REPROVING CHILDREN.

1. *Reprove without anger. Passion destroys the moral power of a rebuke.*
2. *Reprove with consideration. Take the best view of the case, not the worst.*

3. Let your reproof be directed to the reason and conscience. Thereby you educate the child.

4. Reprove gently. "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

5. Do not always reprove. "Honey catches more flies than vinegar."

6. "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged"

THINGS NOT SEEN.

THERE is a state, unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be;
And but a step may be between
That world of souls and me.

The friend I loved has thither fled,
With whom I sojourn'd here:
I see no sight, I hear no tread;
But may she not be near?

I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

The Saviour whom I long have sought,
And would, but cannot, see,—
And is He here? O, wondrous thought!
And will He dwell with me?

Give me to see Thee, and to feel
The mental vision clear;
The things unseen reveal, reveal!
And let me know them near.

The gathering clouds of sense dispel,
That wrap my soul around;
In heavenly places make me dwell,
While treading earthly ground.

Illume this darken'd soul of mine,
That still in midnight lies;
O, let the light in darkness shine,
And bid the day-star rise!

Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

—Jane Taylor.

THE BREAD-FRUIT-TREE AND THE ALOE.

A MISSIONARY in one of the Samoan islands, during a time of war, went to visit a part of the enemy's tribe in one of their strongholds. The tribe, with their chief, listened very attentively to the address given by the Missionary. At its close, the chief rose to reply; profound silence prevailed, and with great politeness the old warrior spoke to the Missionary in the following terms:—

"We take it very kindly that you have been at so much trouble to come so far, and so difficult a road, to speak to us to-day. We thank you much for your kindness. We have listened to your speech, and all you have said is very true; above all, what you have said of our evil doings. We are, indeed, very bad: we feel it so. You have not said half the truth of us about our sins."

The chief then paused a little, looked round upon the valley that lay beneath, and continued,—

"You have now been some time living in our country, and in your travels you have often seen a withered bread-fruit-tree, nearly dead, moss on its trunk,

dead leaves on its branches, no fruit! You have thought, alas! this was once a fine tree, now it is only fit to cut down for the fire. A few months after, when you came back that way, you looked again at the bread-fruit-tree, and saw a change. The moss is clean gone from its trunk, the branches have bright green leaves upon them, and under the leaves you see loads of fine ripe fruit! How changed! how beautiful! You wonder. You look underneath, and there you see an aloe. When the owner of the bread-fruit-tree saw it decline and decay, he planted an aloe-plant near its roots, and in a short time the decay was checked, and the bread-fruit-tree revived, flourished, and brought forth good fruit, as in old time. Now," said the warrior-chief to the Missionary, "while you have been speaking to us, I have been thinking that we very much resemble the decaying, dying, worthless bread-fruit-tree; but God has sent you to us with His own Word to plant beside us. Do not be discouraged; do not fear; very soon we shall revive. We shall yet flourish and bring forth good fruit."

Memorials of the Departed.

MR. BENJAMIN JOHNSON GILBERT was born at Osgathorpe, May 17th, 1819, and was brought up by his paternal grandfather. The man into whose hands he thus fell was well fitted for the task of training him; for he was an intelligent, godly leader in the Methodist Society. The youth was led to Methodist worship; though, after he left his grandfather's house, circumstances induced him to attend the services of the Established Church. For several years he contented himself with being moral, and did not earnestly seek religion. At length he returned to Methodism, joined the Society at Walsall, and underwent the great change. His conduct henceforth gave evidence that he was not disobedient to the heavenly calling. He gave himself both to the Lord and to the Church. *As a member of the Methodist Society, he conducted himself so as to*

gain the esteem of his brethren. He was very jealous lest, in the class-meeting, he should be led to say what was not thoroughly accordant with the facts of his daily life and experience; and, therefore, his statements were short and to the point. This carefulness kept him from wounding his own conscience, and from offending his classmates by the appearance of boasting. As a man of business, whose calling led him often into the company of worldly men, he was wary. It was his aim so to live that, if they said evil of him, it should be falsely; that nothing in his behaviour should give them occasion to blaspheme. Any who did not thoroughly know him, but looked upon him, in the world, as a mere man of the world, would, perhaps, have thought him haughty in bearing and hasty in temper; and had there been no corrective, it is very likely that these

would have been prominent traits of his character. But he had grace to control what was improper in natural disposition: and, though not faultless, he was esteemed by his neighbours as a man of probity. He had "a good report of them that are without," though he was not wont to make pretensions to extraordinary sanctity. There was no dash about him; but he might always be found at his post, noiselessly performing his duties.

The disease which at length proved fatal made its first attacks some years ago; but it was not till the spring of 1865 that he apprehended serious danger. When, however, he heard the warning note, he examined anew the foundation on which he had been building, and rejoiced to find himself safe. He trimmed his lamp for the last journey, put his house in order, and assumed the position of one waiting the summons to depart. On his first realizing the idea that death was near, he feared; but, on betaking himself to Christ, his fears were entirely removed. On one occasion he was asked whether he "felt safe." He at once replied,—"I have no refuge but Christ. He is just such a Saviour as I need. Had He ever sent one away who came to Him, He might have rejected me." He suffered much bodily pain, but possessed his soul in patience, saying, "We shall know by and by why all this pain." After a severe paroxysm was over, he sang,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

One day he was fiercely assailed by temptation, and when asked how he was, said, "Satan has harassed me much, and tried hard to prevent my going to the throne of grace, but he has not succeeded; and now God has caused the sun to shine upon me, and I am comforted." About five hours before his departure he said, "I have been struggling all day to be free, and shall surely soon escape. I shall conquer; it is peace." The end now drew near. Suddenly lifting up his voice, he exclaimed, "Sing, sing 'Rock of Ages.' Come, Mr. —, (an intimate friend,) help us to sing." The verse died away; and, as

he sank back, he said, "All is right; all is right!" and entered upon his eternal rest, on the 18th of October, 1865, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

THOMAS HOBBS was born at St. Peter's, in the Margate Circuit, in the year 1794. His father, a truly pious man and useful local preacher, not only early taught him the way of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, but earnestly prayed that he might be brought to its actual possession. Long before that saintly father passed away to the skies, it was his pleasure to see his prayers answered in his son's conversion to God. That important event is supposed to have taken place about the year 1816; for then it was that Thomas Hobbs identified himself with the Wesleyan Methodist Society in the village of St. Peter's. From that time it was his constant delight to bear testimony to the fact that God had pardoned all his sins, and that he, being "in Christ Jesus," had become "a new creature." By the power of the Holy Ghost, now working within him, he was enabled to love God and exercise dominion over sin. His religion made him very happy; and not only so, it proved to be perfectly adequate to sustain him amidst the numerous trials and sorrows, domestic and otherwise, which, in the order of God's providence, he had to experience. Throughout life, extended beyond the ordinary period of man's existence in this world, he was enabled, by the grace of God, to evidence the reality of his religion by his consistent walk and conversation.

He did not keep his religion to himself; not only did he seek to save his own soul, but also the souls of those with whom he had to associate. Influenced by this desire, he, not long after his conversion, became a teacher in the Wesleyan Sabbath-school at St. Peter's, and with this institution he retained a connexion, as teacher and superintendent, about thirty years.

He had a good voice for singing; and "in the service of song" he often found sweet delight. Of him it may be truly said, it was always his desire and aim "to sing to the praise and glory of God."

Removing from St. Peter's, he came to reside at Ramsgate; and here he was marked by constant diligence in the use of the means of grace. Seldom, indeed, was there a service conducted, in the chapel or school-room, on the Sabbath or the week-day, without the presence of our dear and faithful friend Hobbs. And no less attentive was he to his class-meeting and closet. For more than forty years it was his custom to devote a portion of time, about noon of every day, to the reading of "the Word of God" and prayer.

About three months before his death, it became evident to his friends that his health, which till then had been remarkably good, was beginning to fail; and, at the same time, it was manifest that he was becoming meet for heaven. A few weeks before his decease, it pleased God to take from him the power of speech; but, though he could not, during his sickness, verbally communicate to

his friends the state of his mind, yet in other forms he gave them most satisfactory evidence that he was happy in God, and that he was not afraid to die; but that, on the contrary, he longed to depart, and be "for ever with the Lord." In his dying moments prayer and praise seemed to afford him great comfort. When told, by those who visited him, that he would soon enter heaven, his eyes would sparkle with delight, and his whole countenance would beam with more than earthly brightness. On the morning of Friday, December 15th, 1865, his happy spirit passed peacefully away, and entered into that "rest which remaineth for the people of God." Thus died this faithful servant of God, in the seventy-first year of his age.

"Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go."

THOMAS CHORP.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

Footsteps of a Prodigal; or, Friendly Advice to Young Men. By WILLIAM G. PASCOM. (London: Elliot Stock.) This work "consists of Lectures," says the author, in his Preface, "delivered to my ordinary congregations on Sabbath evenings." He has written, "not for theologians, but with an earnest desire to bring out and apply the great lessons contained in the chief of our Saviour's parables; so that young men especially may be won to a life of godliness." The Lectures are eight in number: Discontented with Home; Departure from Home; Life Abroad; Coming to Himself; Returning Home; Confession and Restoration; the Merry Household; the Angry Brother. These topics are handled in a vigorous style. Apt illustration and pointed appeals enforce sound doctrine, as to the main points raised by this matchless parable of our Lord. Young men into whose hands the book may be put cannot fail to get good from its perusal.—*From Pole to Pole: a Handbook of Christian Missions.* By JOSEPH HASSALL. (London: Nisbet and Co.)

The aim of the writer, in this useful manual, has not been "to compile a denominational history of missions, but simply to relate how the Gospel first reached the different countries where it is now established." A vast mass of interesting information has been carefully digested; so that the reader is carried from point to point of the mission-field, without feeling that he is going through a course of mere statistics. Two coloured diagrams, showing to the eye the proportion existing between the Jews, Mohammedans, Heathens, and Christians, add to the value of the book.—*Home Difficulties; or, Whose Fault is it?* (London: Griffith and Farran.) A conversation between two mistresses as to the proper treatment of domestic servants. The subject is worthy of more comprehensive treatment than is possible in so short a compass.—*The Theatre: Should Professing Christians Support it?* (London: John Snow.) An emphatic "No" to a question which most of our readers will deem superfluous. The advocates

for the stage are here concisely met with argument, facts, and Scripture.—*The Youthful Sufferer Glorified: a Memorial of Sarah Sands Hay.* (London: Wesleyan Conference Office.) A welcome addition to our store of youthful biography. Miss Hay, as the daughter of a Wesleyan Minister, “after nearly twenty years of wandering, returned, by the providence of God, to the place of her birth to die.” Her character and religious experience are attractively set forth, not only by a loving father’s hand, but by extracts from her own letters.—*Outlines of Scripture History; and Chronological Outlines of English History.* By JOHN CHARLES CURTIS, B.A. Mr. Curtis has already supplied several admirable helps to earnest teachers and students. These “Outlines of History” will be found equally valuable, being compact in form, yet comprehensive as to the amount of information conveyed, and cleverly arranged.—*Infant Baptism Scriptural; and Immersion Unnecessary.* By the REV. JOHN HANNAH. (London: Wesleyan Conference Office.) In a few simple arguments the writer successfully maintains the practice of our own and other Churches, both with respect to the age of the subjects of baptism and the mode of its administration. It will be of service to those who, on this subject, have been “disturbed by the plausible, but unsound, reasonings of their over-zealous neighbours.”—*A Century of Sonnets.* By JACOB JONES. (London: Alfred W. Bennett.) Milton and Wordsworth have written sonnets; all

of which, however, we have not read. Those now before us have not increased our liking for this artificial species of composition.—We have only space for the titles of several excellent little books which we have received:—*Light in the Hospital*, by DR. BROWN, of Cheltenham.—*God’s Glorified House; Words for Worshipers.* By the REV. I. E. PAGE.—*The Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God*, by JOHN PULSFORD: all three published by Mr. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.—We also welcome Vols. IV. and V. of *The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers.* (Wesleyan Conference Office.) We trust this new edition of an invaluable collection of biographies is finding numerous readers. No better sign could we desire of a revival of true godliness, than extensive reading of these Lives by Methodists; thousands of whom, we fear, have not, as yet, so much as seen them, much less pondered their spiritual significance. The present volumes contain the lives of Messrs. Pawaon, Staniforth, Lee, Prickard, Maskew, Joyce, Rogers, Taylor, Furz, Rankin, Story, Black, &c.—The REV. W. MOISTAR has published a third and Enlarged Edition of his *Africa and the West Indies.* (London: 66, Paternoster-row.) This volume is doubly interesting, being a book about missions as well as a book of travels. It can scarcely fail to further the author’s purpose, and “increase the reader’s sympathy, love, zeal, and benevolence in the cause of Christian missions.” The information is full and accurate, and is pleasantly given.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Atkinson, Robert,	Hook,	Howden,	49	April 26th, 1866.
Barnes, Susanna,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	78	Mar. 16th, 1866.
Brearley, Mrs. Eliz.,	Shipley,	Shipley,	44	Jan. 4th, 1866.
Crane, Arabella,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	65	Mar. 16th, 1866.
Crane, Thomas,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	70	Mar. 18th, 1866.
Limon, Mr. Edward,	Nth. Somercotes,	Louth,	23	April 5th, 1866.
Wilson, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Howden,	Howden,	80	May 5th, 1866.
Wilson, Mrs. M.	Nth. Somercotes,	Louth,	77	Feb. 11th, 1866.



(Addison.)

ENGLAND'S CHANCELLORS: LORD COWPER.

THE renowned Lord Somers, whose biography we glanced at in our last paper, was succeeded by Lord Keeper Wright, who appears not to have recognized the government of God over the affairs of men; but regarded the *Church, men in authority, and wealth* as the world's greatest powers: and seems to have ever sought, in all intercourse with others, personal and official, his own advantage. A popular satirist of the day thus refers to the lamentable state of things during his Chancellorship:—

“ Enough of law, my muse; now satyr rise,
And show Chancery stocked with villanies:
Let bitterest gall for ink supply the pen;
Spare not their crimes, but lash the worst of men.
Accursed crew! O! could I make 'em feel
My biting words like wounds of perfect steel,

That on their burdened consciences I may,
 Like the tormenting vulture, ever prey;
 Or punish them, as Midas was of old,
 By turning every limb of them to gold.
 . See but how bankrupts are true bankrupts made
 By double fees, and by the subtle trade
 Of secretaries, sealers, clerks, and knaves,
 That lord it o'er poor suitors as their slaves."

Concerning him a great authority has written: "I really can find little more to relate of him, except that he was a plain man, both in person and conversation, of middle stature, inclining to fat, with a broad face much marked with the smallpox." Yet he succeeded to Somers, and preceded Cowper, in England's highest legal office.

The period of which we write was full of stirring events. The union between England and Scotland was effected; the line of the Stuarts, which had passed through strange vicissitudes, terminated, and the Hanoverian succession introduced; the term "**Whig**" was first given to those who were for liberty, without abandoning monarchy; and "**Tory**," to the friends of the house of Stuart, and advocates of absolute monarchy; Gibraltar was taken from Spain; and many important trials took place, which indicated the proud position to which England had risen in comparison with long bygone years.

France, at this time, was remarkable for its king and for its literature. Louis XIV. succeeded his father when only five years old; and his mother, with the Cardinal Mazarin, conducted the affairs of State. His reign was the longest, and, in many respects, the most splendid of French annals. He revoked the celebrated Edict of Nantes, and granted protection to James II. of England; he twice mortified English pride by defeating the third William, but Marlborough tore the laurels from his brow. He lived to see the English government pass through the hands of Charles I., Cromwell, the second Charles, James II., William and Mary, Anne, and George I. Great Frenchmen arrested attention by the productions of their genius. Descartes wrote his astronomical books; Fontaine, Molière, and Boileau pleased the polite world by their poetry; Bossuet and Rapin wrote what was then considered matchless history; Vaillant, the celebrated antiquary, travelled through Italy, Greece, and Egypt, to collect medals for Louis; Fénelon and Madame de Sévigné shone in the *belles lettres*.

The commencement of Queen Anne's reign was signalized by the achievements of eminent men, both in the field of science and of literature. Sir Isaac Newton had won his laurels: his theories, too sublime to be comprehended at once, were now generally admitted, and the voice of applause was ringing from every civilized country. Pope was rising into manhood, and his pen was elaborating the periods which still live in his "**Windsor Forest**," the "**Essay on Criticism**," the "**Dunciad**," and the "**Essay on Man**." The Irish wit, Dean Swift, was standing on that dizzy height where his genius, imagination, and indiscriminate satire made him intolerable. Lord Bolingbroke was

employing his vast stores of secular learning to prove that, in external nature, and in the laws by which it is governed, man possesses the only necessary revelation of the will of God. Rowe was distinguished for his plays and poems, and for his translation of Lucan's "Pharsalia," in which he recounts the wars between Cæsar and Pompey. As a moral and political writer, Sir Richard Steele was exerting considerable power. The editor, and part author, of the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian," he gave a new direction to English literary taste, of which the present age bears distinct traces.

Among the literary characters of this period was the immortal Joseph Addison, whose portrait stands at the head of this paper. In his early years he was a hard student. At length he became the intimate friend of Steele and one of the literary leaders of the day. When the "Tatler" was started, Addison's communications were deemed so valuable, that Steele candidly confessed that "he fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful auxiliary." Addison's genius and taste were such that Steele, though the original projector of that immortal work, sinks into a secondary rank in relation to it. His private history is not a pleasant one. His marriage was unhappy. After a long courtship, he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, and found that a mere splendid alliance is no guarantee for domestic happiness. His wife, "presuming on her high rank, treated her husband with little respect; and he, conscious of a dignity which neither wealth nor power could confer, felt this vain insolence with peculiar keenness." He was raised to the office of Secretary of State; but soon felt himself utterly unfitted for its weighty duties. The accomplished scholar and the politician are often opposite characters; and it is no degradation to Addison to say that "he did not possess a versatility of genius, which qualified him for every station." He himself saw his defects, and resigned his place, with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. Of Addison we would fain say much. His influence is still felt: an influence which was great when Wesley, Whitefield, and others were children. For the age, the close of his career was striking. When the flame of life was flickering in the socket, he sent for his son-in-law, the young Earl of Warwick, who did not bear the most spotless of characters. After a pause, the Earl said, "Dear Sir, you sent for me: I believe and hope you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred." Grasping his hand, the dying philosopher softly replied,—*"See in what peace a Christian can die!"* We linger over the memory of Addison, remembering that, when the great Arbiter of human affairs shall sit on His "great white throne," He will judge every man according to the light he has, and not according to the light which he has not.

The Keeper of the Great Seal was now one whose reputation stood deservedly high, who was a credit to his party, and who conferred lasting benefit on his country. Lord Cowper was born in the castle of Hertford, in the year 1664: but the day of his birth cannot.

be ascertained; for, as in the case of many other great men, the baptismal register has not been found. One of his ancestors erected a monument to the memory of Hooker, the author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity." The epitaph, written by himself, is the first family indication of the poetic faculty, which, years afterwards, brought forth its ripe fruit in the illustrious poet who was lineally descended from him:—

"Though nothing can be spoke worthy his fame,
Or the remembrance of that precious name,
Judicious Hooker; tho' this cost be spent
On him that hath a lasting monument
In his own books; yet ought we to express,
If not his worth, yet our respectfulness."

Young Cowper entered at "the Temple" when eighteen years of age. His letters to his wife, after his marriage and his advancement in the legal profession, show that the human heart is the same in all positions and places. She thought, wife like, he should pay her more attention amid his varied duties. After detailing his labours and difficulties, he writes: "I know all this does not satisfy you; but this and more allege, for my story is true. If I am so unfortunate as not to be credited, I know no way to help that, but your coming up to see if it be so or no. I am sure I would so much rather be with you, that the present profit would not tempt me from the country, if it were not for the consequence of throwing myself altogether out of the little good business I have." Writing from Kingston, he says: "I write to you from this place, as soon as I arrive, to tell you I have come off without hurt, both in my going and returning through the Sussex ways, which are bad and ruinous beyond imagination. I vow, 'tis a melancholy thing that mankind will inhabit such a heap of dirt for a poor livelihood. The country is a sink of about fourteen miles broad, which receives all the water which falls from two long ranges of hills on both sides of it; and, not being furnished with drains, is kept moist and soft by the water till the middle of the dry summer, which is only able to make it tolerable to ride for a short season." Again, in a letter written from Chelmsford, he informs her that his mother had visited a renowned justice, who had written, in large characters, in front of his desk, the following distich:—

"In Wisdom's school this maxim I have got,
That 'tis much better to be pleased than not."

At the trials of Sir William Perkins, Sir John Fenwick, Lord Mohun, and others, his conduct has been variously criticized; but his addresses show consummate talent, and reveal the character of the times. Some of his actions would now be pronounced exceptionable; but his reply to Queen Anne, when he received the Great Seal from her hand, furnishes a true index to his heart: "The honour your Majesty is pleased so graciously to bestow upon me cannot make

me more faithful and zealous to your interests than I have always been from principle, which is the surest good to rely upon." In October, 1705, he was attended by a splendid procession of State officers to Westminster-Hall, to be duly sworn into his exalted office; after which he made an entry in his diary which shows his enlightenment in other things: "During these great honours done me, I often reflected on the uncertainty of them, and even of life itself. I searched my heart, and found no pride or self-conceit in it; and I begged of God that He would preserve my mind from relying on the transient vanity of the world, and teach me to depend only on His providence; that I might not be lifted up with the present success, nor dejected when the reverse should happen; that I might not be confounded or dismayed by the unusualness of my circumstances: and I verily believe I was helped by His Holy Spirit, from my sincere dependence on His good providence in this great undertaking." To him, as much as to any one, are we indebted for the independence of our law-courts. The position he boldly took, in reference to a well-known abuse, evinced his nobility of character. It had been the custom, on the 1st of January, for the counsel and subordinate officers of the court, "in the hope of being raised to the bench, or of obtaining silk gowns, or of winning the judge's ear, to make the Lord Chancellor a pecuniary present, according to their generosity or their means, or their opinion of his venality or stability." Cowper ordered that these presents should be discontinued. These gifts had been condemned, but never forbidden, by previous Chancellors. "The Earl of Nottingham used to receive them standing by a table; and, at the same time, while taking the money and laying it on the table, would cry out, lisping, 'O, tyrant Cuthtom!'" Lord Cowper forbade them, and raised a storm of indignation among the chiefs of the King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. Posterity, however, recognized his greatness; his colleagues afterwards gratefully acknowledged his work; and a leading poet of the day celebrated his disinterestedness and justice in the well-known lines:—

"He the robe of justice wore,
Sullied not as heretofore,
When the magistrate was sought
With 'yearly gifts.' Of what avail
Are guilty hoards? For life is frail,
And we are judged where favour is not bought."

The spirit of party then ran high. Lord Cowper was the first Lord Chancellor of Great Britain after the union of Scotland with England. The Whigs were now triumphant; yet the opposite party was strong: and subsequent events proved the power of a determined will to secure results. At last, the fate of his predecessors in office fell upon him, and he tendered the "Great Seal" into the hand of her who first gave it. *After a series of strange vicissitudes, he again received it from George I.; and, at the King's coronation, assisted, in his official*

capacity, when parties of each class of politics were present to give brilliance to the occasion. Lady Cowper, in her "Diary," says:—"One may easily conclude that this was not a day of real joy to the Jacobites. However, they were all then looking as cheerful as they could, but very peevish with everybody that spoke to them. My Lady Dorchester stood underneath me; and, when the archbishop went round the throne, demanding the consent of the people, she turned about to me, and said, 'Does the old fool think that anybody here will say, No! to his question, when there are so many drawn swords?' There was no remedy but patience; and so everybody either was pleased, or pretended to be so."

During his second term of office some illustrious personages were tried; the well-known Riot Act, the Septennial Act, and the Mutiny Bill passed. The South-Sea Bill, which excited a spirit of gambling unequalled in British history,—which, in the result, brought ruin on thousands of families, and almost subverted the national credit,—he resolutely opposed, and joined in punishing the directors when the bubble burst. In all this memorable period, with honesty of purpose, he sought to fulfil his duty, and is thus entitled to a nation's gratitude.

His relationship to the literary men of the day was singularly healthful and beneficial. It is difficult to say how much his character helped to guide the literature which was then telling so mightily on the condition of multitudes. To Bolingbroke—a man of cultivated, but infidel, mind—he frequently stood in an attitude of stout opposition; while his letters to Sir Isaac Newton, Addison, and others, reveal his appreciation of their labours. In his domestic life he was truly happy. In the family it is pleasant to gaze on great dignitaries, without their official robes, and away from the pomp of circumstance, indulging all the affections of the heart. His letters reveal the same kindly feelings of his nature which were constantly exhibited in his home life. In public and in private he appeared the man of genial disposition, and of cultivated, lofty, and heaven-approved principles.

His death was somewhat sudden. He was taken violently ill after having been exposed to severe cold during a journey. When informed of his danger, he received the intelligence with firmness; and, with a calm resignation to the will of God, prepared to meet his end. He expired on October 10th, 1723, in the sixtieth year of his age; and was buried in the parish church of Hertingfordbury, the resting-place of his immediate ancestors, and of many of his descendants. There is no separate monument erected to his memory. Ambrose Philips, in his Pindaric Ode, ascribes to him every private and public virtue:—

"Here we come, and hence we go,
Shadows passing to and fro,
Seen awhile, forgotten soon;

But thou, to fair distinction born,—
 Thou, Cowper, beaming in the morn
 Of life, still brightening to the pitch of noon,
 Scarce verging to the steep decline,
 Hence summon'd while thy virtues radiant shine,—
 Shalt be remember'd with a fond applause,
 So long as Britons own the same indulgent laws."

"Brass and marble may be reserved for those who, without their aid, would soon sink from the memory of mankind. Lord Chancellor Cowper achieved for himself a permanent place in the public annals of his country. He retains a high reputation as a lawyer, as a statesman, and as an orator. He was a consistent and most honourable politician, fully understanding, and ever acting upon, the true principles of the English constitution." His piety was not of a lofty order certainly, but real withal; and he was one of a noble host who helped to secure the privileges we enjoy; and, as one of the chief appointed actors on the stage of time, we glorify God in him.

Bolton.

J. F. M.

A BLESSING MISSED.

(John xx. 24.)

WE are about to speak of a prayer-meeting. Where it was held,—in an upper room at Jerusalem, in the spacious vestry of a city sanctuary, in a house in some back street, or in the "great pew" of a village chapel,—it matters not. Nor is it important that the hour be known,—whether on the early Sabbath morning, or after the week-evening preaching, or at eight o'clock on Saturday night. A *prayer-meeting*, we said. Not a gathering for the transaction of business, the acquiring of knowledge, or the enjoyment of pleasure. Not a number of persons attracted to hear some popular preacher, or give their support to some worthy cause; but a meeting for prayer, and for no other purpose. Those who met were actuated by a common feeling. Conscious of their wants, they were agreed in the belief that God their Father could supply them, and in believing it to be His will that they should inquire of Him for what they needed. A noble object, truly. Accordingly, the doors were opened;

and the disciples, entering, took their places. Yet, when hymns were sung, and prayers offered, *Thomas was not there.*

And who was Thomas? we hear one asking. Not a scoffer, or a mere sensualist; not a smooth hypocrite or proud Pharisee, "but one of the twelve,"—one of Christ's disciples. Every one knows that Thomas is a member of the Church. The time of his conversion is well remembered; when, separating himself from the world, he gave himself to God. He is in his place every Sabbath-day; gives of his substance to support God's cause; and his voice is not seldom heard in praise and prayer. Like his fellow-disciples, he has to mix with men and labour to provide for his own household. He has his peculiar trials, and temptation, and difficulty; and finds, with all who live to God, that the Christian life is a daily battle. His faith wavers sometimes, his hands hang down, and his soul needs help, even as others. He might, at that prayer-meeting, have obtained a renewal of spiritual strength, but—*Thomas was absent.*

You have discovered already that others were there. Our friend, Matthew, had escaped from his place at "thereceiptofcustom." Sister Martha had left her much-serving, and Mary her books and meditation, to be there. Luke, the physician, had stolen an hour from his patients; and Zenas, the lawyer, had arisen from parchments to meet his fellow-disciples. There was Brother A., who has so extensive a business on his hands, and beside him poor Brother B., who, alas! has no business at all. Sister C. was there, having left a large family of little ones at home; and Brother D., with his fustian jacket and fresh-washed face, just returned from his daily toil. And there was Sister E., who had obtained permission from her mistress to be absent for an hour, and who had to hasten away ere the meeting fairly closed; and many others, men and women, who felt that their souls needed help, and who came there to seek it,—but *Thomas was not there.*

Why was he absent? Was it that he could not possibly be spared from his business? Hardly so; for he could well leave the shop at other times. Was he sick? Nay; for he was seen in excellent health that very afternoon. Was his dwelling too far away from the place of meeting? No; for it stands close by; and besides, Brother F., who lives a mile and a half distant, was there. What, then, could be the cause of his absence? Had he wholly forgotten the meeting? Was he at that hour engaged in some important transaction? Was he in some fascinating society, from which he could not break away? Did that passing shower prevent him; or had his heart grown cold and worldly? Perhaps, if asked, he had good reasons to give,—reasons abundantly satisfying to himself. But of this we know not. We have only before us

the fact that, at that hour, when his fellow-disciples were praying, and God was hearkening,—*Thomas was not with them!*

That meeting was one to be remembered. Not that great numbers were assembled; but because Christ was present. As the disciples prayed, "Jesus stood in the midst," not manifest to their bodily eyes, but revealing Himself in their souls. They felt His presence. He was warming their hearts, fanning the flame of their love, strengthening their faith, touching the lips of some as with fire. They knew He was in their midst; for He spake in words that fell, not into their outer ears, but which were felt in their soul,—*"Peace be unto you!"* Blessed words! "And when He had so said, He showed them His hands and His side." Blessed sight! Precious faith, that gives us afresh to behold our crucified Saviour! "Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord." And who can wonder at their joy? If Thomas had but known that Jesus was there, and that His happy followers were exulting in His presence!—but *he was elsewhere.*

How much he lost! Brother G., who has been so tempted and cast down of late, received great encouragement. Sister H., who came to the meeting depressed with family cares, went away full of peace. Brother I. was heard singing away right joyfully at his work the next day; and Brother J. said to a classmate, as they walked down the street together, that he had never felt happier in his life. Sister K., who is so persecuted at home, was heard singing something about "a thousand worlds my soul to shake;" while friend L., who often desponds, took heart again, and actually felt the stranger Joy within his breast once more! The pastor went back to his pulpit-preparation with new vigour; and doubtless others were blessed. How

could it be otherwise, with Jesus in the midst? *But Thomas was absent!*

It is sad to have to relate, also, that, when told, soon after, of all this, Thomas shook his head, and declared he hardly could believe it. In fact, he said, many of the meetings he had attended of late had been very different; and, though he had made a point of being present whenever he could spare time, he had felt them generally somewhat dull. Well, we admit it was a disappointment, and matter of deep regret that he should happen to have been absent when Jesus was there. But, if Thomas remembers, as he reads this, how often it has been his case, let him learn that Christ sometimes visits His people when His presence is least expected. And let him make a resolve at once, that whenever the hour for prayer again arrives, he will be early present; that, it may never more be said of him, as it was of one of old,—“But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.”

Hay.

I. E. P.

AN EARLY CHAPTER OF RUSSIAN CHURCH HISTORY.

(Concluded.)

WHEN the Russian envoys returned home, after witnessing the service in St. Sophia, they said to Vladimir, in describing the splendour of religious art and ceremony which they had witnessed, “We knew not whether we were not in heaven: in truth, it would be impossible to find on earth such magnificence and riches. We cannot describe to you all that we have seen. We can only believe that there, in all likelihood, one is in the presence of God, and that the worship of other countries is there entirely eclipsed. We shall never forget so much grandeur. *Whoever has seen so beautiful a spectacle will be pleased with nothing*

else. It is impossible for us to remain where we are.” This report was given in the presence of the boyards and elders, whom Vladimir had assembled at Kiev.

They counselled the Grand Prince to receive Christianity as the religion of the State. Their arguments, and the representations of the envoys prevailed, and Vladimir resolved to abolish Paganism, and embrace the faith professed by the Eastern empire.

In the meantime he sent to Basil and Constantine, the joint Emperors of the East, to demand their sister Anne in marriage, promising, in case of their compliance, to receive baptism; but threatening, in the event of their refusal, to lead an army to Constantinople. Trembling under the vivid remembrance of the miseries which the capital had already suffered from the incursions of the Russian hordes, sovereigns and people looked to Anne as their deliverer. It was no pleasant prospect which opened before the great princess to leave the civilization, and refinement, and society of Byzantium, and transport herself to the rude court of a semi-barbarous monarch. Yet, in a spirit of noble self-sacrifice, Anne yielded to the emergency, and consented to become the wife of Vladimir. The marriage was celebrated in the cathedral of Cherson, by the archbishop of that city; and on the same day Vladimir, with his twelve sons, and all the generals and boyards of his army, were received into the communion of the Greek Church by baptism, the Russian sovereign taking the name of Basil. He then returned to Kiev, his southern capital, carrying with him the archbishop who had baptized him, and several priests, together with six prelates, who had accompanied Anne from Constantinople.

Vladimir was not the man for half measures. On his arrival at

Kiev, he commanded the people to renounce idolatry and present themselves for baptism, threatening the severest punishment to any who refused. With the submission to authority characteristic of the Slavonic race, the inhabitants flocked to the banks of the Borysthene, (the Dnieper,) and while they plunged into its waters, the priests read the prayers of the baptismal service. Such was the fashion in which Christianity was first publicly professed in Russia some nine hundred years ago. And this was called "conversion!" Well, the religious change which took place was a mighty and blessed advance on the dark and cruel heathenism of the country; but it fell far below the glorious turning "from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God," which is recorded in the enlightened conversions of Apostolic Christianity, and, we may add, which modern missionary labours accomplish.

Adjoining the palace of Kiev was a mount, sacred to Peroun, the god of thunder; and the idol itself, a huge wooden image, had long received the homage of the Slavonic Pagans. By the command of Vladimir, this idol was torn from its place, tied to the tail of a horse, and, having been dragged through the streets of the city, followed by twelve mounted soldiers, fiercely scourging the degraded divinity with long whips, it was thrown into the river, where it finally disappeared in the rapids below the city, at a spot long afterwards known as the Bay of Peroun. On the mount consecrated to the old Slavonic idol, a Christian church was erected; Kiev became to Russia very much what Canterbury was to England, and for many centuries, besides being an episcopal see, was also the seat of the Russian Primate.

A decree was issued commanding

that every idol throughout the dominions of the Grand Prince should be destroyed; and bishops and priests were sent in various directions to baptize and instruct the people. Five dioceses were formed,—Novogorod, Rostov, Tchernigov, Belgorod, and Vladimir. The last-mentioned city was founded by Vladimir, A.D. 991; a native Russian was consecrated the first bishop, and he built a church in honour of the Virgin, which still remains. Perhaps in no other country was the transition effected so rapidly, and with so little difficulty, from heathenism to Christianity; or, rather, to that deteriorated form of it presented by the bishops and priests of the Eastern Church.

And yet there is one important element in the conversion of the Slavonic tribes, which gives that Church a great advantage, when compared with the mission of Latin Christianity among the nations of Western Europe.

Wherever the Roman Church extended her communion, she introduced the Scriptures, and her Liturgical services, not in the language of the people, but in the Latin tongue; so that her worship was everywhere little more than a meaningless piece of outward ceremony. Byzantine Christianity, with all its faults,—and they were many,—adopted a better practice. Long before the conversion of Vladimir, self-denying evangelists of the Greek Church, in whom there must have glowed much of the spirit of primitive times, had penetrated to the Slavonic settlers on the banks of the Danube; and the earliest labours of two of these pioneer Missionaries, Cyril and Methodius, consisted in the invention of a written language for the savage people; and then the translation into it of the Psalter and the whole of the New Testament except the Apocalypse.

A hundred years afterwards, when the first Christian teachers were

forth from Cherson and Constantinople to instruct the Russian people in the truths of their newly-received religion, this was the translation which they used; and surely it is a reasonable thought, and no less pleasant hope, in which we may indulge, that to many a heart the "word of the truth of the Gospel" would come as a most blessed message of heavenly life and power.

Vladimir died in the year 1014. His memory was held in great veneration, and his name has a place in the calendar of Russian saints.

A few years after his death, Jaroslaf, his son and successor, a man equally renowned as a warrior and a legislator, established a college at Novgorod; where he maintained, at his own expense, three hundred youths belonging to the class of nobles. To secure for them the best possible instruction, he obtained teachers from Constantinople; and thus laid the foundation of Christian education; reminding us of our own Alfred and the origin of Oxford University. He also caused translations to be made of the Greek Fathers into the vernacular, himself aiding the priests in their work. When the volumes were completed, he placed them in a small library which he had formed at Kiev.

That the royal house had, to some good extent, come under the true influence of Christianity is evident from the instruction which Vladimir the Second gave to his sons shortly before his death A.D. 1125.

A few extracts from them will bring our paper to an appropriate conclusion:—"O, my children, praise God, and love men. For it is not fasting, nor solitude, nor monastic life, that will procure you eternal life; but only doing good. Forget not the poor; nourish them: remember that riches come from God, and are given you only for a short time. *Be fathers to orphans; be judges in*

the cause of widows; and do not let the powerful oppress the weak. Do not take the name of God in vain; and never break the oath you have made in kissing the crucifix. Do not desert the sick; do not let the sight of dead corpses terrify you, for we must all die. Receive with joy the blessing of the clergy; do not keep yourself aloof from them; do them good, that they may pray to God for you. Abhor lying, drunkenness, and debauchery. Endeavour constantly to obtain knowledge. Never let the sun find you in bed. At the dawn of day, my father, and the virtuous men by whom he was surrounded, did thus; they glorified the Lord, and cried, in the joy of their hearts, 'Vouchsafe, O our God, to enlighten us with Thy Divine light!' They then seated themselves to deliberate, or to administer justice to the people, or they went to the chase; and in the midst of the day they slept, which God permits to man as well as to beasts and birds. O, my children, fear neither death nor wild beasts! Trust in Providence; it far surpasses all human precautions."

We must not judge all these sentiments by the loftier standard of a purer age; but they do show something of the "true light," though "shining in a dark place."

E. L.

THE CHRISTIAN'S EQUIPMENT.

"Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." (Eph. vi. 11.)

No general would think of sending his soldiers into the field unarmed: arms and armour must be provided. The Christian warfare is a spiritual conflict; for the adversaries with whom we contend are not flesh and blood, but they are the principalities, the powers, and the sovereignties of darkness,—the spirits of evil in the heavens. Seeing, then

that human skill is unavailing, we must take up with us to the battle "the whole armour of God," that we may be able to resist the enemy in the evil day, and, having overthrown them all, to stand unshaken.

Sometimes good men have sought to fortify themselves against attack, have placed the walls of the monastery between themselves and the world, and have adopted an ascetic mode of life; thinking that, by fasting and self-discipline, they might become proof against sinful assault. But to no purpose: human defences cannot keep out the spiritual foe; carnal weapons cannot defeat his hosts.

Equally ineffectual have proved men's endeavours to encase themselves in armour of lofty purposes, rigid resolutions, and solemn vows.

We cannot be strong unless strengthened by the Lord, and endued with the conquering power of His might. The Captain of our salvation has Himself provided the equipment for His troops; our armour is prepared and presented by God; and our sufficiency is of Him. Let it be remembered that we require "the whole armour." We shall not only be defenceless, but guilty, if we neglect to put on the panoply provided; and, unless we have every part of it, we are not safe. Satan watches for our vulnerable parts, and with unerring skill directs his barbed arrows there.

The constituent parts of this "armour of God" are beautifully described in the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians.

1. And, first, the soldier of the Cross is directed to brace his loins with the *girdle of truth*.—The girdle was one of the most important parts of the ancient soldier's equipment. Not only did it serve as a support to the loins, but it bound all the other parts of the armour together, and

defended the body where the breastplate and greaves met.

The Christian soldier is to be "girt about with truth." (Eph. vi. 14.) By this is meant, generally, that truthful bias of mind, that sincerity and uprightness of soul, whence rectitude of life and veracity of speech proceed. The Psalmist, in Psalm xv., says: "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." Where there is a truth-speaking heart, there are not likely to be lying lips.

Too often has the soldier laid aside his girdle of truth; and often have the consequences been fatal. When Peter entered into the high priest's palace he was ungirded: weak and unprotected, he fell a victim to the enemy, and was sorely wounded.

Truth not only implies the utterance of that which is unfeigned, but also uprightness of conduct, transparent sincerity, and the absence of all deceit and treachery. Well may we pray, "Remove from me the way of lying . . . let my heart be sound in Thy statutes." (Psalm cxix. 29, 80.)

2. *The breastplate of righteousness*.—This is a most essential part of the Christian soldier's outfit. A wound in the breast would be dangerous, and probably fatal. It is highly necessary, then, that here we should be well guarded, and that we should never venture into the field of conflict without the corselet.

The parallel passage, (1 Thess. v. 8,) will enable us better to understand what is meant by the "breastplate of righteousness." It is there called the "breastplate of faith and love." As many ancient corselets were composed of strongly-united scales or links, so this breastplate of righteousness is composed of the inseparable links of faith and love.

(1.) It is the righteousness of faith.

—Paul, the veteran soldier of the Cross, said: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." (Phil. iii. 8, 9.) A sure protection against all foes is faith in Christ as "the Lord our Righteousness." The dart of malice is hurled by the devil; and he tells us we are sinful, guilty, and lost: but our heart is unpierced, for the shaft falls harmless from the breastplate whereon is written, "CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS." We can know no peace within, we can have no security from foes without, unless we wear the righteousness of faith.

(2.) It is the righteousness of *love*. —That is, the righteousness that springs from love to God shed abroad in the believing heart by the Holy Ghost. The righteousness of faith was obtained *for us* by the atonement of Jesus: this is wrought *in us* by the Holy Spirit, the purchase of the Saviour's blood. It is elsewhere called the "armour of righteousness."

Holiness of life is the great characteristic of the Christian soldier; and, as the breastplate is one of the most conspicuous and necessary portions of the armour, so purity and righteousness are most observable and needful in the Christian. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Constantly wearing the breastplate of faith in the Saviour, and love to the Saviour, we shall pass unharmed among our enemies. "The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." (Job xvii. 9.)

Sometimes, when the adversary finds he cannot pierce the breast-

plate, he tries to induce us to lay it aside, as irksome and jading. But better bear the weight than receive a wound. Thus Joseph in Potiphar's house, Samuel among the sons of Eli, and Daniel in the court of Babylon, preserved their purity. David once laid aside the breastplate; and how sorely was he wounded! How long and grievously he suffered before he recovered from the fearful thrust! How did the enemies triumph over his fall; and how great was the injury to the Captain's cause!

There is a little link which connects righteousness with truth,—a buckle, so to speak, by which the girdle and breastplate are united. "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness."

A clear knowledge of truth in the head will serve us nothing without the experience of the truth in the heart, and the manifested sincerity of righteousness, pureness, and "love unfeigned" in the life.

3. *The sandals of peace*.—"And your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace."

This phrase has been explained in two ways. First, as signifying that readiness of mind for God's service which the Gospel produces; second, as denoting "that the feet of the Christian are strengthened and steadied by the Gospel, lest he should move from his place or yield." Now, without confusion, it seems possible to combine these notions. He only is fitted to be a messenger of the Gospel who has experienced its power, and felt its peace; who has received the spiritual freedom it secures. And only he who is possessed of the peace of the Gospel can successfully stand on his defence against the enemy. Among all the thorny paths and dangerous ways which the Christian soldier may traverse in the warfare against

Satan and sin, shod with the Gospel of peace, "unhurt 'mid snares and death" he shall tread.

4. *The shield of faith.*—Another important part of the warrior's equipment was the shield. Beside the small buckler carried on the arm, there were large oval or oblong shields of sufficient size to screen the whole person. Thus we are told "above all,"—that is, in addition to all, in all things, and on all occasions,—take up to cover you the shield of faith, the defence of confident trust in God.

When all the alien hosts rally against the soldier of the Cross, and the very air is darkened with their missiles of vengeance,—when the army of Christ seems critically placed and the battle turning against Him,—then it is faith which keeps the Christian unalarmed by all the displays of hellish malice, unhurt by all the assaults of hellish power.

When the world in its brilliant pageant passes by, and hurls its shafts at his soul, his shield of faith screens him, and the arrows fall to the ground. By faith he looks beyond the present; and, like Moses, "chooses rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

When the march seems tedious, and the movements directed by the Captain ineffective and unpromising, like Abraham, he believingly obeys; grasps his shield of faith, and is unpierced by the bolts of distrust, impatience, sloth, and selfishness, which are launched against him.

When the battle rages most furiously; when the conflict is hand to hand, and the enemy seem unnumbered and untiring; when his comrades' spirits droop, and the hasty shout of triumph bursts from the ranks of the foe, still by faith he looks to the end, has confidence in his Leader's skill and power; feels assured of ultimate victory, stands

firm against bristling cohorts, and advances still more boldly to the assault.

But allusion is made to particular temptations by which Satan assails the soul:—"The fiery darts of the wicked." In ancient warfare "arrows were used which were enveloped in combustible materials and discharged burning. Against these it was usual to cover the shield with moist hides, in order to extinguish the fire in them." Perhaps reference is intended to violent and sudden injections into the mind, made by Satan; abominable thoughts which can inflame desires, and which startle and horrify by their impiety,—darts "set on fire of hell." There is the fiery dart of *unbelief*, but the shield of faith interposes,—*"God is faithful,"* and the dart is extinguished. Often, too, the burning bolt of *impurity* is levelled at us; the mind is suddenly filled with polluting suggestions at which it recoils. But faith interposes,—*"Sin shall not have dominion over you:"* "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseeth from all sin;" and the brand is quenched in Jesu's blood.

Be of good cheer, Christian! all the "sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper," shall be turned by thy shield from thee, and "no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper."

"But, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood."

5. *The helmet of salvation.*—In 1 Thess. v. 8, St. Paul calls this the "helmet" of "the hope of salvation."

How inspiring is hope to the soldier! Weary marches, the midnight watch, the horrors of battle, all endured in hope. He marches to the

cannon's mouth, scales the bristling height, surmounts the deadly breach; and is sustained in all the dangers of the active campaign, and in all the bitter, passive experience of the siege and tented field, in hope of ultimate victory, promotion, and renown. So, to the Christian, hope is a heart-sustaining principle: while that of the soldier is doubtful, perhaps doomed to woful disappointment, his is an assured expectation, and one certain of realization. When the day is darkest, when the strife is hottest, hope sustains his soul, and he is able to say, "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle."

Though enemies rage and roar as the tumultuous billows, he says to his soul, "Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

This confidence is sweetly confirmed by the Spirit's inward testimony, by the consciousness of Divine favour, and he "rejoices in hope of the glory of God." "Experience worketh hope;" the history of past days gives confidence for the future; and in the possession of a hope that "maketh not ashamed," the Christian holds up his head even in the battle, and patiently strives to the end.

6. *The sword of the Spirit.*—We are now introduced to the means of attack,—“the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.” This is a tried and powerful weapon; in the hands of God's warriors it has laid many a foe in the dust; and we may say of it, as David said of the giant's sword, "There is none like that, give it me."

It is the sword "of the Spirit," the Word "of God;" for it is Divine in its origin. In defending the soul, this is the only weapon with which we can repulse our foes. In carrying on the holy war, nothing but the sword of the Spirit can pierce *through the ignorance, indifference,*

sin, and hatred of God, with which men are clothed as in coats of mail. But "the Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow."

It is the sword "of the Spirit," for He teaches its use and strengthens the soldier of the Cross to wield it effectively. However keen and well-tempered the sword itself, it is of little use in the hands of the unskilled; and sometimes more dangerous to himself than his antagonist. Some wrest the Scriptures "unto their own destruction."

Many have powerful agencies in their hands, but know not their value or use. It is the Spirit only, who first gave the Word, who can help us to use it well; He must teach our hands to war, and our fingers to fight.

It is the sword "of the Spirit," because He gives it edge and effect. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God."

We may grasp this sword, and earnestly use it; but the Spirit of God alone can direct the stroke, and give it power to wound. The messenger of the Gospel may seek to pierce the unbelieving heart, may exert his strength vigorously, but the Spirit only can make the Word sharp and effective.

With this weapon must the Christian defend his soul. "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee." The heart is the best scabbard for the sword of the Spirit:—"Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." Parry every stroke of Apollyon with—"Thus saith the Lord!"

Such is the rich and complete equipment provided by the Captain for His soldiers. "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God,

that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." That is, having overcome all, thou shalt stand unshaken and victorious, thou shalt be brought off more than conqueror through Him that hath loved thee.*

HINTS ON FAILING EYE-SIGHT.

WHEN the sight is beginning to fail, the eyes should be favoured as much as possible. This can be done,—

1. By sitting in such a position as will allow the light to fall upon the page, or sewing, obliquely over the shoulder.

2. By using the eyes as little as possible by any artificial light, or before sunrise, or after sunset.

3. By avoiding the special use of them in the morning before breakfast.

4. By resting them for half a moment, or so, while sewing, or examining small objects; by looking at things at a distance, or in the sky; relief is immediately felt.

5. Never pick any collected matter from the eyelashes, or corners of the eyes, with the finger-nails; rather moisten it with the saliva, and rub it away with the ball of the finger.

6. Frequently pass the balls of the fingers over the closed eyelids towards the nose: this carries off an excess of water into the nose itself, by means of the little canal which leads into the nostrils from each inner corner of the eye.

7. Keep the feet always dry and warm.

8. Use eye-glasses, at first, carried in the vest pocket, attached to a guard, for they are instantly adjusted with very little trouble; whereas, if common spectacles are

used, such a process is required to get them ready, that, to save the trouble, the eyes are often strained to answer the purpose without them.

9. Wash them abundantly every morning. If cold water be used, let it be gently flapped against them with the fingers of the right hand. But it would seem a better plan to open the eyes in pure, blood-warm water: it dissolves more readily any hardened matter that may be about the lids, and is more soothing and more natural.

10. The moment the eyes feel tired, or you are conscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or needle, and take a walk for an hour, or employ yourself in some other active exercise.—*Hall's "Journal of Health."*

THE RACE, THE FIGHT, AND THE VOYAGE.

"So run that ye may obtain."

CHRISTIAN, run! the race is glorious,
And the judgment-bar in view;
Run, for thou shalt be victorious,
And receive the winner's due:
Run as if for very life,—
Heaven's for you!

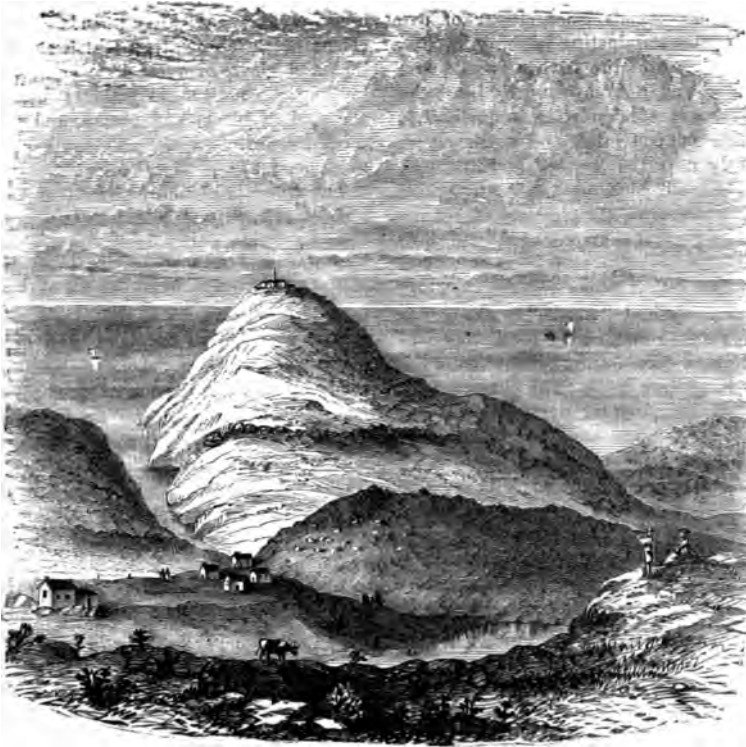
Christian, fight! the warfare's stern,
But the King Himself's engaged;
From your Chief a lesson learn,
How the warfare should be waged:
Fight, as if for very life,—
Powerful is the foe, enraged!

Christian, watch! the storm is howling,
And the mountain waves arise,
While the thunder-clouds, appalling,
Darken the dense midnight skies,
While the foe is drawing onward,
Let not slumber seal thine eyes!

Christian, hope! till strife is ended,
Never to oppress thee more;
Then by angel-guards attended,
And proclaim'd a conqueror,
Thou shalt wear a victor's crown;—
Race, and fight, and voyage done!

E. F.

* "The Soldier of the Cross." By the Rev. James Yeames.



(View of Rona.)

SHETLAND.

THE isles of Shetland are the most remote and northerly group of islands incorporated under the name of Great Britain. They are situated about a hundred and fifty miles from the nearest part of the Aberdeen coast, and are nearly a hundred miles beyond the centre of the Orkneys. The whole group consists of more than one hundred islands, ialets, "holms," and "skerries," about thirty of which are inhabited: the others are either small, verdant isles, in which cattle and sheep are pastured, or sterile masses of rock. The population, in 1861, was 31,670. The whole area of the group is 598,726 square acres; of which Mainland, in the south-west, comprises about half. Lerwick and Scalloway are the only towns in the group; the former containing between

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three and four thousand inhabitants, the latter not more than five hundred. Mainland is about sixty miles in length; but its breadth is very unequal, varying, generally, from three to ten miles: in one part it is twenty-four miles across, and, in another, only a hundred yards. Its coasts are singularly irregular and broken, being indented with innumerable arms of the sea, or deep bays, provincially called "voes." These intersect the interior of the island in such a manner that a traveller cannot find himself, at any one point, more than three miles from some one or other of them, or from the open sea. The next largest island is Yell, being about twenty miles in length, and six in breadth. Unst is eleven miles long, and six broad.

The general appearance of the Shetlands, as seen from the sea, is a lumpy and unvarying line of abrupt coast.

Foula, however, is distinguished from the other islands by a cluster of five lofty hills, terminating in pointed cones. The surface of the islands is wild and rugged, and not unfrequently bears the appearance of desolation and sterility. Tracts of cultivated and fertile land, mostly near the "voes" and the sea-coasts, with rich pastures and bright green meadows, are pleasing exceptions to this general character of the country; and the majestic cliffs and towering headlands, that frown over the dark and stormy seas and "rousts," as the turbulent surges raised by the conflicting currents and torrents that sweep round the headlands are called; the numerous detached and singular pyramids of rock, that rise to a great elevation along several parts of the coast; and the opening of innumerable dark and lofty caverns in the cliffs and precipices,—some of great beauty, and others of gloomy grandeur,—are, either separately or grouped together, very magnificent and picturesque features.

The tides, which partly occasion the "rousts" off the headlands, are also remarkable for their unequal flow at different parts of the islands, and in opposite or various directions at the same period of time,—a phenomenon occasioned, probably, by the direction which they receive from the position of the channels, or "sounds," between the islands, and the projection of the headlands and angular turnings of the sea-coast.

The agriculture and rural economy of the Shetland Isles are conducted in a primitive and rude manner. The culture of the soil is secondary to the prosecution of the valuable fisheries in the neighbourhood. Tenants have no leases; which, if granted on reasonable terms, would stimulate them to exertions in tilling and improving the land. The climate, moreover, is so humid and precarious, that, although the soil of the arable land is in several places very good, only the hardiest and most common descriptions of barley and oats are cultivated. The horses, cows, and sheep in these islands are of very small breeds. Three hundredweight may be said to be about the weight of an ordinary Shet-

land cow; while the carcase of a sheep only weighs about thirty pounds. The colour of their wool, from which stockings and gloves of a fine description are knit by the natives, is various; being white, dun, black, and brown, and all these colours often blended together in one animal.

The fisheries of the Shetlanders are their most important branch of industry, and the staple source of their wealth. The ling and tusk fishery, in the open sea, is the most hazardous; and, together with the cod fishery, contributes more to the prosperity of Shetland than any other. The herring fishery is also prosecuted, but not with the same success as in the Orkneys and on the coast of Scotland. Whole herds of a species of whale, here known as "bottle-noses," which approach the coast in the pursuit of herrings, are occasionally captured, and supply the natives annually with oil of a fine quality.

The great number and variety of sea-fowl that frequent the islands render the ornithology of the district an interesting study. The sea-eagle—here called "bonxie," or "scua-gull"—rears its young in the high hills of Foula and other elevated places. The great owl, provincially "katogle;" the arctic or parasitic gull; the cormorant; gull-mots; lyres, or shearwaters; terns; sea-hawks; and a vast variety of similar birds,—are all common to the country.

In the high latitude of Shetland, the light of day, at midsummer, never totally disappears, and the lingering rays of the preceding day mingle with the dawn of the morrow. During the winter, the nights are proportionally long and dreary; and in the month of December the sun is not above the horizon more than five hours and twenty minutes.

The history of this district is an interesting one. Antiquaries have long disputed whether the ancient Romans saw the Shetland Isles when they circumnavigated Britain; and much learning has been advanced to connect the *Thule* of Tacitus with Shetland. The prevailing belief now is, that *Thule* is a corruption of, or intended for, *Foula*; the only one of the isles which, from the altitude of its hills, and its situation

position, can be seen from the seas immediately to the north of Orkney. In the ninth century, Shetland and Orkney became subject to Norway. About the year 1380, a Scottish nobleman obtained the earldom of Orkney from the King of Denmark and Norway, in whose family it continued for a century. In 1469, James III. of Scotland married Margaret, the daughter of Christian, King of Denmark, and with her was to receive a dowry, or marriage portion, of sixty thousand florins. It was agreed that ten thousand florins should be then paid, and that the Orkney Islands should remain mortgaged in the possession of the Scottish king till the payment of the remainder. The Danish king, however, paid only two thousand florins, and for the remaining eight thousand he further mortgaged the Shetland Isles, which, along with Orkney, (as no part of the money was ever paid,) have been, since that time, attached to the kingdom of Scotland.

Mount Ronaldi, called by the natives "Rona," is situated in the parish of Northmavin, on Mainland, and is two thousand feet above the sea. It is a mass of red granite. No trees grow upon it; and in many parts it is altogether without vegetation, being as smooth as slab-stones. From the top the whole of Mainland is seen, with many other islands of the group; so that it serves as a landmark for the fishermen who spend so much time on the deep in this stormy region. On the crags overlooking the broad Atlantic, the eagle here builds her nest; and myriads of sea-fowl find in its fastnesses a congenial home. A Missionary, who spent a night on Mount Ronaldi, the hard rock his bed, and the sky his canopy, has described it in verse:—

"Hoary is Rona's head with years,
And moss-bound is the craggy steep,
Whilst round his base the oarsman steers,
And to his feet the torrents leap.

"What, though no verdant, clustering trees,
Like children, hang around his form,
He scorns embellishments like these,
Too weakly for the northern storm.

"His crags are for the sea-mew's brood,
His cliffs are for the eagle's young,
Where Nature, in her sterner mood,
O'er granite wilds a charm hath flung.

"Yet Rona is to Thule more
Than vine-clad hills: the fisher's skiff,
That storms have driven far from shore,
Steers homeward by his towering cliff.

"What cares he, then, for softer hills,
Where verdure crowns the lofty steep?
Stern Rona all his need fulfils,—
His guide, his song, upon the deep."

Shetland has long been the scene of devoted labour on the part of Wesleyan Methodism. The number in Society, at present, in various islands, is nearly two thousand. There are six resident Ministers, whose hands need to be strengthened, amidst a people who, with every willingness to work, have comparatively few resources of their own.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S IMPRISONMENT IN THE TOWER.

WHEN it was found that the captive Princess required air and exercise, she was, as a special favour, allowed to walk in a little garden enclosed with high palings; but "the other prisoners were strictly enjoined not to look in that direction while Her Grace remained therein."

The powerful interest that was excited for the Princess, at this fearful crisis of her history, may be conjectured by the lively sympathy manifested towards her by the children of the officers and servants of the royal fortress, who used to bring her offerings of sweet flowers. One of these tender little ones was the child of Martin, keeper of the queen's robes; another was little Susanna, a child of three years old; another little girl, quite an infant, having found a bunch of keys, carried them to the Princess while she walked in the garden, and innocently told her "she had brought her the keys, so now she could unlock the gates, if she pleased, and go abroad."

Elizabeth was all her life remarkably fond of children; and her natural affection for them was, perhaps, increased by these artless traits of generous sympathy exhibited towards her by her infant companions in the Tower. How jealous a watch was kept upon her and them may be surmised from the following passage in one of Renaud's letters to the Emperor Charles V.:—"It is asserted," says Renaud, "that one Courtenay has

sent his regards to the Lady Elizabeth by a child of five years old, who is in the Tower,—the little son of one of the soldiers there." This passage authenticates the incident related in the life of Elizabeth, in Fox's Appendix, where we are told that "at the hour she was accustomed to walk in the Tower garden, there usually repaired unto her a little boy about four years old, the child of one of the people of the Tower, in whose pretty prattling she took great pleasure. He was accustomed to bring her flowers, and to receive at her royal hands such trifles as commonly please children of his age, which bred a great suspicion in the chancellor, (then Dr. Heath, Archbishop of Canterbury,) that by this child letters were exchanged between the Princess Elizabeth and Courtenay; and so thoroughly was the matter sifted, that the innocent infant was examined by the lords of Queen Mary's council, and plied with alternate promise of rewards, if he would tell the truth and confess who sent him to the Lady Elizabeth with letters, and to whom he carried tokens from her, and threats of punishment if he persisted in denying it. Nothing, however, could be extracted from the child. He was dismissed with threats; and his father, who was severely reprimanded, was enjoined not to suffer his boy to resort any more to Her Grace; which, nevertheless, the child attempted the very next day to do; but, finding the door locked, he peeped through the keyhole, and seeing the Princess walking there as usual, he called to Her Grace,—'Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now!'"

Holinshed has preserved a rude couplet written by Elizabeth with a diamond on a pane of glass in the window of the chamber in the gatehouse at Woodstock, in which she was so strictly guarded by her jealous, papistical sister, Mary,—

"Much suspected—of me
Nothing proved can be,—
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

R. R. T.

THINKING AND WRITING.

SOME writers—even on subjects the most abstruse—write so as to be understood by others: firstly, because

they understand themselves; and, secondly, because they withhold nothing from the reader, but give him all that they themselves possess. Clear ideas are much more likely to produce clear expressions than clear expressions are to call out clear ideas; but, to minds of the highest order, these two things are, reciprocally to each other, both cause and effect. The boldest political writer of the last century was once asked by a friend of his, a brother author, how it happened that whatever came from his pen excited so great a sensation, and was instantly read by so many; "whereas," added his friend, "when I write anything, no such effects are discernible."

"Sir," said the former, in reply, "if I were to take a shoe, and cut it longitudinally into two equal parts, and then show one of the parts so cut to a savage, and ask him what it was intended for, he would twist it and turn it about in all directions, and presently hand it back again to me, saying he was quite puzzled, and could not say for what it was meant; but if I were to show the same savage the whole shoe, instead of the half of one, he would instantly reply that it was meant for the foot. And this is the difference between you and me. You show people half the truth, and nobody knows what it is meant for; but I show them the whole of the truth, and then everybody knows that it is meant for the head."

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

IX.

(Continued.)

Lycidas. Did you see that daring manoeuvre? I thought that the vessel would certainly have run aground.

Penseroso. It was a bold venture, not to be repeated. Two yards to spare are as good as two thousand, if you can be sure of the two yards. The captain must be like Dryden's Shaftesbury,—

"A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves ran high,
He loved the storms; but, for a calm unst,
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit."

L. Wall, we were speaking of Paul

I suppose that there is not in Church history any parallel to his rapture.

P. Be that as it may, many extraordinary things have occurred since Paul laid aside his well-used shield; and some of these have been recorded. Yet the record will not secure them a reception so general as that conceded to St. Paul's account.

L. Why not, if it is true?

P. Because Paul has something more than truth to stand upon,—a huge pedestal of fame. Besides, he speaks as from "the chair," which, if it does not secure credence, secures respect. Above all, he is really, and by consent, *inspired*; and, though even inspiration cannot make truth any truer, it makes it more *credible*. If our friend, honest Peter, were to experience exactly what Paul experienced, would he, if he tried, be able to convince the Church of the fact?

L. No.

P. So I think; for, when Heaven chooses to work occultly, and leaves it to our own good sense to judge of its doings, the work is by many sure to be misjudged. We are so full of wisdom, that Heaven itself can scarcely do right: we say that John "hath a devil," and that Christ is "a wine-bibber!"

L. Whence arises this endless misinterpretation?

P. Partly from perversity, partly from prejudice, partly from conceit.

L. How does conceit lead astray?

P. A man gets hold of some tenth-rate truth, which, because it has entered *his* mind, immediately becomes a truth of the last importance. Woe to anything which even *seems* to contradict the truth in which *he* has taken an interest! Truths equally, or more, important must be dialogued, often rudely enough, that his own, his darling *crotchet*, may be introduced.

L. Ay, and introduced by head and shoulders, if not otherwise. However, as we are masters of our own convictions, let us look at one, at least, of those extraordinary cases which stand upon their own merits, or which are supported only by the character of the relaters.

P. You have heard of Flavel?

L. Who has not?

P. You may find the following account

in an old book in the library:—"He being alone in a journey, and willing to make the best improvement he could of that day's solitude, set himself to a close examination of the state of his soul, and then of the life to come, and the manner of its being and living in heaven, in the views of all those things which are now pure objects of faith and hope. After a while he perceived his thoughts begin to fix, and to come closer to these great and astonishing things than was usual; and, as his mind settled upon them, his affections began to rise with answerable liveliness and vigour. He therefore, whilst he was yet master of his own thoughts, lifted up his heart to God, in a short ejaculation, that God would so order it in His providence, that he might meet with no interruption from company, or any other accident in that journey; which was granted him: for in all that day's journey he neither met, overtook, or was overtaken by any. Thus going on his way, his thoughts began to swell, and rise higher and higher, like the waters in Ezekiel's vision, till at last they became an overflowing flood. Such was the intention of his mind, such the ravishing tastes of heavenly joys, and such the full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost the sight and sense of this world, and all the concerns thereof; and for some hours knew no more where he was than if he had been in a deep sleep upon his bed. After some time he began to perceive himself very faint, and almost choked with blood, which, running in abundance from his nose, had discoloured his clothes, and his horse from the shoulder to the hoof. He found himself almost spent, and nature to faint under the pressure of joy unspeakable and unsupportable. And, at last, perceiving a spring of water in his way, he with some difficulty alighted to cleanse and cool his face and hands, which were drenched in blood, sweat, and tears. By that spring he sat down and washed, earnestly desiring, if it were the pleasure of God, that it might be his parting place from this world. He said, Death had the most amiable face, in his eye, that he ever beheld, except the face of Jesus Christ, which made it so; and that he could not remember, though he believed he should

die there, that he had one thought of his dear wife or children, or any other earthly concernment. But, having drunk of that spring, his spirit revived, the blood stanch'd, and he mounted his horse again; and on he went, in the same frame of spirit, till he had finished a journey of near thirty miles, and came at night to his inn; where, being come, he greatly admired how he came thither; and that he fell not all that day, which passed not without several trances of considerable continuance. Being alighted, the innkeeper came to him with some astonishment, having been acquainted with him formerly: 'O, Sir,' said he, 'what's the matter with you? You look like a dead man.' 'Friend,' replied he, 'I was never better in my life. Show me my chamber; cause my cloak to be cleansed; burn me a little wine; and that is all I desire of you at present.' Accordingly it was done, and a supper sent up, which he could not touch; but requested of the people they would not trouble or disturb him for that night. All this night passed without one wink of sleep, though he had never a sweeter night's rest in his life. Still, still the joy of the Lord overflowed him, and he seemed to be an inhabitant of the other world. The next morning being come, he was early on horseback, fearing the diversions in the inn might bereave him of his joy; for he said it was now with him, as with a man that carries a rich treasure about him, who suspects every passenger to be a thief. But within a few hours he was sensible of the ebbing of the tide; and before night, though there was a heavenly serenity and sweet peace upon his spirit, which continued long with him, yet the transports of joy were over. He many years after called that day one of the days of heaven; and professed he understood more of the life of heaven by it, than by all the books he ever read, or discourses he ever entertained about it."

L. No wonder that he did. A simple glimpse of heaven, a single touch from the eternal Spirit, could have imparted light not otherwise to be obtained. What, then, might not Flavel learn from a day or more of such

marvellous experience? But, *Penseroso*, have not many escaped safely to a better world who were never able to point to any such overwhelming manifestations?

P. Doubtless.

L. And, of these, have not some longed for what they never in this world realized?

P. Perhaps they have: if so, there is one more argument for a future state;

"For nature never gravitates to nought."

However, there have been, and will be, even in this world, many other glorious instances of the mighty power of the Good Spirit: *will be*; for, as in the boundless variety of operations in times past some have been extraordinary, so, it is almost certain, some will be extraordinary in times to come. Even in heaven there will be the good and the better.

L. The extraordinary in heaven! Who shall touch the theme?

P. Who in his senses would? When it is shown that we have reached the lower altitudes, it will be time enough to prune our wings for the transcendent flight. One might soar high without reaching the summit of the holy hill.

L. Milton soars well, as he says himself:—

"Led by thee,
Up to the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
And drawn empyreal air."

P. So the Duchess of Orleans seemed to have sat outside the gate, and to have breathed the air of heaven.—One may be too fearful of enthusiasm. There must be some way of reconciling sobriety with earnestness:—

"If now Thy influence I feel,
If now in Thee begin to live,
Still to my heart Thyself reveal;
Give me Thyself, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

"Eager for Thee I ask and pant;
So strong the principle Divine,
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallow'd soul is Thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in Thine immensity!"

L. Why, that includes the experience of a thousand Flavels! What liberty

veteran, what hoary-headed divine, wrote the words ?

P. I believe they were written by a young man of thirty, or thereabouts.

L. I consider it a great shame of him !

P. No doubt you have a meaning.

L. I consider it a shame of the strippling to have beaten at once so many poets and theologians on their own ground.

P. Ay, and a great shame for a monk to reform the Church ; " but God hath chosen "—— You know the text.

L. I do ; and I shall not soon forget the couplet :—

" PLUNGED IN THE GODHEAD'S DEEPEST SEA,
AND LOST IN THINE IMMENSITY ! "

THE INVITATION.

" Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

" Come unto Me,"

Ye who are wearied with the chase
Of happiness in Error's maze,
Who fain would now your steps retrace ;
Fix on My cross your steadfast gaze,

" And I will give you rest."

" Come unto Me,"

Ye drooping, downcast souls, whose
tears

Fall fast o'er past and wasted years ;
Though scarce a ray of hope appears,
Yet come to Me, with all your fears,

" And I will give you rest."

" Come unto Me,"

Thou toiling, weary pilgrim lone,
Treading a path with thorns o'ergrown,
Unheeded, and almost unknown ;

" Come unto Me," thou lonely one,

" And I will give thee rest."

" Come unto Me,"

Thou who doth clasp, with breaking
heart,
Some darling friend, struck by Death's
dart,

To whom thou canst no aid impart ;
Come, with thy raft and bleeding heart,

" And I will give thee rest."

" Come unto Me,"

Whate'er your sin, or want, or woe ;

Come, where the living waters flow ;

Life, riches, comfort, they bestow :

Come, at My feet your burden throw,

" And I will give you rest."

" Come unto Me,"—

No longer pine in sin and grief,

When I would fain afford relief ;

O, linger not in unbelief !

Come, though of sinners you are chief,

" And I will give you rest."

Bagtslate, near Rochdale.

SONNET.

(Psalm lxxxii. 13, 16.)

HADST thou implicitly obeyed My voice,
When I entreated thee to seek My

face,

And form'd, by grace, a fixed, unwaver-
ing choice

To follow Me in all My holy ways ;

Enriched with special tokens of My
grace,

That make the consecrated heart rejoice

With joy that prompts unutterable
praise,

I would have fed thee with the finest
wheat :

And, lest the living bread should not
suffice,

My loving-kindness would have made
thee eat

Of virgin-honey from the cloven Rock.

Wilt thou at length My true disciple
be,

And ope thine heart whilst yet I gently
knock,

That I may sup with thee, and thou
with Me ? T. C.

CANINE SAGACITY.

A GENTLEMAN, one of the survivors of the ill-fated steamer, " Anglo-Saxon," gives the following narrative of the escape of one of the boats through the pilotage of two Newfoundland dogs :—

The last time I saw Captain Burgess, [the commander of the " Anglo-Saxon,"] he was assisting to lower the small boat, in which were embarked twenty-two men, one lady, and myself. We left without food, compass, or raft—

cient clothing. We were driven about in a fog all day, not knowing whither we were drifting. Toward eve, however, we espied a cliff of Belle Isle, when we steered toward Cape Race. Approaching the shore, we saw a man carrying a gun, accompanied by two large Newfoundland dogs. He evidently saw us, and made a signal for us to approach the shore cautiously. We followed his course for some time, till he was hid from us by a large cliff, which it was impossible he could descend.

The two dogs, however, soon appeared, descending this dangerous headland; and, upon reaching the water, dashed precipitately into the sea, howling dreadfully. Having swum out close to the boat, they then turned to the shore, keeping a little distance from us, indicating that we were to follow them. Our singular pilots seemed to understand the danger of our position; and we did not deviate from the course they were leading us without a loud howl being uttered by them. At last we arrived in a natural creek, where safe landing was effected. No other similar creek was to be seen, and we could not but wonder at the sagacity displayed by these dumb animals. No doubt our preservation was, in a great measure, attributable to these noble dogs. An alarm having been raised, a rope was let down by a pulley; and we were taken up the cliff, which is one hundred and fifty feet in height. We were shortly after enabled to reach the lighthouse, where every attention was paid us.

BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Isaiah lxii. 10.)

"A WHOLE class of biblical figures," says Dr. Thomson, "rests on the state of things in Syria. Isaiah says, 'Prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones.' And not only do modern ways prove the need of such preparation, but modern customs show how, when, and why it is done. When Ibrahim Pasha proposed to visit certain places on Lebanon, the emeers and sheikhs sent forth a general proclamation, somewhat in the

style of Isaiah's exhortation, to all the inhabitants, to assemble along the proposed route, and *prepare the way before him*. This was also done in 1845 on a grand scale, when the Sultan visited Brusa; the stones were gathered out; crooked places straightened, and rough ones made smooth and level. And I had the benefit of their labour in my visit shortly after. From such customs comes the exhortation of John the Baptist, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight;' or the prophet's, 'Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.' 'Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain,' or smooth. The command to 'gather out the stones' is peculiarly appropriate here, as the farmers of the country do the exact reverse: they gather up the stones out of their own fields and cast them on the highway; and it is this barbarous custom which, in many places, renders the paths not only very uncomfortable, but often highly dangerous.

"I have been," he continues, in his Journal, "all this morning in exquisite sympathy with Job, David, Jeremiah, and other prophets and poets, who complain of 'narrow' paths. Ours has been often but a foot wide,—of hard, smooth rock, with a yawning gorge beneath,—and a dozen 'slippery places' have impressed themselves on my memory. Jeremiah (xxiii. 12) speaks of 'slippery ways in the darkness,' an aggravation of the danger. In 1834 I found myself amongst mountain-paths, in a dark night, a fog having settled down upon us: my guides quite lost their way; and, after wandering and slipping in great danger for hours, we had to lie down on the bare rock and wait for daylight. At such times how keenly we can appreciate the promises of preservation from *sliding and falling*,—to slide and fall being often certain destruction. No threatening against 'the workers of iniquity' is more terrible than that 'their feet are set in slippery places,' where 'their foot shall slide in due time.' One needs a steady eye and quiet nerves to ride along the edge of yawning chasms, and listen calmly to the clatter of the

iron hoofs upon the smooth rock. I generally dismount, and walk."

"I was delighted," says our author, "with a sight on the plains of Bethlehem, to-day; the reapers were cutting barley, and after every company of them, came the women and children gleaning, as Ruth did in the fields of Boaz. In the evening you may see them sit on the roadside, beating out with a stick what they have gathered. The whole scene of Ruth and Boaz seems to be enacted to-day with little variation. The salutations between the proprietor and his labourers are no exaggeration of modern politeness in the East. 'The Lord be with you' is merely the *Allah m'akum* of ordinary parlance; and so also the response, 'The Lord bless thee.' The season of reaping is protracted, as of old, through several weeks. The rudeness of the reapers, often strangers, is still the same: Ruth was to stay by his own servants. The meals, too, are in keeping,—the dipping in the vinegar and the parched corn. Harvest is the time for the 'parched corn.' It is made thus: A quantity of the best ears of unripe maize, plucked with their stalks, tied into little bundles; a blazing fire kindled with dry grass and thorns, and the corn-heads held in it till the chaff is nearly burnt off; the grain is thus roasted enough to be eaten, and is a favourite article of food all through the country at harvest. When travelling at this season my muleteers have often prepared parched corn in this way, in the evenings, after the tents were pitched. Nor is the gathering of green ears for this purpose ever looked on as at all dishonest. After being roasted, it is rubbed in the hands, and eaten at pleasure. This 'parched corn' is often referred to in the Bible. We have often seen the summer threshing-floors open, and the owners sleeping in them to take care of their corn.

"The 'pulling off the shoe' of the man who refused to marry his brother's widow, is provided for in Deut. xxv. 7—10; 'And his name shall be called in Israel, The house of him that hath his shoe loosed.' There is an Arabian proverb, which probably owes its origin to *Moses's law on this subject*. When an

Arab divorces his wife, he says of her, 'she has my *babji*, [slipper,] and I cast her off.' In both the law and the proverb, the *babji* represents 'the woman and her matrimonial claims.' It is one thing, however, for a man to cast off his slipper in disgust, and quite another to have it plucked off in scorn and contempt by the rejected and insulted woman; especially if she should spit in his face, and fasten upon him the Jewish *sobriquet*, or nickname, *Beit khabatz hanaal*, 'The house of him whose shoe is loosed.' It is not a very complimentary proverb to the women, but it is eminently Arabic; and it is a deplorable fact that women and their rights can be kicked off, like a worn-out *babji*, at the caprice of her heartless lord and tyrant."

DR. COKE:

A REMINISCENCE.

DR. COKE was travelling once in what was then a wilderness part of America. At that time there were few bridges; but to swim streams was a small feat with the hardy pioneers of Methodism and their well-trained steeds. A river lay in his course; and he endeavoured, by a direct route, to cross it at the ford, but missed the place. Impatient to proceed, he patted the neck of his horse, and plunged into the flood. The water was deep; and the horse, becoming alarmed, began to struggle and sink, to the imminent peril of his rider. The doctor, extricating his feet from his stirrups, seized on an overhanging bough, and, after being thoroughly drenched, reached the shore, to which the affrighted animal had also returned.

He remained in the forest till he had dried his clothes in the sun, and then mounted to return. On the road he met a man, who directed him to the nearest village, and gave him the address of a kind family, where he might expect to be hospitably entertained as an ambassador of God. The Doctor, as usual, gave him a hearty word of exhortation, and rode on, wearied with the fatigues of the day, but happy in the expectation of a cordial reception and comfortable rest in the neighbouring hamlet.

Early in the evening he arrived at the village, and was received with all kindness by the good lady of the house to which he had been directed. The table was spread with a bountiful meal; and, after his usual domestic service, which consisted of an appropriate exhortation, beside the Scripture lesson and prayer, he retired to rest, thankful to God for so comfortable a conclusion to the trials of the day. The next morning he took an early leave of the family, addressing to each some spiritual counsel, and leaving behind a single tract; for, at that day, these convenient little vehicles of truth were rare and precious, and the few who distributed them were obliged to be sparing of them.

The Doctor returned to England, visited Ireland and the West Indies; traversing, as usual, land and sea in the cause of his Master. After five years had passed away, he was again on the American continent. On his way to one of the Conferences he overtook a number of preachers who were journeying thither. They all hailed their old friend and bishop with hearty congratulations; but one young man who accompanied them was deeply affected at the unexpected meeting, and was observed to wipe the tears from his eyes. When they had ridden several miles, the young man contrived to get by the side of the Doctor; and, on inquiring if he recollected being in a certain part of America about five years ago, he answered in the affirmative.

"And do you recollect, Sir, being nearly drowned in trying to cross a river?"

"I remember it quite well."

"And do you remember spending the night at the cottage of a widow lady in such a village?"

"Indeed, I do," said the Doctor; "and I shall not soon forget the kindness shown me by that excellent family."

"And do you remember that you presented a tract to the lady when you departed the next morning?"

"I do not recall that," replied the Doctor; "but, as I do so often, it is quite possible I did so then."

"Well, Sir, you did leave there a tract, which that lady still keeps; and,

if you ever pass through the village again, you can see it: but no money can purchase it from her. She read it; and the Lord made it the instrument of her conversion. A number of her children and neighbours have also been converted through its instrumentality; and there is now, in the village, a prosperous Society."

"God be praised!" exclaimed the Doctor; and the tears gushed in a flood from his eyes.

The young man, weeping also, proceeded:—

"I have not quite reported all yet. I am one of the sons of that widow, and I shall ever bless God for that tract; for, by reading it, my feet were directed in the way to heaven, and I am now going to Conference to be proposed as a travelling preacher. My saddle-bags are half full of tracts; and I shall ever carry them with me, and scatter them in my course."

Reader, though you may consider yourself the feeblest child of God, here is a potent means of good which you can use daily. Have you small talents? Can you not speak with readiness for your Lord? Then carry with you these little messages of truth. Let them speak in your stead. You may thus scatter seed that may bring forth fruit, "some an hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty."

MIRACLES OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

OUR Saviour always acknowledged the justice of the value which the Jews attached to miracles, as the appropriate evidence of His being indeed "a Teacher sent from God." "Though ye believe not Me," He said, "believe the works." "If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin." He expressly promised that the same seal should be set to the teaching of His Apostles, and the promise was fulfilled: "God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost."

By a very remarkable revolution of

thought, attendant on the progress of science in our own time, the Gospel miracles have come to be regarded in many minds as hindrances instead of helps to belief, putting a strain upon faith rather than laying a basis for faith. "In nothing has the change of feeling, during the last century, been more violent than in the popular estimation of miracles. At the beginning they were singled out as the master-proof of the Christian faith; now they are kept back as difficulties in the way of its reception."* Before inquiring into the causes and the reasonableness or unreasonableness of this remarkable change of opinion, it will be well to glance at one or two points of contrast between the miracles of our Saviour and those of the Old Testament.

None of our Lord's miracles were simply *signs*, answering no further purpose than the evidence they furnished. Such miracles as the burning bush, the rod changed to a serpent, the budding almond-rod, the shadow on the dial, the fingers on the wall, have no counterparts among the works of Christ. The nearest resemblance to them in the New Testament is in the darkening of the sun and the rending of the temple-veil at the crucifixion. Jesus wrought no miracle *merely* as a miracle, but always with some practical, immediate purpose. When the Pharisees demanded "a sign from Heaven," He replied that no sign should be given, and referred them to the great crowning miracle of the Resurrection, as the final and unanswerable witness of the truth of His word.

Others, again, among the most stupendous of the Old-Testament miracles, were *miracles of destruction*,—as the overthrow of Sodom, the plagues of Egypt, the destruction of Korah and his accomplices, the calling down of fire from heaven by Elijah. The miracles of Jesus were wrought, "not to destroy men's lives, but to save them,"—to succour, to heal, and to bless. Once, indeed, He uttered a curse, but it was not on His enemies, but on a barren wayside tree, belonging to no one, and of no use to

any one: and next morning the blasted trunk and withered leaves presented a fearful symbol of the doom of sloth, unthankfulness, and unprofitableness. The destruction of the swine in the Lake of Galilee arose out of one of His miracles of healing mercy, but was no act of His: He simply permitted it, as God permits the existence of so much evil, moral and physical, for reasons undoubtedly wise and good, though, for the most part, hidden from us. The end and aim of Christ's miracles were invariably to lessen human suffering and sorrow. They illustrate His character as strikingly as they reveal His power. All that He did was *like Himself*. The grand idea which His miracles conspire to leave on our minds is that of boundless power wielded by perfect love.

The great, crowning miracle of the resurrection of Jesus occupies ground peculiar to itself. It differs from miracles generally, as the proof from experiment differs from the proof by argument. The evidence furnished by other miracles is indirect, depending on these two self-evident assumptions,—that a miracle is a Divine testimony, and that it is impossible for God to bear witness to a lie. But the resurrection of Christ constitutes a direct, plain, unanswerable proof of that doctrine and fact on which Christianity hinges,—the existence of the life after death. No more certain proof of another life could be asked or conceived than this,—that One should actually die in so public and indubitable a manner as to leave no possibility of doubt that death had taken place; should be publicly buried; and then, after a lapse of two or three days, should rise from the grave, His body still scarred with the wounds received on the cross, and again familiarly converse with His friends. Since that first Easter morning, the life beyond the grave has ceased to be mere matter of faith, and become matter of knowledge, unanswerably demonstrated by experiment. By the resurrection from the dead, not only (as by the miracles wrought in His lifetime) was Jesus "declared to be the Son of God with power;" but also He "hath abolished death,"—till then the dim barrier of

* Westcott's "Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles," p. 4.

human knowledge,—“and hath brought life and immortality to light.”—*Evangelical Magazine*.

HUGUENOT ANECDOTES.

THERE is nothing in history to compare in interest with the sufferings of the Huguenots; and yet, except from private sources, family traditions, &c., there is little record of the Lord's wonderful doings with this persecuted, but not destroyed, remnant of French Protestantism. The French government have taken good care to destroy all documents, as well as to confiscate all property, belonging to them; and Roman Catholics of station, learning, and refinement are found now to deny that the massacre of St. Bartholomew ever took place at all, though it is commemorated by a medal struck at Rome, and largely extant. Lately, the Rev. Dr. Agnew, of Wigton, N.B., has published a most interesting account of the refugees in Great Britain and Ireland, chiefly drawn from private sources; and some of the anecdotes are most touching. Should such times come again, may we prove ourselves worthy of our godly ancestry, who rose up, left all, and followed Him, not knowing whither they went!

“I believe,” says the Rev. Philip Skelton, “you will be as much pleased as I was with the behaviour of a French gentlewoman brought from Bordeaux to Portsmouth by a sea-captain of my acquaintance. This excellent woman, having found means to turn her fortune (which was considerable) into jewels, was, in the night, conveyed on board the ship of my friend, with all she was worth in a small casket. Never was the mind of a human creature so racked with fears and anxieties till the ship was under sail. But she no sooner saw herself disengaged from the country which she loved best, and where she had left all her relatives, than her spirits began to rise, and discover that kind of joy which others, after a long absence, testify on their approach to the place of their nativity. This pleasing sensation

gave signs of gradual increase as she drew nearer and nearer to the place she had chosen for her banishment. The moment she landed, she threw herself on her face on the ground; and, without the least regard to the foulness of the spot, or the remarks of those who saw her,—kissing the ground, and grappling it with her hands,—blessed the land of liberty, and cried, ‘Have I at last attained my wishes? Yes, gracious God!’—raising herself to her knees, and spreading her hands to heaven,—‘I thank THEE for this deliverance from a tyranny exercised over my conscience, and for placing me where Thou alone art to reign over it by Thy Word, till I shall find a grave in this beloved soil.’”

“A Huguenot wife reached England. The husband, who had, to avoid suspicion, taken a different road, was captured, and consigned to a French prison. His cell had an iron floor, which was heated from beneath till it was red-hot, whenever the attempt to torture him out of his religion was resorted to. He became a cripple, and was at length dismissed, to go about the town on crutches. He had no means of corresponding with his wife, and knew not whether she was safe, or even alive. But at last he found his way to London, and startled the passers-by by inquiring if they knew where Louise, his wife, was. Some one at length thought of directing him to a coffee-house near Soho-square, kept by a French refugee, and resorted to by Huguenots; but even there he could get no information. A pedler, overhearing all that was said in the coffee-room, silently resolved, like a good man as he was, to inquire for the poor stranger's wife in every town where French settlers were to be found. At length, at Canterbury, his inquiries were successful, and Louise, who was there, and living by her needlework, lost no time in starting for London. Reduced to the lowest poverty, and utterly despairing of ever seeing his beloved wife again, the poor man was found. It may well be supposed what a joyful meeting it was on both sides, though poor Louise's tears flowed fast at the tokens of agonizing and protracted suffering visible on the

and long-lost companion of her ; who had been endowed by the love with such noble fortitude and constancy in keeping the faith. At last she buried the faithful wife affectionately and thankfully nursed and maintained her crippled husband for the remainder of his life."

The mother, having fled to a seaport, arranged for the passage of herself and her children to England, and sent her servant back for a girl of sixteen and two boys, aged six and four.

The father had been captured, and was detained, not always in prison, but under such restraint that he was unable to rejoin his family. The mother dressed herself as a peasant, and placed her two little brothers in panniers, which were swung over the back of a donkey. She covered the donkey over with fruit and vegetables, and put a basket of poultry on the top. The little boys were straitly charged not to move, or cry out, no matter what happened on the road. The servant, dressed as a farmer, rode on horseback, leading in advance as a stranger, but keeping the little party in sight. They travelled by night; but, as the journey was long and time precious, a part of it was to be taken in daylight. Suddenly a party of dragoons came in sight. They stopped, fixed their eyes on the young mother and then on the panniers. "What is this?" they cried; and, without giving her time for reply, one of them thrust his hand into the pannier where the younger brother was hid. No cry, no movement, no red. They concluded all was right, and rode off. When the soldiers were out of sight, the sister hastened to open the pannier. The dear child lifted his arms to her streaming with blood and showed a severe cut! But the noble infant understood that if he cried his sister and he would suffer for it, so he bravely hid his pain in silence, doubtless helped by the God of his fathers. His loving mother bound up his wound, and nursed him on the road with the fondest care, and had the joy of seeing his life spared, and the scar would appear all his life.

The little party reached the sea in safety, and secretly embarked on a small island, where they landed in peace

in a few days. But they never saw their father again!"

And is this the popery that nominal Protestants are now fondling and pandering to? Alas! for our country, should that persecuting power ever again become dominant. O may our gracious God avert that hour! But if the dark days are to return upon us, may the God of Daniel, and of our Huguenot forefathers, help us to cry with our last breath,—"*None but Christ!*"

R. R. T.

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

AN American paper recounts an extraordinary adventure on the ice which recently befell Mr. Thompson, now Vice-President of the new Erie and Niagara Railroad, and which proved fatal to a man named Warren, a foreman under the contractors of the railroad.

It appears that, on the previous Saturday afternoon, the quantity of ice passing down the River Niagara from the lake caused the ferry-boat plying between the Black Rock and Fort Erie to suspend her trips. Mr. Thompson, who was particularly desirous of crossing, hired a boy named Bartlett to row him over, and they were joined by Mr. Warren; and, at about half-past five, the three pushed into the stream. Mr. Thompson seems to have then realized the danger to which they were exposed by the ice, and frequently recommended that they should return, but was dissuaded from doing so by Mr. Warren. They did not meet with many obstacles until they neared the American shore, close by the Erie Mills, when they were caught by the ice, wedged fast between its grinding cakes, and could neither go forward nor back. The ice then crushed the sides of the boat, so that it began rapidly to fill and sink. The three immediately leaped out upon a small cake of ice, and drew the boat up after them, as they hoped to be able to turn it over, and mount its keel, in which position they might be floated by it. They, however, did not succeed; and Mr. Thompson then attempted to bail out the boat with his cap. Before he could effect this, the ice on which they were standing was

crushed by another mass coming upon it; and they had only just time to jump into the half-filled boat. The boat then upset, plunging Mr. Thompson and Mr. Warren into the water, the boy managing to jump on a small piece of ice. Mr. Thompson sank once, and came up, when he grasped the boat, made his way to the stern, and climbed up on the keel. Here he saw his companion, Warren, sinking for the last time; drowning before his eyes, without being able to render him any assistance. By this time it had grown dark, and he could see but little about him. Presently he felt a thick cake of ice drifting past him; and thinking that, perhaps, it would afford him a better means of escape than the boat, he crawled as well as he could on to it. Hailing the boy Bartlett, he found him still afloat upon his bit of ice, one hundred or two hundred yards away, engaged in earnest prayer.

And now began the wonderful voyage of the river. To a fearful storm of freezing sleet, driven by a keen north wind, these castaways were exposed, drifting along the cold waters of the Niagara for three hours. Mr. Thompson, having lost his hat and gloves, and his clothes being frozen into the rigidity of iron armour, became incapable of motion: all that he could do was to cry for help, which, as he possessed a strong voice, he did incessantly. On they drifted beyond Black Rock and Strawberry Island, past the head of Grand Island, and steadily on towards those currents of the great cataract where no hand could save them. It was nearly nine o'clock; no answer had been made to the frantic cry for help; so that hope, for the first time, began to die in the heart of Mr. Thompson: and he called to his companion, the negro boy, and gave him a message for his wife and children, if it should be his lot to escape. Steadily they drifted down between Grand Island and the American shore, until Tonawonda was passed, and they were going by the last houses upon either shore from which help could come. But help, by God's providence, did come. The shouts were heard; lights began to move from house to house; and presently the gleam of a lantern

was reflected over the water, and the sufferers knew that boats were coming to them. Mr. Thompson, when reached, had to be rolled into the boat like a log, and the boy was nearly dead from cold; but, wonderful to relate, both recovered, and are but little worse for their extraordinary experience.

"RED POTTAGE."

IN my rambles, says a traveller, about the outskirts of Hebron, I lit upon some Ishmaelites, sitting round a large saucepan, at their dinner. As they invited me very earnestly, I sat down; and, doubling up some of their thin bread spoonwise, plunged it into their saucepan with them, and found their food very savoury indeed. It was made of that kind of red lentils which I had seen before in the market, and I can well believe it would be a tempting morsel to a wearied hunter. Our Frank children, born in this country, are extravagantly fond of this same *adis*, or "red pottage;" and I can testify that, when cooking, it sends out a grateful odour to a hungry man. I have also known hunters so utterly spent with fatigue and want of food as to feel, like Esau, that they are "about to die." It was as unlovely as unbrotherly in Jacob to take advantage of such an opportunity to deprive Esau of his birthright.

INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

BORLASE says he saw a lobster attack an oyster, which persisted in closing his shell as often as the lobster attempted to intrude within it. After many failures, the lobster took a small stone, and placed it between the shells as soon as they were separated, and then devoured the fish.—Mr. Gardener, in his "Curiosities of Natural History," states that he once watched a crab enlarging its burrow on the sand; and, about every two minutes, it came up to the surface, with a quantity of sand in its left claw, and, by a sudden jerk, threw it to the distance of about six inches. Having a few shells in his pocket, he endeavoured to throw

one of them into the hole: three of them fell near the hole, and the fourth rolled into it. Five minutes afterwards the animal made its appearance, bringing with it the shell which had gone down; and, carrying it to the distance of a foot from its burrow, there deposited it. Seeing the others lying near the mouth of the hole, it immediately carried them, one by one, to the place where the first had been deposited, and then resumed its original labour. — Gilbert White tells us of an old hunting-mare which ran on the common, and which, being taken ill, came down into the village, as it were, to implore the help of man, and died the following night in the streets. — A writer in "Fraser" relates of a hen which had hatched several broods of ducklings, that, from experience, she lost all the anxiety usually borne by these foster-mothers, by the indomitable perseverance with which the young palmipedes take to the water as soon as they are born; and quietly led them to the brink of the pond, calmly watching them as they floated on the surface, or dusting herself on the sunny bank, to wait unconcernedly their return. — Duges saw a spider which had seized a bee by the back, and effectually prevented it from taking flight; but its legs being at liberty, the bee dragged the spider along, which presently suspended it by a thread from its web, leaving it to dangle in the air till it was dead, and then it was drawn up and devoured. — An individual living in the square at St. Mark's, Venice, has been in the habit of scattering grain every day at two o'clock, previous to which hour the birds assemble in one place on the cathedral; and, as the clock strikes, they take wing, and hover round his window in small circles till he appears, and distributes a few handfuls of food. This, at all events, indicates the faculty of noting time, and may be placed on a parallel with the story of the dog which went to church regularly every Sunday at the proper hour to meet his master. — Animals are prompt at using their experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. Grant

mentions an orang-outang which, having had, when ill, some medicine administered in an egg, could never be induced to take one afterwards. Le Vaillant's monkey was extremely fond of brandy, but could not be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been applied to some it was drinking. A dog had been beaten while some musk was held to its nose, and ever after fled whenever it accidentally smelt the drug; and was so susceptible, that it was used in some physiological experiments, to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the organs of digestion, — a severe test of the dog's sense of smell, and capability of profiting by experience. Strend, of Prague, had a cat on which he wished to make some experiments with an air-pump; but, as soon as the creature felt the exhaustion of the air, it quietly placed its foot over the valve, and thus stopped the action. A dog, having great antipathy to the sound of a violin always sought to get the bow, and conceal it. — Plutarch tells a strange story of a mule, which, when laden with salt, fell into a stream; and, finding its load thereby sensibly lightened, adopted the expedient afterwards, and, whenever it crossed a stream, slipped into the water with its panniers. To cure it of the trick, the panniers were filled with sponge, under which, when fully saturated, it could barely stagger. — *Hibberd's Gardener's Magazine.*

THE LOVE OF STRIFE.

"He loveth transgression that loveth strife." (Prov. xvii. 19.) I never loved those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one. I will rather suffer a hundred than inflict one. I will suffer many ere I will complain of one, and endeavour to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior is furious; with my equal, doubtful; with my inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness. — *Bishop Hall.*

Memorials of the Departed.

ALICE TAYLOR was the daughter of John and Mary Whaley, of Hawes. Her grandmother, Isabella Whaley, of Gayle, was the first person who welcomed the Wesleyan preachers in that locality. Services were held in her house, and she continued to entertain the Ministers as long as she lived. Before her decease, she had the pleasure of seeing a neat chapel built at Gayle, and a thriving Society formed. Several of her family were brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord, and departed this life remarkably happy in the faith of the Gospel.

Sister Taylor, in very early life, had good impressions made upon her mind; but it was not until the year 1833 that she felt the importance of decision for the Lord; not so much driven by the terrors of the Divine law, as gently drawn by the cords of Divine love. She humbly and sincerely sought mercy, through Jesus Christ. It appears that a work of grace was going on in her mind gradually for some months before she could say with confidence, "My Lord and my God." After she found peace with God by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, her decision was, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God."

She received her first full ticket as a member of the Wesleyan Society in the month of December, 1833, from the Rev. William Tranter, who was then the Superintendent Minister in the Kendal Circuit, of which Hawes and Gayle were then a part; so that, at the time of her decease, she had been a member of the Wesleyan Society for more than thirty-one years.

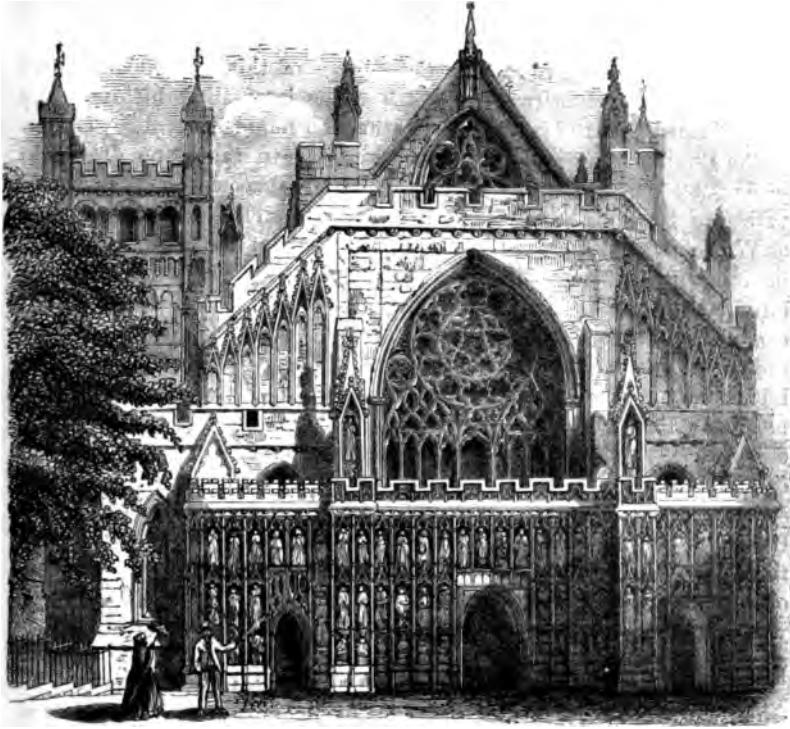
While health permitted, she was heartily engaged as a collector for the Missions, and also for the Bible Society. For some time she was useful as a Sunday-school teacher and tract-distributor; and was always ready, according to her ability, to help the infirm and afflicted poor, especially those of the household of faith.

The means of grace were precious to her, and her diligence in attendance upon them was exemplary. Conscious that she was "encompassed about with infirmity," and liable to err, she felt a constant need of the merits of the atoning blood of Christ; and her desire was to be fully the Lord's in heart and life. Though exercised with bodily affliction for several years, she never complained of her sufferings, and no murmuring escaped her lips. In all her affliction, with meekness and resignation to the Divine will, in patience she possessed her soul; often repeating the hymn,—

"How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven," &c.

Though suffering considerably at times, yet she was mercifully preserved from any very severe pain in her last hour. Not long before her departure, her husband asked if she had "quite given up the world." "O, yes!" she replied, "I have nothing now to do with it." He then asked if she had "given *Aim* up," to which she replied,—*"I am trying; but I have no doubt but we shall soon meet again in the kingdom of heaven."* On being asked if she had any fear of death, she answered, "No; she did not doubt her acceptance with God through the merits of Jesus Christ her Saviour." To one who spoke to her respecting her sickness, she said, "To die will be gain." When unable to speak distinctly, she whispered "Amen" in response to prayer, and faintly breathed the name of Jesus. After lying still for a considerable time, she gently fell asleep, and thus passed to the Church triumphant, on the 19th day of April, 1865, aged sixty-nine years.

Mrs. Taylor's first leader says,—*"She was very regular in her attendance on the means of grace, and very consistent in her daily walk as a Christian. I have spent many happy hours with her and her sisters, and hope, ere long, to join them in the new Jerusalem."*



(The West Front of Exeter Cathedral.)

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

THE ancient city of Exeter, anterior, as some say, to the Roman occupation of this country, is beautifully situated. It is built upon the extremity of a range of hills, running in a north-easterly direction, and which gently dip from Marypole-Head into the valley of the Exe, affording to the inhabitants of Exeter an extensive prospect of the woody and heather heights of Haldon in the west, and in the south a most picturesque view of the river and estuary of the Exe, with their beautiful surroundings. From the castle, on a fine day, there is such a panoramic range of hill, wood, and water, interspersed with the mansions of the rich, stretching away to the English Channel in the horizon, as few other spots in England can command.

As the stranger approaches the city, from any direction, the cathedral church of St. Peter, with its fine old Norman towers, meets his eye. As an ecclesiastical structure it is unquestionably the pride and glory of the western counties. The dimensions of the building are,—from east to west, about four hundred feet; in breadth, about eighty feet; and in height, to the vaulted roof, sixty-nine feet. Authorities say that, for chaste, correct, and uniform adherence to the best style

of English Pointed architecture, it competes with any cathedral in the kingdom.

Before we attempt a further description of this venerable pile, we will give our readers a brief sketch of its interesting history. We are informed that the Saxon King Athelstan founded the abbey church of the Blessed Mary and St. Peter, which Sweyn the Dane destroyed in August, 1003. The erection which followed seemed little to accord with the taste of Bishop Warelwast. This prelate was the nephew of William the Conqueror, and had seen much of the Continent; and, having ample means at his command, he determined to erect a building which should be an ornament to the land. But the cathedral commenced by this bishop in 1112 was considerably injured by the army of Stephen in 1136, and by a fire in 1161. Of this erection but little now remains, excepting the north and south towers, and a portion of the south wall of the nave. To Bishop Quivil, who was elevated to the episcopal chair in 1282, are we indebted for the plan of the present building; but it is rather doubtful to whom we owe its completion. Jenkins attributes it to Bishop Grandisson, and Oliver gives the honour to Bishop Brantyngham, his successor. If the former authority is to be received, it occupied eighty years in its erection; if the latter, it must have taken one hundred and twenty years. We are undoubtedly indebted to Grandisson for the larger and more beautiful portions of the edifice.

According to the fabric-rolls of the cathedral, it is constructed of stones from various quarries, the walls being built of Beer stone, and the vaulted roof and groins from the quarry at Silverton. The clustered and other columns are of Purbeck marble; and many other portions of the building are of stone from the Caen quarries. As an evidence of the value of money in those days, it may be stated that the immense supporting columns of the nave were contracted for at the rate of £10 16s. the column.

On the north side of the church is an enclosure commonly called the "Close;" which, for a thousand years or more, was the Exeter cemetery; but in this large graveyard, discontinued as such for upwards of two hundred and fifty years, not a single tombstone or inscription remains to record the name or profession of one of the vast multitude buried there. Human remains are discovered, whenever there is occasion for digging, in almost every part of the area. The "Close" was first railed out, gravelled, and planted with elms, in the year 1657. The south side of the cathedral is so crowded with buildings, that no near view of it can be taken except from the bishop's gardens.

The west front, of which we have given our readers a sketch, is formed by a façade, divided into three parts by two projecting buttresses. In the centre part is the principal entrance into the church; the other divisions have smaller doorways in them, which differ much in their architecture and decorations. The entire front is adorned

with statues, the whole number of which was originally seventy, of which sixty-eight remain. They represent the Apostles, the kings of England before and after the Conquest, together with a few of the early bishops of the diocese. By long exposure to our ever-varying climate, and through the wanton injury inflicted by the Puritan soldiery, most of the figures have long been much mutilated. Nevertheless, several of them are still to be recognized; and prominently among these the statues of Athelstan, Edward the Confessor, and King Richard II. Dr. Oliver says, "Originally this façade was painted and gilt; and, although such a style of decoration may appear to be incongruous, yet it must have proved a protection from the effects of the sea-air and the variations of our climate. . We must also admit that gold on marble was in vogue with the ancients, as the works of Phidias in the Parthenon demonstrate." Behind this screen rises the lofty and majestic front, of a pyramidal form, in the upper angle of which is a colossal statue of St. Peter, and in the central part is the great west window, measuring thirty-seven feet in height and twenty-seven in breadth. This window has been much admired by lovers of ancient architecture for the beauty of its tracery. The figures in painted glass represent St. Peter, the four Evangelists, St. Paul, and St. Andrew; together with the armorial bearings of many ancient local celebrities. It is certainly a very beautiful object.

The great eastern window was repaired and beautified by the munificence of Canon Blackburn in the year 1390. It contains several whole-length portraits of Scripture characters, saints, and royal personages. All the windows were originally ornamented with stained glass; but these beautiful specimens of art were, for the most part, broken by the soldiers in the civil wars.

By whatever door the stranger may enter the cathedral, he cannot fail to be struck with the extreme beauty of its architecture. The entrance from the west, presenting a delightful vista of columns, arches, and clerestory, and of the embowed and interlaced vaulting, is, perhaps, the most imposing. In the transept, stretching across the building, and separating the choir from the nave, is a beautifully-wrought Gothic screen, erected in the reign of James I., which is highly enriched with carving, and contains thirteen painted representations of remarkable Scripture events. This elegant screen supports the organ, which, not only for its excellent workmanship and majestic stateliness, but for its quality as an instrument, has been pronounced one of the very best in the kingdom. The choir presents a venerable and beautiful appearance. The stalls are wainscoted and enriched with appropriate carved mouldings. On the south side is the bishop's throne; and from the canopy rises a lofty pile of Gothic tracery, ending in several spires, and embellished with carvings. This was erected about the year 1470, and is esteemed the most imposing episcopal throne in Britain. Just opposite the throne is a handsome

pulpit, erected in the year 1560. The floor of the altar is ascended by a flight of three steps, of black and white marble. The altar-piece is curiously ornamented in the Gothic style. On the south side of it are three arched seats, divided by brass pillars, which support a curious piece of ancient architecture, supposed to have been executed in the reign of Edward II.

We have not space to detail the effigies of bishops, armour-plated knights with their ladies, in recumbent positions, together with the many memorials of the Devon family, and other ancient and modern local worthies of this most ancient and loyal city. But we cannot forbear an allusion to two monuments which have been recently erected,—the first, a handsome memorial on the western wall to the officers and men of the Thirty-second, or Cornwall Light Infantry, who fell in the defence of Lucknow and Cawnpore in 1857, and to the memory of those ladies and soldiers and soldiers' wives who were brutally murdered at Cawnpore. The second is a large slab on the north wall, relieved with bronze figures of two lancers on horseback, erected in 1860 by the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Ninth Queen's Royal Lancers, who served with the regiment in India, in memory of their comrades who fell there in the service of their country.

Long before the Reformation,—which, alas! too many of the reformed church are so willing to ignore,—“on certain solemn occasions, the choir of this venerable cathedral was hung with silks and tapestry, and blazed with a multitude of lamps and wax-lights, whilst a numerous clergy, in their magnificent robes, amidst clouds of fragrant incense, and peals of their tuneful organ, lifted up their voices to their Heavenly Father.” Such, undoubtedly, was the case when Grandisson assisted the Bishops of Bath and Wells, Salisbury, and St. Asaph, in consecrating the Dean of Lichfield to the see of Armagh; and when, in solemn state, the authorities at different periods received Henry VI., Edward IV., and Henry VII. But shall Protestants desire a return of these days of glittering pomp and useless ceremonial? No! And may Heaven forbid that the earnest and ceaseless efforts made to restore them, by several clergymen at present living in this city and diocese, should ever succeed!

Exeter.

T. A.

**"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL
FIND YOU OUT."**

In the battle of Zorndorff, which took place between the Russians and Prussians in the summer of 1753, a young German soldier had both his legs shattered by a grape-shot. He had been a wild, reckless youth;

and now, as he lay in the hospital, the sins of his youth set themselves in array before him, and far outweighed the pains of his body, grievous as these were. The sin which, above all others, troubled his conscience was one committed, when a schoolboy, against his master, under the following circumstances:—

In one of the high schools of Germany discipline had, for a season, been so much neglected, that the boys would rise from their beds in the night, and perform all manner of mischief. One of the masters, who had become aware of their evil doings, was in the habit of rising from his own bed in the night, in order to be on the watch for the wicked youths; and, by this means, many a bad boy was caught, and afterwards duly punished, as a warning to the others. One evening, when it was late and dark, this careful master was walking along the private path that led through the garden to his own bedroom. Happily for him, on this occasion, he had a strong stick in his hand, with which, on account of the darkness, he felt the way before him; for, on coming to his chamber-door, this stick was suddenly caught and bruised by the snapping of an iron trap, which had been laid there in his way. The master himself felt no other injury, however, than that which resulted from fright and sorrow to see the bad feeling that existed towards him on account of the faithful discharge of his duty. He was, however, thankful to God for his preservation, and went quietly to his bed as usual. But, as the motive with which the steel trap had been set was only too evident,—that of laming his person, and thus preventing the exercise of his vigilant care over the morals of the boys,—a diligent inquiry was at once set on foot, in order, if possible, to discover the author of so wicked and malicious a scheme; but not the slightest clue to him could be obtained; and, as it was not repeated, the matter was in time forgotten, and the evil-doer left the school without detection. Some years afterwards, this same good teacher received a letter from a young man, who had been one of his pupils at the time of this event,

and had afterwards enlisted in a regiment of cavalry. After having humbly confessed that it was his hand that set the trap, he proceeded thus:—

“For a long time I was quite delighted that I had the good fortune to conceal from you my wickedness in the matter of the steel trap, in spite of all your anxious endeavours to discover the offender. I, a thoughtless youth, little imagined that the almighty power of Him from whom nothing is concealed could call me to account in any place, and as soon as it should please Him to do so. He has now done it; and done it in a way as terrible to my conscience as it is just according to His righteous law. Instead of suffering me to break your leg, as I intended, God preserved you, and has sent me the lot which I had prepared for you. He has righteously permitted both my legs to be shattered by a cannon-shot; and, while I lie here helpless and in pain, I cannot help admiring the justice of the Divine retribution.”

How much more, in the way of penitence, this poor soldier may have expressed, I know not; nor do I know if he fled to Jesus Christ for pardon of this and all his other transgressions: but it is to be hoped that so sound and thorough a conviction of God's righteous dealing was not lost upon him, but was sent as the pioneer of the sweet and healing influences of the Gospel of peace upon his soul. “Remember not the sins of my youth,” says the Psalmist; and may not each of us echo that prayer? R.

THE GRASS OF THE FIELD.

No natural object gathers around it so many Scriptural associations, and suggests so many spiritual analogies, as the grass of the field.

The wailing, sibylline voice, borne on every breeze, has never ceased to repeat over the earth, "All flesh is grass." This burden of Nature's prophecy is true literally as well as metaphorically. It is one example, among innumerable others, of what has been often observed, that the poet is the real philosopher, and the truest language necessarily what we call figurative. The lesson which the perishable form of the grass teaches, is rendered more impressive still by the enduring part which its structure performs in the economy of nature. It is the first organized agency that extracts, by its living energies, nutritious particles from the hard, inorganic soil. In its tissues the dust of the earth first becomes vital. Day and night, season after season, it is unceasingly purveying for the wants of the animal kingdom, gathering the materials of nourishment and strength from the air and earth, reducing the impalpable and evanescent forces of light, heat, and moisture, into solid and enduring forms, which can be eaten, and transformed into complicated organisms and vital powers.

Man cannot live upon grass, properly so called. He cannot derive a direct subsistence from it. The experiment was once made in notable circumstances, but it turned out a deplorable failure. During the disastrous campaign of Napoleon's army in Russia, the soldiers, in the absence of all other food, were obliged to boil and eat the common grass of the field, which they dug out from beneath its covering of snow and ice; and in every case in which this wretched food was partaken of in sufficient quantity to allay the intolerable cravings of hunger, delirium and racking pains were the result.

But though grass eaten directly would prove injurious to man, inas-

much as his digestive organs are not adapted for its assimilation, it forms the support of some domesticated animals, which he rears exclusively for their use as human food. Thus the materials of his structure are first derived from the air, earth, and water, by means of grass; they are still further organized and prepared by the agency of graminivorous animals; and they reach him at last in a proper condition for his nourishment in the shape of animal food. The grass of the field is, therefore, indirectly, but most truly, man's stay and support. But there is a way in which even directly grass forms human food. The stem and blades, and other inferior parts of the vegetation, are intended for the support of the inferior animals; but the fruitful ear, the more highly-organized seed, the crown and consummation of the plant, the "flower of grass," into which its vital powers and nourishing qualities are drawn up and concentrated, is reserved for food to man. We must not forget that the various kinds of cereal grain—such as corn, wheat, rice, and maize—are the produce of true grasses; and that, while the straw and fodder are given to the beasts of the field, the nobler structure of man is maintained by the better part of the grass, which extracts virtue out of the sunshine and dew, and out of the intangible forces which play beneath the varied skies of summer and autumn, and presents it in the simple form and peculiar mode of combination which is essential to healthy nutrition, to glow within our veins and animate our nerves.

How strange to think that the most highly organized of the inhabitants of the earth, created in the image of God, should thus depend for his subsistence, directly and indirectly, upon the lowest and simplest of all herbs! He is not nourished, as we might, perhaps, have

expected, by the palm-tree, or the fruit-tree, or by plants which bear some relation, in size, grandeur of form, and complexity of structure, to himself; but by the humble grass of the field, the first vegetable which clothes the naked bosom of the earth. The two extremes of creation are thus, as it were, brought together, forming a remarkable contrast to each other, and yet clearly proving the wonderful system of relations which unites together all parts of the universe—the highest with the lowest, the mightiest with the most minute. Reflections like these give a new and striking significance to the words of the prophet as quoted by the Apostle; showing them to be not only figuratively, but also literally, true,—and figuratively true *because* literally:—"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass." All flesh fades like the bright green evanescent blades of grass, from which all flesh is formed; all the glory of man vanishes like "the flower of the grass," out of which that glory sprang.

One of the most beautiful parables of our Saviour is that in which He teaches the lesson of human dependence upon Divine care: "If God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?" We see the very process by which the Divine covenant is being fulfilled going on day after day under our eyes. We see the flax extracting from the earth the materials of those fibres which are to be woven into garments for us. We see in our pasture-lands the sheep converting, by some mysterious vital action, the grass which they eat into snowy fleeces to keep our bodies warm. Our food and raiment come from the same humble source; and the grass may, therefore, well be employed to

teach us our frailty and dependence upon God for our temporal blessings. We know that the same law which regulates and limits the supply of our food from the grass, also regulates and limits the supply of our raiment from the grass. We are apt to think that, by aid of our vast mechanical appliances, we can produce the materials of clothing in unlimited quantity, but the slightest reflection will convince us of the fallacy of this idea. Wool and flax are in reality as difficult to produce as corn; nay, more so; for, while they are equally subject to the vicissitudes of the seasons,—to blights, and storms, and diseases,—they cannot, like the corn, be produced in every country, being confined to certain regions and peculiar climates. The annual stock of clothing materials, like the annual supply of food, is sufficient only for the yearly consumption of the human race; so that, year after year, we have to work for our raiment as we have to work for our meat. We can no more accumulate and lay up in store our wool and flax, than we can accumulate and lay up in store our corn. Unless immediately used, the moth will corrupt the one, as the mildew will destroy the other. And in all this we have a most convincing proof of the beautiful harmony that exists between the moral and the physical laws of the universe. He who "causeth the grass to grow for the cattle," and by this agency brings food and raiment out of the earth for man, has commanded us to "take no thought for the morrow." And the limitations which He has imposed upon the production and preservation of our food and clothing, the only true riches of the world, teach us most impressively that by taking the most anxious thought we cannot make ourselves independent. We are brought back from all our own vain efforts and covetous

desires after an inexhaustible store of life's necessities, from the faithless faint-heartedness which is too often the principal motive in the pursuit of the phantom independence, to a simple, child-like trust in Him who hath promised to feed and clothe us as He feeds and clothes the grass of the field.—*Family Treasury*.

HOW TO EMPTY A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

LET it be dirty and uncomfortable; badly warmed in winter, and badly ventilated in summer.

Employ an uncivil person as door-keeper and attendant.

Let the free-seats be few in number, and situated far from the entrance,—in a remote corner of the gallery, if possible: say to the poor man, "Stand thou there;" or, "Sit here, under my footstool."

Cultivate long services and fanciful music, in which the congregation cannot take part.

Pay no attention whatever to strangers and visitors; let them come or go just as they please; they will soon adopt the latter course, and it will save trouble.

Find fault constantly with the Ministers and Preachers: this will tend to deter the unsettled, the careless, and the young from attending; it will also help to discourage persons of more established piety.

Never invite any one to attend; don't ask any poor people from the courts and back streets; and, if a friend visits you on Sunday, take him to some other place of worship, not to your own.

Talk about the small congregations, count the empty pews, and lament loudly to persons of other denominations that your church or chapel is so wretchedly attended.

Above all, never pray for your Minister, nor for the congregation; criticize them both sharply instead.

Make no other preparation for Divine worship than to be very well dressed. Neither expect nor desire that souls should be converted to God during the service.

In every one of the above ways something may be done to secure an empty house of prayer: let them be combined, and the effect will be almost irresistible. Then there will be joy—but not in heaven—over impenitent and unsaved sinners.

O.

THE PRODIGAL'S CONFESSION.*

"And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." (Luke xv. 21.)

THERE is no royal road to pardon. The most exalted prince, and the most wretched beggar, stand side by side herein. God is no respecter of persons. When the purple-clothed asks for mercy, he has to come in the same manner as the man whose habiliments are rags. Whether under the dispensation of type and ceremony, or in the better days of Gospel freedom of approach to God; whether the suppliant be a dweller among savage hordes, or whether he draws near to God amid the worshipping throng assembling in an enlightened Christian country, the language of penitence has but one vocabulary. "Have mercy upon me," "God be merciful to me," are petitions that came from two hearts totally dissimilar, from men who were the very opposite to each other in worldly position; but the petitions were offered in the same spirit; each had the same meaning, and each secured a like blessing.

The genuineness of the prodigal's repentance is proved by the fact that

* FROM "Footsteps of a Prodigal." By the Rev. W. G. Pascoe. London: Elliot Stock.

he came back to his father manifesting the same spirit, and using language similar to that of penitents in all ages. His thoughts, ever since he came to himself, found expression in the confession before us. It is an agonized wail, rather than an earnest supplication. All the grief, all the feverish hopes and fears, all the longings and strugglings which marked his course homewards were sobbed out, when, falling on his knees before his father, he presented his mournful confession. It is right that the history of penitence should show in all ages the same manifestations. This similarity proves it to be Divine, and shows that those who now come for acceptance, in like manner, will be received by God. He has always acted towards such penitents with compassion. "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word."

We have now to notice,—

THE PRODIGAL'S CONFESSION. "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." This confession, which was at once simple and beautiful, indicates that his repentance was thorough and genuine.

1. It was the result of repentance. Every evangelical teacher will maintain that, "A ministry of repentance ought always to *precede* a ministry of salvation." This is a view of truth that is too much lost sight of. Repentance is, by some authors, not placed in its scriptural position, that of preparing for, and leading to, salvation; but is represented as the effect of salvation,—flowing from, and consequent upon, the forgiveness of sins. The prodigal son is by them spoken of as being sorry for sin only after his reconciliation to his father; his experience before that time being simply the experience of one, "on his way to repentance." It is evident that

his regret for his fault *led* him to his father; and that when he made his resolution to return home, every symptom of true repentance, as far as it could then be manifest, was exhibited by him.

What is repentance? Is it not that sense of personal sin produced in the heart by the Holy Spirit, which induces sorrow on account of, and hatred to, sin; whereby a sinner, on his apprehension of God's mercy in Christ, doth turn from sin with a full determination and endeavour to lead a new life. If this be a true definition of repentance, then it must precede forgiveness. Is it not true in experience, (whatever creeds or systems may assert,) that men are conscious of, and grieve over, personal sin *before* they apply for the mercy of God in Christ? Would it not be incorrect to suppose that Jesus would save any sinner who applied for mercy, but who was in no distress for having disobeyed God's commands, and for having also rejected the mediation of His Son?

The case of the prodigal is before us. Were not all the elements of genuine penitence found in him before he came back to, and was received by, his father? There was a piercing sense of sin, when in the far country he said, "I will arise and go to my father." There were grief and hatred to sin in his determination to confess, "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." There was an apprehension of mercy in the thought, "I will go to my father." There was a full determination and endeavour to lead a new life when "he arose and came to his father." We humbly venture to affirm that, instead of his being "on his way to repentance" when he came home, that he experienced the workings of a true grief of heart, which was even now bringing forth "meet fruits." The confession

which he then made was not the outburst of a godly sorrow which his father's wonderful forgiveness produced, but was the expression of a truly penitent resolution which he made when he "came to himself."

We do not intend entering into the metaphysical question as to whether a soul works *for* or *from* life. It is very evident that it does both. But the life *from* which it works, when penitently it seeks God, cannot be the life of one converted; it is rather that of a soul that believes so much of God's mercy and compassion as to ask His assistance, and hopefully to seek His pardon; not the life of a believer who has received pardon, and therefore enjoys peace with God.

The question is, not whether a Christian repents at all after pardon, but whether repentance precedes or succeeds the forgiveness of sins? Our answer must be in favour of the former. Doubtless, when the prodigal found out the fulness of the loving heart of his father; when, expecting frowns, he received only smiles, and joyful tears that were more eloquent than smiles, he more bitterly *sorrowed* over his past sins than he could possibly have done before; but that does not alter the fact that in the "far country" the resolution to return indicated sincere repentance. Unquestionably, just as the nearer you bring an object to the light, the more distinctly are you able to perceive every line and spot in that object; so the nearer a man gets to Jesus, the more thoroughly will he see his wretchedness, and the more bitterly will he lament his sin. We grant this. We grant that, in many cases, a deeper sorrow for sin follows the experience of God's forgiving love than precedes it; but this does not for one moment disprove the fact, that true repentance is actually experienced by every soul

that resolves to come to Jesus. Trapp says,—"*A sense of misery must precede a sense of mercy.*"

This is the teaching of Scripture. Very clearly does it appear from the sacred pages that repentance must always precede pardon. The law laid down by God in ancient times was, "If My people, which are called by My name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways; *then* will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." (2 Chron. vii. 14.) The Psalmist said, "I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; *and Thou forgettest the iniquity of my sin.*" (Psalm xxxii. 5.) God's message through Zechariah to the Jews was, "Turn ye unto Me, saith the Lord of Hosts, *and I will turn unto you,* saith the Lord of Hosts." (Chap. i. 3.) St. Peter, on the day of Pentecost, when asked by the anxious multitudes, "What must we do?" did not at once say, "Believe," but "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ *for the remission of sins,* and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." (Acts ii. 38.) In the discourse which he delivered, after healing the cripple at the gate Beautiful, he said, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, *that* your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." (Acts iii. 19.) Again, in his address before the council, he said, "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give *repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.*" (Acts v. 31.) When, again, the same Apostle brought to "the brethren of Judaea" the report of his mission to Joppa, "they glorified God, saying, *Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.*" (Acts x. 4.)

In agreement with all these passages is the teaching of St. Paul, when he says, "Godly sorrow worketh *repentance to salvation* not to be repented of." (2 Cor. vii. 10.) Thus, also, when John the Baptist came to prepare the way for Jesus, he said, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." (Matt. iii. 2.)

2. This confession of the prodigal showed that *his repentance was real*. "Father, I have sinned." There was nothing fictitious about that acknowledgment. It was the welling up of a bursting heart, too full of sadness, too conscious of error, too desirous of forgiveness, to think of an excuse, or to say anything but the simple truth. "I have sinned." True sorrow is never prolific in words. Short, terse sentences, that seem to break up out of a heart too full for speech to flow evenly, is the most frequent mode in which godly sorrow manifests itself. "God be merciful to me a sinner," groans the publican. "Have mercy upon me, O God!" wails the Psalmist. "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" cries Peter. "I have sinned," moans the prodigal. Mere words are not acceptable to the Most High, who searcheth the hearts, and trieth the reins of the children of men. "Give Me thine heart," is God's request. Let the heart be refused, and the most humble words will not secure a blessing from Him. On the other hand, the simple "I have sinned," "God be merciful," will secure His immediate attention and His gracious reply.

In the confession of sin an important element is this *reality*,—this *saying what we feel*. If you detect in a beggar, who at your door craves your compassion, anything like unreality; if you have any suspicion that what he says is neither true nor felt, *you will at once dismiss him*

without alms, if not with a severe rebuke. God, in like manner, desires reality; and, as he knows well the disposition of the heart, He cannot be imposed upon, nor will He give a blessing to those who are not *real* in their confession.

3. This confession of the prodigal showed that *his repentance was evangelical*. "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." He well knew how greatly he had sinned against his father, and felt the force of that sin pressing him to the dust; but he also was conscious that, in sinning against his father, he had been sinning against his God. It was God's command that he had broken when he failed to honour his father. The earthly aspect of the sin he saw in all its vileness; but when he turned his eyes towards heaven, he felt that God had been more bitterly sinned against. Thus was it with David. He was deeply conscious of the terrible wrong that he had done to Uriah; but in doing wrong to Uriah, he knew that he had more deeply wronged his God, whose commands had been so defiantly broken. Injure a widow, despise a poor man, sneer at a saint, cheat your customer, wrong your master, disobey your parent, and you grieve the heart of your God, whose children they are. The prodigal's confession proves that sin is never seen in its true light until it is seen in the light of heaven.

4. This confession of the prodigal *was humble*. "And am no more worthy to be called thy son." He did not say that he was humble; (true humility never does this;) but he showed it. There was no humility, as there never can be, in the tone of voice, but in his prostrate *spirit*, from which there rose the bitter cry, "I am no more worthy to be called thy son." The lark that soars most loftily heavenward, builds its nest on the lowest ground; the branches

that are the most laden with ripe fruit bend the nearest to the soil; the ship that is heavily laden sinks deeply in the water; and the penitent who is truly sincere will be contrite and humble before God. It is as true of the mourning seeker of salvation as it is of the Christian man,—the most humble is the most acceptable. Thus Montgomery sings,—

"The saint that wears heaven's highest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most, when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility."

You are nearest forgiveness, prodigal, when you are humble, because you are then nearest your Saviour. Pride would suggest excuses, and excuses would keep you far from your father; while humility would never think of throwing blame off from your own shoulders, that it may rest on those of others. Humility confesses the simple truth, and pleads not for justice, but for mercy:—

"Humility bringeth no excuse; she is welcome to God and man;
Her countenance is needful unto all who would prosper in either world;
And the mild light of her sweet face is mirror'd in the eyes of her companions,
And straightway stand they accepted, children of penitence and love."

It is remarkable that, although the prodigal confesses to his father, as in the far country he resolved to do, he does not add the petition that he had formed for use. He had resolved to say, "Make me as one of thy hired servants." But when he came to his father, he said nothing of this. Nor, indeed, could he! His father's arms were around his neck; his father's tears mingled with his own; his father's gladness almost stopped his penitent confession.

"Welcome, my son," cried the overjoyed parent. In the far country the most that he had dared to hope for, was to be made and treated as a servant. But now, when experience falsified expectation, how could he pray to be made a servant, when he felt that already he was welcomed as a son? He could not! To do so would be to reject the love that the father was lavishing on him; and for which, ever since "he began to be in want," he had so ardently longed.

Prodigals! come and make your humble confession to Almighty God. He will not spurn you. He will not treat you harshly. He will not tell you to wait His convenience. He will at once receive you, will run to meet you as you are coming, and will lavish on you the affection of His infinitely loving heart.

"Who is that dejected pilgrim
Now I see returning home?
With a downcast look of sadness
Slowly, slowly he doth come:
Every step betrays his weakness,
Every feature tells his woe;
And the anguish of his bosom
Bids the briny tears to flow."

"There he is, so thin and wretched,
The sad image of distress,
Now determined to his father
All his follies to confess:
'I have sinn'd against thy goodness,
I do not deserve thy grace,
Make me as an hired servant,
Grant me e'en the lowest place.'

"But, before his painful story
In contrition he could tell,
Full of love and deep compassion,
On his neck his father fell:
No upbraiding word was utter'd,
Not a *mild* reproof was given,—
All his past with love was cover'd,
Every sin was now forgiven."

"Lo, the hand of smiling mercy
Takes his filthy rags away,
And his soul is robed with vestments
Brighter than the dawn of day."

ancient hall with rapture,
 and music doth resound ;
now, once dead, is living,
the lost one now is found."

THE SOUL'S BEST PORTION.

It is not of settled peace of soul, any among the people of in, arises, in a great measure, the tendency of the human mind to its affections on things. We but follow the bent of our nature, when we turn to God, and seek satisfaction in nothing pertaining to the world. Once the continual unrest of souls, the boundless grief when bereft of property and friends, their deep despair in the adverse wind of trouble wrecks the bark in which their whole happiness had been situated. Were it not for this natural tendency, one-half of the afflictions which afflict the people of the world would be no longer ; while the loss of friends—

endured without pain, and their bitterness greatly lessened.

Earth is a school of preparation for heaven. One great object of God's various dispensations is to lead our hearts to look on Him as our home ; and the usefulness of the discipline which flows from our unwillingness to fly from the tenacity with which we cling to earth. When the tree has run deep, and its roots hold of the ground, its stability becomes a work of wisdom and risk.

Children of God should be that, in setting their affections on other objects beside Him, they are guilty of dishonouring Him. To love God's gifts more than Himself ; to think of them, and delight more in them, than in Him ;—is to neglect ourselves other gods, and to

worship them. How great a slight to that Infinite Excellence to give our heart's warmest affections to any beside Him ! It is to delight ourselves in the glimmering of a spark, and to leave unnoticed the sun.

To take God fully and heartily for our soul's portion is to delight ourselves in His love, to feed our minds with the knowledge of Him, and to make Him our chief good : and is not this the goal toward which we should continually press ? God places, as the first of all commandments, the requirement that we love Him "with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind, and with all our strength." And was it not one part of the mission of the Incarnate God, to make the Deity known to us ; that, knowing Him aright, and being reconciled to Him through the atonement, we might love Him supremely ? In speaking of the excessive attachment of one person to another, we not unfrequently use the expression, "He is making a god of him ;" and this—we speak it reverently—is the treatment which the Most High expects of us. Let the heart's fullest and highest affection, so often wrongly placed on a creature, be set on God ; let Him be to us a God ;—and we shall have attained the highest form of human devotedness,—our soul will have found its true rest.

The soul thus in fellowship with God would be, to a great extent, independent of the world. Possessing the ever-springing fountain of heavenly joy, it would not, it could not, thirst for earthly pleasures ; nor would it need, in times of distress, to fly for consolation to those things to which, at such times, others vainly apply. The loss of wealth, lands, friends, or reputation, could not make wretched one whose chief portion was his God, whose most intimate Friend was his Saviour, and whose highest ambition was to secure the

approval, and be admitted to the presence, of his Creator. "You cannot take away my God," he would calmly say, in face of disaster, bereavement, or death.

"All things in the world are in this one promise: 'I will be thy God.' See the wisdom of Heaven: how much He speaks in how little. There cannot be more spoken than this: 'I will be thy God.' For in saying, 'I will be thy God,' He implies that whatsoever He is, or hath, or can do, shall be thine too. 'I will be thy God;' that is, My wisdom shall be thine, to watch over thee, to find out ways to do thee good; My power shall be thine, to keep thee from danger, to defend and rescue thee from all enemies, and to subdue them by degrees unto thee; My providence shall be thine, to turn all things to thy good; My mercy shall be thine, to forgive thy sins; My love shall be thine, to bestow on thee all necessary comforts. There is no phrase in the Scripture that hath so much in so little as this here: 'I will be thy God.'"

To this thought of God's all-sufficiency as the soul's portion may be added another,—that to have the soul thus in union with its Maker, is to anticipate the happiness of heaven. The highest bliss of the glorified is to enjoy the presence of Jehovah. They "see God," and lose themselves in Him. And much of this heavenly fellowship may be enjoyed even on earth. To live in near union with God by His Spirit; to live fully for Him, seeking His glory in every thought, word, and deed;—this is "heaven begun below." How desirable, then, is it that the people of God should aspire to this state, and be able to say from their heart, "The Lord is my por-

tion!" The Holy Ghost has, in one of the Psalms, finely described the happiness and the security of such a man:—

"Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee. . . . Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known My name. He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation."

Hanham.

I. E. P.

THE CENTENARY OF METHODISM IN AMERICA.

In the spring of 1760 there was a group of emigrants at Limerick, Ireland, prepared to embark for America. The little party were Methodists; their leader was a young man of thoughtful look and resolute bearing. His name was Philip Embury. He was the first class-leader and Local preacher of Methodism on the American continent. The wayfarers arrived safely in New-York. But the temptations of a new life led them away from their integrity. They lost their sense of the fear of God, and became worldly; while several fell into the depths of sin. Embury was a carpenter by trade, and earned his bread by the work of his own hand. One night a small company were in a room, engaged in amusements,—some of them playing at cards. The door opened, and a woman named Barbara Heck walked in among the revellers. "I'll burn your idols!" she said; and, catching the cards, she threw them into the fire. She then upbraided the professors in earnest tones. Turning to Embury, she said, "Brother Embury, you must

* Sibbes: "The Faithful Covenanters."

preach to us, or we shall all go to hell, and God will require our blood at your hands." The alarmed Embury started as at the voice of God. Without chapel or congregation he opened his own house to worship. It was a small cottage of wood, having one window and one door in the front, and located in what is known as Park-place.* There the foundation of the American Methodist Church was laid, the first Methodist sermon was preached, the first class-meeting held, and the first Society formed. The room was amply sufficient for the wants of the congregation, for six persons only attended. But the congregation soon outgrew its accommodations, and a rigging-loft, plain, yet tidy, was secured for worship.

Mary Barclay, the widow of the second rector of Trinity Church, in the city, leased in 1768 to the little company a lot of land on what was then known as Shoemakers' Ground, and now as John-street. On this a small chapel was erected. The site was afterwards purchased, and on it stood the first Methodist chapel. The deed is dated 1770. Men of all denominations gladly afforded their aid in building a house "for the service of the Almighty, after the manner of the people called Methodists." The oldest and most influential families put their names to the subscription-paper. It was signed by Philip Livingston, the signer of the Declaration of Independence; by De Lancy, the lieutenant-governor; by James Duane, the first mayor of the city; by the officers of Trinity Church, and others. The house was called the "Wesley Chapel." It was built of stone, and stood some distance from the street, and for five years was

unfinished. There were no stairs or breastwork to the galleries. They were reached by a ladder. The preachers stood on a platform, and the seats for the hearers were benches without backs. As it was contrary to law to build a church that was not Dutch, the trustees evaded the difficulty (it was said by a hint given by the magistrates) by adding a fireplace and a chimney; so that, in the eye of the law, it became a "private dwelling." The preacher who dedicated it to Almighty God laboured as a carpenter on the sacred edifice. The grandfather of Judge Edwards worked in the same way as a mason. Each person at night carried his own candles; and if he sat in the dark, it was his own choice.

The Methodist Episcopal Church can take up the boast of England, that the sun does not set on its sanctuaries. Its missionaries follow the English drum-beat in their march round the world. What could be smaller than the start of this Church, with its first little congregation, and its worship in the rigging-loft? Nothing can be more marvellous than its rapid enlargement. The children of poor preachers and poor hearers, by tact and enterprise, have become the wealthy men and women of the land. Edifices of white marble and brown stone, with elegant adornments; with costly organs, and all the comely appliances of modern worship, as well as humbler churches, suited to varied localities, stand in the city. Leading men in all professions and callings are members of this body. Bankers, millionaires, merchant-princes, as well as professional men, belong to its ranks. Its property in America, in churches and parsonages, amounts to nearly 30,000,000 dollars. Its property in colleges and schools amounts to over 3,000,000 dollars. Its Sunday-school union comprises 13,400 schools, more than 150,000

* A sketch of this cottage will be found in the "Christian Miscellany" for 1864, p. 97.

teachers, nearly 918,000 pupils, above 2,500,000 library books, about 250 publications, with a circulation of nearly 300,000 monthly. It has upwards of 928,000 communicants, nearly 7,000 itinerant ministers, more than 8,000 local ministers, and not less than 10,000 churches. Its Missionary Society has 1,059 circuits and stations, 1,128 paid labourers, 105,675 communicants, and expended the last year over 600,000 dollars, and will spend this year 1,000,000 dollars.

Religious services and liberal contributions are to mark the year 1866, from the first Sunday in January to the last Sunday in October. Large contributions are to be made for "connexional" purposes and for local societies. More than 2,000,000 dollars of money are required, and will be paid in. A million of money, in addition, is to be raised for the missionary cause. Sunday-school collections are to be taken up, and each child who gives one dollar, or collects five, will be entitled to a medal prepared for the occasion. Church debts are to be paid, and memorial churches reared. The universities and colleges of the Church are to be freed from embarrassment, enlarged, and endowed. The Theological School at Concord is to be removed to the vicinity of Boston, and commodious buildings erected worthy of the cause and denomination.

The Centenary of this Church will mark the year 1866,—October, 1766, having been the date of its establishment.—*New-York Tribune*.

A VESPER HYMN.

Time—DOVERSDALE.

LIGHT of the world! on Thee we call,
When night's dark shadows round us fall:

O! may Thy bright and beaming ray
Chase all our earth-born fears away.

Thy sovereign Voice all nature hears,
Thine Arm upholds the gleaming spheres,
Thy praise the seraph-minstrels sing,
Almighty Lord! Eternal King!

Thou, from Thy radiant throne on high,
Dost hear Thy people when they cry:
O! let our song as incense rise,
A grateful evening sacrifice.

Forgive our wanderings, Lord, this day,
Each sinful thought, and word, and way;
And grant us each a hallow'd mind,—
At peace with Thee and all mankind.

Control our every word and thought,
Let all we do, in Thee be wrought;
And may we, through Thy grace,
possess
The peaceful fruits of righteousness.

Preserve us, Father, while we sleep;
Thy Guardian Arms around us keep;
And spare us, Lord! we humbly pray,
To bless the light of opening day.

Be Thou our Father, Guide, and Friend;
Direct us to our journey's end;
And, when the cares of life shall cease
Receive us to Thy perfect peace.

Willenhall.

J. C. T.

THE ARTS OF CULTURE, AND PLANTS OF SCRIPTURE.

IN the times of the patriarchs, the state of agriculture seems to have been very similar to what it is in the countries of the patriarchs at the present day. There were landmarks in the days of Job; and Abraham purchased a field for money. Isaac, when in Palestine, sowed and reaped *an hundredfold*. Corn was raised in abundance in Egypt, which was in Joseph's time the "granary of the nations." Irrigation was taught to the people of neighbouring countries by the effects resulting from the overflowing of the Nile. It is said that the plain of Jordan, before the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, was "watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt." By the traditions of heathen nations the invention of agriculture is ascribed to fabulous personages; to Chimbong by



(Olive-trees in the Garden of Gethsemane.)

the Chinese, to Osiris by the Egyptians, to Ceres and Triptolemus by the Greeks, to Janus by the Romans. Boaz inherited three estates of land, which he cultivated by his servants. In Nehemiah's time land was mortgaged in order to purchase food in famine. The alienation of inheritances by sale must have been common in Isaiah's time; for he pronounces a curse on those "that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst." In Palestine the out-field and in-field division of land was common, as in Scotland up to the end of the last century. The *in-field* portions inclosed, the *out-field* pastured in common. When Ruth came to glean after the reapers, "her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz."

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The Israelites cultivated their own lands. The crown-lands of David, the king, were managed by seven overseers of tillage, vineyards, oliveyards, cattle, camels and asses, sheep, and the storing of produce. King Uzziah "built towers in the desert, and digged many wells: for he had much cattle, both in the low country, and in the plains: husbandmen also, and vine dressers in the mountains, and in Carmel: for he loved husbandry." Elisha, when called to follow Elijah, was ploughing with yokes of oxen; for the merciful law, that regarded the life of the beasts, did not permit the unequal yoking of ox and ass. Solomon was able to supply the Tyrians with field-produce, in return for their services to him; and his gardens were laid out with a view to the com-

bination of use and beauty. In Eden Adam had only to dress and keep the garden which the Lord had planted; but after the Fall he had to become a tiller of the ground. In the sweat of his face he was required to root out the thorns and briars, and break up the fallow-ground.

It is probable that the vineyard planted by Noah was from cuttings of the vine. In ancient oliveyards the olive was propagated by suckers or cuttings, planted in deep trenches about four feet deep, (and this is still done, as it was in Virgil's days,) with stones placed here and there to retain water, and encourage moisture about the young rootlets. The European olive is a low-sized evergreen of a dusky hue. An oliveyard will not require renewing for very many years. It is supposed that there are oliveyards in Italy planted in Pliny's time; and it is, perhaps, just possible, from the nature of the tree, and its great vitality and longevity, that some of the olives now growing on Olivet may have been growing there when the Son of man was betrayed. At all events, the olive-trees now in Gethsemane, of which we give a view, are very ancient. It is not necessary to graft the olive. When a tree is too old to bear, it is cut up, its branches divided into little slips, dipped in manure, and planted thickly in a bed well covered with earth. The olive in Britain will grow from grafts on the privet, with which it has an affinity, as an apple may be grafted on a quince, or a peach on an almond-tree.

With regard to vine-culture, the branches that show nothing but leaf-buds are cut off by the careful dresser. The vine thus pruned will produce more fruit than has room to ripen; so that, to have good fruit, the clusters must be thinned. Sometimes this thinning extends to a third or fourth of the berries in each cluster; but, in the end, the weight of fruit is increased, and the quality improved, by this process. We may imagine that the clusters of Esheol were carefully taken from a dressed vine.

Spices were much cultivated in the East, and are often named in Scripture. The holy anointing oil of the tabernacle, like which no composition was to be

made for common use, was rendered fragrant by a mixture of sweet spices,—pure myrrh, sweet cinnamon, sweet calamus, and cassia. The calamus is an aromatic reed; the Arum is the type of the order, which includes many curious plants growing in marshy ground, several of them being aromatic. *Acorus calamus* is a native of Britain, and grows in the English marshes. Linnæus said it was the only aromatic plant native to Northern regions: it was used as medicine by Hippocrates.

Cassia, another element in the holy oil, is the dried bark of *Laurus cassia*, which in Ceylon is an evergreen tree of lofty stature. Cinnamon is produced by the *Laurus cinnamomum*, which is a low-growing evergreen of the East Indies. The common sweet bay (*Laurus nobilis*) belongs to this family. The sassafras is of the same order of plants. The cassia-buds of commerce are the dried fleshy receptacles of the seed of the cinnamon-laurel. Myrrh is a gummy extract from one of the acacias.

The cummin of Scripture is a dwarf annual, resembling fennel. The anise is also an annual. Some suppose that the anise of Scripture was our fennel; the fennel, however, is perennial. The coriander, to which the manna was likened, is an annual, strongly scented, and slightly aromatic.

The labiaceous order of plants (i.e., those having a lip-shaped blossom, or mouth) includes thyme, balm-mint, lavender, hyssop, rosemary, sage, marjoram, horehound, ground-ivy, cat-mint, savory, germander, and Jerusalem-sage. Many of them, especially sage and lavender, yield essential oil containing camphor. The Chinese import sage, to use as a substitute for their own tea; or to counteract its enervating effects. There is an old proverb which runs thus,—

“Drink sage in May,
And throw doctors away.”

The wild thyme of dry and sunny British pastures may be applied to a similar use; and marjoram, rosemary, with many others of this fragrant family, are also lavish of their unprized benefits. The bera, however, are no strangers to their virtues.

The true frankincense, used in Hindu temples, is produced by the *Boswellia thurifera*; and the balsam of Mecca, by *Amyris Gileadensis*, both terebinthaceous trees. These were articles of commerce at an early period; the balm of Gilead, with other specimens, having been conveyed on camels from Gilead to Egypt in Jacob's time. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" shows that it was used in medicine.

The citron, or *Citrus aurantium*, is supposed to have furnished the golden apples of the fabulous gardens of the Hesperides. It is an evergreen and low-growing tree, with fragrant blossoms and beautiful verdure. Either the citron proper, or the orange, may have been what Solomon calls "the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." The fruit of the citron, like the lemon, is oblong.

The aloe was used in embalming, and for perfuming beds and garments.

Saffron is joined with spikenard, or nard, in the Song of Solomon. It is the stigma of a crocus-flower, and its name is of Arabic origin. The best nard was brought from the far East. It gave its name to the valuable ointment which Mary poured on the head of our Divine Redeemer as He sat at meat.

The pomegranate, or grained or seeded apple, is of the myrtle family. This is the fruit that was imitated in the decorations of the Temple.

"The lilies of the field," to which "Solomon in all his glory" was not to be compared, are supposed to have belonged to the amaryllis group, comprising our narcissus. The scarlet Martagon lily is said to resemble the Eastern lily, or *krinon*. The lily-of-the-valley (*Convallaria * majalis*) is of another order. The lotus water-lily is supposed to be the "Shushannah" of the Bible. From this plant is derived the name Susan.

The palm-tree has great power of resistance. Soft in the interior, strong and

hard outside, its principle of strength is the same as that possessed by a hollow iron column. Xenophon remarked this resisting power of palm-timber.

The lentil of Scripture was used as food. This is, perhaps, included in the term "pulse," in the account of the food of Daniel and his godly companions.

Figs were of a healing quality; so that Hezekiah's cure was wrought by a suitable medicament.

In Persia the rose is still called "the flower of David;" but the rose of Solomon's Song is supposed to have been a liliaceous plant, like our *Polyanthus Narcissus*. The cyprus-wood is believed by some to have been used by Noah for building the ark, its resinous juice imparting lasting qualities to the timber. It is a fact that the best judges of nautical affairs, in our day, give the proportions of the ark as the very best that can be observed for vessels of burden.

A rich mine of knowledge, full of the deepest interest, awaits those naturalists who set themselves to study the Scriptural allusions to the vegetable kingdom.

"Consider the lilies," says our Divine Lord. "The works of the Lord," says the Psalmist, "are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein;"—a pleasure as healthful to mind as body, and full of edification. The wisest of men was a noble example of this search after the great facts of the vegetable world; for he could speak of plants, "from the hyssop of the wall to the cedar of Lebanon." R. R. T.

THE LONDON MONUMENT.

THIS monument is a fluted column of the Doric order, standing on a Palladian pedestal, forty feet high, rising from a plinth, twenty-seven feet square. On the abacus at the top is an iron balcony, supporting a flaming vase of gilded bronze. The entire height from the pavement is two hundred and two feet, and it is certainly the loftiest, as well as the noblest, isolated column in existence. The shaft consists of forty courses of stone. The greatest diameter of the pillar within is fifteen feet; and it forms a staircase of three hundred and forty-five steps of black marble, ten inches

* The noblest, though not the most popular, species of this family is *C. polygonatum*, commonly known as Solomon's seal.

and a half broad. It is lighted by four series of seven loopholes, and a large ornamental oval window, on the eastern side, furnished with niches for seats. The external gallery, lined with copper, commands a fine view of the river Thames. A short flight of stone stairs leads to the urn above. The figures at the base are by Caius Gabriel Cibber. They are chiefly allegorical. We have London personified as mourning over the ruined metropolis. Behind her stands Time, assisting her to rise; while a female figure, typifying Providence, points to the angels of Peace and Plenty descending to her aid. Opposite appear effigies of Charles II. and the Duke of York, a group of the Sciences, a terminal statue of Nature, Liberty waving a cap, and Architecture bearing a plan of the new city. Under their feet is Envy, gnawing a heart. Quite in the background a representation of the great fire of 1666 is given. The whole is encircled with beautiful carvings of festoons, the royal and civic arms, and at each angle a dragon, as the supporters, assigned by the Herald's College. The other sides of the pedestal are occupied with inscriptions in Latin.—*The Old City, its Highways and Byways.*

THE HARVEST AND THE LABOURERS.*

(Matt. ix. 37, 38.)

THE harvest suggests the idea of numbers. The immense number of corn-ears in the ripening harvest warrants our reminding you of the vast number of human beings on whom the Missionary enterprise of the Protestant Churches in general, and of our own in particular, propose to operate. Think, brethren, of the population of the world, all of whom need the illumination and regeneration which the Gospel is designed and adapted to effect. According to the most recent and reliable authority, the world contains now a population of more than twelve hundred millions. But

who can estimate the full import of these overwhelming numbers? We pronounce the word "million" with the ease and volubility with which we pronounce the word "twenty;" but how vast the difference of their signification! That difference, however, we are incapable of fully and at once realizing. A thousand times a thousand are meant by the word "million." And then, twelve hundred times that! The mind staggers and reels under the weight of these oppressive numbers. But what shall be a fitting phraseology in which to convey an adequate idea of the greatness of the value of the souls of more than twelve hundred millions of human beings? And it is on these vast multitudes of deathless spirits we have to think, when contemplating the greatness of the harvest which the text brings before us. Let us enter into a few particulars as to the population of the whole earth. One-half are believed to be Pagans, one-eighth Mohammedans, one-eighth Papists, while the remaining quarter comprehends the Jews, the Greek Church, all the other denominations of Christendom, and infidels of all classes and grades. Brahma, Vishnu, Confucius, Fo, Zoroaster, Mohammed, the Pope, the Virgin, and other gods and lords claim the fealty of benighted men, in many lands,—besides the three hundred millions, or more, of local deities in the East,—to the designed exclusion of the claims of "the one only living and true God." And the devotees of these false deities, alas! are much more numerous—and, still worse, in numberless instances, vastly more devoted—than the worshippers of Him "whose name alone is Jehovah, . . . the Most High over all the earth." In China alone one in three of all the inhabitants of our world reside; and, of that mighty multitude, but some three thousand, at most, make any profession of faith in the Protestant's Bible and worship. The whole population of Europe is but two hundred and seventy millions; the population of China proper alone is nearly one-half more. Twenty-two times the population of our thickly-crowded island, or one hundred and thirty times the population of Scotland, belongs to China proper. If all the subjects of the Chinese

* From a Sermon by the Rev. W. Antlin, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference.

Emperor were marshalled in single rank, allowing one yard between man and man, they would encircle the globe more than ten times at the equator; or, were they placed singly, about four hundred yards apart, and thus within call of each other, they would form a line reaching as far as from here to the sun; or, standing hand in hand, they would reach further than from us to the moon. Were they to march past us at the rate of thirty miles a day, and move on week after week, and month after month, more than twenty-three years and a half would elapse ere they had all filed by. And yet China, India, Asia, the world, must have the Gospel. The fields are white to harvest; and our commission is to "go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The text likewise suggests to us the idea of *extent*. "The field is the world;" and how wide it is! Lift up your eyes, and see the marvellous expanse of the ripening grain-fields. Not a tiny, limited space have you to contemplate. The world is our parish. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." "The sea is His, and He made it." He claims the homage of the peopled earth, and exacts the hearty support of His obedient subjects. Now, the area of the habitable parts of the globe measures upwards of fifty millions of square miles. China has five million, three hundred thousand. The British colonies cover an area of two millions. Natal covers eighteen thousand square miles. And these lands, in addition to our own loved land, Primitive Methodism seeks to share in reaping. Vast is the territory before us. "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." O, when shall all India, China, Japan, Africa, America, Europe, and the islands of the South be overtaken by the Protestant Churches of the world? and when shall we, as a section of the harvest-band, come up to our duty in seeking the conquest of all for Christ? When shall these things be? Haste, happy day!

But the terms of the text also suggest the idea of *urgency*. "The harvest truly is plenteous:" it is great; and the fields are white and ripe. There is, therefore, *no time for delay*. Why stand ye idle

all the day? The time for thrusting in the sickle has already come. To delay is to imperil the crop, to risk the loss of a precious harvest. In reference to the mission-work this is emphatically the case. Think how soon the day will be spent, the season of labour gone, the opportunity for reaping over. In thirty years a generation of men and women pass beyond our reach. Twelve hundred millions, since some of us entered the field, have passed away. They are now in the garner of God, or are for ever lost. Solemn thought! Gone, with all their guilt uncanceled, all their sins unpardoned; or gone to the land of rest, of peace and of joy, to be "for ever with the Lord." Can we compute the moments of the lifetime of a generation? As many spirits have passed the bounds of time as those moments count. Even in this metropolis [London] some one dies every eight minutes, day and night, the whole year round. In that great division of our globe already named, China, thirty-three thousand human beings die daily. The voice of the Lord of the harvest is surely now ringing in the ears of every Christian labourer, "What thou doest, do quickly:" "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Shall the grain perish for want of promptitude in the reapers? Must the care and culture of the Great Husbandman be comparatively lost, and His gracious purposes be frustrated, because His workmen are unwilling to co-operate with Him in His scheme of mercy and love? "Ye are God's labourers." Be not, therefore, "aloof, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." If we be aloof, many may have to exclaim, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." The harvest will not wait: if ye who are the labourers enter not in to reap the fields, an enemy will forestall you. The fowls of the air may pluck the grain you ought to have gathered: the foes of the Lord will take every advantage. Already is the mystery of iniquity working. Infidelity and Ritualism are blighting many a fair field. Nameless and numberless forms of vice, crime, and depravity are blast-

ing the hopes and prospects of countless myriads of our race. At home, abroad; in town, in country; in the metropolis, and in the provinces; in the crowded city, and in the sparsely-populated country parts;—souls are perishing for lack of knowledge, dying for the bread of life, parched for want of the living streams; while “we, whose souls are lighted,” fed, and enriched, are coolly looking on. While we sleep men die. Hell and the grave are always yawning; death and the pale horse are always marching along; time flies; eternity approaches; and souls, God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, heaven, hell, all cry, “The harvest, the HARVEST is plentiful; the harvest is great!”—there is abundance of grain waiting to be gathered into the garner; but O! where are the workmen?—“the labourers are few.” . . .

God has, in times gone by, sent forth true labourers. Let us, then, pray that He will send forth more. For still the harvest is waving; still the grain is wasting: there is no time for delay. O for more men among ourselves, and in all the Churches! men on whose tongue the words of flame shall sit; men whose zeal shall eat them up; who shall go “forth weeping, bearing precious seed,” and, therefore, “doubtless, come again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them;” men who will sow beside all waters, in the morning sowing their seed, and in the evening withholding not their hand, expecting both shall be alike good; men who shall repeat God’s word, “For Zion’s sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem’s sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth;” men who shall say to the Lord in their prayers, “Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord!” and to the people, “Arise, shine, for thy light is come;” men who will sing, morning, noon, and night,—

“I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known:
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love;”

men who will visit families, not merely to meet connexional regulations, but to

win souls; who will hold open-air services, not merely for custom’s sake, but for Christ’s sake; men who will drink into the spirit of Luther, who prayed three hours a day; or Oxtoby, who prayed seven, and attained a title more honourable than a patent of nobility, “Praying Johnny;” men who know what is meant by St. Paul when he speaks of travelling in birth for souls; and who shall be baptized with the spirit of our earlier reapers, who felt the word of the Lord as a fire in their bones, and who went forth, not knowing whither they went, glad to go without purse or scrip, so that they might unburden their panting souls of the message which they had received from God. Pray, O brethren, pray,—publicly, privately, importunately, in the sanctuary, at the family-altar, in the Missionary prayer-meeting, everywhere, pray believingly, unceasingly,—that the Lord of the harvest may send forth, “thrust out,” such “labourers into His harvest.”

THE ANCIENT BABYLON.

A LITTLE Arab town now stands in the place where Babylon the Great once stood. There is an old mound of ruins there, called “Babil:” not, of course, the ruins of the ancient Babel, of which the Jewish tradition is, that fire fell from heaven, and split it to the ground. Nebuchadnezzar built the temple-tower at Borsippa, on the other side of the river; and that he did so we learn from the bricks taken out of the ruins, all marked with the king’s name, as everything was marked in those despotic days. A tile, or slab, has been lately found in the ruins at Borsippa, with a long inscription, telling that Nebuchadnezzar rebuilt that tower, and the one called Babil; and that the one at Borsippa—the Birs-Nimroud—was set up on the very place and foundation of the old tower of Babel.

The inscription is in the cuneiform character; a curious form of letters,—or, rather, syllable-signs,—made with arrow-headed, or wedge-shaped, marks, put together in various ways. The shape is exceedingly like that of a large,

strong rose or brier-thorn. Scholars are only beginning to decipher this cuneiform character.

This tower of Nebuchadnezzar's was a temple dedicated to the Seven Spheres, and was intended for the worship of the planets. On its top was the temple of Nebo, one of the principal Babylonian divinities, worshipped next to the god Bel, or Merodach. "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth," says the prophet Isaiah. Bel, Belus, or Baal, was supposed to preside over learning, like the Greek Hermes, or the Roman Mercury; and the wedge, or arrow-head, of the cuneiform writing was his sign or emblem; so that he was often called "Tir," which signifies an arrow. Merodach they reckoned the chief of their gods, like Jupiter, the preserver, or protector. He was the same with Bel, or Belus; and the planet Jupiter was his special representative among the planets. Nebo, on the other hand, was the special tutelary god of the chief Babylonian kings. We find them bearing his name: Nabopolassar, Nebuchadnezzar, and so on. The city Borsippa was under his care; and the temple of Nebo, at the top of the tower there, was built by Nebuchadnezzar.

The inscription on the tile taken from the ruins is as follows:—

"Nabuchodonosor, king of Babylon, shepherd of peoples,—who attests the immutable affection of Merodach, the mighty ruler, exalting Nebo, the saviour,—the wise man, who lends his ears to the orders of the highest God,—the lieutenant without reproach,—the repairer of the Pyramid and the Tower,—eldest son of Nabopolassar, king of Babylon:—

"We say,—Merodach, the great master, has created me. He has imposed on me to reconstruct his building. Nebo, the guardian over the legions of the heaven and the earth, has charged my hands with the sceptre of justice.

"The Pyramid is the temple of the heaven and the earth; the seat of Merodach, the chief of the gods; the place of the oracles; the spot of his rest;—I have adorned, in the form of a cupola, with shining gold.

"The Tower,—the eternal Tower,—

which I founded and built,—I have completed its magnificence with silver, gold, other metals, stone enamelled, [or stamped,] bricks, fir, and pine.

"The first,—which is the house of the earth's base, the most ancient monument of Babylon,—I built and finished it. I have highly exalted its head with bricks covered with copper.

"We say for the other,—that is, this edifice, the house of the seven lights of the earth, the most ancient monument of Borsippa,—a former king built it;—they reckon forty-two ages;—but he did not complete its head.

"Since a remote time people had abandoned it, without order expressing their words. Since that time, the earthquake and the thunder had dispersed its sun-dried clay, [bricks,] the bricks of the casing had been split, and the earth of the interior had been scattered in heaps.

"Merodach, the great lord, excited my mind to repair this building. I did not change the site, nor did I take away the foundation-stone. In a fortunate month, an auspicious day, I undertook to build porticos around the crude brick-masses, and the casing of burnt bricks. I put the inscription of my name in the *kittoi* of the porticos.

"I set my hand to finish it, and to exalt its head. As it had been in former times, so I founded it,—I made it. As it had been in ancient days, so I exalted its summit.

"Nebo, son of himself, ruler who exalted Merodach, be propitious to my works to maintain my authority. Grant me a life till the remotest time, a seven-fold progeny, the stability of my throne, the victory of my sword, the pacification of foes, the triumph over the lands. In the columns of thy eternal table, that fixes the destinies of heaven and earth, bless the course of my days,—inscribe the fecundity of my race.

"Imitate, O Merodach! king of heaven and earth, the father who begat thee. Bless my buildings; strengthen my authority.

"May Nebuchadnezzar, the king-repairer, remain before thy face!"

Such is the inscription. Borsippa was included within the great wall of

Babylon. It was the great city of the Chaldees' worship. This tower had seven stages; and the top was the temple of Nebo. It is now an immense pile of bricks, and slag, and broken pottery, higher at one side than the other, and cut through with watercourses. The dry dust of the plain blows over it; but no green thing grows there. That is what is left of Nebo's tower. The stages sloped backwards, leaving one side like a pyramid; the other, with a graduated approach with great steps; the inside, a solid mass. The masonry was fine; the bricks so close that one can scarcely be got out whole. Those Babylonian towers, lifted to such a height in a flat country, afforded great facilities for studying the stars, with the clear vault of heaven above. This is the first heathen temple of which we have any account.

How suggestive that God brought His own servant Abram out of "Ur of the Chaldees," and taught him a more excellent way; and also that this Nebuchadnezzar was humbled by God until he confessed and honoured the King of heaven in sincerity; "all whose works are truth, and His ways judgment, and those that walk in pride He is able to abase." How we should long and pray for that day when God will fulfil the word of His prophet, "And the idols He shall utterly abolish!" R.

THE CAPTIVES OF LUCKNOW.

For nine months two Christian ladies, Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson, were locked up in one room, constantly threatened with death. Hearing the birds sing outside their prison, but seeing nothing beyond its dark and dingy walls, their deliverance was, in the end, little short of a miracle. They have preserved a curious relic of their Indian captivity, which is most precious to them.

They were not allowed to have books or papers of any kind. Some months after their imprisonment, the child of a Mr. Christian (Commissioner of Sutapore) was taken ill; and, after the most urgent and pressing entreaties for medical aid, a native doctor was sent to the prison to look at the child. He said he

would send a *poorys*; (or "powder;") and, in the providence of God, the powder was sent in a piece of paper torn out of a Bible at random. The piece is about three inches square, large print, and the lines it contains are, on one side, the following verses of the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah:—

"11—14. Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away. I, even I, am He that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor. The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail."

On the other side of the fragment were the following verses of the same chapter:—

"22, 23. Thus saith thy Lord the Lord, and thy God that pleadeth the cause of His people, Behold, I have taken out of thine hand the cup of trembling, even the dregs of the cup of My fury; thou shalt no more drink it again: but I will put it into the hand of them that afflict thee; which have said to thy soul, Bow down, that we may go over: and thou hast laid thy body as the ground, and as the street, to them that went over."

How wonderfully appropriate to their circumstances these verses proved, we should not be able, unless we were in their sad case, to realize fully. This was *their Bible*,—read, and re-read, and prayed over and digested as the very food of their trembling souls. No wonder they still treasure it carefully. God's ways are truly inscrutable. Had any one tried to choose just the passage to support the fainting captives, he could not have selected a better.

Thus remarkably did the providence

of God revive the hearts of the weary
captives of Lucknow in their famine of
the Word of the Lord.

"SHOW ME THY FACE."

Show me Thy face—
One transient gleam
Of loveliness divine,
And I shall never think or dream
Of other love save Thine.
All lesser light will darken quite,
All lower glories wane,—
The beautiful of earth will scarce
Seem beautiful again.

Show me Thy face—
My faith and love
Shall henceforth fixed be,
And nothing here have power to move
My soul's serenity.
My life shall seem a trance, a dream,
And all I feel and see
Illusive, visionary,—Thou
The one reality!

Show me Thy face—
I shall forget
The weary days of yore;
The fretting ghosts of vain regret
Shall haunt my soul no more;
All doubts and fears for future years
In quiet trust subside,
And nought but blest content and calm
Within my breast reside.

Show me Thy face—
The heaviest cross
Will then seem light to bear;
There will be gain in every loss,
And peace with every care.
With such light feet
The years will fleet,
Life seem as brief as blest,
Till I have laid my burden down,
And enter'd into rest.

Show me Thy face,
And I shall be
In heart and mind renew'd,
With wisdom, grace, and energy
To work Thy work endured.
Shine clear, though pale,
Behind the veil,
Until, the veil removed,
In perfect glory I behold
The face that I have loved!

A RUSTY CHRISTIAN.

A KEY unused becomes rusty. A harp unpractised gets out of tune. A heart which does not draw up daily and hourly its kindest emotions; a benevolence which does not seek its opportunities for exercise; a machine which lies by unused, however admirably it may be adapted to its end, however beautifully it may work, and with however little friction,—each, all will, by neglect, inattention, want of use, become rusty, dry, hard to start—sometimes impossible without a great deal of work, and labour, and use of all such material as will put it in motion. The engine may need the hammer, the file, the chisel, with oil, and sometimes the repeating and working over again, or replacing of some part of the machinery; and then it will not work as at first; the rust eats in, and sometimes so corrodes as to require another piece to be substituted.

Impatience, or irritability, or indolence, or indifference, may say it is not worth the trouble; ignorance may say it cannot be done; despondency may give it over; but patience, forbearance, will put the machine in motion, fit it to its place, get the heart in tune, draw up the waters of consolation, and effect the work.

The pump gets dry from want of use; and, however much water may be in the well, however excellent the pump, the stiffness and dryness must be attended to,—to moisten it, until it takes up the water.

A man who has a Bible, and neglects to read it,—a throne of grace, and seldom comes to it,—a family altar, and only perhaps on a Sunday evening gets his family around it,—who knows the way of life, but just keeps so near that it may be hoped for him that he is in it, yet is so slow in all his movements that you stand in doubt,—is like a man who can write, yet seldom takes hold of a pen.

The want of use, application, perseverance in anything which we should follow, makes us stiff in our movements, dry, lifeless, rusty; the very motion makes a gritting, shrieking; but sometimes the rust eats in so that the whole thing is useless.

A rusty Christian he may be, on the

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outward appearance, from circumstances,—for want of the means of grace, society of Christians,—and, when brought under proper treatment, may be started; but the safe, sure, and comfortable way is to continue on in the way and use of means,—constancy in prayer, studying the Bible, keeping up household-worship, private prayer, with devotion to every Christian duty. This may seem laborious, confining; but it will go easy, and the burden will be light. It is only a rusty Christian who can't be moved to a Gospel duty.

Are you in this condition? Get the file, the hammer, the oil. Rest not until you find it easy to take hold of the Bible and read; until you find the throne of grace the place where you must go—to which you will go with a ready mind and will; the work and service of God that in which you find your heart and hand ever ready.

When you go into the family of a professed Christian, and the family look surprised at your asking a blessing, or the head of the house apologizes for not thinking to ask you until you have hinted at it; or when, on your suggesting family-worship, the members are so scattered that they cannot be found, or come in and look as if they did not know what was going to be done,—it is a tolerably safe inference that they are not in the habit of these things. They are certainly very rusty. —*Christian Treasury*.

THE BIBLE-STAND AT THE CRYSTAL-PALACE.

THE fourth Report of the work connected with the Bible-stand has just been published. We learn from it the following interesting particulars:—

The subscriptions and donations for the last year have exceeded the previous one by more than £300. More than *four millions* of separate Gospels, or Epistles, Scripture text-books, cards, &c., including several hundreds of entire Bibles and Testaments, have been circulated in fifteen different languages in less than four years.

One hundred thousand Italian Gospels

and Epistles were sent into Italy last year. Nearly thirty-eight thousand similar portions of the Word of God for Spaniards have already been sent away.

Comparing the gratuitous distribution at the Bible-stand (together with those sent abroad) with last year, there has been an increase of about twenty-five thousand.

The following are the exact numbers of Gospels, &c., given away from the Bible-stand:—

6,535 French.	136 Swedish.	43 Turkish.
3,693 German.	219 Danish.	40 Chinese.
1,670 Italian.	183 Dutch.	300 Russian.
1,601 Spanish.	191 Portuguese.	49 Polish.
2,048 Hebrew.	55 Arabic.	

Also, eleven thousand nine hundred and nineteen Scripture text-books, in French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Hebrew, with the above.

Sum total of Gospels and Epistles given away, in fourteen different languages, from the Bible-stand	16,765
Do. text-books, in five different languages, do.	11,919
Do. at different ports, &c.	22,144
Do. in Italy	69,815
Do. in Spanish territories	36,148
Do. in Scripture text-books and cards	12,058
Do. in English portions to children, and sent abroad	4,476
Grand total	173,325

Besides the above number, eighteen thousand and ninety English and foreign Bibles, texts, and portions have been sold at cost price.

It may safely be assumed, says the Report, that all the numerous foreigners who come to London—yes, who come to these isles—pay a visit to the Crystal-Palace, and we provide them there gratuitously with a portion of the Bible or New Testament in their several native tongues. The English mind can hardly realize the importance of this work, seeing that in this highly-favoured country the Bible is within the reach of the very poorest, and an Englishman going abroad, who would there be presented with a portion of God's Word, would only receive what he possesses already. But how different, alas! is the case with many foreign nations, who live either in the darkness of heathenism,

or are enchained in the trammels of Romanism, which withhold from them the Bible! Think of the millions—yea, hundreds of millions—who “sit in darkness and the shadow of death,” and judge then whether it is a desirable work to give to them the Word of God. As a rule, those foreigners who travel belong to the best classes of their country, and are, therefore, able to appreciate what we induce them to read; but not only do they read the Word themselves, but we know that they take our little present home as a souvenir of the Crystal-Palace; and so each little book becomes the centre whence the rays of light are shed forth in all directions. On the other hand, there are many foreign artisans and sailors coming to the Palace, who, but for our distribution, would, perhaps, never look into a Bible; partly because they are too poor to buy one, and partly because they have never thought of what importance the Book of books is to every one. Arrangements have also been made to reach even those foreigners who might perhaps not find their way to the Bible-stand. The foreign patients in the German Hospital, the numerous emigrants who only pass through London on their way to all parts of the world, to many of whom we give the Word of God; and generally, wherever there is a gathering of foreigners within the metropolis, we do not miss the opportunity of distributing among them our little books.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

From these departments, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two portions of the Bible were distributed to Spaniards and to Portuguese altogether. We may look upon this part of our work as a most important one, for there is no country in the world so priest-ridden as Spain; and it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that no other foreigners are so little inclined to accept the Word of God as Spaniards. At one time, some Spanish officers, attracted by the superscription in their language, came to the stand, just to see what it meant, but indignantly refused to accept anything. After some friendly conversation, however, in which the duty of every man to read

and study the Bible was forcibly put before them, they not only thankfully accepted a portion of Scripture, but gladly even contributed towards the fund for the maintenance of the Bible-stand. In another instance, a Spanish family called, by whom some portions of Scripture were gladly accepted; and a few days afterwards, a servant of that family called again, to buy for his master three Spanish Bibles; a striking proof that the reading of our little portions made them anxious to possess the whole of the Word of God.

ITALY.

This department also has to deal with Roman Catholics. Italians have, of late years, not been excluded from the Gospel sound, owing to the different Protestant Missions established among them, and are more inclined to accept the Bible. During last year, one thousand six hundred and seventy portions of Scripture were distributed to Italians. Besides the Italians who are seen in the Palace, provision is made for supplying the organ-grinders, who are to be found everywhere in London, and the numerous Italian confectioners and ice-shopkeepers, with Italian portions of the Bible.

FRANCE.

Of all departments, this has decidedly been the most frequented one. Daily there are a very considerable number of French visitors; and on special occasions the demand has been quite extraordinary. On one day as many as one thousand two hundred excursionists, and on another, four hundred and eighteen, were each and all provided with a portion of Scripture; and the whole number of portions distributed during the year amounts to six thousand five hundred and thirty-five. Frenchmen have given us the best proofs how well known the Bible-stand is becoming, since many called who had been told at their hotels, some even in their own country, that they should not forget, when coming to the Crystal-Palace, to claim a portion of Scripture.

(To be continued.)

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

As the official honours and powers which have their united seat in Him who is Head over all things to the Church, are by His Spirit divided and distributed among His people, so the "lights and perfections," which are all harmoniously embodied in the psalmody of Holy Writ, are scattered and variously apportioned among the later children of song. With one is the grandeur, with another the beauty; here the sweetness, there the power; this voice is plaintive, that triumphant. Now we have harmony, now gracefulness; now deep contemplative life, and now a full and holy unction. There are different ministrations. Nor has the gift of coming most agreeably near to the standard of highest hymnic inspiration always fallen on those to whom the Church would soonest look for aid. That God, who perfectly knows every man's mental and moral constitution, and sees at a glance all the fitnesses of human agency for the fulfilment of His own purposes, may sometimes tax the gifts of even a Balaam, and, wrapping him in awful visions, constrain him to give out utterances with which his own will and disposition are somewhat in discord, and which become immortalized as at once witnesses for God, and memorials of the faithless prophet's unconsecrated talents. A Rousseau may dream of heavenly music, and wake to jot down the melody which has helped many Christians to give touching expression to their purest and sweetest hymns. And who would expect a combination of features so near akin to those of old prophetic psalmody as are now associated in a few productions of Byron, Scott, and Olivers? What a trio!—a sensuous scorners, an idolized novelist, and a Methodist preacher! And were all these among the prophets? If to write hymns like prophets' hymns is to have the shadow of a prophet's claim, let them share the honour of being in the train of prophetic hymnists. The three men wrote three remarkable hymns, each of which is instinct with some virtue of Hebrew psalmody. Byron has happily caught the spirit of the

137th Psalm, and in his plaintive but spirited melody gives the soul pleasant yet mournful touches, after the manner of the original ode, "By the Rivers of Babylon," &c.—

"We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, O her desolate daughters!
Were scatter'd, all weeping, away.

"While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, O, never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

"On the willow that harp is suspended,—
O, Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended,
But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!"

He who could breathe so deeply in unison with the harp of captive Judah, cannot, with all his sins and errors, be shut out from among the children of sacred minstrelsy. It may still be a wonder how such a hand as his could string its harp to melody like this; but there must have been something in the poet, both in his heart and intellect, which was capable of occasional sympathy with the sublime mysteries of the Old Testament, the grand march of its history, and the deep variations of its prophetic songs. It was this occasional sympathy which expressed itself in the awful dramas, "Cain," and "Heaven and Earth," and which sometimes showed itself in more pleasing beauty and power in his "Hebrew Melodies." Will the religious world ever forget his musical verses on Sennacherib?—

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold."

But where and when had the touch been given which ever after acted now and then like a charm, and hushed his dark tempestuous soul into communion with the scenes, and the men, and the music of the Bible? Minds and hearts like his are not left by God without Divine visitation from above. Truth speaks at intervals with commanding power. A loving voice sometimes whispers, "My

salvation is near;" and to Byron such a voice came in his earlier course.

"Lord Byron and I met once," said an old man to a friend, as they sat in the window of a quiet little parlour looking out upon Falmouth harbour. "It was one evening in the year 1809. I had been sitting here thinking how Providence and the Holy Ghost work together in promoting the salvation of man, when a servant-girl, who had gone out on an errand, came rushing back in a great hurry, and ran upstairs. She was closely followed by a gentleman, who, when he saw me, apologized in a jaunty way for his intrusion, but at the same time walked in, took a seat, and seemed at perfect ease. He was a noble, handsome young man. I shall never forget the bright glance of his light eyes as they playfully lightened from under his very dark eyebrows. Their sparkles of fire seemed to float on the surface of a thoughtful depth.

"Was that your girl, old gentleman?" said he.

"Yes, Sir; pray what is the matter?"

"O, nothing; but I wanted to make her acquaintance on the terrace yonder. She gave me a spirited reception, and provoked me to the chase; so here I am. I admire that girl of yours for her virtuous energy. But now, letting her alone in her retreat, turn out your cards, and let us have some play."

"We keep no cards here, Sir," said I, looking at him gravely.

"No cards! Perhaps you have a novel or two one could look over?"

"No, Sir; such things are never found in this house."

"What have you got then?"

"I have a book here that might interest you," I replied, "and one that I am sure will not only refine your taste, but do your heart good." I opened the Bible before him. He started. The gay life passed away from his countenance, and he was silent and thoughtful, while I gave him some lessons on the Bible and from the Bible. "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, Sir," said I, as he arose to depart, "but I pray God to bless you."

"Thank you," was his parting reply.

"My name is George, Lord Byron. Good-bye!"

It was the future poet on his way to Lisbon, and who knows how far the quiet old Methodist's lesson "on the Bible and from the Bible" influenced his after thought and feeling, as the author of "Hebrew Melodies?" and was it the echo of that good little man's touching appeal that sometimes, in after days, and in other climes, made him "silent and sombre," as when he said, in the presence of his friend Shelley, "Here is a little book which somebody has sent me about Christianity, that has made me very uncomfortable; the reasoning seems to me very strong, the proofs are very staggering. I don't think you can answer it, Shelley; at least, I am sure I can't, and, what is more, I don't wish it." Poor Byron! his heart cherished some early lessons "on the Bible and from the Bible;" and sometimes, as in his correspondence with Mr. Shepherd, prompted him to express his feelings of concern about his own spiritual condition, by nobly saying, "I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its importance, would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare." But, whatever he owed to the words and prayers of the old man in the quiet parlour at Falmouth, he owed something, and, perhaps, much, to another, who seems to have been the only man who was kind, and faithful, and Christian enough to warn him against evil, and recommend him to the good, in the midst of his successes, and in the height of his poetic glory. That man was Sir Walter Scott.

"Would you have me turn Methodist?" said Byron, in reply to his friend's advice.

"No," was the reply; "I cannot conceive of your being a Methodist, but you might be a Catholic Christian."

His heart seems never to have lost the impression of that affectionate touch.*

* From "Hymn-Writers and their Hymns,"
By the Rev. S. W. Christophers.

Memorials of the Departed.

ELIZA PIGOTT was born at Hickleton, near Doncaster, August 17th, 1811. Her mother was an exceedingly pious woman, but suffered much persecution from her husband on account of her religion, especially for her meeting in class. He was, however, at length wrought upon by the Spirit of God, and began to take his children to the house of God. Amongst them was the subject of this notice, who was thus early brought under religious truth and influence. Having united herself with the Church, she received her first Society ticket in September, 1825, when about fourteen years of age. She became not merely a member of Society, but was truly converted to God. Eliza was very decided in carrying out her convictions of what was right, from which she never swerved. On her leaving home, at the age of seventeen, she was careful to make arrangements for the enjoyment of her religious privileges. When occasion required, she did not flinch from avowing her principles, though without ostentation. In one instance, when requested by the head of the family with whom she lived to say that he was out, her reply was, "How can I say so when you are here?" She went to the door, and acknowledged him to be at home. The servant was not tried in that way again, and her firmness gained the esteem of all the family.

At the age of twenty she returned home to attend her sick mother. After her mother's death, she remained with her father about two years, and then entered into the marriage-state. Her next removal was to Doncaster, and, during her residence there, her attendance at the means of grace was uniform. Her class-meeting was never missed, unless under circumstances over which she had no control. During the latter part of her stay in Doncaster her health seriously failed; but, having removed to Bentley, her health was improved, so that she was enabled, by means of a hand-carriage, to attend the house of God. For the last few years

of her life she was deprived altogether of that great privilege.

The distinguishing features of her character were, piety at home, a steady adherence to the principles of truth and honesty, and great decision in following her religious convictions. She believed religion to be true, because it was felt to be good. Her attachment to that section of the Church where she received her first spiritual good was strong. Yet bigotry was alien to her disposition; for the right hand of fellowship was given by her to all; and, during her long illness, she frequently expressed herself as being grateful for the kind visits of those in connexion with other Churches. For more than thirteen years Mrs. Pigott was an invalid, passing through very severe sufferings, and never walking but by artificial means. She underwent several surgical operations of a very painful nature, and for four years was confined to her bed. Yet seldom was a complaint heard from her. It was her habit to look at the bright side of things. But in one instance, when, after recovering from the amputation of her foot, she found herself unable to attend to her household duties as before, her mind became depressed. A friend, who visited her at that time, said, "God 'loves the gates of Zion,' but does not forget 'the dwellings of Jacob.'" Under the influence of the Divine Spirit, the spell was broken. The thought that she was not forgotten greatly comforted her; and her usual cheerfulness was recovered. When in conversation with her friends respecting the future, she would say, "I never meet troubles,—they come soon enough; and some that are dreaded never come at all. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'" Ten days before her death there was a visible change for the worse; but she was perfectly resigned to the will of God for life or death. While expressing herself as feeling the full value of religion, she urged her friends to cleave to God, and spoke of her approaching end with great cheerfulness. Once, when depressed

greatly from extreme exhaustion and weakness, the sufferer said, "I wish I was at rest." These were the only words approaching to impatience uttered by her during the last ten days of her life. When her end was apparently near, her husband and children knelt around her bed in prayer. She afterwards said to her husband that, if she

had had any fear at all, it was that of seeing her children cry in prospect of her departure. But God preserved her in sweet calm and holy self-possession. She died in peace, August 6th, 1862. One of her frequent sayings was, "If we live well, we are sure to die well;" which was happily exemplified in her own experience. M. J.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

Mission-Life in the Islands of the Pacific. Being a Narrative of the Life and Labours of the Rev. A. Buzacott, Missionary of Barotonga, for some time Co-worker with the Rev. John Williams, Martyr of Erromanga. With a Preface by the Rev. HENRY ALLON. (London: John Snow and Co.) The story of the introduction of Christianity to the savages of the South-Seas, and of its successes amongst them, is, to a religious man, one of the most marvellous of our age. Many as have been the books published of late years on this subject, the attention of the reader may be directed to this one also, as being certain to interest him. Mr. Buzacott was evidently the right kind of man for the work to which he was providentially designated; one who could devise and carry out the many improvements, of a secular and social nature, which follow necessarily upon every attempt to preach the Gospel among savages. To be able to build and handle a boat, to forge nuts and bolts, to make nails and screws, and to draw up a code of civic law, is an invaluable auxiliary to the preacher of the Gospel among a people such as the Barotongans were forty years ago. But we cannot now enter again into the recital of the immortal history. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Buzacott was a worthy coadjutor with the Missionary Williams, whose name is a household word in the Churches. After an active life, this servant of the Cross died at Coogee, New South Wales, after an illness in which the power of the Gospel to gain the victory over death was signally displayed. The perusal of these Memoirs cannot fail to fan the Missionary spirit in the

heart of the reader.—*Hymn-Writers and their Hymns.* By the Rev. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS. (London: S. W. Partridge and Co.) "What!" says the author, in his prefatory address, "another hymn-book? Why, surely the world has hymn-books enough! Well, that may be, and yet here is something like another. It is something like another, as there are hymns in it; and yet it is rather unlike any other, in that it has the hymns interwoven with what may be called gossip, innocent, and, it is hoped, not unpleasant gossip, about the hymns and those who wrote them." How agreeable is this "gossip," an extract from almost any page in this elegant volume would furnish proof. Mr. Christophers' twenty-four chapters discourse upon hymns of all kinds,—"Hymns of Fathers;" "Hymns of Old Cloisters;" "Songs in High Places;" "Psalms in English Metre;" "Hymn-Menders;" "Songs in the Night;" "Hymns of Gethsemane and the Cross," with many others. Anecdote, story, and description of men and places carry the reader pleasantly from page to page, and serve to give additional interest to many a piece of spiritual song already indelibly fixed in the memory. We doubt not numerous readers will thank the author for some pleasant and profitable hours in the perusal of pages which he modestly calls "gossip." We ought, also, to say that the external appearance of the volume is one befitting the excellence of its contents; and that a copious general index, as well as one of the hymns themselves, adds greatly to its value.—*Two Sermons, preached before the University of Cambridge.* By the Rev. CARUS WILSON, M.A.

(Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co.) The first of these sermons is on part of John xviii. 37, and is entitled, "Jesus Christ witnessing to the truth;" the other is on John xvi. 12, 13, the subject being "The Holy Spirit guiding into all truth." It is refreshing, after turning our attention, as we are sometimes compelled to do, to the manifestation of scepticism as to the Divinity and authority of our Lord, and the inspiration of the Apostles by His Spirit, the Holy Ghost, when we meet with so lucid and so unflinching an advocacy of the truth as is here presented. We cannot but thank the preacher, formerly Senior Fellow and Senior Dean of Trinity College, for these two valuable discourses.—*Sermons for the Sick and Afflicted.* By the late Rev. H. STOWELL, M.A. (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) The lamented author designed this volume, which he was not spared to send to the press, and which is published as he left it, for the benefit of such as, "shut out by the hand of the Lord from the great congregation," might wish to gather themselves together, "a little Church in the house," in Divine worship. The design indicates the practical benevolence of the eminent clergyman who was long justly loved and honoured in Manchester and its neighbourhood. The sermons are eight in number, founded on appropriate texts. To the last of them is affixed a note,—“This sermon he was writing when seized with the attack of diphtheria which terminated his life.” But

his usefulness is not terminated, if the sons and daughters of affliction listen to the kind, yet faithful, tones in which the truths which most concern them are here set forth. The type is such as to suit the aged as well as the sick.—The following are among several other books and pamphlets which we have received:—*Matrimony: or, What Marriage Life is, and how to make the best of it.* By JOHN MAYNARD. (London: Stevenson.) This little book is well intended, and contains some sensible advice. But the important subject needs handling in a more effective style.—*Hymns on Hebrews.* By JOHN MIDDLETON HARR. (London: Snow.)—*Fruits of Righteousness in the Life of Susannah Knapp.* By EDITH ROWLEY. (London: Hamilton and Co.) Records of the pilgrimage of one who, in 1786, when sixteen years of age, received deep impressions from the preaching of Mr. Wesley, and who finished her course in 1856. The biographer judiciously allows Miss Knapp to relate the history of her useful life in her own words, by giving copious extracts from her diary and letters. She was no ordinary character; and Miss Rowley has done good service in thus preserving the memory of a Methodist of the early type.—*The Relation of Christianity to the Present Stage of the World's Progress.* By ALBERT BARNES. (London: Hamilton and Co.)—*The Mystical Beast: His Name and Number.* By BIRLAMIDIUS. (London: Bagster and Sons.)

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Anderson, Margaret,	North-Shields,	North-Shields,	49	June 3d, 1866.
Collinson, Lucy Abbey,	North-Shields,	North-Shields,	62	Nov. 15th, 1865.
Foster, George,	Tynemouth,	North-Shields,	66	Mar. 19th, 1866.
Hunter, William,	Backworth,	North-Shields,	72	Nov. 9th, 1865.
Laing, Margaret Ann,	North-Shields,	North-Shields,	59	Feb. 1st, 1866.
Rennison, Ann,	North-Shields,	North-Shields,	44	Oct. 16th, 1865.
Smith, Ann,	North-Shields,	North-Shields,	64	Mar. 26th, 1866.
Stephenson, Jane,	North-Shields,	North-Shields,	59	June 3d, 1866.

*(Proclamation of George I.)*

LORD-CHANCELLOR MACCLESFIELD.

IN the year 1714, George I., of Hanover, succeeded to the British throne. There was a magnificent pageant, and amidst the flourish of trumpets he was proclaimed King. "The coolness with which he appeared to contemplate the splendid prize which had fallen to him, appeared to the English little less than unnatural. Thrones and crowns are generally seized upon with avidity; but the new King seemed to feel more regret in quitting his petty Electorate than eagerness to enter on his splendid kingdom. But George was a man of phlegmatic disposition, and of the most exact habits, and went through his duties like an automaton, or a piece of machinery. He took, therefore, much time in settling his affairs in Hanover before he turned his face towards England, and it was not till nearly seven weeks after the decease of the late Queen that he landed at Greenwich with his son George."

Strange vicissitudes had characterized the line of the Stuarts. The first James, King of Scotland, was assassinated; the second was killed

by the bursting of a cannon near him at the siege of Roxburgh. James III. was killed while attempting to crush a rebellion of his own subjects; at the battle of Flodden-Field the fourth James fell; and the fifth died of grief at the loss of his fine army. Mary, Queen of Scotland, was beheaded; and the first Charles, King of England and Scotland, shared the same fate. Charles II. wandered many years in exile; James II. was compelled to abdicate the throne; and his son and grandson, the two Pretenders, after experiencing innumerable hardships in their fruitless attempts to recover the crown, were proclaimed as traitors, and a price of forty thousand pounds was placed upon their heads. The unfortunate Stuarts, with a history suggestive of a thousand thrilling memories, were now no more. After innumerable conflicts, but little regarded in the present commercial age, the Protestant succession to the throne of England had been established; but, upon the death of Anne, there being no Protestant heir to the crown of her line, the House of Hanover stood nearest in succession. Thus the reign of the first George may be regarded as the commencement of a new chapter in England's religious as well as secular history. One of the most interesting events in his reign was the charge of bribery brought against Lord-Chancellor Macclesfield, in the execution of his high office. His public life, with its clouded termination, abounds in lessons for young men.

The predecessor of Lord Macclesfield in the High Court of Chancery was Lord Harcourt, who experienced many of those great changes so well known, in all ages, by such as have occupied the high places of the world. There are questions involved in his conduct at the death of Anne which it is no object of this paper to discuss. He cherished the cause of the Stuarts, and loved them sincerely. He doubtless meant to risk everything for them, "biding his opportunity." When George landed at Greenwich, he, with the other Lords-Justices, attended to receive him; but, while heaping compliments and favours on the ex-Chancellors, Somers and Cowper, the King scarcely recognized Harcourt, and in three days he took the Great Seal from him, "in a manner regarded by many as arbitrary and offensive." Yet Harcourt was a great man; and, amidst the varied instruments by which the Ruler of the nations accomplishes His purposes, he was a power of no ordinary kind. Respecting his procedure in the impeachment of the Earl of Oxford, his conversion to the House of Hanover, the part he took on the bill for the banishment of Atterbury, and many other matters with which the student of history is familiar, the critics have entertained conflicting opinions. Swift, and others, represent him as "trimming;" but, while destitute of the liberal principles of Somers and Cowper, he sought to act upon the conservative principles of his education, and among the men of genius and letters of that day he was a regulating power. He frequently met Pope, Gay, Prior, Parnell, Arbuthnot, and others; and one of the most interesting anecdotes recorded of him is, that, while Lord Chancellor, he was "taken

up" for Sabbath-breaking. The record thus runs :—"Lord-Chancellor Harcourt, travelling on Sunday through Abingdon, in time of Divine service, was stopped by the constables, by whom a humble apology was made to his lordship for doing what they understood to be their duty ; in consequence of which, his lordship ordered his coach to the church-door, and joined in public worship till the conclusion of it." He died at the beginning of the reign of George II., and "was buried with his long line of ancestors in the family cemetery of Stanton-Harcourt ; but to the present day no monument has been raised to his memory."

Human life, as exhibited on the world's wide platform, is frequently enveloped in mystery. One nation rises, another falls : one man attains to eminence, another, in many respects his superior, sinks into obscurity. "Honour and fame from no condition rise." High rank does not always secure greatness ; and humbleness of birth and condition is no barrier to the advancement of talent, energy, and industry. Lord-Chancellor Macclesfield was the son of a small attorney, named Parker, at Leek, in Staffordshire. He was taught to read by his mother, and afterwards was sent to a free grammar-school at Newport, in Shropshire. The most gifted boy in that school was Tom Withers, the son of a shoemaker. Tom was so clever, that an attempt was made, without success, to send him to some university by means of a public subscription among the neighbouring gentry. This failing, the interesting youth was apprenticed to his father ; and, while pursuing his humble but honourable toil, kept up his studies, and conversed with clerical customers on Homer, Virgil, and other classical authors. It must have been a scene worthy of the world's greatest painter, when, in years afterwards, the two schoolfellows met as Tom Withers, the keeper of a stall at Newport, and Parker, as the Lord-Chief-Justice of England. They also renewed a correspondence "after the one had been precipitated with disgrace from the highest station a subject can hold in the kingdom, and the other reduced to a state of penury."

The morning of life does not afford much for the use of the biographer. The history of boys, in its leading features, is mostly the same. But certain crises arrive when, under some unexpected and propitious circumstances, the character distinctly unfolds itself. So it was with young Parker. During the period of his residence in his father's office he displayed that diligence which characterizes the successful. He occupied his leisure time in devouring useful books, and, spurning frivolous pleasures, "spent all his perquisite cash in purchasing a little library of his own." At length he established himself in Derby, and prospered in his profession. Now the turning point in his life appeared. His intercourse with the "great ones" at the assize filled his soul with thoughts and resolves which gave him a new start. At first "he was struck with awe at beholding the judges in their scarlet robes, and could scarcely venture to speak to the leaders

of the Midland Circuit on delivering them briefs in the causes which he had entered for trial." But soon his reverence declined; and, as he looked and listened, new light filled his mind, and new sensations thrilled his heart. He fancied that he himself could pursue an examination, and make better speeches than the barristers. "His pride, too, was touched by the distant, patronizing behaviour of those great ones in public, while in private they were genial as personal friends." He felt, also, as many a real worker has felt in every department of the world's affairs, that it was he who really prepared the cause and did the work which secured the victory, while others were decked with the laurels, and wore them amid the plaudits of the multitude; and, as he "measured himself" with those who "enjoyed high reputation as advocates," he formed the resolve that the rest of his days should not be spent in drawing leases, "in receiving instructions from country bumpkins to bring foolish actions, in preparing briefs, and in making out fees and disbursements." He would rise: he, too, would be a barrister!

On the 24th of May, 1691, Parker was called to the Bar. His progress was rapid and brilliant. In a few years he was at the head of the Midland Circuit. He speedily rose to be Queen's Sergeant; was returned to Parliament for Derby; and next was raised to the Chief-Justiceship of the Queen's Bench. The spirit of party, among Whig and Tory, ran high. Politicians, wits, and satirists employed their powers; but, heedless of their weapons, and of the party-tempests raging around, he pressed on in his prosperous career. He had little relish for literary society, and preferred the conversation of judges and sergeants. His predecessors—Somers, Harcourt, and Cowper—revelled in the pages of the greatest cotemporary poets, while he had "far more admiration for Nisi Prius leaders and Equity draughtsmen." Yet the learned Zachary Pearce dedicated to him, when Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, an edition of *Cicero de Oratore*, displaying brilliant ability, and "rose, chiefly by his recommendation, step by step, to be chaplain to the King and Bishop of Rochester." When George I. was proclaimed king, he was on the Bench, and received a warm reception from him. "He, who had started as an attorney's clerk in a small provincial town, and had got on by a vigorous intellect joined with stupendous application to business, now showed, in a marvellous manner, the versatility of his powers, by becoming a courtier, and making himself personally agreeable to George I. and the German attendants who accompanied him." After taking an active part in the important movements of the hour, he accepted the Great Seal of England.

While occupying this position, he gave many decisions relating, among other things, to "real and personal estate;" to the Act of Anne for the conversion of the Jews; against the ringing of church-bells at unsuitable hours, to the annoyance of the inhabitants; and to the Quaker Affirmation Bill. "He did himself great credit by

defending the bill against the Bishop of Rochester, who endeavoured to prove that none but Christians should be admitted as witnesses, and that Quakers are not Christians." Indeed, he was now on the topmost pinnacle of fame; and honours were thickly showered on him. This was not the effect of mere patronage, but the legitimate result of his own earnest effort,—a bright example of heroic "self-help." *But he had one besetting sin.* Avarice ruined him. In an evil hour he accepted a bribe. A storm arose, amid whose ragings his talent and past services were all forgotten; and, in a few weeks, he was deprived of his office. He was soon after a prisoner in the Tower, under sentence to pay a heavy fine by the unanimous judgment of the House of Lords; while the multitude, acting from present impulse, insulted him with the oft-repeated saying, that "Staffordshire had produced the three greatest rogues in England,—Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild, and Tom Parker." He was not, in this one respect, worthy to succeed a Somers or a Harcourt. The New-Year's gifts, referred to in a former paper, had been abolished by them from the office of the Court, as well as from the Bar; but "Lord Macclesfield raised the price which the Masters were to pay for their places, and rendered it still more necessary that, for their own benefit, they should traffic with the trust-money in their hands." *His determination to be rich* ruined him. A great man, he fell by this single vice. "He achieved greatness; but, for solid glory, he wanted a contempt of riches."

(*To be concluded.*)

THE MISSIONARY ARCHITECT.*

THE extraordinary improvement which took place in the social habits and moral life of the Barotongans, was in some measure due to the laborious and successful efforts put forth by Mr. Buzacott to improve their dwellings, and to separate the people into families, each having a good cottage to itself. In heathen times, the natives, for the sake of security, lived near the mountains, within easy reach of their plots of land. Each tribe herded and slept in one large shed, whose length was in proportion to their numbers. The sense of insecurity in regard to life

and property, and the practice of the whole clan thus herding together in one vast room without any screen or division, led to the most reckless and licentious habits among them. So soon, therefore, as idolatry was abolished, and the chiefs resolved to live in peace, it became desirable to fix upon an eligible site for a township. The site for the Avarua settlement was determined shortly before the arrival of Mr. Buzacott; and many dwellings had been built, but without the slightest regard to order or beauty.

The original native hut was merely a respectable shed; the tall posts, the ridgepole, and rafters, constituted the entire framework. The roof and sides were covered in with a thatch made of the palmetta leaf. One aperture, of about four feet square, served for door

* From "Mission-Life in the Islands of the Pacific." See the "Christian Missionary" for last month, p. 287.

and window. The earthen floor was covered with a thick layer of hay; upon this mats were spread; the mats served the double purpose of seats and beds.

It took a considerable time to induce the natives to build separate houses, and it was not until the Gospel had quickened their moral natures that they were able to understand and to long for the comforts of a home. In course of time the Missionary succeeded in overcoming all obstacles. A wide, noble road was made not far from the beach, and parallel with it, of nearly two miles in length. The wretched huts were removed, and comfortable detached cottages for each family were erected on both sides of the high-road. Sufficient spaces were allowed to each cottage for good gardens, both front and rear, while a neat "paepae" or "footpath," made of snow-white coral pebbles, led from the door to the street. This footpath was shaded on each side by rows of ornamental plants, such as the "Ti" tree (*Dracena terminalis*), the gigantic arum, or kapé, whose leaves were commonly used as umbrellas.

The new cottages were built of wood, wattled and plastered with lime obtained from the coral. Of course each dwelling was divided into several apartments, and adorned with venetian windows. The houses extended nearly a mile on each side of the harbour. The street was also planted, at the edge of the kerbstones, with rows of the beautiful "Ti" tree. All who have visited Avarua have warmly expressed their admiration at the taste displayed in laying out the streets, and in the simple beauty of the native cottages.

Houses for the Chief and Missionary were built; that of the Chief's being, of course, of ample dimensions.

A new chapel was erected, and

opened on August 23d, 1831. It was one hundred feet by forty-eight, with deep galleries on both sides, capable of seating two thousand people.

On this occasion no less than four hundred pigs were killed, and an abundant supply of vegetables and fruit provided. The inhabitants of the other settlements were invited to this grand festival, and more than five thousand persons sat down to dinner. A ludicrous incident is told by Mr. Buzacott:—"I was much amused with a man who was looking on, and trying to count the number of cooked pigs (which were served whole). He made several attempts, and failed. At last he seized a knife, and cut off the end of every pig's tail, and putting them together, succeeded in making out 'two rau,' or four hundred."

Avarua was in this condition when Mr. Williams paid the island another visit. The change excited his surprise. Wherever he looked, he saw clear proofs of advancing civilization. He had known the island in heathen times, and the improvement filled him with intense delight. When he entered the new church, he was so taken by surprise that he examined the building in speechless admiration; and then, with the generous candour that ever distinguished him, turning to his brother Missionary, he said, "O Barakoti, (the native name for Mr. Buzacott,) you have beaten us all."

But, in a few short hours, the whole settlement was destroyed. A fearful hurricane swept over the island; the sea rose, and covered the lowlands. The cottages, the chapel and school-house, the mission-house, the Chief's house, were all laid low; the labour of three years was annihilated. Famine followed the cyclone; yet, amid untold privations and difficulties, the losses were repaired, and the settlement arose

with many new improvements. Then came years of trial to the mission. As often as the opposition [heathen] party burnt the chapel, or school, or cottage down to the ground, so often it arose out of its ashes, like the phoenix, arrayed in new beauty.

At length the cause of truth, and freedom, and law triumphed. "Then had the Churches rest" throughout Barotonga, "and were edified, and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied."

It may interest the reader to hear a witness, whom none will charge with partiality towards Missionaries and their proceedings, who visited Barotonga in 1840.

Captain Sir Edward Belcher, in his "Narrative of a Voyage round the World," in Her Majesty's ship "Sulphur," published by authority of Government, writes as follows:—

"Having letters to Mr. Buzacott, the principal Missionary, he soon made his appearance, and conducted us to his house, which, for neatness and comfort, surpasses anything we have met amongst the Missionaries. The roads, enclosures, church, schools, and private residences are an age in advance of Tahiti. Neatness and regularity prevail; and the appearance of the resident Chief, as well as of those about him, reflects the highest credit on the present Missionary, as well as on the unfortunate originator of the present system, the late Mr. Williams, who was recently murdered at Mallicollo [Erromanga?]. It reminds me of what I expected at Tahiti, if their laws had been enforced.

"The residence of Mr. Buzacott is situated about the eighth of a mile from the sea, and about half that distance from the main road, which is perfectly level, and of the ordinary width of those in England, the walls of the enclosures in the town (constructed of coral and mortar) con-

fining it. The road to his house leads through the churchyard, where an artificial, raised road, on coral blocks, carries you through a coconut vista to the house, which is reached by a flight of steps about twenty feet ascent; the house occupying a level terrace, cut away from a rather steep hill.

[A most amusing incident occurred in connexion with this raised pathway. It was made through a piece of low land which heavy rains flooded. A deep canal was, therefore, dug, of considerable length and depth, in order to carry off the floods into the sea, and turn the marsh into a sugar-cane plantation. The natives worked willingly, until it became necessary to dig out the tunnel beneath the road. They had never seen an arch of any kind, and could not conceive how an archway was possible. To a man, the labourers refused to dig any soil underneath the highway. No persuasions or jesting could induce one of them to make a beginning. The Missionary, therefore, seized a pickaxe, and began to remove the soil. This was too much for one poor man, who loved his teacher more than his own life. He sprang from the ground, on which all were resting, and, taking the pickaxe out of Mr. Buzacott's hand, first went round, and, shaking hands, bade farewell to his fellow-workmen; for he and they were convinced that the earth and coral above would overwhelm and suffocate him. Thus he prepared to die. To his amazement, the stonework forming the arch sustained its heavy burden; and he did not lose his life, or suffer any inconvenience. This small arch excited the marvel of the whole community.]

"With all the difficulties incident to Missionary progress, one is not a little surprised to meet not only the conveniences, but also the comforts, of a well-furnished house. These

are principally native, but the result of Missionary instruction; care having been taken to teach them useful arts.

"They manufacture tables, chairs, and sofas, with cane-bottoms, fit for any of the middling-classes in England. These form an article of export to Tahiti, and a pair of their arm-chairs grace my cabins. The wood of the Tamanu, from which they are manufactured, may vie with Honduras mahogany in beauty, and is far superior in durability. Four neat stone-cottages were just completed, having two good rooms each; these are intended for the students, in the college about to be built where Mr. Buzacott's house now stands.

"In the present school-room, where they have also a printing-press, I was shown the production of one of the native scholars, being a manuscript copy of the New Testament, in progress; the writing clear and intelligible; the scholar, a native Missionary, probably to be forwarded to some island where Christianity is unknown.

"The church is an extensive wood and plaster building. It occupies one side of the road, and the native school the opposite. The house of the principal Chief, Makea, (or, perhaps, more probably the King,) is well-built, of two stories, and fit for any European. It was erected by the father of the present Chief. He has also a very neat cottage within the same enclosure, where he lived during the lifetime of his father. A covered building, or extensive shed, near the landing-place, is used as a market-place. There I found the Chief tidily dressed in European costume,—cotton shirt, white trousers, and white frock-coat,—superintending the purchases for the captains of the whalers. All this results from a change from absolute barbarism and heathenism since 1825."

"WHERE'S MY LITTLE BROTHER?"

If this question had been asked by a girl who, entrusted by her parents with the care of a much-loved little brother, but who had suddenly missed her precious charge, there could not have been more painful anxiety manifested than was shown in the case to which I now refer.—The questioner was an old, grey-headed woman, who was sitting among a number of fellow-Christians at a class-meeting. The attention of the other members had several times been drawn towards her, in consequence of the stifled sobs which broke from her. When, however, the Leader spoke to her respecting her spiritual condition, she burst into tears, and exclaimed wildly, "Where's my brother? O, where's my little brother?" No one present had any idea of the meaning of this strange question, till the troubled one again broke out, "My dear father used to take me and my young brother to the class-meeting with him; he did all in his power to lead us in the good and right way; but I fell into the ways of sin, and my brother did the same. After a long course of wandering from God, He, in mercy, brought me back, and now I am happy in His love; 'but O, where is my brother?'" A short pause followed, and then she continued, "When I saw that dear boy sitting there, (pointing to a young member of the class,) and heard his simple and earnest testimony for God, I thought I could see my brother again, just as he was fifty years ago, so good and so happy, and then the question which you heard broke from me.

In this instance there was no reason for concluding that the speaker was really responsible for the wandering of the brother; but it may be that in presenting this little incident

to others, conscience may return a different answer. In the time of youth and health we are not very willing to acknowledge ourselves "our brother's keeper;" but when the hour draws near wherein the Lord will say, "Give an account of thy stewardship," we shall probably call to mind opportunities of doing good to our relatives that we have not improved. Even if they are now scattered far and wide, a few words of earnest exhortation enclosed in a letter, and accompanied with fervent petitions at the throne of grace, may yet be effectual in calling some wanderer from the error of his ways. W.

A MEDITATION ON THE FIFTEENTH PSALM.

DR. CLARKE says, "The subject of this Psalm is of the most general utility, and demands the most solemn and serious attention of all men who profess to believe in the immortality of the soul." Indeed, the very inquiry with which it commences involves the deepest interests of humanity; and ought, consequently, to receive the most earnest consideration. It teaches us the need of holiness as a meetness for heaven. We, who are favoured with the glorious Gospel, have been taught the principles upon which this holiness is to be sought. For, though the blessed foundation on which God's spiritual temple is to be built—the Lord Jesus Christ—was not so distinctly and fully presented to mankind under the Old-Testament dispensation; yet there neither is, nor ever was, any other offered to us.

In meditating upon this and similar parts of the Word of God, the "first principles of the doctrine" of the Gospel must be borne in mind; namely, the necessity of "repentance from dead works," and "faith in our

Lord Jesus Christ." The doctrine of justification by faith does not make void the law, but establishes it; and every Christian is bound to accept the whole law as the rule of his life.

Let us look at this for a moment.

Inward holiness is absolutely necessary to every soul of man, in order to an entrance into heaven. The great and Divine Source of it is the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier of the people of God. Supreme love to God, and love to our neighbour, are its essential parts. But *outward* holiness—the conformity of our visible conduct to the law—is as necessary, in its place, as that which is inward. One, in fact, cannot exist without the other; and that which is inward must always precede that which is outward. The former is the cause, the latter the effect; the former the tree, the latter the fruit. There cannot be the effect without the cause, nor the fruit without the tree. They who suppose they can be ever outwardly holy by mere observances,—without repentance, pardon, and personal regeneration,—make as great a mistake as they who expect corn without sowing seed. On the other hand, they who talk of inward holiness without manifesting the same in their outward conduct, deceive themselves. If the tree be good, the fruit will be good also. As the body without the spirit is dead, so also "faith without works" is dead. And it is useful to examine ourselves by this rule. A few instances of its application are given by Divine inspiration, in the Psalm before us.

Another observation may be made here: the sacred Scriptures often describe the Christian character by enumerating some one only of its features. This mode of speaking is founded on the principle that the Christian character is one entire thing, and that none of its essential principles can exist alone; but,

when one necessary property is present, the whole must be. Thus the whole of religion is often summed up by such terms as, "the fear of God," "the love of God," and others.

David asks, "Who is a true member of the Church militant, and who shall finally join the Church triumphant?" He seems, in the first instance, to give us a general reply; and then, in describing the good man, unfolds it by descending to particulars. He inquires, "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?" He proceeds to answer, "He that walketh uprightly," &c.; literally, "He that walketh perfectly." An excellent commentator has supposed that this phrase is from Gen. xvii. 1, where God, speaking to Abraham, says, "I am the Almighty God; walk before Me, and be thou perfect."—"Walk before Me perfectly; for I am All-sufficient to enable thee to do it." A perfect walk before God implies uprightness of principle; the heart standing fast in God's covenant, only influenced by a regard to rectitude and truth, and the whole life unfolding and illustrating the same exalted principles in all we do. This is the only foundation upon which any real excellence of character can permanently stand. It is so if we look at honesty in dealing,—the refusal to incur debts which we have not a fair prospect of paying. Nor is it less so with reference to wronging no man,—depriving him of nothing which is his right, and paying strictly to every one his due. For if the heart be not right in the sight of God,—firm in integrity and truth,—all stands precariously, and nothing is pleasing to Him.

Again, the Psalmist says, "And worketh righteousness." The term "righteousness," in the sacred Scriptures, is a very comprehensive one.

It not only implies justice, but goodness. So our Lord uses it directly for almsgiving; as if He had said, "Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men." So, again, in the description of the good man in Psalm cxii. 9, it is said, "He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth for ever." "The word 'righteousness,'" says Bishop Lowth, "is used in such a great latitude of signification for justice, truth, faithfulness, goodness, mercy." "Working righteousness," therefore, not only implies doing no evil, or general harmlessness, but that we accomplish all the good we can; that we be beneficent after our power, just in all our dealings, faithful in all our engagements. This is what St. Paul pointedly describes, (Phil. iv. 8, 9,) as minding "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

Having thus described the good man's conduct, the Psalmist now turns to his conversation: "He backbiteth not with his tongue." Ainsworth says backbiting "means going to and fro, trying, and spying, and carrying tales and rumours." Dr. Clarke gives a somewhat curious account of the meaning of the word, and justly pronounces strong condemnation on the very common practice of backbiting among men. It was "intended," he says, "to convey the treble sense of *knarishness*, *cowardice*, and *brutality*.... Reader, drive the slanderer of your neighbour far away from you; ever remembering that in the law of God, as well as in the law of the land, the receiver is as bad as the thief." The man who backbites has something of the serpent about him. It is unmanly, as well as unchristian. Such conduct implies a bad state of the

great injustice to our neighbour and is frequently followed by painful consequences. Often the cause of strife in families and churches. It may sometimes do serious mischief to carry true tales from one to another, illustrated in the case of Doeg; Saul of David being with ear. But a common tale seldom keeps to the strict

His suppositions, innuendoes, and insinuations are all employed to give a false colouring to his reports. But in all in which the character and interests of others are concerned, and man will, at the least, an evil report, if possible, fall on the ground. He will not set up a reproach against his neighbour." Ainsworth says the age will support the interpretation that he will not bear reproach from his neighbour; that is, will offer him to be reproached,—even endeavour to defend him. indeed, is manly and Christian—it is doing to others as we they should do to us.

Further, the Psalmist says, "In eyes a vile person is counted." Here we are taught a man's estimate of human character. "A vile person"—a man base in principle and practice—ought not to be held in high esteem by any. He is to be shunned and rebuffed: this is the just punishment that in this life falls to some on their wickedness. We may pity their condition, but censure their principles and conduct. However clever, or learned such a man may be, though we should do him no harm, but benefit him as far as we are able, yet no pious man ought to expect any approval of his principles.

The man who does this is a friend to virtue, and a friend to vice. It is he who honoureth them that he Lord." The good man

respects, loves, and aids those who "fear the Lord," however poor, or ignorant, or despised by others. The world hates, and the rich often oppress, them; but it is the duty of every Christian to honour them. The men of the world honour genius, learning, and social position; but we must respect character, worth, and goodness; always putting goodness before either worldly or intellectual greatness.

"He sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not;" he is faithful to his oath, though it should turn out contrary to his advantage. The oaths of some people bind them only as far as their own benefit is promoted; but not so with the Christian, who will damage his own interests rather than violate his principles, or tarnish his moral character.

"He putteth not out his money to usury." Dr. Clarke says, "usury here signifies unlawful interest, or that which is got by taking advantage of the necessity of a distressed neighbour." This is base, unfeeling conduct, done in violation of the laws of human brotherhood, and is an offence against the law of love taught by Christ. No man who truly fears God can be so guilty.

"Nor taketh reward against the innocent." He who does anything from a motive of self-interest against the just cause of another, especially the fatherless, the widow, the unfortunate, or the needy, directly transgresses true Christian principle. Such a person cannot expect mercy at the hand of God while he commits so great a crime. The righteous man takes no such rewards; but he "visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keeps himself unspotted from the world." He "seeks judgment, relieves the oppressed," judges the fatherless, pleads for the widow; and is, consequently, blessed in his deeds, and will be blessed in the fruit of them hereafter.

"He that doeth these things shall never be moved." He will have the rich blessing of God in time, and the favour of God shall be his perpetual portion. God will be his refuge and strong tower. The man who thus perseveres to the end of life will finally ascend to God's "holy hill," and dwell in His presence eternally.

Here we learn who ought to be members of the Church of God. Almost all commentators understand this to be the import of the first question, "Who shall abide in thy tabernacle?" have a place in the courts of Thy house? The answer describes the character of the man. They who habitually violate the principles here laid down, ought not to remain members of any Christian Church. But to have a place in heaven, we must have a place in God's Church on earth; and he who is ashamed of Christ, His word, or His Church on earth, must not expect to be acknowledged by Him in heaven.

We learn, too, from this Psalm, what is necessary to stability in piety. We shall never become rooted and grounded in the faith, and have the consciousness of God's constant presence, unless we steadfastly adhere to high Christian principle. People who do not attend to the lessons conveyed by this Psalm, may well feel little security or comfort in a profession of Christianity.

We learn, finally, that the "perseverance" of the saints is *conditional*. The glory of the truly righteous will be "unspeakable," if they are "faithful unto death." But the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," depends on our doing the duties assigned us by God. There is uninterrupted peace, unsullied purity, supreme happiness, pre-eminent intellectuality, the highest social enjoyment, and endless progression toward the all-perfect God, in heaven. But

our blessedness, now and for evermore, hinges on the faithful discharge of duty. Let us, then, become weary in anything and everything in life, rather than be "weary in well-doing," and we shall reap the fruit of our steadfastness in due time. U.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

"THE Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night." (1 Kings iii. 5.) But does God speak by dreams in these latter days? Many believe that He did so speak to the wife of one of our own Ministers, the late Rev. John Sharman, who passed away most triumphantly to his heavenly rest some years since. The writer had the account of it from the lips of the widow, with her full permission to make it public. It shall be given in her own words:—

"It is now," said the narrator, "many years since I had a remarkable dream. It was twenty years before the death of my husband. We were then in the Ringwood (now the Christchurch) Circuit, Hants. The time was about the month of November. I retired to rest with my mind calm and undisturbed; but in this state I did not long remain. Scarcely had I fallen asleep, before I was plunged into the greatest distress, by seeing my husband brought home from Crandle, (his week-night appointment,) apparently in a dying state. I thought that in crossing the moor on his homeward journey, he had been attacked by two men with heavy bludgeons and a large dog, who had rushed from a copse, or planting, and by their murderous assault had brought him to the state in which I saw him. From this fearful dream I awoke in the greatest alarm. I immediately aroused my husband, and inquired, 'When are you going to Crandle?' He answered, 'To-morrow.' 'Then,' I said, 'you

ought not to go,' and told him my dream. He replied, 'I am appointed to preach, and am expected there. You ought to be thankful that it is only a dream. Go to sleep, my dear.' After some time I slept, and again the whole scene was vividly before my eyes. In terror I awoke the second time. The night was now far spent, yet the light of the morning came not before I slept once more. For the third time, the dream, in every particular, was repeated, to my horror and distress. I then told my husband how much I had suffered; that I believed danger was at hand, and that God in mercy had forewarned us. He only replied, 'My love, I have no faith in dreams; to go to Crandle is the way of duty to-night; and the way of duty is the way of safety. I must go.' Soon after breakfast, my husband accidentally, or, rather, providentially, met with Mr. —, our worthy Circuit steward, and mentioned to him my distress, and the cause of it. Mr. — looked more seriously at the matter than my husband had done, and urged him, under such circumstances, not to think of going. Finding his counsel and entreaty unavailing, he said, — 'Mr. Sharman, if you are determined to go to Crandle, you shall not go alone. I will accompany you, and take my servant-man with me. We shall thus be prepared for the worst.' This arrangement was carried out; and, in the evening, Mr. Sharman, with his attendants, proceeded safely to the place. Service having been concluded, the party proceeded on their homeward journey. The night was beautifully fine, the moon being nearly at full. The moor was entered, and the copse almost gained, when two men with bludgeons rushed out, followed by a large dog. 'Now,' said Mr. —, 'here they are.' The parties nearly met, and would have done so, had

not Mr. Sharman and his companions quickened their pace. As it was, they were sufficiently near to exchange 'Good night.' The two men now halted, looked after Mr. Sharman and his friends for a few moments, and then changing their course, began to follow after them. The party now walked on still faster; the men followed for some distance, but finding, as was supposed, that pursuit was vain, or that an attack was doubtful in its issue, they halted again, and, after a few moments, returned on their track. On perceiving this, Mr. Sharman said, 'Now, Mr. —, what do you think of my wife's dream?' Mr. — replied, 'Why, Sir, I think if it had not been for it you would now have been a dead man.' So thought my husband."

The reader will form his own opinion.

"Dreams," says Dr. Clarke, "have been, on the one hand, superstitiously regarded, and, on the other hand, sceptically disregarded; that some are prophetic, there can be no doubt."

S. JOLL.

MEETNESS FOR HEAVEN.

THE great glory of heaven will be a *moral* one. There is nought there but the transparent element of goodness. There may be palms of triumph, I do not doubt; there may be crowns of unfading lustre; there may be pavements of emerald: there may be rivers of pleasure and groves of surpassing loveliness, and palaces of delight, and high arches in heaven, which ring with sweetest melody: but mainly and essentially it is a moral glory which is lighted up there; it is virtue which blooms, and is the myrtle there; it is true goodness by which the spirits of the holy are regaled there: it is this that forms the beatitude of eternity.

The righteous, dying now, when they rise again shall be righteous still,—have heaven already in their bosoms; and when they enter its portals, they carry the very being and substance of its blessedness along with them; the character which is the whole of heaven's worth—the character which is the very essence of heaven's enjoyment.—*Chalmers*.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE BEGINNING TO READ AND THINK.

FORM the habit of getting down to the bottom of a subject. Do not be content with looking on the trunk and branches of the tree, but dig your way down to the very roots of it. See from what the thought springs and grows, and how it is developed. Try to know all about it, from the beginning to the end.

Form the ability of seizing general principles. Carefully trace them through their developments; and guard against the very common error of regarding the mere forms and modes of things as being in themselves great principles.

Cultivate the habit of looking on all sides of a subject. Do not be satisfied with seeing it in one aspect merely. Narrow thinking is very common, and is mischievous in its effects. Examine things steadily and steadfastly, and be content to go round and round them in thorough investigation.

Get also a readiness in coming to a judgment on proper evidence. Do not be in a hurry to make up your mind on anything. Patiently wait for data. Suspend your judgment till you obtain evidence for an opinion, and when you have formed one, do not change it without sufficient reason. Try, at the same time, to keep clear of prejudice; but be willing to alter any opinion you may hold, if further *light break in upon the mind*.

Acquire the practice of thinking consecutively and continuously. Do not fear hard thinking. Never mind a little headache occasionally. Use your mind as God intended: and remember, hard mental work is the price all have to pay for intelligence and intellectual excellence. Of course you will not expect to do enough in a year for the purposes of a life-time. Study in a regular way, and lay your plans for life. It is noble to see a man working steadily to the last, keeping a-breast or a-head of his times.

Cultivate the reason and imagination together. These are the two great powers of the mind. It is not for us here to decide which of the two is the superior faculty; but we may be sure it is wise and advantageous to cultivate them both at the same time.

Think for yourselves; but respect the thinking of others. Go on quietly, looking with your own eyes, and thinking with your own heads; but do not be perpetually disputing with people about their opinions: you will gain very little by that practice.

Read not only history and travels, and similar productions, but study thoroughly some books that will fully tax your powers. They will do you good as long as you live. Don't be afraid of logical and metaphysical works. If you cannot see through a subject one day, be willing to sleep upon it, and very likely you will master it the next.

The reading of poetry instead of novels will benefit the feelings and imagination. Novels give a false estimate of human affairs, and make people dissatisfied with ordinary life. They excite the passions to excess, and when duty calls, the powers necessary to obey are exhausted.

Search for thought, not for mere amusement. Some books have so

little thought in them, that you may "run and read," certainly; and if you but skim over them you know all they have to teach. Others you must read slowly and carefully; some, perhaps, a second or third time; and a few you will need to peruse many times. If you have the good fortune to meet with *suggestive* writers, be sure to give close attention to them.

Cultivate the heart as well as the head. You will frequently find that the state of your heart will unconsciously influence your thinking. If you wish a clear mind, seek to possess a morally pure one. Sin blinds the intellect, and blunts the moral sensibilities, as well as dims the spiritual perceptions. Be humble, sincere, teachable. Let your motto be,—the intellect of a man, and the innocence of a child.

W. U.

TOO LATE!

A WARNING.

THERE lived, some time ago, in Ireland, a faithful Christian, who occupied an important position in one of our churches. He died, leaving an only son, still young, to the care of his widow. At a suitable age the young man was placed in a commercial house, as clerk. The position was a good one, and everything seemed to smile upon him, so far as this life was concerned. But it was not so with his soul; for instead of joining himself to the company of the faithful, he associated with persons of light conversation and doubtful piety. From that time the power and influence of the truth upon his heart became gradually weaker, and when he did appear interested in religion it was only with the object of provoking discussions, in which he jokingly took the part of the unbelieving and sceptical.

Being taken ill, he was obliged to

return to his mother. Then a decided affection of the lungs declared itself, and soon all hope of recovery was gone.

Christian friends at once came to visit him, but when he was asked about the state of his soul, he refused to speak, or turned the conversation suddenly upon some other subject. One day, however, he was pressed to answer. For several minutes he kept a mournful silence, and then became most painfully agitated: "O, Sir!" he cried to his visitor, "I have denied Christ. I have been a disbeliever, and now I cannot be saved. Christ will not receive me! I have had great privileges, but have utterly neglected and despised them." His friend tried in vain to encourage him by reminding him of the declarations of Scripture, and setting before him all the encouraging examples of Divine mercy. They prayed for him, but he would not hear anything. Soon he became unconscious, and died without giving a testimony which could console his anxious and sorrowing relatives.

K.

THE ELDER-TREE.

THIS timber is remarkably soft, and can, without difficulty, be split, cut, and wrought; and yet experience proves that it does not rot in water. The greater part of the city of Venice stands upon piles of elder, which, sunk in the sea, form the foundation of massive buildings. It is the same with meek hearts. There is no better foundation for important undertakings, of public or private utility, than that intelligent modesty which is gentle indeed, and ready to yield, as far as a good conscience will allow, but which, nevertheless, lasts and continues stable in the flood of contradiction. Lord Jesus, Thou wast meek and humble in heart, and

on Thy love and meekness the fabric
of our salvation was founded, and still
subsists. Hadst not Thou been meek
and patient, how could any of us be
saved? Give to me a meek and
loving heart, and let this be the
foundation of all my intercourse
with men.—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

REFUGE.

When the streamlet is dried up,
Then fly to the fountain;
When the valley is flooded,
Then haste to the mountain;
When the arm thou hast leant on
Is laid in the dust,
On the arm of thy God
Lean with faith's cheerful trust!

How oft have earth's pleasures,
For which our hearts panted,
Like the bright poison-berry,
Proved deadly when granted!
When thy soul has been sicken'd
With earth's poison'd joy,
Look up for pure pleasures,
Their fountain's on high!

As the dove, when of old
From the ark it went forth,
Some green spot to rest on
To seek through the earth,—
When it found that the deluge,
So deep and so dark,
Left no green spot uncover'd,
Return'd to the ark:

So when floods of affliction
Have deluged all round,
And no green spot of gladness,
No hope-branch is found,
Then flee to the Saviour,
The true Ark of rest,—
O, there's no place of shelter
Like His pitying breast!

HAVE FAITH, AND STRUGGLE
ON.

A SWALLOW in the spring
Came to our granary, and, 'neath the
eaves,
Essay'd to make a nest, and there did
bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toil'd
With patient art; but, ere her work
was crown'd,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoil'd,
And dash'd it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But, not cast down, forth from the place
she flew,
And, with her mate, fresh earth and
grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

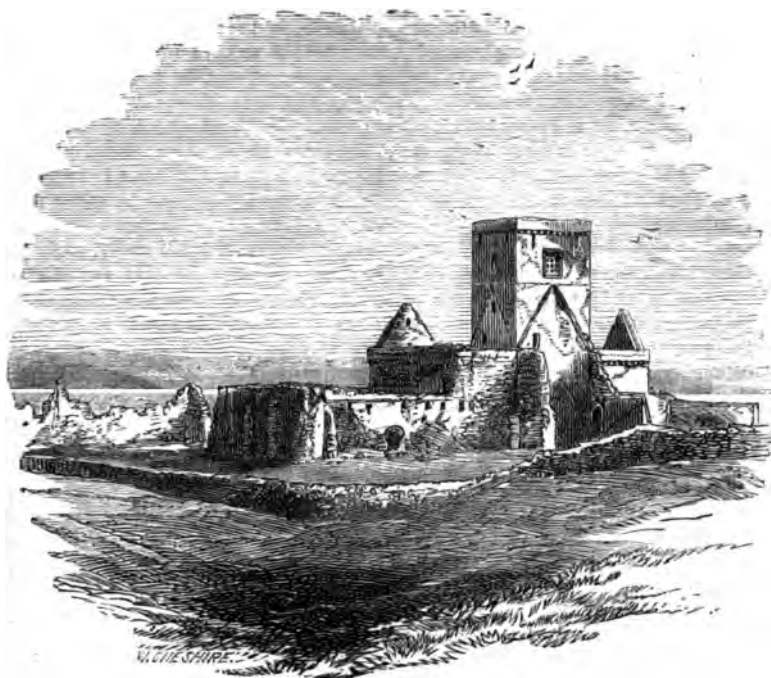
But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again
laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toil'd again; and, last night, hearing
calls,
I look'd, and lo! three little swallows
slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early
dawn?
Hath cloud o'ercast thy purpose, trust,
or plan?
Have *faith*, and struggle on!

IONA AND ST. COLUMBA.

GREAT Britain and Ireland, island-
sisters, exercise sovereign power over
many of the islands of the globe, gem-
ming every ocean, and dotting every
sea. Australia, an insulated continent;
New-Zealand, at the ends of the earth;
Hong-Kong, at the gateway of the day;
Ceylon, that lovely pendant to Hin-
dustan; St. Helena, with its memories
of Napoleon; Malta, with its memories
of St. Paul; Heligoland, in the North
Sea; Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean;
Vancouver, in the Pacific; and the
Falkland group, in the Atlantic,—all
these are ruled by the sceptre of Queen
Victoria. It would be easy to increase
this list by naming the Seychelles, Nor-
folk Island, Ascension, Prince Edward's,
Newfoundland, the Bermudas, Jamaica,



(View of Iona.)

Barbadoes, and many more of the West-Indian Archipelago, the Channel Islands, and others; some of them near home, and others far away.

The island of Iona belongs, not to the foreign dependencies of the British Crown, but is one of the smaller islets to be found in the waters that wash the shores of the mother-country. It is one of the lesser of the Hebrides, or Western Islands of Scotland. In geographical extent it is very insignificant, being under three miles in length, and little more than one in breadth. Nor has it any natural attractions of scenery or resources to compensate for its limited area. Although more fertile than some other of the Western Islands, and capable, to some extent, of producing potatoes and oats, yet there is much of its surface which is morass and rock; so that its inhabitants, notwithstanding the shoals of herrings with which the adjacent seas abound,

are wretchedly poor. Indeed, if Iona were submerged in the ocean, the British empire would not sustain any very perceptible loss; the little isle would be scarcely missed from amongst the two hundred islands and islets which constitute the Hebrides. And yet Iona had a name a thousand years before America was discovered; and, in comparison with the historic age and traditional fame of this diminutive, but venerable isle, the wide-spreading island-continent of Australia is but the unrenowned growth of yesterday.

Iona is also known by the names of Hy and I-colum-kille, or I-colum-cilla. The latter it obtained from its connexion with St. Columba, an Irish Missionary of the sixth century, who is regarded by some as the apostle of the Highlands and islands of Scotland.

In Ireland, next to St. Patrick, St. Columba, or Columbkille, (i.e., "St. Col-

umb of the Churches,") is held in greatest reputation as a "saint." Indeed, in one respect, the fame of the latter is more flattering to the national vanity than that of the patron-saint; for, while Patrick was a Scotchman, according to some authorities, or a Frenchman, according to others, or a mere myth, in the opinion of a few doubters, Columba was, by the admission of all, a genuine and undoubted Hibernian. It is said that he was descended from Nial, "father of many kings;" and that he was born in the county of Donegal, at a place called Gartin, about A.D. 521. His education he is reported to have received at the seminary of St. Finnian, at Clonard; a school so renowned, that sometimes it numbered as many as three thousand students. After entering upon his ministry, he soon displayed the Missionary zeal which contributed so largely to render him famous. He founded several churches and monasteries in his native country; amongst others, one at Derry, a place which is now celebrated for its Protestant memories.

It was about the year 563 that Columba went to Hy, or Iona, with "twelve disciples," having obtained a grant of the island from Conal, a relative of his own, king of the Albanian Scots, a people who were really an Irish colony, settled in Pictland, or Caledonia. Unlike Abraham in the Land of Promise, the good saint Columbkille forcibly ejected from the island the original inhabitants; consisting, as they did, of Druids. Having taken possession of his insulated territory, he erected a church, founded a monastery, and made his island-home a base of operations for Missionary incursions upon the heathen Picts of the Scottish Highlands. In this work he was remarkably successful. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Magi, more especially of Broichan, the royal tutor, King Brude became obedient to the faith,—at least in profession; and his subjects, throughout the whole of North Pictland, following the example of their monarch, became nominal Christians. Nor were Columba's labours in the Hebrides less successful than in the Highlands. Throughout the whole archipelago churches were built, monas-

teries founded, and religious teachers supplied. In the Scottish kingdom, too,—that is, in the Irish colony settled in the southern parts of Caledonia; for, in these ancient times, the Irish were called *Scots*,—the Iona Missionary had much success. As Conal, the king of these Caledonian or Albanian Scots, was a kinsman of his own, it is not to be wondered at that the great preacher was permitted to labour amongst his own countrymen in North Britain; and, as he was successful amongst the Highland Picts, who were wilder than "the wild Irish," it is not so surprising that he founded several religious establishments amongst the Lowland Scotch.

The fame of Iona for Missionary zeal did not end with the life of Columbkille. From its college other Christian preachers were sent out to labour in Scotland and England. The most remarkable of these was St. Aiden, also a native of Ireland, who laboured successfully in the Saxon kingdom of Northumbria. Oswald, the king, having himself embraced Christianity during his exile in Ireland, patronized the mission of Aiden; acted, at first, as his interpreter in preaching to the Saxons; and granted to him the small island of Lindisfarne, now known as Holy Island, on the Northumbrian coast. Here Aiden founded a cathedral and monastery, and made Lindisfarne another Iona. To him succeeded Finan and Colman, both, also, Irishmen from Icolmkill.

What we know of Columba is gathered mainly from monkish traditions; and these are evidently made up very largely of monstrous legends, partly pious frauds, and partly the gross exaggerations of superstition. The earliest written account we have of him is his "Life" by Adamnanus, Abbot of Iona, who died A.D. 703. This work, however, is so full of miracles and prodigies, that it is not easy to disentomb the records of credible facts from the heaps of monkish rubbish. If the old biographer is to be believed, the Missionary-saint worked miracles with great facility. Thus, for instance, when he arrived at the palace of Brude, the king of the Highland Picts, on the borders of Loch Ness, and

ing the gates of the royal castle purposely barred against him, by making the sign of the cross he caused them to fly open without trouble.

"What kind of Gospel did Columba and his fellow-labourers preach?" is a question not easily to be answered, and one upon the solution of which must greatly depend any estimate that may be formed of the influences which went forth, in ancient times, from the island of Iona. Did they preach the Gospel which Paul preached? or was their Christianity that strange amalgam of paganism, heathenism, and Christianity, which is found now in connexion with the teaching and practices of the Church of Rome? The learned Archbishop Usher contends that the Irish Church, in the days of Columbkille, was not in connexion with the see of Rome; and that the doctrines then taught in Ireland, and, consequently, in Iona and Scotland, were generally in harmony with the doctrines held by Protestant Churches since the Reformation. Perhaps a juster estimate of the doctrines propagated by Columba would be, that they occupied a sort of middle way between the truths of the Bible and the present corrupt dogmas of the Romish Church. In one respect, at all events, the system with which Columba was connected differed from the Protestantism of the Reformation period; namely, in its practice of monasticism. This divergence from the Christianity of the Apostles spread from the backsliding Latin and Greek Churches to the Churches of Ireland and Britain before the latter were subjected to the Bishop of Rome. The monastery of Iona, however, in the days of Columbkille, was not, apparently, the scene of indolence, luxury, and corruption for which such institutions were notorious in the Middle Ages. There is reason to believe that, notwithstanding the unscriptural asceticism of which, as a convent, it was the symbol and development, it was, nevertheless, the home of learning, such as learning then was; the abode of a simple and earnest piety, and the centre of a devoted Missionary zeal.

The little Scottish island, variously known as Hy, Iona, and Icolmkill, is

still occasionally visited by tourists, who can tread there, with solemn awe, upon the tombs of Irish, Scottish, and Norwegian kings. A dilapidated church, and other ecclesiastical ruins are to be seen; but archæology has shown that their antiquity dates no further back than the twelfth century. The buildings reared by Columba were probably humbler than those which remain in ruins, although the latter were not at all great. Wordsworth, amongst others, visited the isle, and composed a sonnet upon landing. From the lines of the poet we learn that he saw in the island a—

"—neat, trim church, a grateful speck
Of novelty amid the sacred wreck."

This, we apprehend, refers to the Presbyterian kirk. Since Wordsworth's day another kirk, belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, has been erected; so that, probably, Iona is better off now for instruction in "the truth as it is in Jesus," than it was in the boasted days of St. Columba.

In the year 1773, Dr. Johnson, in company with his lively, chattering friend and biographer, Boswell, visited Iona. The great moralist had his emotions as deeply stirred, while "treading"—to use his own words—"that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions," as if he were in "the isle which is called Patmos," with its sacred and wondrous memories. He had to sleep one night in the place, and could obtain no better accommodation than a barn, where he lay upon hay, with a portmanteau for his pillow. The houses of the people, he found, were wretched hovels, only one of which had a chimney. Thus, it appears, that the past glories of Iona had done but little for its material prosperity. What its future will be, secularly and spiritually, is matter for speculation. Columba ventured a prophecy, in which he says: "In the isle of my heart, the isle of my love, instead of a Monk's voice, there shall be the lowing of cattle; but, ere the world comes to an end, Iona shall flourish as before." The sage of Bolt-court, too, uttered his prediction, as well as the saint of Icolmkill.

"Perhaps," wrote Dr. Johnson, "in the revolutions of the world, Iona may be, some time again, the instructress of the western regions!" This, however, we can only say, does not appear to be very likely.

T. M'C.

THE BIBLE-STAND AT THE CRYSTAL-PALACE.

(Concluded from page 283.)

ENGLAND.

THE free distribution of portions from this department is limited to special occasions; chiefly when children are here in great numbers,—such as, for instance, Boxing-day,* when it is delightful to see the little ones eagerly claiming portions of Scripture. At other times, the work is confined to the sale of the Scriptures at cost price. Many of the visitors to the Crystal-Palace are pleasure-seekers; but the many impressive Scripture texts often arrest their attention, and they have not seldom been induced to engage in conversation about their souls' salvation.

GERMANY.

As far as numbers go, this compartment stands second only to the French. On one occasion, when there arrived here an excursion-train from Austria, there were as many as two hundred and thirty-six Germans in one day, to whom were presented portions of Scripture.

HOLLAND, DENMARK, SWEDEN, POLAND, AND RUSSIA.

Of these nationalities the number of visitors is less considerable; still, there are often opportunities of distributing the New Testament, and portions thereof, in their different languages; so that altogether 889 copies,—viz., 185 Dutch, 219 Danish, 136 Swedish, 49 Polish, and 300 Russian,—were disposed of last year. Of the Russians who called at the Bible-stand, a great many bought the whole Bible.

* Three thousand four hundred and fifty Gospels were given to the little children last Christmas.

To Poland, a large number of Bibles, Testaments, and portions have been sent, amounting to six thousand two hundred and forty, for free distribution.

ARABIA, TURKEY, CHINA, AND INDIA.

Now and then inhabitants of these countries call here, and receive the Scriptures. Among them may be mentioned Abd-el-Kader, who visited the Palace last year, and was presented with a copy of the New Testament in his native tongue, which he willingly accepted. Each one belonging to his suite was also presented with a New Testament. On the day of Abd-el-Kader's visit to the Palace, twenty-one of his countrymen came also here, and all of them received a copy of the Scriptures.

THE JEWS.

This department is peculiar, inasmuch as citizens of almost every country in the world belong to the Jewish nation. How great a mystery! As of old, so even now, the Israelites strive to be "as the heathen, as the families of the countries;" but now, as then, the hand of God keeps them together as a nation, and declares, "And that which cometh into your mind shall not be at all, that ye say, We will be as the heathen, as the families of the country." Yes, although they are tinged with the colours of the several nations among whom they live, yet they are unto this very day "the people that dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." They speak the language of their several countries, and yet Hebrew is their common tongue. Even those multitudes of Israelites who do not cultivate the study of the Hebrew, look upon the holy language as something which belongs to them by right and inheritance; a Hebrew word will open every Jewish heart, and the Hebrew superscription over this department attracts Israelites of all classes. The name of Israel written in Hebrew characters has an effect upon them as the magnet upon the needle. Not less than two thousand and forty-eight Israelites called here during this year, who received either portions or the

whole of the New Testament in Hebrew. Among them were Israelites from different parts of England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Russia, Poland, Turkey, Arabia, Palestine, and other Eastern countries. One finds among them all shades of religious opinions: there is the self-righteous Jew, as described in the parable of the Pharisee and the publican; there is the Jew with a heart burning with anxiety to serve his God, of whom the Apostle said, "I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge;" there is, on the other hand, the Jew who, drowned in worldly cares, has grown indifferent to religion; and there is, besides, the Jew tainted with infidelity. It sounds like a paradox to speak of an Israelite as an infidel: yet the Jew, who is a living illustration of the truth of God's Word,—whom infidelity is ashamed to look in the face, because it cannot account for his present condition—this same Jew is found often in the ranks of infidels! It is cheering to observe how many Israelites earnestly study the New Testament, of whom no one would have supposed it. Often, also, Jews call here who are true believers in Christ, and who adorn different Christian churches.

Many interesting letters have been received from Italy, Spanish territories, and other places, both at home and abroad, of which the following are a few extracts:—

"It may be interesting for you to know," says a correspondent, "that the precious words of the Saviour contained in these books have been circulated in the following towns:—Cadiz, many frontier towns of Spain, seaports south, some inland towns, Oporto, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, Monterey, Callao, Panama, Monte Video, Caracas, and at Constantinople among Spanish Jews. We may not know nor see the result of this scattered seed, but the great day shall reveal it. 'We walk by faith, not by sight.'"

Another says,—*"It is difficult to introduce the sacred Scriptures into Spain. However, I have sent a few hundred*

copies to Madrid, and into the Guipuzcoa. G—— and L—— have taken some with them to Vittoria. I also seize every opportunity to send them to persons upon whom I can depend.

"One day, by the seaside in Spain, I gave a Gospel to a young girl, seventeen or eighteen years of age, who, as soon as she had read the title, kissed the book, and cried, ; *O, que fortuna!* ('O, what happiness!') and, without giving herself time to thank us, she ran away, exclaiming, 'Mamma, Mamma, I have a Gospel!' I have many similar facts which I could mention. What will become of this work?"

Another earnest labourer thus writes:—

"The box of Spanish books was duly received at Oporto at the time of the Exhibition, and circulated among the Spanish visitors on that occasion, and the Spanish residents at Oporto, by our colporteur and myself,—with the exception of six Bibles, six New Testaments, and one hundred and fifty tracts, which I brought with me to —, but which were likewise disposed of shortly after my arrival.

"We rejoice, also, to mention that we have been able to send ten thousand six hundred and fifty-one Gospels of St. John, in Spanish, for gratuitous distribution in different towns in the Spanish-American colonies, where they will be circulated by the Rev. — and nine other Christian men, who have kindly volunteered their services."

An Italian evangelist writes from Naples, November 1st, 1865:—

"The books received on the 18th of October, were unpacked on the 19th. On the following day I was present at a religious meeting in the Toledo; and, having been called upon to address the meeting, I mentioned that I had received the books, (Epistle to the Romans,) and that any person present could have a copy by calling at Signor C——'s, who keeps a *dépôt* of religious books at Naples. In consequence of this announcement, four hundred copies were distributed the next day; and, by the evening of the 26th, two thousand more had been distributed amongst the very poor, who could not otherwise have possessed them. May God bless all who

have thus been instrumental in spreading the light of the Gospel!"

The Rev. H. J. Piggott, the Wesleyan-Methodist Minister stationed in Milan, thus writes, March 7th, 1866:—

"To my certain knowledge, the gratuitous distribution of the little books has done much good. They have been especially useful amongst the soldiers, who cannot carry bulky articles in their knapsacks. We distributed a great number in the barracks here; and, as a direct result, a special class for soldiers was held once a week for many months, until the regiment was removed. Several of these soldiers united themselves to the Church; and I have heard from and of them since by various channels.

"I can also refer distinctly to the case of a small, outlying village, into which a good number of the little books found an entrance, to the good of souls and the glory of Christ.

"It is impossible to tabulate results, as the books are scattered broadcast in railway-carriages, and by the roadside; but I believe that the eye of God sees many hearts in which the first germ of spiritual life has been planted by means of these little volumes. We have long been out of them here; so that, if you could send us another thousand or two, especially of the Gospels, we should be very much obliged, and I would myself be responsible for their distribution."

We have not space for further extracts. Our readers will, doubtless, ask for the Bible-stand, the next time they pay a visit to the Crystal-Palace.

METHODS OF SALUTING.

Arabs are very ceremonious. If persons of distinction meet, they embrace, kiss each other's cheeks, and then kiss their own hands. Women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers. Their greetings are marked by a strong religious character; such as, "God grant thee His favours;" "If God will, thy family enjoy good health;" "Peace be with you," &c.

Bengalians call themselves the "most

humble slaves" of those they desire to salute.

Bohemians kiss the garments of the person whom they wish to honour.

Ceylonese, meeting superiors, prostrate themselves, repeating the name and titles of the individual.

Chinese are most particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire, "Have you eaten your rice?" "Is your stomach in order?" and reply with, "Thanks to your abundant felicity."

Egyptians kiss the back of a superior's hand; and, as an extra civility, the palm also. Their feverish country is strikingly portrayed by asking, "How goes the perspiration?" "Is it well with thee?" and, "God preserve thee."

English.—An old salutation in polite society was, "Save you, Sir;" an evident abbreviation of "God save you Sir!"

French.—"Comment-vous portez-vous?" which literally signifies, "How do you carry yourself?"

Germans.—In some parts of the country they invariably kiss the hands of the ladies of their acquaintance whom they meet.

Greeks.—The salutation among the ancients was, "Rejoice;" among the moderns, "What doest thou?"

Japanese remove their sandals when they meet a superior, exclaiming, "Hurt me not!"

Laplanders, when they meet on the ice, press their noses firmly together.

Manillans bend their bodies, place their hands upon their cheeks, raise one leg, and bend the knee.

Mohammedans.—"Peace be with you;" to which the reply is, "On you be peace;" to which is added, "And the mercy and blessings of God."

Moors, of Morocco, ride at full speed toward a stranger, suddenly stop, and then fire a pistol over his head.

New-Guinea people place on their heads the leaves of trees, as emblems of peace and friendship.

Pellew Islanders seize the foot of the person they desire to salute, and rub their faces with it.

Peruvians salute by inclining the neck

toward each other; and then, laying cheek to cheek, with the extravagant greeting, "Is thy exalted-high condition good?"

Poles bow to the ground with extreme deference to friends they meet, with the significant inquiry, "Art thou gay?"

Romans, in ancient times, exclaimed, "Be healthy;" or, "Be strong." The Pope makes reverence to no mortal, except the Emperor of Austria, by whom he is kissed.

Russian ladies permit not only their hands, but their foreheads, to be kissed by friends. The men salute by inquiring, "How do you live on?" "Be well."

Turks cross their hands, and place them on their breasts, and bow, exclaiming, "Be under the care of God;" "Forget me not in thy prayers;" "Thy visits are as rare as fine days,"—an ancient greeting, as it is by no means applicable to their country at present.

HANNAH MORE.

I CAN but faintly picture now that venerable lady, who, more than forty years ago, received and greeted us with cordial warmth, in her graceful drawing-room at Barley-Wood; directed our attention to the records she had kept of glorious friendships with the truly great; spoke with humble and holy pride of her labours through a very long life; impressed upon our then fresh minds the wisdom of virtue, the inconceivable blessing of Christian training and Christian teaching; and hailed us with encouraging hope and affectionate sympathy, just as we were entering the path she had trodden to its close;—she, who had been a burning and a shining light long before we were born. Her form was small and slight; her features wrinkled with age; but the burden of eighty years had not impaired her gracious smile, nor lessened the fire of her eyes,—the clearest, the brightest, and the most searching I have ever seen. They were singularly dark—positively black they seemed, as they looked forth among carefully-trained tresses of her own white hair; and they absolutely sparkled

while she spoke of those for whom she was the venerated link between the present and the long past. Her manner, on entering the room, while conversing, and at our departure, was most sprightly; she tripped about from console to console, from window to window, to show us some gift that bore a name immortal, some cherished reminder of other days, memories of those whose deaths were registered before the present century had birth. She was clad, I well remember, in a dress of rich pea-green silk. It was an odd whim, and contrasted somewhat strangely with her patriarchal age and venerable countenance; yet was in harmony with the youth of her step, and her vivacity, as she laughed and chatted. Her voice was strong and clear as that of a girl, and her manner as full of life and vigour as it might have been in her spring-time. If it be true of women that—

"Those who rock the cradle rule the world,"

how large a debt is due from mothers for the abundant and beneficent helps they derive from the writings of Hannah More! She flourished at a period when religion was little more than a sound in England;—the clergy of the English Church were exemplary only in exceptional cases; and the flocks, committed by the State to their charge, were left in as utter ignorance of social and religious duties as if they had been really but sheep gone astray: when France was rendering impiety sacred, and raising altars for the worship of "Reason;" and when in England there were vile copyists—professional propagators of sedition and blasphemy, under the names of liberty and fraternity,—at that terrible time Hannah More came out in her strength. Her tracts, pamphlets, poems, and books aided largely to stem the torrent which for a while threatened to overwhelm all that was good and just in these kingdoms. They inculcated, as an imperative duty, the education of the people; stimulated Gospel-teaching by persuasions and threats addressed to those who had been appointed, at least by man, to the office of the ministry; and stirred up, to be her helpers, men and women of every class, from the

humblest to the highest, from the cottage to the throne. She did her work so wisely, as seldom to excite either prejudice or hostility. Those who might have been the bitter opponents of men so occupied, were tolerant of zeal in a woman; and it cannot be questioned that her sex sheltered her from assailants, while it empowered her to make her way where men would have failed of entrance. —*Art Journal*.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE CHURCH.

THE existence, says Andrew Fuller, of the Church in this wicked world is one of the wonders of Providence. It is a vessel living in a tempestuous sea—a bush on fire, but not consumed. If we reflect on the enmity of the wicked against the righteous—their great superiority over them—the attempts that have been made to exterminate them—the frequent diminution of their numbers by defection and death—their existence, and especially their increase, must be wonderful, and can no otherwise be accounted for but that Christ liveth.

When they were few in number, and wandered as strangers from one nation to another, He suffered no man to hurt them. "He reproveth kings for their sakes, saying, Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm." In Egypt He saw their affliction, and came down to deliver them. Of Jerusalem the enemy said, "Raze it, raze it, to the foundation;" but the Lord remembered it, and destroyed its destroyer. Under the Persian dominion the captives were restored to their own land; yet even then the enemy intrigued against them, so that for one-and-twenty years the building of the Temple was hindered, and the prayers of the Prophet Daniel were unanswered. Thus it was, I conceive, that "the prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood" the angel for "one-and-twenty days; but lo, Michael, one of the chief princes," stood with him, and helped him.

Under the Gospel-dispensation, as the Church became more spiritual, the hatred

increased; and, as religion was from hence more of a personal than a national concern, such was the opposition directed against it. But still the Great Head of the Church lived. The persecution which raged at the time of which we speak was the second of the cruel persecutions from the heathen emperors; and though after this the government became professedly Christian, yet such were the corruptions which entered in at this door, that in a little time that which was called the Christian Church became an anti-Christian harlot, persecuting the servants of Jesus with a cruelty equal, if not superior, to that of heathens. These floods filled the breadth of Emmanuel's land, reaching even to the neck; but, the Church being above water, she has survived them all.

TREATMENT OF THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

THE following directions for the restoration of the apparently dead from drowning are the result of extensive inquiries which were made in 1863-4 amongst medical men, medical bodies, and coroners throughout the country. They have been extensively circulated by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution throughout the United Kingdom and in the Colonies; they are also in use in Her Majesty's fleet, in the Coastguard service, and at all the stations of the British army, at home and abroad.

I.

Send immediately for medical assistance, blankets, and dry clothing; but proceed to treat the patient *instantly* on the spot, in the open air, with the face downward, whether on shore or afloat; exposing the face, neck, and chest to the wind, except in severe weather, and removing all tight clothing from the neck and chest, especially the braces.

The points to be aimed at are, first and immediately, the restoration of breathing; and, secondly, after breathing is restored, the promotion of warmth and circulation.

The efforts to *restore breathing* must be commenced immediately and energetically, and persevered in for one or two hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote *warmth* and *circulation*, beyond removing the wet clothes and drying the skin, must not be made until the first appearance of natural breathing; for, if circulation of the blood be induced before breathing has recommenced, the restoration to life will be endangered.

II. TO RESTORE BREATHING.

To clear the throat.—Place the patient on the floor or ground, with the face downwards, and one of the arms under the forehead; in which position all fluids will more readily escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth.

If satisfactory breathing commences, use the treatment described below to promote warmth. If there be only slight breathing, or no breathing, or if the breathing fail, then,—

To excite breathing,—turn the patient well and instantly on the side, supporting the head, and excite the nostrils with snuff, hartshorn, and smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, &c., if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water, or cold and hot water alternately, on them. If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly,—

To imitate breathing,—replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress.

Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face back again; repeating these measures cautiously, efficiently, and perseveringly about fifteen times in the minute, or once every four or five seconds, occasionally varying the side.

By placing the patient on the chest, the weight of the body forces the air out; when turned on the side, this pressure is removed, and air enters the chest.

On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face, make uniform but

efficient pressure, with brisk movement, on the back between and below the shoulder-blades or bones on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side.

During the whole of the operations let one person attend solely to the movements of the head and of the arm placed under it.

The first measure increases the expiration; the second commences inspiration. The result is *respiration*, or *natural breathing*; and, if not too late, *life*.

Whilst the above operations are being proceeded with, dry the hands and feet; and as soon as dry clothing or blankets can be procured, strip the body, and cover or gradually reclothe it, but taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore breathing.

III.

Should these efforts not prove successful, in the course of from two to five minutes, proceed to imitate breathing by Dr. Silvester's method, as follows:—

Place the patient on the back on a flat surface, inclined a little upwards from the feet; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small firm cushion or folded article of dress placed under the shoulder-blades.

Draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips: an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose, or a piece of string, or tape, may be tied round them; or, by raising the lower jaw, the teeth may be made to retain the tongue in that position. Remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest, especially the braces.

To imitate the movements of breathing.—Standing at the patient's head, grasp the arms just above the elbows, and draw the arms gently and steadily upwards above the head, and keep them stretched upwards for two seconds. (*By this means air is drawn into the lungs.*) Then turn down the patient's arms, and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest. (*By this means air is pressed out of the lungs.*)

Repeat these measures alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in a minute, until a sign

taneous effort to respire is perceived; immediately upon which cease to imitate the movements of breathing, and proceed to induce circulation and warmth.

IV. TREATMENT AFTER NATURAL BREATHING HAS BEEN RESTORED.

To promote warmth and circulation.—Commence rubbing the limbs upwards, with firm grasping pressure and energy, using handkerchiefs, flannels, &c. (*By this measure the blood is propelled along the veins towards the heart.*)

The friction must be continued under the blanket or over the dry clothing.

Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, &c., to the pit of the stomach, the armpits, between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet.

If the patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely about the room.

On the restoration of life, a teaspoonful of warm water should be given; and then, if the power of swallowing have returned, small quantities of wine, warm brandy and water, or coffee, should be administered. The patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The above treatment should be persevered in for some hours, as it is an erroneous opinion that persons are irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance, persons having been restored after persevering for many hours.

Appearances which generally accompany death.—Breathing and the heart's action cease entirely; the eyelids are generally half closed; the pupils dilated; the jaws clenched; the fingers semi-contracted; the tongue approaches to the under edges of the lips, and these, as well as the nostrils, are covered with a frothy mucus. Coldness and pallor of surface increase.

CAUTIONS.

Prevent unnecessary crowding of persons round the body, especially if in an apartment.

Avoid rough usage, and do not allow

the body to remain on the back unless the tongue is secured.

Under no circumstances hold the body up by the feet.

On no account place the body in a warm bath, unless under medical direction; and even then it should only be employed as a momentary excitant.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

A CHRISTIAN lady records the following interesting coincidence, highly illustrative of the truth of that passage of holy Scripture, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"The other day," said Miss E—, "I happened to take up, quite by accident, an old magazine, and found in it a story of a man who was converted in India in a rather curious way. The man called on a Missionary, and asked him, 'Had he ever heard of Dr. Hawker, and if he could direct him to any of his writings.' The Missionary gave him what information he possessed concerning the works of that man of God, and wished to know his reasons for the special inquiry.

"'Sir,' said the stranger, 'I once went down to the shore, near the place where I was residing, in order to see a vessel sail for England. The ship was gone before I arrived, and the people who had gathered to see her off were dispersing. As I was turning away homewards, I saw, scattered along the beach, a number of pieces of paper; many of which I picked up. I found they were tracts, written by one Dr. Hawker. I read them with interest, and God blessed them to my soul. Before that, I was ignorant of the way of salvation, and knew nothing experimentally of my Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ. They led me to see that *He* was everything; they led me to my Bible, my God, my Saviour; and now I feel a great desire to read whatever other works this good man has written, if I can get them.'

"Such was the substance of the narrative," continues Miss E—, "and it was read by me with the very deepest

interest; not merely as an example of the strange ways in which sinners are led by the Holy Spirit of God to embrace His truth, but because of its remarkable coincidence with a circumstance in which I was personally interested. When I was a child, I lived at Plymouth, and my dear mother, who had long known and loved the Lord, was a constant attendant on Dr. Hawker's ministry, which, in common with all who heard him, she greatly valued. My father had been dead many years; but I had one brother, who was, unhappily, rather wild, and fast getting beyond parental control. Living in a great seaport, he had imbibed a strong desire to go to sea. He wanted to see the world, and escape the restraints of home; in fact, he was decided on being a sailor, painful as it was to his mother, and hard as she laboured to bring him to another way of thinking; but nothing else would please him, and he must go to sea. In her trouble on my brother's account, my mother sought the advice of her good pastor, Dr. Hawker; and when he saw that my brother was determined on the sea, and would not settle on shore, he exerted his interest to get him a berth on board an East-Indiaman, the commander of which he knew to be a worthy man, who would be likely to look after a wayward youth, and do the best he could for him. He also gave my brother much godly counsel; and my mother took care to provide him with a Bible, which she implored him, for her sake, to read daily, and also gave him a good supply of Dr. Hawker's tracts, which she made him promise to distribute during his stay in the East.

"My brother remained abroad several years, and, when he at length returned, my mother, who had not forgotten the bundle of tracts, reminded him of his promise to her about them, and asked him what he had done with them. He was obliged to confess, poor lad, that a false shame had prevented him from giving them away until he was at the very point of returning to Europe, when the remembrance of his promise, and his shame at the thought of meeting his mother without having executed the *commission for her*, induced him to

think of some expedient in the way of a compromise, and it was as follows:—

"‘The day I was to sail,’ he said, ‘I took the whole packet, undid the fastening, and strewed the tracts all along the shore on my way to the vessel. I thought Some one may pick them up, and so my mother's good intentions will be fulfilled, and I shall not have to face her, and say, I broke my word to her altogether, and disappointed her good wishes for others.’

"Soon after this," continues the narrator, "my brother went to sea, and we never saw him again! But my dear mother was a woman of much faith and prayer, and she always believed not merely that the tracts over which she had prayed would be blessed, but, moreover, that her own child, the child of so many prayers, would not be lost; and for this last hope she had much encouragement in the tenor of my poor brother's last letter home, and also from the accounts we received from others of his dying hours; so that we had a peaceful hope that the wanderer had at last found rest in the bosom of the good Shepherd.

"As to the tracts, however, I never had a hope of hearing further of them in this world; but, when I read the story in the old magazine, I felt convinced that my mother's prayers for a blessing on them had also been heard and answered; for, from the agreement of place and time, I have not the slightest doubt that the tracts of Dr. Hawker's, which the poor man picked up, and which the Lord so blessed to his soul, were the identical tracts which my brother had strewn on the seashore."

How much further the benefit from them may have extended, the day will declare. R. R. T.

POLITENESS.

WHAT is true politeness? Not polished manners merely; for a man may very politely do a very impolite thing. The thing may be done in a very refined manner, and yet it may only be real selfishness. Mere polish or elegance of manners does not touch the essence of politeness. A man may be very awkward in his manners, and yet may be

more truly polite than his lordly neighbour.

Politeness does not always consist in making oneself agreeable to others; for that might involve flattery, insincerity, and falsehood. And it can never be polite, strictly and properly speaking, to do moral wrong.

The true nature of politeness is broadly and beautifully stated in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. The man who enjoys and correctly exhibits the love of the Gospel, is the truly courteous man. The refinement of others is but the imperfect image, the faint reflection of the spirit of Christianity. Our books of etiquette only deal with the form or mode of politeness, and do not go down to the reality of the subject. The commonplace notion of politeness is gracefulness of manners. But politeness, rightly understood, is something underlying manners, of which they are but the expression. Just as logic does not deal with thought, but the form of thought, and just as the form of godliness is not godliness itself; so the popular notions and definitions of politeness leave the nature of it out of view.

Pleasing manners may be called the body of politeness; but there must be a soul of kindness, love, "charity," in the broad, Christian sense. "Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification." So far as we innocently can, we must try to make ourselves agreeable to others for their good; for the end of courtesy is the promotion of the enjoyment and welfare of our fellows.

To delight in rough manners indicates a nature destitute of the finer feelings and sensibilities. Some men of stern and rugged disposition appear to imagine that politeness only means effeminacy, weakness, unmanliness. But a man may be courteous, and yet thoroughly independent. A poor man may be a gentleman, respectful and dignified in conduct toward the rich, without losing self-respect, or sacrificing his independence of character; and a rich man does not lose caste by "condescending to men of low estate." England's Queen is never more queenly than when visiting the

cottages of the poor; and certainly never does a more graceful act.

Politeness does not necessarily destroy individuality. The rules of social intercourse, which suppress originality and individuality, are neither philosophic nor Christian, and the sooner society is rid of such rules the better. That is a false refinement which acts a lie, which dares not openly and honestly tell a friend the full truth. The politeness of this age often lacks morality. It dares not to reprove sin, for fear of giving offence; it dares not to be honest with a Christian brother, for fear of hurting his mind; it dares not to be loyal to Christ! We want men who can courteously say "No" to a wrong request; who can agreeably say a plain, hard, righteous thing for the good of society; who have courage politely to speak and act as persons accountable to God. The only refinement which is worth the name is formed on Christian principles; and we ought not to attend to the wishes and wants of others, or to attempt or desire to please them, but in accordance with the will of God, and for their highest interest. True politeness is good and beautiful, the natural outgrowth of a Christian character. U.

RESIGNATION :

THE WIDOW AND HER TWIN DAUGHTERS.

To a quaint, old-fashion'd homestead,
With its ivied towers,
Came a lady in the spring-time,—
Came when April's sudden showers
Ran down rainbows into flowers :
And she said, "I will not murmur;
God's will must be done !
So I've brought my two twin daughters,
And come here to feel the sun !"

Living in that quiet hamlet,
Through three chequer'd years,
She was known in every cottage;
And the poor tell in their tears
How her presence made them happy,
And her words dispell'd their fears,
When she said, "I will not murmur;
God's will must be done !
Take my alms, and ask His blessing,
And go out and feel the sun."

Once a widow met her walking
Near the churchyard stile,
With a brow as free from sadness
As her heart was free from guile;
And she whisper'd, as she join'd her,
"Lady, teach me how to smile."
And she answer'd, "Honest neighbour,
God's will must be done!
And whene'er thy heart is drooping,
Then come out and feel the sun."

"For I tell thee I have troubles:
More than once," she saith,
"Have I seen the face of anguish,
Heard the quick and catching breath;
Yea, three pictures in my parlour
Are now sanctified by death.
Yet," she said, "I will not murmur,—
God's will must be done!
But I take my two twin daughters,
And go out and feel the sun."

In the rain two graves are greening,
Greening day by day;
And young children, when they near
them,
Playing, cease to play;
Lose their smiles and sunny glances,
And in silence steal away.
Yet she says, "I will not murmur;
God's will must be done!
But I love the dreaming starlight
Better than the alter'd sun."

Never weeps she now they've left her,
Weeps not in her grief;
And she talks of shining angels
With a mild, uncheck'd belief.
When all earthly hopes have failed us,
Hopes of heaven still bring relief;
And she says, "I will not murmur;
God's will must be done!
And, though oft I am in darkness,
They are ever in the sun."

"FROZEN TO DEATH."

SOME years ago a prominent member of an Evangelical Church in an inland city fell into conversation with a clergyman of his acquaintance, settled near the seaboard, and urged him to come and be their Minister. "We like you, we will make it pleasant for you, and you will have a fine field of usefulness."

The answer was firmly in the nega-

tive: "But why do you speak so promptly and positively?"

"O, for many reasons, which I need not specify. But one would be enough, even if there were no others. I am not suited to you at all. You have the reputation of being among the most intellectual congregations in our Church. You have a very large proportion of liberally-educated men. A constant demand exists, therefore, for a style of preaching, elaborate, careful, finished, and full of vigorous thought, which it is not in my line to produce. I could not meet your expectations; and hence, if the way were otherwise open, this would be an insuperable difficulty."

"Let me assure you," was the reply, "that you are under a very erroneous impression. You are not mistaken as to the character of our people: the prevailing type is as you describe. Professional men abound with us to an unusual extent; but we do not want learned preaching. This is just the error which the worthy man who is about to leave us has committed. His discourses are elaborated and polished to the highest degree, and everything else is made to bend to this one thing. The consequence is, that we are *frozen to death*. Our hearts are not touched; our spirits are not roused. The whole service is intellectual; often severely so. Now, this is not what we need, or desire. Sunday is a day of rest. We lawyers, &c., are jaded with hard work in our secular employments, and we do not want a new strain put upon our faculties during the hours of worship."

It is to be feared that the case here described is not peculiar, that it not unfrequently happens that the intellect is gratified and the soul starved. True, no effort can be too great to be expended upon the work of setting forth Divine truth; no spoils of literature are too precious to be laid upon the altar; the wise householder brings out of his treasury "things new and old." But, after all, the main thing is to affect the heart. If the truth is so presented that the means usurp the place of the end,—that the skill of the preacher, rather than the subject of his preaching, excites attention,—that the pulpit utterance becomes more of a

display of human ability than a message from God,—the chief design of the ordinance is lost. And this is one of the reasons why the most profound and original preaching is not usually the most successful. The hearers are entertained, and often filled with admiration; but the whole process is intellectual. No practical, spiritual result follows.

Nor, in general, are persons, in our day and country, altogether pleased with discourses which, by their elaborateness, require a severe effort of attention. The simple presentation of the Gospel with tenderness and earnestness, meets the wants and wishes of both saints and sinners. The latter have sufficient perception of their own state, and of the object of preaching, to appreciate and desire such a handling of the sacred Word as leaves it to make its own impression without factitious additions. They prefer close and direct dealing, even though it wounds and disturbs. And, if they, how much more true believers? Intellectual display freezes them; unadorned directness warms and melts.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

OPERATIONS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

SOME dispensations and turns of Divine providence may be compared to the main-spring or capital wheels of a watch, which have a more visible, sensible, and determining influence upon the whole tenor of our lives; but the more ordinary occurrences of every day are at least pins and pivots, adjusted, timed, and suited with equal accuracy, by the hand of the same great Artist who planned and executes the whole; and we are sometimes surprised to see how much more depends and turns upon them than we are aware of. Then we admire His skill, and say "He has done all things well."—*John Newton*.

MR. BAKER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE:

THE LAKE ALBERT NYANZA.

AFTER a delay of eight days at the miserable fishing-village of Vacovia, on

the lake, two wretched boats, or rather canoes, were procured,—mere single trees hollowed out. In these a litter was fitted up, and off went the party with four rowers, and a few fowls and fishes on board, to coast along those unknown shores. The waters swarmed with hippopotami and crocodiles; but, to avoid delay, Mr. Baker repressed his sporting propensities, and left them unhurt. Yet even here the perils of the expedition only assumed new forms. After the first day the boatmen deserted, the pilot disappeared, and a storm soon sprang up from the south-west, which threatened at every instant to swamp these frail barks. The breakers burst over the canoe, as it tore along before the gale with a large Scotch plaid for a sail; everything was soaked except the gunpowder, which was in canisters; and, although the distance to the shore was not great, it seemed impossible to reach it, and uncertain whether they could land on it, if reached.

"On the following morning," says Mr. Baker, "the lake was calm, and we started early. The monotony of the voyage was broken by the presence of several fine herds of elephants, consisting entirely of bulls. I counted fourteen of these grand animals, all with large tusks, bathing together in a small shallow lake beneath the mountains, having a communication with the main lake through a sandy beach: these elephants were only knee-deep, and, having been bathing, they were perfectly clean, and their colossal black forms and large white tusks formed a beautiful picture in the calm lake beneath the lofty cliffs. It was a scene in harmony with the solitude of the Nile sources; the wilderness of rocks and forests, the Blue Mountains in the distance, and the great fountain of nature adorned with the mighty beasts of Africa; the elephants in undisturbed grandeur, and hippopotami disporting their huge forms in the great parent of the Egyptian river.

"I ordered the boatmen to run the canoe ashore, that we might land and enjoy the scene. We then discovered seven elephants on the shore, within about two hundred yards of us, in high grass, while the main herd of fourteen

splendid bulls bathed majestically in the placid lake, showering cold streams from their trunks over their backs and shoulders. There was no time to lose, as every hour was important. Quitting the shore, we once more paddled along the coast."

Thus they proceeded for thirteen days coasting the east shore of the lake, which gradually narrowed to a breadth of from fifteen to twenty miles. The banks were obstructed with an immense growth of papyrus rushes, so thick that a man could walk upon it.

Memorials of the Departed.

GEORGE TAYLOR was born at the village of Freefolk, Hants, on the 7th of November, 1794, of respectable and God-fearing parents. His early life was marked by indications of that serious thought and decision of character which were so prominent in him in after life; and, although his earlier profession of Christianity was followed by a period of lukewarmness and formality, he was never known to overstep the bounds of strict morality. He left his father's house at the age of thirteen. Marrying his master's daughter at the termination of his apprenticeship, he never returned permanently to the parental roof. This absence of home-restraint, however, instead of inducing habits of dissipation, as is too often the case, seems only to have deepened his thoughtfulness and affection for those whom he had left. In a letter to a younger brother, at this period, he entreated him to give his heart to God, quoting the well-known lines,—

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone."

During his apprenticeship he became a member of the Methodist Society, and a Sunday-school teacher at Whitechurch, in the Andover Circuit; but, removing, after his marriage, to a neighbouring village, he, probably from the lack of the means of grace to which he had been accustomed, declined in the Divine life, and for several years retained only the form of godliness. In the year 1837, through the faithful preaching of the Rev. Peter Budd, he was again brought under deep convictions of sin. Having sought and found the Saviour, he once more enrolled himself with the people of God. Very shortly after his admission into the

Society, he became the Leader of two classes, and was strongly importuned to preach. His name, at length, appeared on the plan as a Local preacher. Those who knew him best, testify with what punctuality he attended to his appointments, and with what fidelity he discharged the duties of an office which he had only reluctantly consented to fill. His faithfulness in the pulpit sometimes evinced itself in a plainness of speech that did not always meet with favour, even from those who loved him best; but his fearless denunciations of sin proved that his sole aim was the conversion of his hearers; and there are many who attribute their salvation under God to his ministrations.

He was called to be the subject of many painful dispensations of Providence. The death of his wife in 1845 was a heavy stroke; but the trials that followed in rapid succession made him thank God that she had been taken to her rest before him. Each of his three eldest children found a grave in a different country, in the prime of life. He, whose affection for his children had become a proverb with all who knew him, had to learn his loss from the hands of comparative strangers. But he "knew in whom he had believed," and that He "doeth all things well." Notwithstanding these repeated visitations, he was an eminently happy Christian, being noted for his habit of singing at his employment, whatever it might happen to be. His knowledge of Wesley's Hymns could be surpassed by few; and the singing of them together, on the rare occasions when he had either of his three remaining children with him, formed one of his chief enjoyments.

His last years were solaced and cheered by the loving care of his second wife, to whom he was most tenderly attached; and the leaving her to "finish her pilgrimage alone," he more than once referred to, as the only bitterness death would have for him.

The Sabbath was truly his delight; especially his "working Sabbaths," as he termed them. Of late, however, his journeys to country appointments were taken with much pain and difficulty, and it became evident that "the earthly tabernacle" was failing. A few weeks before his death he made an effort to walk to Down-Hurstbourne to preach; but some months of pain had so weakened him, that he was obliged to return home, and submit reluctantly to rest from active labour. To the surprise, however, of his friends, he consented to take the week-night service at Andover, (where he had now resided for some years,) on the 9th of November. The allusion which he then made to his own spiritual experience, contrary to his custom in the pulpit, proved to be his last public testimony for the truth. Some of his hearers, little thinking what was so soon to follow, observed, after the service, that they had never seen him in such a heavenly and happy frame of mind. In giving out his favourite hymn, commencing, "Thou hidden

Source of calm repose," he dwelt with a faltering tongue upon each verse, declaring what comfort he had derived from it in many seasons of darkness and sorrow. On returning home, his cheerful manner dispelled the anxious solicitude of his wife, who had feared that the service would be too much for his strength. The following day he wrote his last letter to his son, and, in concluding, said, "As regards my health, I am as well as I ever expect to be in this world; but I have a glorious hope beyond the grave."

The last few weeks of his life had been a time of unusual depression, from physical and other causes; but on Monday, the 13th of November, 1865, he was better than usual, and able to attend to all his ordinary duties. In the evening, according to custom, he read to his wife a chapter in the Testament, and, after that, some pages in a religious biography, entitled, "Perfect Peace." He remarked to his wife, "I think I feel better to-night:" their earthly intercourse, however, was over. He was found, shortly after, in an apoplectic fit; and, after breathing gently for about nine hours, went home to be "present with the Lord." "So He giveth His beloved sleep." An oft-quoted promise is now fulfilled to him: And "it shall come to pass that at evening-time it shall be light." S. T.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Barnes, Mrs. Jane,	Epworth,	Epworth,	43	Sept. 20th, 1865.
Brown, Mrs. Mary,	Ealand,	Epworth,	77	July 24th, 1865.
Buttrick, Mrs. Sarah,	Epworth,	Epworth,	68	Feb. 23d, 1866.
Hanson, Mr. Richard,	Crowle,	Epworth,	60	July 21st, 1866.
Holmes, Mrs. Mary,	Belton,	Epworth,	77	Mar. 28th, 1866.
Lockwood, Mr. Joseph,	East-Butterwick,	Epworth,	94	Aug. 1st, 1865.
Lockwood, Mr. Thos.,	Epworth,	Epworth,	65	Nov. 30th, 1865.
Pettinger, Mrs. Ann,	Eastbounds,	Epworth,	71	Jan. 12th, 1866.
Raven, Mrs. Sarah,	Crowle,	Epworth,	80	Aug. 17th, 1866.
Ross, Mrs. Rebecca,	Althorpe,	Epworth,	84	Oct. 14th, 1865.
Temperton, Mrs. Eliz.,	West-Butterwick	Epworth,	68	June 3d, 1866.
Watson, Mr. Peter,	Althorpe,	Epworth,	64	Dec. 30th, 1866.



(*Wesley's Tree, Winchelsea.*)

WESLEY'S FIELD-PREACHING.

Our illustration represents a venerable ash-tree, on the west side of the churchyard, in the little town of Winchelsea, in Sussex. Standing within the churchyard-wall, its branches hang a considerable distance over the wide road without, and, in summer time, make an agreeable shade. It is known in the town, and for many miles round, by the name of "Wesley's Tree," from the circumstance that beneath its shadow that venerable man preached the last sermon which he ever delivered in the open air. Great interest is felt in it by the honest people of Winchelsea, and it is carefully protected by their vicar, who also introduced it to the notice of the Sussex Archæological Society, when that body met, some time ago, in the town. The event which gave to the tree its celebrity is thus noted in Wesley's Journal:—"Thursday, Oct. 7th, 1790.—I went over to that poor skeleton of ancient Winchelsea. It is beautifully situated on the top of a steep hill, and was regularly built in broad streets, crossing each other, and encompassing a very large square, in the midst

of which was a large church, now in ruins.* I stood under a large tree, on the side of it, and called to most of the inhabitants of the town, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand; repent, and believe the Gospel.' It seemed as if all that heard were, for the present, almost persuaded to be Christians."

The practice of open-air preaching, which, it thus appears, Wesley continued till the close of life, (for the above record was made within five months of his decease,) was commenced at a very early period in his ministry. He adopted it with evident reluctance, and not a little sense of shame. In March, 1739, he writes,—“Saturday, 31st.—In the evening I reached Bristol, and met Mr. Whitefield there. I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields, of which he set me an example on Sunday; having been all my life (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church.” In the evening of the next day, while he was “expounding our Lord’s Sermon on the Mount,” it struck him as a “pretty remarkable precedent of field-preaching,” since, as he supposed, “there were churches at that time also.” On the following day, Monday, he, to quote his own words, “submitted to be more vile, and proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation, speaking from a little eminence, in a ground adjoining to the city, [Bristol,] to about three thousand people.” His text was, “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,” &c.; which he thought was “fulfilled in every true minister of Christ.” Having thus broken the ice, two days after, he preached at Baptist-Mills to fifteen hundred people; and on the following Sunday, “at seven in the morning, to about a thousand people in Bristol; and afterwards to about fifteen hundred on the top of Hanham-Mount, in Kingswood.” From that time his out-door congregations continually multiplied; so that, before the end of April, seven thousand persons listened to one sermon on Rose-Green. On his return to London he resumed the practice; and on Thursday, the 14th of June, he preached, instead of Mr. Whitefield, and at his request, on Blackheath, to “twelve or fourteen thousand people.” Three days later, (Sunday, June 17th,) he “preached, at seven, in Upper Moorfields, to six or seven thousand people;” and “at five, on Kennington-Common, to about fifteen thousand.” From this time it was his practice to hold open-air services in every place he visited, whenever the weather permitted. His largest congregations, however, were those which assembled in the neighbourhoods of London, Bristol, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

From the above extracts it would appear that Wesley’s first attempt

* A part of this church has been restored, and is now used for public worship. It contains some fine monuments. Our artist, taking a little professional license, has represented the tree as standing *outside*, instead of *inside*, the churchyard-wall.

at field-preaching was at Bristol, and in imitation of Mr. Whitefield. The former particular seems to be implied, also, in his "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion;" though the reason assigned is, that the churches were closed against him, and the rooms of the religious Societies were too small to contain "a tenth part of the people that were earnest to hear." But he appears, however, to have preached in the open air in *the year preceding*; for, in his sermon at the foundation of City-road Chapel, he says, referring to the crowds who came to hear him preach in the churches, in the spring of 1738, "As I was lately come from a far country, vast multitudes flocked together; but in a short time, partly because of these unwieldy crowds, partly because of my unfashionable doctrine, I was excluded from one and another church, and, at length, shut out of all! Not daring to be silent, after a short struggle between honour and conscience, I made a virtue of necessity, and preached in the middle of Moorfields. Here were thousands upon thousands, abundantly more than any church could contain; and numbers among them who never went to any church or place of public worship at all." This was before he went to Bristol, which he mentions in the next paragraph. Thus it appears that, though Mr. Whitefield incited him to it in Bristol, in 1739, Wesley had not waited for his example. Many years after, when the sermon above quoted was published, Mr. Rowland Hill, in a very bitter pamphlet, charged Wesley with untruthfulness on this point; to which he replied, "It may be observed, (if it is worth observing,) that I preached in the open air in October, 1735. Mr. Whitefield was not then ordained." This was while he was abroad; for elsewhere, speaking of the origin of field-preaching, he says, "I determined to do the same thing in England which I had often done in a warmer climate; namely, when the house would not contain the congregation, to preach in the open air."

It is clear that with Wesley field-preaching "was no matter of choice," but "a thing submitted to;" because, both for his own sake, and for the sake of the souls of other men, he "thought preaching, even thus, better than not preaching at all." He did not do it because he liked it; for so late as 1772 he says, "To this day field-preaching is a cross to me. But I know my commission, and see no other way of 'preaching the Gospel to every creature.'" At another time, he says, speaking of North-Shields, "I preached abroad, near the Keelmen's Hospital, to twice the people we should have had at the house. What marvel the devil does not love field-preaching! Neither do I. I love a commodious room, a soft cushion, a handsome pulpit. But where is my zeal if I do not trample all these under foot, in order to save one more soul?"

Wesley enforced his own practice, in this respect, upon his followers. For what originated in necessity, he afterwards vindicated on other grounds; viz., that, partly from the novelty of the thing, greater numbers were thus assembled than in a church or preaching-room; and among these were always many who would not have gone to any usual

place of worship. In the "Large Minutes," as they are called, which were republished in 1789, two years before he died, we have the following, in answer to the question, "Have we not used field-preaching too sparingly?"—"A. It seems we have: (1.) Because our call is to save that which is lost. Now, we cannot expect them to seek us; therefore we should go and seek them. (2.) Because we are particularly called, by 'going into the highways and hedges,' which none else will do, 'to compel them to come in.' (3.) Because that reason against it is not good, 'The house will hold all that come:' the house may hold all that come to the house, but not all that would come to the field." And, further on, in answer to Q. 57, "What can be done to increase the work of God in Scotland?" he advises, "(1.) Preach abroad as much as possible. (2.) Try every town and village. (3.) Visit every member in the Society at home." In one passage of his Journal, after recording that many heard him in the open air who would not come to the room, he exclaims, "O what a victory would Satan gain if he could put an end to field-preaching! But that, I trust, he never will: at least, not till my head is laid." He regarded it as necessary, "especially where there are old Societies, lest they settle on their lees." And, speaking of Whitehaven, where he "preached at The Gins, and the people flocked together from all quarters," he adds, "The want of field-preaching has been one cause of deadness here. I do not find any great increase of the work of God without it. If ever this is laid aside, I expect the whole work will gradually die away."

The opposition which Wesley encountered in this work was varied. Sometimes his congregations were broken up by the interference of the clergy, or the magistrates, aided by "lewd fellows of the baser sort;" and sometimes he was pelted with filth, and in other ways personally molested. His "helpers" shared this treatment with him, and in the same meek and courageous spirit. Even religious people complained of the disorder and indecency of worshipping God in the open air, and elicited from him such defences as the following:—

The highest indecency is in St. Paul's Church, where a considerable part of the congregation are asleep, or talking, or looking about, not minding a word the preacher says. On the other hand, there is the highest decency in the churchyard, or field, where the whole congregation behave and look as if they saw the Judge of all, and heard Him speaking from heaven." In another place, he says, "I cannot say I have ever seen a more awful sight than when, on Rose-Green, or the top of Hanham-Mount, some thousands of people were calmly joined together in solemn waiting upon God, while—

'They stood, and under open air adored
The God who made both air, earth, heaven, and sky.'

And, whether they were listening to His word, with attention still as

night, or were lifting up their voice in praise, as the sound of many waters, many a time have I been constrained to say in my heart, 'How dreadful is this place! This,' also, 'is no other than the house of God! This is the gate of heaven!'" Sometimes the people of his own Societies were opposed to the practice. He says to his Preachers, "The greatest hindrance to this you are to expect from rich, or cowardly, or lazy Methodists. But regard them not, neither Stewards, Leaders, nor people. Whenever the weather will permit, go out in God's name into the most public places, and call all to repent and believe the Gospel; every Sunday in particular. . . . The Stewards will frequently oppose this, lest they lose their usual collection. But this is not a sufficient reason against it. Shall we barter souls for money?"

The question very naturally arises, how far this practice is suited to our own times, or required by the present condition of England? Seventy-six years have passed away since Wesley preached his last out-of-door sermon at Winchelsea; and during that period a vast improvement has taken place in the moral and religious condition of the country. Methodism, in particular, has made great progress; increasing at a rate much more rapid than during the lifetime of its founder. Both in the Established Church and among the Dissenters, there is a vast increase of religious life; and, of late years, a revival of Missionary zeal. The manners of the people are greatly softened all over the country; and everywhere there is an absence of the gross ignorance and brutality which prevailed among the lower orders a century ago.

This, however, is only one part of the case. Population has been advancing at a marvellous rate, doubling itself in the great centres of trade within a very few years; so that, though much has been done in the way of church and chapel extension, the need is very far from being met. But, what is much more serious, as in the days of Wesley, so now, the churches and chapels will generally hold all that come to them. The habit of public worship has been lost by vast numbers of people; and it is to be feared that a generation has grown up by whom it was never formed. And this is not only true of the labouring classes, but also of the trading and upper middle-classes. Whatever may be the cause or causes of this state of things, and whoever may be to blame, here is a great evil with which the Church has to grapple. And how is it to be dealt with? This is a question which we do not presume to decide; for doubtless many answers might be given, all equally just: the evil will not yield to any one remedy. But may not open-air preaching, among other things, be turned to good account?

That the successors of Wesley have not given up this mode of doing good, is proved by many individual cases in which it is still practised, and by the custom of appointing open-air services in connexion with the annual Conferences. Should the practice be judiciously revived, many lost sheep, who are not likely to seek us, might be found, and

not a few wanderers from the fold might be reclaimed. And it would be no mean advantage if it resulted, as doubtless it would, in a large increase of Missionary zeal among both Ministers and people.

H.

LORD-CHANCELLOR MACCLESFIELD.

(Concluded from page 293.)

THERE are few of England's Chancellors whose history furnishes more thrilling lessons both of *encouragement* and of *warning*, especially to young men, than that of Lord-Chancellor Macclesfield. *First*, it affords a striking illustration of the scope given by the English Constitution to talent and energy. No caprice of a despot suddenly raised him to distinction. Such promotion belongs to an arbitrary form of government, and a barbarous state of society. "The power of rising to distinction, in a free country, ought to be by the possession of useful qualities and the performance of public service. The Government that employs and rewards the meritorious aspirant ought merely to ratify the opinion of his fellow-citizens, and to carry into effect the wishes of an enlightened country."

Secondly, young Parker started in life with a determination to act upon the principle, that success is secured by "doing present duty *now* from a conviction of right," and that whatever has to be done *now*, ought to be done *well*. These maxims need to be strongly enforced in the present age. Pitiable is the youth who neglects *present duty* to indulge in reveries of possible greatness, or who, fawning on the wealthy and the great, seeks to rise by patronage. True *manliness* never fawns. To think and act according to the present requirements of duty is the grand element in progress and happiness. No mere sentimental aspirations for honours animated the breast of Parker. In his father's office at Leek he put forth that energy, and practised that industry, which secured future advancement. By the intelligence *thus* acquired he afterwards showed himself superior to the attorneys of the same place, becoming the most successful pleader in the neighbourhood. In Westminster Hall he was a powerful opponent of all oppressive prosecutions of the press, and at the same time an efficient member of the great party to which he united himself. As a Judge he became equal to most of his predecessors; and, when elevated to the peerage, he took an influential part in the Upper House of Parliament. He had established such a reputation with all ranks, that his promotion to the Lord Chancellorship caused general joy. "As a politician he was in some respects superior to his illustrious predecessors; for it is an element of excellence in his character that he warmly supported the Government bill for placing Churchmen and Dissenters on an equal footing with respect to civil rights, while Lord Cowper defended the 'Test and Corporation Acts,' and was the means of continuing them on the statute book for a century."

Thirdly, he adopted the motto of an Italian philosopher, that "Time was his estate;" and invariably acted upon the conviction that, as such, it would produce nothing without cultivation. The morning of life he regarded as the season for securing a prosperous day, and during his early manhood he threw all his energies into business and mental exercises at their allotted times, making even pleasure a means of reinvigorating his powers for future service. This was sound philosophy. The ancient Seneca teaches even the wisdom of modern times on this subject: "We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are either spent in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them." Young Parker early felt that every moment of life is valuable, and prolific of mighty consequences. On the sunny height where Fame smiles upon her sons, he at length saw the results of his honourable toil.

In the month of May, 1725, there was one of those great trials which fix the gaze of an empire. The great Lord Macclesfield was charged with bribery in the execution of his high office. As he stood before his judges, at the close of his defence, he said,—“If I have done any public or private good, it will, I am confident, have its full weight. I submit my whole life and conduct to your Lordships’ judgment; and rely entirely on your justice for my acquittal.” There were ninety-three peers present; the members of the Commons, too, were there; a nation was waiting for the issue, when the celebrated Lord King, whose interesting history we shall hereafter give, put the question: “Is Thomas, Earl of Macclesfield, guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours, charged upon him by the impeachment of the House of Commons, or not guilty?” The answer of every peer was, “Guilty, upon my honour.” “He was immediately ordered into the custody of the Gentleman-Usher of the Black Rod; and the Lords proceeded to consider what sentence should be passed upon him.” Here was a noble life spoiled by a besetting sin; a fine character undone by one great flaw. His end was touching. For seven long years, crushed with his sad reverse, he lived a listless existence. He received, however, that consolation which religion affords, and, when informed that his physician was gone, replied, “I am going also; but I will close my eyelids myself.” He did so, and breathed no more. He lies interred in a family-vault in the church of Shirburn, in Oxfordshire; and, as in the case of many of his great predecessors, “without monument or epitaph.”

Thus to the young men of the present day, the fall of Lord Macclesfield speaks with a loud voice of warning. On their passing hours “great destinies lie shadowed.” The path of wealth, honour, and happiness was never more open to the strong and the resolute. Many who start well in this path will be in danger of failing through some one

"easily besetting sin." Let it be studied, watched against, and resisted at the beginning. The great principles of integrity, purity, justice, truth, and benevolence will ever secure God's approval, and that inward peace which gold can never purchase.

"Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning;
Trust in God, and do the right.

"Trust no forms of sinful passion,—
Friends may look like angels bright;
Trust not custom, rank, or fashion;
Trust in God, and do the right.

"Blessed rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God, and do the right."

Bolton.

J. F. M.

CONSECRATION :

A WORD FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

GOD never called any man into His Church to be an idler. When by the blessed Spirit the penitent has been assured of his adoption into God's family, and has been enabled to cry, "Abba, Father," he soon hears within him a voice commanding him to go and labour in the vineyard. The joy of pardon is quickly followed by a hallowed impulse to work for the good of others; and before the soul's newly-opened eyes is spread the world, as a vast harvest-field, where workers are needed, while in its ears the ignorance, and misery, and danger of thousands seem to cry, "Come, and help us!" If every disciple of Christ maintained, uninterruptedly, the zeal of his "first love," the world would soon be converted. It is when this zeal abates, and love grows cold, and the soul has to be led to labour for Christ by inferior motives, or driven to it by the reproaches of conscience, that what was before a joy becomes an irksome task. Only by coming back to the

principle with which it set out, can the soul, constrained by the love of Christ, find His work delightful. The grand qualification for successful effort is entire consecration to the Master, the unreserved dedication of our all to Him. In religion the state of the heart is everything; and an action is good, or otherwise, in the sight of God, according to the motive which prompts it. God does sometimes take the will for the deed, but He never accepts the deed without the will.

We are gifted with reason, and act from motives. You have seen the rooms of a factory filled with machinery, story above story, machinery everywhere, moving, working, producing. But the power which keeps all in motion is in one small room below, where the engine is at work. It is so with the life of man. Upon the surface of our being there is motion, activity, work,—we live, we speak, we act; but the moving power is out of sight, the soul from its hidden seat actuating and impelling us. To this power—the motive—the Saviour

constantly looks, and according to its purity is His estimate of the labour done. Much work may be done from imperfect motives. We may give, teach, preach, pray, to please ourselves, or to add to our gain or honour. That which is performed from a principle of love to Christ, and that only, is likely to be successful. What the condition of the Church and of the world demands, is active work, done with a single eye to glorify Him. Let the love of Christ be the mainspring, and the wheels of Christian effort will not move tardily. Cannot this be attained by every labourer in the Master's vineyard? Let us go below the surface of things, and look into our heart. There is no believer who is not more or less affected by the thought of the love of Jesus,—that He endured for us the death of the cross. Let us bring our souls more frequently face to face with this truth, and contemplate both the infinite excellence of His character and His boundless love to us, until we feel not only that "He justly claims us for His own," but that we do, by His grace, give ourselves without reserve to Him. When we can sincerely exclaim,—

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all,"

we are fully qualified for His service, and not till then. Our hearts then say to Him, "Jesus, Thou hast died for me. It was on my behalf Thou didst endure the anguish of the cross, and the more dreadful sufferings of soul, when it pleased the Father to bruise Thee. Thou didst die to give me life; Thou art the same loving Saviour to-day; and Thou dost ask my heart. O, Lord Jesus, all-loving and ever blessed, I am constrained to give Thee what Thou dost claim. I yield up myself to Thee as a 'living sacrifice,' and ask that, in Thy strength, my whole life may be spent in Thy service."

Can our hearts honestly speak thus to Christ? What, then, will be the effect of our living daily in this spirit? Certainly we shall be eager to labour, each in his sphere, for Christ, and that labour will be a delight. Such a consecration may not require us to cut out a new path of usefulness for ourselves, but it will impart wondrous energy in doing the work already before us. Can we think any task of light importance if it is that which Christ gives us to do? The remembrance of this will cause the Minister to study, and pray, and preach with persevering earnestness. Will the Sabbath-school teacher think it too much to give an hour or two to prayerful preparation for his class, or let whole days pass without a prayer for his scholars, when he reflects that the Saviour, to whom he has given himself unreservedly, loves them too, and seeks their salvation? And will not his teaching be earnest when he really believes that Christ will be pleased in proportion as his heart is given to the work? O, this spirit of consecration is what is wanted to make successful Preachers, efficient Sabbath-school teachers, fervent, holy, Class-leaders, diligent tract-distributors! This will send visitors to the poor and sick, and make every disciple of Christ what he must be, if he would fully answer the end for which God converted him,—a labourer in the vineyard.

Is the question asked, "How shall we individually realize this?" Go at once to Jesus. Behold Him crucified; and, if at the first sight your heart is not melted, look again and again, till you are constrained to cry,—

"Too much to Thee I cannot give,
Too much I cannot do for Thee."

Think often of those solemn words, "Ye are not your own: for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and

in your spirit, which are His." Test your experience by this declaration of the Apostle:—"The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead: and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." And remember that "even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps."

Thus only can it be our joy to hear at last, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

I. E. P.

ST. JOHN IN PATMOS:

THE LORD'S DAY.

If we were always in the Spirit on the Lord's day, it would indeed make every Sabbath a feast,—“a feast of fat things,...of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined.” It would turn our water into wine; and it would make the wine in the sacramental-cup “like the best wine,” which, “going down sweetly, causes the lips of those that are asleep to speak.”

On that Sabbath-day John was not a preacher, but a hearer; and the sermon he heard was from the voice of Him who, when on earth, “spake as never man spake;” and who now spake from heaven as never angel spake. Concerning the voice of God in nature, it is said, “The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty.” John had heard the voice of the God-man in His humbled condition; and, of all who heard Him speak on earth, His voice had penetrated furthest into John's bosom. God had made John's heart a chosen vessel, fitted to receive into its mystic depths a more ample mea-

sure than any other, of the spiritual, the infinite, the Divine. While Paul was the theologian of the Church, John—even above Paul, and that is saying much—had a heart formed and tuned to receive and to express for all ages the fullest manifestations that have ever been made of God; so that he is well entitled to be called, as posterity has called him, “John the Divine.”

And he was John the Divine, not because there was anything more Divine in himself than in his fellows, but because the mind of the God-man made itself more fully known to the disciple who lay on His bosom than unto any other. And what a shower, what a flood, what an ocean of Divinity poured itself into his soul, on that spring-tide Sabbath-day, in the isle of Patmos!

“Thou shalt hear a voice behind thee” is one of the most sublime promises of Scripture. And as the light has its dawn and its progress towards noon, and as noons have their progression to midsummer noon, so passages of Scripture have their progressive fulfilment, till they reach their grand climax, their midsummer noon. And the grand import of that text, “Thou shalt hear a voice behind thee,” had its illustration in Patmos: “I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet.”—*Scripture Theories; by the Rev. W. White.*

"SUNDAY, OR NO SUNDAY?"

MANY of our readers will remember that, nearly twelve months ago, an attempt was made to open a large hall in London, in which “the working population” were invited “to listen to discourses on science and the wonders of the universe, producing a reverence and love of the Deity, and

raising an opposing principle to intemperance and immorality." Performances of sacred music were to attend the lectures, and a scale of prices of admission was fixed to suit all classes. Four lectures were given; but the series was abandoned in consequence of a threat of prosecution against the trustees of the hall, under an act of George III. It was then stated, by the promoters of the scheme, that the case would be brought before the law courts, and that, if the decision should be against them, an attempt would be made to effect the revocation of the Act which renders such assemblies on Sunday evenings illegal. There is little doubt that every effort will be made to obtain an alteration of the law. A tract, by the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, well exposes the sophistries advanced for this desecration of the Sabbath; and the proceedings of the so-called "Sunday League" can only be arrested by a wide circulation of such statements and arguments among the working classes themselves.

The "League," we are sorry to say, finds active supporters in the directors of the Crystal-Palace, who recently "set apart" two "free Sundays," one for the shareholders and their friends; the other "for the officers and leading members of the metropolitan trades' societies, and other working-class organizations." It is mournful to learn that the eight thousand tickets placed at the disposal of the "League," for the use of the latter class of people, were all used. Ten thousand persons, whose children were admitted free, on the first Sunday of September, spent hours in the Crystal-Palace which, it is obvious, could have been easily spent in the house of God. Such "liberality" on the part of the directors must, sooner or later, have its reward,—a reward which they, in part, already enjoy in the abstinence of many right-thinking people,

though not strictly religious, from the attractions of the Crystal-Palace.

For a double reason, then, we give the substance of Mr. Stephenson's useful tract, containing, as it does, remarks which, on this most important subject, are never out of place.

"First, let us say, that the opposition of Christian men, to such a movement as that recently attempted, does not arise out of any fear of, or hostility to, science. Scientific inquiries, calmly, impartially, reverently conducted, can never be hostile to the Word of God, rightly understood. The same Mind planned the universe which inspired the Scriptures; and, though science may [help to] explain the Bible, and may possibly compel us to abandon certain false interpretations of it, true science can never contradict true religion. We are bold to say that these are the honest sentiments of the most able and pious men of our time; and, therefore, that he who represents their opposition to Anti-Sabbatarian movements, as arising from an ignorant prejudice against scientific pursuits, exhibits either a deplorable ignorance, or shameful mendacity.

"Nor is the opposition to this experiment [of Sunday lectures] directed against innocent amusement, and rational entertainments, *as such*. If the noble music of Handel, and Haydn, and Mozart could be made to supplant the foolish and almost indecent songs which are now so widely popular, no small advantage would be gained to religion and morality. Nor does religion, as understood by the mass of British Christians, frown on innocent amusement and enjoyments. The Divine Founder of our religion thought it not unworthy of His character and mission to heighten, with His presence and aid, the festive joy of Cana; and His religion, preached from the pulpits of Great Britain, makes the gloomy home

bright, and the sullen countenance cheerful; makes home affections more strong and enduring, while it causes social pleasures to be more attractive and constant, because more innocent.

"It will be said, by the partisans of the Sunday League, that we are actuated by a selfish desire to keep the working-classes under the influence of our sour and narrow pietism; but we are content to leave the working men to give their own answer to thatlander, merely asking them to inquire whether the founding of Working-Men's Clubs, and Temperance Societies, and Ragged-Schools, and Penny Banks is owing to the operations of gentlemen who charge from half-a-crown to three-pence for admission to the comfortable seats of the temple in which they preach their gospel of science, or to the efforts of those religious men who are 'narrow-minded' enough to believe in an old-fashioned Sabbath.

"We dislike this movement at St. Martin's Hall; and, in opposing it, judge it right to use whatever advantage the law of the land and the force of public opinion will give us, because we not only think it to be wrong in itself, but that it is part of a scheme, deeply laid and persistently worked, for secularizing the Sabbath,—a scheme, the first step of which may be 'Sunday Evenings for the People,' but of which the last would be 'No Sunday at all for the People.' The movement is evil in itself; for a good thing may be made useless by being put where it ought not to be. Lord Palmerston once said that 'dirt was only matter in the wrong place;' and so science and sacred music, both pure and elevating in themselves, may be made mischievous by being forced from their legitimate sphere. 'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy,' was the law given to Jews,

and the spirit of which is binding on us. He breaks the Sabbath who uses it for the mental labour of scientific investigation, no less than he who employs it for the physical labour of house-building or cotton-spinning.

"Further, this movement is but the first step in a very mischievous and dangerous direction. The men who are conducting it are the declared enemies of the Sunday, as at present observed by the English nation. For years past they have been agitating for the opening of museums and picture-galleries on the day of rest; and it needs no great penetration to see that this attempt is but the old foe with a new face. For right well do these gentlemen know that, if an Act of Parliament be obtained allowing St. Martin's Hall to be opened for lectures and concerts on Sunday evenings, permission cannot long be withheld for the opening of other places of instruction and amusement. If this little flaw in the legal observance of the Sabbath be allowed, the time will not be long before the firm embankment of our English Sunday is destroyed, and a deluge of immorality sweeps across the land. The beginning of Sabbath desecration, not less than of strife, is 'as the letting out of water.'"

(To be continued.)

THE SAMARITAN PASSOVER.

DR. STANLEY gives the following account of the Samaritan passover as witnessed by him during his travels in the East:—

It was about half an hour before sunset that the whole male community gathered round a long trough that had been previously dug in the ground; and the priest, ascending a large rough stone in front of the congregation, recited, in a loud chant

or scream, in which the others joined, prayers or praises chiefly turning on the glories of Abraham and Isaac, and contained in alphabetical poems of ancient Samaritan poets. Their attitude was that of all Orientals in prayer,—standing, occasionally diversified by the stretching out of the hands, and more rarely by kneeling or crouching, with their faces wrapped in their clothes and bent to the ground, towards the Holy Place on the summit of Gerizim. The priest recited his prayers by heart; the others had mostly books, in Hebrew and Arabic.

Presently, suddenly there appeared among the worshippers six sheep, (*seven* is the usual number,) driven up by the side of six youths dressed in white shirts and white drawers. The unconscious innocence with which they wandered to and fro among the bystanders, and the simplicity in aspect and manner of the young men who tended them, faithfully recalled the pastoral condition of the Israelites, when they emerged from the land of Goshen; when from their shepherds' flocks (Exod. xii. 5) a lamb or a kid was their only and their most suitable offering. The sun, meanwhile, which hitherto had burnished up the Mediterranean in the distance, now sank very nearly to the farthest western ridge overhanging the plain of Sharon. The recitation became more vehement. The priest turned about, facing his brethren, and the whole history of the Exodus, from the beginning of the plagues of Egypt, was rapidly, almost furiously, chanted. The sheep, still innocently playful, were driven more closely together. The setting sun now touched the ridge. (Exod. xii. 6; Deut. xvi. 6.) The youths burst into a wild murmur of their own, drew forth their long bright knives, and brandished them aloft. At this instant the recitation from the Book of Exodus had reached the account of the Paschal sacrifice, and the priest

recited in a louder key, to be heard distinctly by the sacrificers,—“And the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening.” In a moment the sheep were thrown on their backs, and the flashing knives rapidly drawn across their throats. The young men dipped their fingers in the blood, and a small spot was marked on the foreheads and noses of the children.

The next process was that of the fleecing and roasting of the slaughtered animals, for which the ancient temple furnished such ample provisions. On the mountain-side two holes had been dug, one at some distance, of considerable depth; the other, close to the scene of the sacrifice, comparatively shallow. In this latter cavity, after a short prayer, a fire was kindled out of a mass of dry heath, juniper, and briers, such as furnish the materials for the conflagration in Jotham's parable, delivered not far from this very spot. Over the fire were placed two caldrons full of water. Whilst the water boiled, the congregation again stood round, and, as if for economy of time, continued the recitation of the Book of Exodus; and bitter herbs were handed round, wrapped in a strip of unleavened bread. “With unleavened bread, and with bitter herbs they shall eat it.” (Exod. xii. 8.) Then was chanted another short prayer. After which the six youths again appeared, poured the boiling water over the sheep, and plucked off their fleeces. The right forelegs of the sheep, with the entrails, were thrown aside, and burnt. The liver was carefully put back. Long poles were brought, on which the animals were spitted; near the bottom of each pole was a transverse peg or stick, to prevent the body from slipping off. As no part of the body is transfixed by this cross-stake, as, indeed, the body hardly impinges on it at all, there is at

present but a very slight resemblance to a crucifixion. But it is possible that, in earlier times, the legs of the animal may have been attached to the transverse beam.

The sheep were then carried to the other hole already mentioned, which was constructed in the form of the usual oven (*tannur*) of Arab villages; a deep circular pit sunk in the earth, with a fire kindled at the bottom. Into this the sheep were thrust down (it is said, but this I could not see) with care, to prevent the bodies from impinging on the sides, and so being roasted by anything but the fire. A hurdle was then put over the mouth of the pit, well covered with wet earth, so as to seal up the oven till the roasting was completed:—"They shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire." "Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire." (Exod. xii. 8, 9.)

The ceremonial up to this time occupied about two hours. It was now quite dark, and the greater part of the community and of our company retired to rest. Five hours or more elapsed in silence, and it was not till after midnight that the announcement was made, that the feast was about to begin. The Paschal moon was still bright and high in the heavens. The whole male community was gathered round the mouth of the oven, and with reluctance allowed the intrusion of any stranger to a close inspection; a reluctance which was kept up during the whole of this part of the transaction, and contrasted with the freedom with which we had been allowed to be present at the earlier stages of the ceremony. It seemed as if the rigid exclusiveness of the ancient Paschal ordinance here came into play:—"A foreigner and an hired servant shall not eat thereof: no uncircumcised person shall eat thereof." (Exod. xii. 45, 48.)

Suddenly the covering of the

hole was torn off, and up rose into the still moonlit sky a vast column of smoke and steam. Out of the pit were dragged, successively, the six sheep, on their long spits, black from the oven. The outlines of their heads, their ears, their legs, were still visible:—"His head with his legs, and with the purtenance thereof." (Exod. xii. 9.) They were hoisted aloft, and then thrown on large, square, brown mats, previously prepared for their reception, on which we were carefully prevented from treading, as also from touching even the extremities of the spits. The bodies thus wrapped in the mats were hurried down to the trench, where the sacrifice had taken place, and laid out upon them in a line between two files of the Samaritans. Those who had before been dressed in white robes still retained them, with the addition now of shoes on their feet, and staves in their hands, and ropes round their waists:—"Thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand." (Exod. xii. 11.) The recitation of prayers or of the Pentateuch recommenced, and continued, till it suddenly terminated in their all sitting down on their haunches, after the Arab fashion at meals, and beginning to eat. This, too, is a deviation from the practice of only a few years since, when they returned to the Mosaic ritual of standing whilst they ate. The actual feast was conducted in rapid silence, as of men in hunger, as no doubt most of them were, and so as soon to consume every portion of the blackened masses, which they tore away piece-meal with their fingers:—"Ye shall eat it in haste." (Exod. xii. 11.) There was a general merriment, as of a hearty and welcome meal. In ten minutes all was gone but a few remnants. To the priest and to the women, who, all but two, (probably

his two wives,) remained in the tents, separate morsels were carried round. The remnants were gathered into the mats, and put on a wooden grate or hurdle over the hole where the water had been originally boiled; the fire was again lit, and a huge bonfire was kindled. By its blaze, and by candles lighted for the purpose, the ground was searched in every direction, as for the consecrated particles of sacramental elements; and these fragments of the flesh and bone were thrown upon the burning mass:—"Yeshall let nothing remain of it until the morning; and that which remaineth of it until the morning ye shall burn with fire." There shall not "anything of the flesh, which thou sacrificedst the first day at even, remain all night until the morning." "Thou shalt not carry forth aught of the flesh abroad out of the house." (Deut. xvi. 4; Exod. xii. 10, 46.) The flames blazed up once more, and then gradually sank away. By the early morning the whole community had descended from the mountain, and occupied their usual habitations in the town:—"Thou shalt turn in the morning, and go unto thy tents." (Deut. xvi. 7.)

TRUST AND PROVIDENCE.

THERE can be no more pernicious error than trusting to providences, or thinking that God will put right all our crimes and blunders by a series of strange coincidences. We are rational beings, and God guides and governs us directly by His Word, and by our own conscience, and only indirectly by the unfailing laws He has impressed upon the natural world in which we live. These last may sometimes be helps to the sinner, and hindrances to the saint; the wind may blow a prosperous gale for the slaver, and dash the Missionary-ship on the rock; but that will not make the slave-trade less villanous, nor

Missionary-work less Divine. So Providence may apparently favour the thoughtless, improvident, and slothful, making them right by accident. A man may accomplish, on a particular occasion, great good, when intending only evil; as, for instance, in shooting at his neighbour from behind a hedge, he might, by a false aim, kill a wild beast that in another moment would have sprung upon him, thus saving the life he meant to destroy. It is in this way that Joseph's brethren, meaning evil against their innocent brother, really wrought for him great good; but certainly no thanks were due to them on that account.

Do not let us be content to be right by accident, like a stopped clock, nor take comfort from the hope of God bringing good out of our evil. Many noxious things have their uses, and poisons sometimes make potent medicines; but to be of use in that style is a poor ambition for a man made in the image of his great Creator. We should want to be right, not by accident, but by calculation and effort; we should desire to be useful, not by chance or indirectly, but directly, and of set purpose; our aim should be to tell truth, not once in twelve hours, like the stopped clock, but always.

Let us seek the wisdom that comes from above to know what is right, and let us pray for strength to accomplish it. Having our pathway marked out beforehand in the infallible Word, let us tread in it firmly, patiently, consistently, until at last we come to that glorious state where all earthly perplexities are unravelled, and all things are made new.—*The Appeal*.

A STANDING MIRACLE.

THE present physical, moral, and social condition of the Jews, says a writer in "*Fraser's Magazine*," must be a miracle. We can come to no other





(The Reading-room, British Museum.)

stiff with straw-distended skins on the landing-place, and, leaving the old-fashioned cases of natural-history curiosities, made their way down into a temporary shed, called the Elgin Gallery. Here they might well linger with artist-like admiration among those peerless monuments of Grecian art, the very "objects of devotion" which the great Apostle referred to when he stood before the Areopagites. As they ranged over the depository of arts and letters, which, even then, was wonderful, they sometimes looked in through certain glass doors, and envied a knot of respectable gentlemen quietly seated at their books; but in an apartment only to be entered by a few favoured ones.

Montagu-House is nearly forgotten, having been taken down piece by piece; as, also, piece by piece, the present magnificent edifice grew into shape. The

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old house is described by those who have written concerning old London. The new Museum can hardly be described, inasmuch as its wealth increases daily; but we wish to say a few words about the Library and Reading-room.

"Library" is the one word which here includes much; for there are, in reality, several libraries, each having an original and peculiar character, with its own history and distinct catalogue. There was the Sloane Library, the basis of the Library which incessantly accumulates. That was purchased in the year 1753, from the executors of Sir Hans Sloane, at a very moderate price, out of the proceeds of a lottery, strange to say, set on foot by the Government for the establishment of a National Museum: a Museum that should contribute to the instruction of the descendants of the simpletons who threw away enough



platform, for the superintendent of the room and some of his assistants. Catalogues and books of reference can be reached from the floor; for which purpose a wide circular walk is left free, where you may always see readers slowly moving or standing to inspect the catalogues, and write orders for what they want. The tables radiate from the superintendent's platform to the outer circle; so that all who need information to assist them in research, can easily make inquiry.

The first sight of this room, without its equal in magnificence, is most impressive. The company of readers, young and old,—many of them intent on deep research or careful composition, buried in silence hardly broken by a breath, and most of whose countenances bear the impress of long-continued thought,—is itself a spectacle not often to be equalled.

Those who frequent the place are witnesses to the attention of the public servants who minister to their convenience; and as for the literary treasure placed at the service of the public, in every language, and on every subject, it is not surpassed in any spot in the world.

R.

THE POTTER'S WHEEL.

WE can promise those who have never seen "a potter's wheel" a sight which they will never forget. They will, of course, be expecting great things, having long known the fame of this wonder-working wheel, one of the earliest productions of mechanical ingenuity. It is a great thing to say that they will not be disappointed. Nothing, however, can well be more simple, or appear to promise less. It is only a tablet placed on a perpendicular shaft. A lump of clay—a shapeless heap—is thrown upon it, and by the slightest touch of a finger it springs at once into shape and character. It is formed and transformed with an ease and rapidity almost incredible. It seems implicitly to obey the slightest hint of the volition of the potter. He evidently can do with it what he likes. *There is no agent that appears to have a more complete mastery over the vehicle*

in which he is working than a potter has over his clay. This seems to have always been the same. At any rate we read, "The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear My words. Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying, O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in My hand, O house of Israel." (Jer. xvi. 1—6.)—*Christian Spectator*.

THE EVANGELIZATION OF WALES.*

THERE were three things, I conceive, which have mainly contributed to the evangelization of Wales. First, the surpassing power of the Welsh pulpit; secondly, the influence of the "Private Society," as it is called,—a peculiar institution, the offspring of Methodism, which I shall endeavour to explain; thirdly, the system of Sunday-schools, which is also of a peculiar character, differing widely, in many respects, from that which prevails in establishments of the same name in England.

From the rise of Methodism, at the latter end of the last century, Wales has been supplied with a succession of preachers of rare qualifications for the work given them to do. The first generation of these had passed away before my time. But it was my happiness to be brought up in intimate acquaintance with some of their successors of the next generation. . . . They had, in an eminent degree, that first requisite of all great oratorical success, especially in the pulpit,—intense earnestness. Their life was so laborious, self-denying, and devoted, that not a moment's doubt could rest on the minds of their hearers of the lofty impulse by which they were moved.

* From Richard's "Lectures on the Privilege of the Welsh Pulpit." (See page 352.)



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preaching as this that roused Wales from its spiritual torpor, and was partly the cause, and partly the effect, of those remarkable periodical visitations known as "religious revivals;" a species of phenomena which it is much more easy to sneer at than to explain or wisely appreciate. With some serious drawbacks, no one acquainted with the inner life of the country can doubt that they have been of incalculable value to Wales.

Connected with these, and intended to give form and permanence to the effect they produced, were the "Private Societies," of which I have previously spoken.* Like most other institutions that are really useful and well adapted for their purpose, they were neither formally established nor imported, but grew naturally out of the circumstances in which the Ministers and the people found themselves. One can readily understand how bewildered, ignorant, and superstitious minds would feel, at the sudden rush upon them of such new thoughts and emotions as would accompany their first vivid apprehension of religious truth. If not wisely handled, such a state of mind was quite capable either of subsiding into deeper hardness of impiety than before, or of passing into the excesses of a wild and dangerous fanaticism. To meet this emergency, the founders of Methodism—and this practice has been borrowed from them by every other denomination in Wales, not excepting the Church of England—were wont to gather their converts into Societies, or classes, in order to instruct them more perfectly in the principles of Christianity. Fully aware of the crude condition in which many of their disciples were at the time, the old preachers laid great stress upon this process of "indoctrinating," as they called it, or *sgwyddori*, as the expressive and untranslatable Welsh word has it. But they did more than this; and that, perhaps, constituted the most powerful attraction of the "Private Societies." They encouraged the members to speak in presence of the sympathizing brotherhood; and, in such stammering accents

as they could command, of their own experience of the newly-awakened spiritual life within them, the doubts which assailed them, the hopes which cheered them, the alternations of joy and sorrow, of temptation and triumph, through which they passed. It must be remembered that those who were at the head of the religious movement of which I am now speaking in Wales, were not ignorant men. The first of them were dissident clergymen; the very pick, for genius and piety, of the Ministers of the Establishment. And those who followed them were persons not only of uncommonly vigorous natural faculties, but of very considerable cultivation. Among them were some who knew how to guide their young converts with infinite tenderness and skill through the dangers of their early religious career. . . .

To the influences I have already specified must be added that of the Sunday-schools. . . . One peculiarity of the Sunday-schools in Wales is this, that they comprise not the *children* of the country merely, but a large proportion of the *adults*. It is a matter of constant lamentation among the promoters of Sunday-schools in England, that the elder scholars, when they have acquired a tolerable proficiency in reading, leave the school, and are withdrawn from the salutary influence which might be otherwise exercised over them by their teachers at the most critical period of their life. But in Wales, however perfectly the young people may learn to read, they do not dream of quitting the school. On the contrary, when that acquisition is made, they frequent it with far more interest than before; for they then form themselves into classes, under the guidance of older and more experienced men, for *studying* the Bible, bringing into the common stock whatever means of illustration they can command to throw light on the history, geography, antiquities, and doctrines of the Book. By this means the people, almost universally, not only learn to read with an understanding mind, but acquire very considerable stores of sound scriptural and theological knowledge, which, among other things, prepare and qualify them to be intelligent and appre-

* The writer, it will be observed, is not a Wesleyan-Methodist.

ciative hearers of their Ministers' public teaching.

Another marked feature of the Welsh Sunday-schools is the extent to which they employ catechetical instruction. By this, however, we must not understand the mere learning and perpetual repetition of any one form of catechism, than which few things are more adapted to deaden the mind. Far from it. The catechisms in Wales are innumerable; though, in truth, the word "catechism" is by no means an adequate equivalent for the Welsh *Pwnc*. The method adopted is this. Some particular topic is selected for instruction or impression. At one time it may be some piece of Scripture history or biography; at another, a leading Christian doctrine; at a third, some important moral duty. Let us take, as an example, "The Duty of Truthfulness." All arguments and considerations tending to show the value and sacredness of truth, and the folly and wickedness of falsehood, are put into the form of questions and answers, which are sustained by Scripture authority, and illustrated by Scripture example. This is learnt by the entire school, and recited, sometimes, in the presence of the whole congregation. But when the catechist examines them publicly, he by no means confines himself to the questions written before him, for which the answers are prepared. He asks many other extempore questions bearing on the topic in hand, which are intended either to test the Scripture knowledge of the catechumens, or to impress more deeply upon their mind the truths to which the catechism relates. Sometimes the schools of a district, to the number of six or eight, will meet in one place to recite their catechisms, when there is a good deal of emulation as to which shall acquit themselves best, especially in giving quick and satisfactory answers to the extempore questions that may be asked by the ministerial catechists. All this has a marvellous tendency to keep the minds of the people alive, and to enlarge their knowledge of Scripture and theology.

SABBATH MORNING.

THE Sabbath dawns, and with its first
appearing
Comes a soft hush of quiet o'er the
earth;
And on the gentle breeze love-whispers,
cheering
Our hearts to holy mirth.

Blest Sabbath! how can language tell
thy sweetness,
Firstborn of Eden, evermore Divine;
Earth's weekly sacrament, and heaven's
completeness,
Ineffable, are thine!

Stream in the arid desert, ever flowing,—
River of life, whose fountain is on high,—
Waters to "swim in," wheresoever going
Thou carriest health and joy.

Bright star of Bethlehem! on this day
shining,
That sage and shepherd may be still
enticed
To hear on Sundays, angels' songs com-
bining,
And find their way to Christ.

Earth's jubilee, still week by week re-
turning,
With trumpet-blast proclaiming
heaven's decree,
That men may satisfy their soul's deep
yearning,
And be from sin set free.

Sweet-scented flower, amidst earth's
sandy waste
Blooming, a gem of Paradise and love;
Unsullied by the Fall, and all as chaste
As heaven's pure flowers above.

White dove celestial! 'midst the tempest
dark,
And Sorrow's hurricanes, and Sin's
increase,
Settling on Sundays on our lonely ark,
With olive-branch of peace.

"Heaven's gate stands open" on the
Sabbath-day,
That we, like holy Stephen, may look
in,
And see our Advocate, and hear Him
pray
That we may conquer sin.

Hope to the hopeless comes, and joy in
sorrow,
And healing balm to hearts by anguish
pain'd ;
And life in death, for Sundays bring the
morrow
Of life eternal gain'd.

Heaven's vestibule: we live the life
immortal
While yet through this world's wilder-
ness we roam,
And stand, on Sundays, in the glitter-
ing portal
Of our eternal home.

And week by week, in beautiful transi-
tion
From grace to grace, we rise with
heaven to blend,
And every Sabbath-day brings a new
vision
Of Sabbaths without end.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

Mountfield, Faversham.

THE LAST HOURS OF ADDISON.

THE last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die." The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all-powerful Friend, who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness ; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves into prayer ; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice ; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings ; who had doubled the value of those blessings, by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake them ; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favourite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a Shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with

herbage. On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death. He died on the 17th of June, 1719, having just entered on his forty-eighth year.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sang a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury met the corpse, and led the procession by torch-light round the shrine of Edward and the grave of the Plantagenets, to the Chapel of Henry VII. On the north side of that chapel, in the vault of the House of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montague.

It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow, nor any of his powerful and attached friends, should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages, that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skilfully graven, appeared at Poets' Corner. It represents him as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlour at Chelsea, into his trim little garden, with the account of the "Everlasting Club," or the "Loves of Hilpa and Shalain," just finished, for the next day's *Spectator*, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.—*Macaulay.*

THE SOUTHERN GALAS OF EASTERN AFRICA.

THE Missionary is not seldom the first to visit unknown tribes. The following account is given of a singular people whom the writer recently visited.

for the purpose of ascertaining whether an opening was presented for preaching the Gospel among them:—

I was told that Ugála commences on the northern bank of the Sabáki River, or, as the Gálas pronounce it, Sabbák. I have been also told that the Sabáki River debouches in the Indian Sea, at a point a little to the north of Melinda. At the point where we crossed it, the river was flowing N.N.E., with a strong current.

Ugála principally consists of fine, extensive plains, thickly dotted with verdant copse and jungle; but at intervals the noble plateau appears spread out for miles, the magnificent view being only intercepted by a few bushes and trees. The soil is chiefly sandy, and, especially in the southern regions, considerably mingled with coarse particles of quartz. Water was rather scarce; but it was the dry season of the year when we passed through. We crossed the dry beds of several large and deep gullies and other watercourses, which prove that noble streams of water must flow through the country during the rainy season.

The contour of the land presents a succession of elevated plains, each rising in altitude northward, and thus forming a continuity of immense steppes.

These noble and fertile plains are the habitat of many species of wild beasts. The elephant, buffalo, and giraffe; the lion, the leopard, and hyæna; the quagga, and various species of antelopes,—all roam through its green pastures, and rest in its shady jungles. Amongst the large species of birds are to be found the ostrich and adjutant; the crane and wild duck; the turkey-buzzard, hawk, and eagle. Amphibious monsters, the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and alligator, live in the ample River Máro, (Ozi,) and roam on its banks.

The uniformly tall and athletic forms of the Southern Gálas cannot fail to arrest the eye of the visiter. Some of the men I saw were six feet in height; and one who accompanied me to Kibe, stood six feet two inches; and, generally speaking, they are fine men. They are much lighter-coloured than the Wan'ika and the people on the coast, being only

of a very dark-brown complexion. I also noticed that the hair of some of them was much less thick and wiry than many other Africans. One man attracted my attention in particular; his hair, though jet black, was scarcely un-European; its only African characteristics were its strength and tendency to curl. But though the Gálas are tall and well-built, I presume they are neither so muscular nor so strong as many of their neighbours. Being of pastoral habits only, and never cultivating any portion of their vast and noble country, their small hands and arms betray the easy mode of life in which they have been brought up. I saw nothing in these men of the habit which characterises the northern Gálas, of excessively lubricating their bodies with fat. They seem to confine themselves to a very moderate use of that article. A little ghee, or butter, is used, just sufficient to give them a sleek appearance, scarcely perceptible by the eye, and certainly not at all by the nose. Their hair, too, is worn very short, and sometimes shaven off entirely: a habit so different to the northern Gálas, whose long tresses fall in a mass over their shoulders. The "gütu" distinguishes the heads of the southern Gálas,—i.e., of those who have attained the position of a member in the "Ari," or "Ghába." The former is composed of certain young men of the tribe; (aspirants in transition to the "Ghába;") and the latter constitute the Parliament, or principal men of the nation. The "gütu," which consists of several braids or plaits of hair starting out stiffly from the crown of the head, is only purchased by warlike deeds. It is necessary to the attainment of the "gütu" that the aspirant slay a foe, and exhibit the trophies.

The Gála costume possesses an elegance and decency which we fail to discover amongst other tribes. The chief men wear a respectable coloured loin-cloth, (brought from the coast,) which reaches from the hips to the knees. This is secured to the body, not in the loose fashion of the Sawahilis, who merely wrap it round them, and then infold the end, or tuck it in; but by a soft cloth girdle, in which is worn a massive iron knife, manufactured by

their *támús* (blacksmiths). Then over the whole body is worn an ample mantle, or *tóga*, which falls over them in graceful folds, and reaches below the kilt. The younger and the poorer men wear the same dress, with a kilt of white calico, instead of a showy fabric. Before the Gála lies down to rest, he takes off his girdle, in which the sheath of his knife is permanently fixed, wraps it round the sheathed knife, and uses it for his pillow. Lying down on the bare earth, he draws his ample *tóga* completely over him, covering even his head and face, and is thus proof against the attacks of mosquitoes and other tropical insects. The Gálas are fond of ornaments, and manifest some taste in their selection. Those in the enjoyment of the honours of the tribe wear a massive ivory ring round the right arm, just above the elbow. The young men, (the Ari,) as well as those enjoying the highest position in the nation, are allowed to don this. Also, above this ring, a peculiar ornament is worn by the King and his state officers; consisting of two pieces of leather, broad in the centre, but tapering in opposite directions to a point, and bound with brass wire, which are bent and fixed at obtuse angles to a thong, enwrapt in brass wire or other metal, by which it is clasped to the arm. The Gálas are also fond of adorning themselves with metal necklaces. Brass and iron beads are alternately run upon a hoop of wire, which loosely encircles the neck. They set great value upon small porcelain beads, which are sold on the coast, and called by the Sawahilis "sáme, sáme." . . . A strip of goat-skin is worn by some on the wrist, which has been stretched over the hand in a green state, and afterwards become contracted by drying. Sometimes a bracelet or two, or a treble coil of zinc wire, adorns the arm. All the "Toibs," or state officers, of Cháffa, are distinguished by wearing on their right arms a great number of rings, made of iron and other metal wire, and kept beautifully clean and polished. We have now the Gála in his jewels. Unlike some Africans, who are fond of ornaments, and also of filth, the sheen of whose jewellery is consequently soon lost, the Gálas, as a

rule, keep theirs clean and bright. . . . The men wear sandals, which they very neatly make from cow-hide. They are needed on account of the thorny paths they are frequently obliged to tread, especially when passing through forests and strips of jungle. The Gála is scarcely ever seen without his sandals, either with them in his hand or on his feet. Frequently he carries them, as much of the ground near his house is soft and thornless.

The Gála dwellings are ridiculously small. Conical in shape, they are frequently only covered with skins; but sometimes are rudely thatched with straw. The villages, which frequently contain less than a dozen huts, are surrounded by a low fence of thorns, by no means formidable or impregnable, the entrance to the inclosures being filled in by a single bush, which is removed when a passage is required. Very many of the people ignore houses altogether, and sleep in the open air, within rude fences.

These people, like those of the north, are warriors; but their only weapons are a spear and shield. The former is generally made with a broad but short blade, and a long handle, the length of the whole measuring about seven feet. They dare not throw it: it is only used for thrusting in hand to hand conflict. The Gála never leaves his home without his spear, which he generally grasps with his right hand, letting the blade fall over his shoulder. The shield is about eighteen inches in diameter, circular in form, and covered with buffalo-hide. It is besmeared with ruddle. From the scantiness of his arms, the southern Gála must fight with considerable odds when he engages in combat with a foe like the Masái, who carries a throwing club, sword, and several spears, or with an enemy skilled in archery.

The southern Gálas lead a pastoral and semi-nomadic life. Unlike their northern kinsmen, who cultivate the ground, and whose lands smile with grain, they never turn a clod or deposit a single seed in the ground. They have large herds of cattle, and also some goats; and to the care of these they

devote all their time; in the wet season moving westward, to seek pasture-land less flooded with the rain; but at the cessation of the periodical showers returning to their former homes at Cháffa, Kóffa, &c. The northern Gálas are noted for their possession of numerous fine horses and constant riding habits; (even the women being frequently seen on horseback;) but the southern Gálas have no horses. The only riding animals they have are asses, and of these only a few. The southern Gálas have their slaves; but, though they are connected with the slave-trade, they never sell their own people to be the slaves of others. This is certainly a good feature in their character.

DYING WEALTHY.

WHAT a world of thought, what an eternity of awful forebodings in this phrase of two words! Imagine, if you can, the feelings of the rich man as he is going into another world. If the poor man, the holder of a single talent, was cast into "*outer darkness*," not because he had misused his Lord's money, but simply because he did not improve it; placed it in a place of security, where it could not by any possibility have been lost; what will be the issue, what the revelation, of that day, in reference to him who has died wealthy,—who has left behind him his thousands of pounds that he never used to the best advantage, but hoarded year after year?

O ye who can command means at any moment for the work of benevolence, and yet refrain, what will be the renderings of that "great and terrible day of the Lord," in your case, when the Judge of all the earth shall declare, "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

Reader, as you value your own immortal soul, let it not be said of you, "He died wealthy." Use constantly and judiciously the means you possess, whilst you live. Be the almoner of your own bounty. Do not wait for persons desirous of your benefactions to make known their condition to you; do not expect them to tell you personally their neces-

sities. Those most deserving will never do it; they will go to the grave, keeping the secret of their cases in their own bosoms. Seek them out by personal inquiry. Make haste to do it. Be up at once, and doing your work—God's work, and which He expects you to do. Resolve now that you will not suffer another day to pass, as the last, unimproved. Set apart some portion of every day of your life to the hallowed work, and then give not "sleep to your eyes, or slumber to your eyelids" until it is done. Every day ask yourself the question, "Can I not do something to make the beds of the necessitous as beds of down to them?" Then will your own sleep be soft and quiet, and the blessing of the Most High will rest upon you.

THE UNITY OF LIFE.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." (Rom. viii. 28.)

THE present absorbs us. We detach events from their antecedents and their consequents, and consider them as standing alone. We do this when ruminating on the past. Now a scene of sparkling gladness, and now one of unutterable misery, passes before us; now the heart wears "sorrow's crown of sorrow," whilst "remembering happier things;" and now it dwells with lingering sadness on some old yet unforgotten grief. We call up scraps and fragments of the past; and well may life thus reviewed by us appear an insoluble and crushing mystery. But it is of "*the all things*" that go to make up life, and of these as "*working together*," that the Apostle speaks. View life, not in parcels, but in its entirety; and then you will see that good is the final goal, that good is the one product yielded by the interfusion of these varied ingredients, remaining the one imperishable result of a long-continued and subtle process.

Moreover, it is not enough that the whole of life be passed in review,—all its parts are to be seen to form a whole. For life is not made up of so many single portions, independent and disjointed. It is not a bundle of incidents,

forcibly, or, at any rate, accidentally, thrown together; it is not a mosaic formed of pieces artificially conjoined. It may be more fitly likened to a living organism, in which the growth of the present is based upon the past, whose to-morrow is the birth of its to-day. In our lives, one event flows out of another. There is a long chain of causes and effects. The present holds the seeds of the future. You cannot take one year of your life and say, "This year had nothing whatsoever to do with all that went before; it has had nought to do with all that has followed after; it stands absolutely alone, an insulated portion of my life." And all this, as we shall soon proceed to point out, is true, not only of our present life, but also of our immortality. Man's whole existence is one; death even does not sever the chain.

If, then, such a whole—so firmly welded together, nay, so organic in its unity, being "fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth"—if such a whole is to be rightly understood by us, it must evidently be viewed comprehensively. It is not by minutely examining each separate item—the trees burnished with the light of sunset, the cattle grazing silently in the watered meadows, the shepherd leaning on his crook—that we gain a just conception of the pictured landscape. The glory of the building is not perceived by dwelling in detail on its various architectural adornments, its sculptured friezes, the graceful shafts and enfoliated capitals of its many columns, its airy roof; the eye must take in each well-wrought part at a single view, as combining to form one imposing structure. You cannot judge of the effect of the chorus by listening now to the tenor parts, now to the bass; all the voices must be heard together swelling grandly in their well-timed harmony. Raphael, the sublimest of painters, left, as a legacy to coming generations, certain pictures which are the wonder and delight of all lovers of art. These "Cartoons," as they are called, because sketched on paper, were found in separate sheets. Little would be learned from viewing these sheets singly. On

one, perhaps, was the scowling face of Judas; on another, the radiant, youthful face of John. These fragments had to be skilfully pieced together before men could form an adequate conception of this treasured bequest of genius. So with the Christian's life. It must be pieced together. The bright lines and the dark lines; the sky black with angry clouds, or smiling with the happy sunshine; the flower filling the air with beauty and perfume, the dank weed growing by its side; the trim cottage, the home of mirth and pleasantness; and the mouldering ruins overgrown with briars and tangle-grass—all these go to make one picture. Take care that you look at that picture as *one*, though made of many parts, or you will never understand it.

It is this solemn truth which makes every day, every hour, so unspeakably important, each trifling act so big with destiny. This renders each harboured thought, each spoken word, each acted deed, momentous. If life were parcelled out, if a sharp line could cut off to-morrow from to-day, how widely different a thing life would be! If, at the end of every year, for instance, we could leave our old selves behind us and cross the boundary into another year, that should be really a new year, life would not be half so solemn as it is. Or, once more, let us suppose—and this we can easily do—that death so rolled between this life and the next, as to make our two lives altogether distinct, so that nothing from the present should travel on into the everlasting hereafter, no consequences reach beyond that dividing gulf; suppose that that future bore no such relation to the present as the ripening corn bears to the buried seed, or the oak to the acorn; suppose we landed upon those untravelled shores, unfreighted, for evil or for good, with our past experiences; suppose that that history of ours which is to be, were in no real sense a continuation of that history we are working out now; why, then, I know not that we need fear to live or fear to die. But this we all know is not the case. All things, all days, and weeks, and years, all thoughts and deeds, all events that happen, all are working together.

and the result of their co-working reaches onward into the infinite time before us.—*The Church (Baptist).*

THE MARTYRDOM OF PASTOR LA ROCLETTE.

It is a thing almost incredible, that little more than one hundred years ago, in the year 1762, a Protestant Minister named M. de La Rochette was hanged, by sentence of the fanatical Parliament of Toulouse, for no other offence than that of preaching the Gospel in violation of the law, and that three Protestant gentlemen were beheaded at the same time for the crime of having attempted to rescue their Minister. The spectacle seems to have produced an effect even on the population of Toulouse, which had assembled to witness it. The following narrative is extracted from a recent French work on the persecutions of the Huguenots:—

The prisoners were led to the square of St. George, being the place chosen for extraordinary executions; but the square of La Monnoye was thought more fitting, inasmuch as the space was not so great, and fewer persons could have a view of the martyrs. All the avenues were lined by detachments of soldiers; for a rescue was, it is said, feared; and, if so, it must have been the Catholics who devised such a scheme, —they were grieved at the shedding of innocent blood,—for the few Protestants who dwelt in the town had shut themselves up in their houses, in a state of terror, and mourning in private. The windows of the houses that looked into the square were let at a very high rate; wherever the victims made their appearance they were received with lamentation and tears; you would have said that Toulouse had become Protestant. The people asked what was the faith of these men; and when they were heard speaking of Christ and His Passion, there was a general feeling of surprise and affliction. The clergyman of Tour could not bear the sight; he fainted, and his place was taken by one of his curates. What was most touching was the perfect calmness of La Rochette;

his face full of sweetness, of beauty, and of intelligence; his youth, his steadfast and sober words, all these excited profound interest. Besides, there was the additional reflection, that he was dying because he would not tell an untruth, that his being a Minister was his only crime, that there was no evidence nor even charge against him, that he had only to say a word to save his life, and yet he preferred a cruel death to abjuration.

GLORYING IN TRIBULATIONS.

THE way to the crown is by the Cross. We must taste the gall, if we are to taste the glory. If justified by faith, we must suffer tribulations. When God saves a soul, He tries it. Some believers are much surprised when they are called to suffer. They thought they would do some great thing for God; but all He permits them to do is to suffer for His sake. Go round to every one in glory: each has a different story to tell, yet every one a tale of suffering. But, mark, all were brought out of them. It was a dark cloud, but it passed away. The water was deep, but they reached the other side. None there blame God for the way He led them thither, "Salvation!" is their only cry. Child of God, murmur not at your lot. You must have a palm, as well as a white robe. Learn to "glory in tribulations also."—*M'Cheyne.*

DESIGN IN NATURE.

"OUR knowledge," to borrow the words of Lord Bacon, "is not a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; nor a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; nor a tower of state for a proud intellect to raise itself upon; neither a fort nor commanding-ground for strife and contention; nor a shop for profit and sale; but a rich store-house for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate." We but require to study nature to see that all its provisions are indicative of the highest and the richest beneficence; that everything is so formed, and disposed, and

governed, as to yield the largest amount of enjoyment. We never meet with any arrangement whose object, or end, is to produce misery. Pain and suffering there may be in connexion with the most beautiful and perfect structure; but these evils entered not into the design of that structure. What a beautiful arrangement and provision are the human teeth; but no one will say that toothache is a necessary element in that provision. Happiness is the object, or end, of the whole economy of nature; pain and suffering are but accidents,—something which might or might not be. In proportion, therefore, as we rightly conceive of this entire economy, will be our estimate of the Divine goodness; and the more our hearts are impressed with the love and the bounty of the great Father of all, the deeper will be our homage and our gratitude.

The discoveries of science have laid open to us some of the deepest secrets of nature; and every day is bringing into light something new and yet more wonderful. How far can we go in the great fields of space by the aid of the telescope! How many new suns and systems are now kindling on our vision. How does firmament rise upon firmament, and heaven encircle heaven, till the earth on which we stand dwindles down to the merest point! Nor is it immensity only which impresses us with its worlds crowding in myriads on myriads. Sublime as are the discoveries of the telescope, it may be safely affirmed that the wonders which the microscope has revealed are not less astonishing. Every atom is a world; every leaf is a colony of insects; every drop of water is a universe of being. Is it true that there are in the animal creation little creatures a million times less than a single grain of sand, with organs of nutrition, secretion, respiration, and motion? Is it true that there are shell-fish so small, that under a powerful microscope they appear no larger than a grain of barley? Is it true that it would take six-and-thirty thousand fibres of a spider's web to make up the thickness of a common thread of sewing-silk, and yet each of these fibres is composed of six thousand smaller ones? Is

it true that a human blood-cell does not measure more than one four-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, and one ten-thousandth part of an inch in thickness, and yet by such cells the whole structure of the body is built up, and its daily waste repaired? These are but a few of the manifold wonders with which nature abounds, and which proclaim the wisdom and the goodness of Him, all whose "works are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."—*Sunday Reader*.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

OBSERVE fixed seasons of religious retirement. Jesus "continued all night in prayer."

Never proceed to any business or engagement till you have first implored the Divine blessing.

Rest firmly on the intercession of Jesus Christ.

Humbly depend upon the aid of the Holy Spirit.

Use no expression with the lips which you do not first strive to feel at heart.

Beware of cold, formal, abridged, seasons of prayer. Prevailing prayer is called "wrestling." Agonize to enter in at the strait gate.

Labour to preserve the spirit of prayer when not engaged in the act.

Let your prayers be entered upon as for the last time.

A COMMON MISTAKE.

In a sermon which Mr. Williams once delivered at Rhos, an extraordinary effect was produced by the following anecdote, which he applied to his favourite topic of Christian union:—

"I recollect," he said, "on one occasion, conversing with a marine, who gave me a good deal of his history. He told me that the most terrible engagement he had ever been in was one between the ship to which he belonged and another English vessel, when, on meeting in the night, they mistook each other for a French man-of-war. Several persons were wounded, and both vessels sustained serious damage from the firing

But when the day broke, great and painful was their surprise to find the English flag hoisted from both ships, and that through mistake they had been fighting the previous night against their own countrymen. They approached and saluted each other, and wept bitterly together. Christians sometimes commit the same error in this present world; one denomination mistakes another for an enemy; it is night, and they cannot see to recognize one another. What will be their surprise when they see each other by the light of another world; when they meet in heaven, after having shot at one another in the mist of the present state? How will they salute each other when better known and understood, after having wounded one another in the night! But they should wait till daybreak, at any rate, that they may not be in danger, through any mistake, of shooting at their friends."

HUMILITY OF ARCHBISHOP USHER.

ARCHBISHOP USHER was well known for his sanctified life and eminent learning. The following anecdote will testify to his deep humility:—

A friend of the Archbishop frequently urged him to write his thoughts on sanctification, which, at length, he engaged to do; but a considerable time elapsing, the performance of his promise was importunately claimed. The Bishop replied to this purpose: "I have not written, and yet I cannot charge myself with a breach of promise; for I began to write, but when I came to treat of the new creature which God formeth by His own Spirit in every regenerate soul, I found so little of it wrought in myself, that I could speak of it only as parrots, or by rote, but without the knowledge of what I might have expressed, and therefore I durst not presume to proceed any further upon it."

Upon this his friend stood amazed to

hear such a humble confession from so grave, holy, and eminent a person. The Bishop then added,—“I must tell you we do not well understand what sanctification and the new creature are. It is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his own will to the will of God; and to live in the offering up of his soul continually in the flames of love, as a whole burnt-offering to Christ; and O! how many who profess Christianity are unacquainted experimentally with His work upon their souls.”

THE USE OF DIFFICULTIES.

As little rocks in the stream may trouble the water, but do not hinder it from flowing on, and only give it greater force; so the difficulties and discouragements of the Christian warfare only serve to make the Christian double his efforts to go forward on his appointed course. In this respect the advice of Tillinghast (an old divine) is worthy to be remembered, “Consult more what thy duty is, than what thy difficulty is.”

Difficulties are the things that try men. We judge not of a boat when sailing with the stream, but when sailing against it. “He that wrestles with us,” says Sir Robert Peel, “strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill.”

The Spartan mothers used to give this good counsel to their sons, “If your sword be too short, add a step to it.”

For a Roman soldier to be found asleep at his post was death.

“He that kills must first be overcome,”—the riddle which Greatheart proposed to the company at the house of Mr. Gaius. So, in the Christian warfare, the first great victory must be over *ourselves*.

The Christian was not meant merely to be an *armour-keeper*, but an *armour-wearer*; not to keep his armour bright for show, but ready for battle.

If a righteous cause bring you into suffering, a righteous God will bring you out of it.—*Illustrative Gatherings*.

Memorials of the Departed.

MR. THOMAS HUTCHINSON was born at Rose-Hill, near Doncaster, January 15th, 1801. While living at the neighbouring village of Cautley, he was convinced of sin when reading the Scriptures. In youth he was distinguished by thoughtfulness. On removing to Carcroft, in the fifteenth year of his age, he was invited to, and attended, a Class-meeting; on which occasion he obtained the forgiveness of his sins, and went home rejoicing in the favour of God. At once he united himself to the Methodist Society.

For about forty years he held the offices of Local preacher and Class-leader. His attendance at the means of grace was regulated by conscientious convictions, and not as business, caprice, or pleasure might dictate. During more than thirty-six years he resided at Clayton-cum-Frickley; and by frequent pulpit-service, and in other modes of Christian activity, fulfilling his public appointments in all weathers, he sought to benefit the souls of his neighbours, and to promote the glory of God. His habits of thinking, reading, and observation, united with natural cheerfulness and steady piety, rendered him instructive and agreeable in the social circle, and very acceptable in the pulpit. In 1863 all his family were afflicted with fever; in the midst of which his mind was kept in prayerful dependence on God. This affliction, issuing in the death of a beloved daughter, affected his general health, and developed a form of disease of the heart, which eventually proved to be fatal.

He foresaw the approaching end, but he walked cheerfully in "the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost." From various allusions and sayings, it was evident that his mind was under the solemn impression that his day was coming to a close, but that he was "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." It was observed by his family, as his end drew near, that, in domestic worship, he frequently repeated the lines,—

"Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less."

He died suddenly, April 27th, 1864, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

"Ah, what were friendship,—what the dearer bonds
Of conjugal, parental, filial love,
What but frail ties, heart-wounding more than dear,—
Tenderly torturing, if this span of days
Precarious, sad, unequal, brake them all!
If no sweet hope of reuniting joys
Beyond this deathful sphere illumed the path
By which we journey toward our several
tombs;
While they that toil'd the farthest, saw
engulf'd
Love, comforts, aids, along the closing way!
Blest be His grace, who lit the torch of hope
For our benighted world; whose living truth
Disclosed and seal'd a heaven of social bliss;
And bade his 'Brethren' wait that festal day
Within his 'Father's house;' where saints
convoked
'Rejoice with' the immortals that 'rejoice;'
There in each other's glowing eyes to read
Undying life, and all the fathomless cup
Of circling immortalities to share."

M. J.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

The Gospel versus Science. A Lecture by a LAYMAN. (London: John Snow and Co.) A brief but vigorous protest against the scepticism which is too often, in the present day, betrayed by men who are distinguished for their scientific attainments. At the annual meeting of the *British Association for the Advancement of Science*, held a few months

ago, not a few attacks were made, more or less direct, upon the authority of the Word of God, and upon our holy religion generally. It is much to be deplored that the President of such an assembly should be found thus speaking in his opening address: "The first elephant must in some way or other have physically arrived on this earth. Whence did

he come? Did he fall from the sky? or did he appear out of the cleft of a tree?" It is plain that, either he has not read the Bible, or does not attach any value to its statements. "A whole host of scribblers," says this Lecture, "rushed forth to pat their leader on the back for having thus afforded them an opportunity to put forth their own ungodly doubts and suspicions, while giving prominence to, and applauding, the shrewd or simple queries of another." Such things as these are drawbacks, very serious drawbacks, to our satisfaction on seeing the domain of knowledge extended so rapidly. True science, however, will, in the end, be ever found to be on the side of Revelation. There are those in whom no evidence of truth will destroy the *wish* that such evidence could not be furnished:—

"Like worms that change their nature after birth,
With 'wisdom's' wings they leave their mother-earth;
Yet, when their sun is set, they fall from high,
To close at last their brief career—and die."

Yet "Wisdom is justified of her children," and infidelity itself learns, in due time, to scorn the views and principles on which infidels once relied. So with the theories of the present day: they will, in their turn, give place to other delusions,—to other proofs that the carnal mind is "enmity against God." Meanwhile the truth maintains its place, and is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—*Footprints in Eastern Africa; or, Notes of a Visit to the Southern Gálas*. By THOMAS WAKEFIELD. (London: W.

Reed.) The Gálas are a "race of people separated into many tribes, independent of each other, who are said to number, in the whole, from six to eight millions." Mr. Wakefield appears to have been "the first white man who has ever been permitted to tread their soil," and was well received in his capacity as a Missionary by the King. An extract from his description of this singular people will be found at page 343.—*Nest: a Tale of the Early British Christians*. By the REV. J. BOXER. (London: Elliot Stock.) The writer's object is "to make entertaining the study of the great principle of religious freedom, and to set forth the beauty of Christianity, socially and religiously;" an object which, we can but think, must ever be imperfectly realised by "tales," even though they have their basis in historic truth. In the present case, the "historic truth" in which imaginary characters are made to move is of the slightest description.—*Letters on the Social and Political Condition of the Principality of Wales*. By HENRY RICHARD. (London: Jackson, Walford and Hodder.) "It is surprising," says the writer of these letters, "how little accurate knowledge there exists in England as to the state of the Principality of Wales." We have here a corrective to the misapprehensions of which the writer complains. His strictures are forcible, and are borne out by statistics; and he does full honour to the Evangelical labours of Methodists and Dissenters in Wales for the last hundred years.—*Hyper-Calvinism unrobed by God's Truth*. By the REV. JOHN PARROT. (London: W. Lister.) Strong arguments, though not put in the best order.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Burry, Mr. Joseph,	Christchurch,	Christchurch,	44	April 14th, 1866.
Cope, Elizabeth,	Uttoxeter,	Uttoxeter,	82	July 12th, 1866.
Head, Mr. John,	Christchurch,	Christchurch,	31	Aug. 20th, 1866.



(Portion of the Moon's Surface.—From a Photograph.)*

LUNAR MOUNTAINS.

THE woodcut is intended to represent an enlarged photographic picture of a portion of the moon's surface lying near the south pole, in a region which a telescope of very moderate power shows to be exceedingly rugged, even when contrasted with the entire surface of the visible hemisphere in which mountain ranges are everywhere

* Copied, by permission, from the "Quarterly Journal of Science."

conspicuous. It gives a tolerably correct idea of the appearance which this region presents when viewed with a good telescope magnifying some two or three hundred times, and in such a position, with regard to the sun, that the shadows of the elevated ridges will be seen stretching far over the intermediate valleys.

Whatever be the moon's distance from the earth, it must vary between comparatively narrow limits; for her outer boundary seems at all times to us a circle, or a portion of a circle, of nearly the same apparent diameter; namely, about half a degree: that is, if we imagine a semicircle stretching from north to south in the heavens, through the zenith, the diameter of the moon, when on the meridian, would cover the three hundred and sixtieth part of this semicircle. Her apparent increase of diameter, when seen with the naked eye, in or near the horizon, is a mere optical illusion, caused by our being then enabled to compare her size with that of known objects in the distance. She appears to us just as large as a ball forty-eight feet in diameter, placed a mile off.

The moon's distance can be measured precisely on the same principle as we measure that of any other inaccessible object. But the astronomer has the means of ascertaining how far she is from us without measuring a base line, and even without leaving his observatory. The very accurate angular measures made in a well-furnished observatory, prove that the moon is farther away, when rising or setting, than she would be if right overhead, by a sixtieth part of the entire distance; and the difference between the distances of the moon from the observer, in these two positions, can be easily shown to be equal to the radius of the earth: consequently, the moon is removed by a space equal to sixty times the radius of the earth, regarded as a sphere,—about two hundred and thirty-seven thousand six hundred miles; and the moon's diameter is the one hundred and tenth part of this, or two thousand one hundred and sixty miles.

Knowing the diameters of the earth and moon, their relative bulks, which are as the cubes of the diameters, are known; and it is proved that the earth is nearly fifty times larger than its satellite. A careful study of the moon's motion shows, moreover, that the earth is seventy-five times weightier; so that the moon is, bulk for bulk, composed of lighter material than the earth. One reason for this may be, that its elements are not bound together by so powerful an attraction as those of the earth. The attractive force at the surface of the moon is not a fifth part of the attractive force at the surface of the earth. A man, ten-stone weight, if transported to the moon, would feel as if more than four-fifths of his weight were removed, and could be lifted more easily than he could lift a weight of two stone at the surface of the earth. The same muscular effort that would enable him to leap, in this lower region, five feet in height, would enable him to leap to a height of twenty-eight feet at the surface of the moon; and the shock to his

system, on striking the surface, would be no greater in the latter case than in the former.

As we know that the diameter of the moon is about two thousand one hundred and sixty miles, and that she covers half a degree in the heavens, or one thousand eight hundred seconds, it follows that an object one mile and one-fifth, or about two thousand yards in length, near the middle of the lunar surface, would appear to us under an angle of only one second, or as large as a fly half an inch long would appear at the distance of one mile and five furlongs. The highest magnifying power we can use with effect on the moon, under ordinary circumstances, is not more than about three hundred; but, suppose that, with a powerful instrument, and an exceptionally clear atmosphere, we could magnify her one thousand times, an object two yards in length would subtend, in such an instrument, the same angle as an insect half an inch in length would subtend to the naked eye at the distance of more than a mile and a half. There would be about as much prospect of seeing the one as seeing the other. We are, therefore, a long way from settling the question, by mere inspection, as to whether the moon is inhabited. Changes, on a large scale, if such there be, are sure to be detected, with the facilities which photography, aided by powerful lenses, affords for mapping out the surface of the moon. Under favourable aspects, and near the boundary of light and darkness, the shadows of the mountains are so distinctly shown, that they furnish the means of ascertaining with considerable accuracy the heights and forms of the mountains themselves.

A remarkable feature in the lunar mountains is that they are generally circular, bounding plains of from ten to one hundred and twenty miles in diameter, with one or more isolated peaks in or near the centre. The central object in our illustration is one of the most remarkable of this class. A circular area, forty-seven miles in diameter, is enclosed by a ridge, the inside of which rises with nearly the steepness of a wall to sixteen thousand feet above the enclosed plain: its height above the external regions is twelve thousand feet. There are several hills in the interior, and a central mount four thousand seven hundred feet in height. This *ring-mountain*, which has received the name of *Tycho*, is chiefly remarkable from the fact, that a number of radiating streaks commence at a distance of about twenty miles outside the circular ridge, and, diverging from this limit, overspread a fourth part of the visible hemisphere. They are most distinctly seen when the moon is full, and look like bright meridians stretching from Tycho as a pole. They give the impression that this region was once the focus of intense volcanic action, tearing up the surface for hundreds of miles. Such radiations from central spots are very common on the lunar surface, and are brought out, when the light is favourable, with even moderate optical power. Of course they have given rise to various conjectures. Schroeter was undoubtedly mistaken in supposing they are mountains. The elder

Herschel made the obvious suggestion of streams of lava. Cassini fancied they might be clouds; but his idea will not bear a moment's examination: there is no trace of water to form them, nor of air to bear them, and they are as unchangeable as the solid regions through which they run. Some have suggested the possibility of their being roads, and have regarded Tycho as the great metropolis of the moon's visible hemisphere! The stereographic combinations which Mr. De la Rue has succeeded in obtaining, seem to give some degree of certainty in reference to their structure, and to prove that they are hollows, or channels, scooped out in the surface; but by what agency, volcanic or otherwise, remains a matter of conjecture.

We should like to say more on our beautiful satellite, but we have already filled up our available space. Science has all but fully demonstrated that its every movement is in perfect harmony with the received law of gravitation; and yet how little we know concerning its nature and object! How little we can know, with all our boasted powers! Here "we see through a glass, darkly;" but Revelation assures us that this is only the infancy of our existence; that "this mortal shall put on immortality," and we shall "know" as we "are known."

THOUGHTS FOR THE WATCHNIGHT.

EVERY human being has a history of his own; a past and a future, a race to run, a reward to obtain or lose. No life is entirely without effect; each individual has some place to fill, some part to play. However apparently insignificant or obscure, each is a mighty power for good or evil; a distinct agent for God, or His enemies. The real value of life we cannot properly estimate, but we may judge of it, in part, by the price paid for the redemption of the soul. It is related of the great Erasmus, that, destitute and friendless, he was once wandering in Germany, and, being ill, sent for a physician, who, seeing the poverty and miserable condition of the stranger, remarked, in his hearing, that to one so poor it did not much matter what became of him. "Ah!" said that splendid scholar, "not so poor but that Christ died for me." Can one for whom Christ hath died be worthless?

Yet how brief is life. Change

and decay are the common lot of all. We live, we act, we sleep; and, lo, the past arises! Wouldst thou, reader, solve that old, yet ever new, problem,—*"Man, know thyself?"* Look back into thy past: what that was, thou art; each separate thought, word, deed, hath wrought its impress. They are not dead, for nothing really dies; and thy present self is but the embodiment and outgrowth of former years. Yet, in thus looking back upon ourselves, how strange appears the vision. We start and ask, *"Was that myself? were those my thoughts?"* No likeness of them now remains. As the soul flies back through years that are sped, in vain she seeks her own, no longer hers; the thoughts that once went forth, and the very origin of many a former delight or pain, enterprise or emotion, are wrapped in obscurity. Shadowy and distant, like half-remembered dreams, appears the phantom of other days; while pensive reflections possess us, as we feel ourselves borne on to the future by a law we have no power to

control. Like dust before the whirlwind, we are impelled forward to our destiny; nothing can arrest our progress to eternity. Infancy and childhood; youth, with its delicious, but transitory, May; manhood in its strength:

"Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done."

"Till life is done." Till the climax is reached, and the great unknown is entered; when the spirit, freed from the material, attains its immortal state.

How touchingly mournful is that beautiful motto of the French sage, who, being asked for one suitable for every occasion, wrote, "And this, too, shall pass away." Yes, all earthly things pass away. The old Greeks were wont to say, "They whom the gods love, die young." Who has not felt the echo of this sentiment in his own heart? The loveliest flowers often fade the soonest, our brightest hopes disappear the first, our greatest joys are quickest over, and we are left to dream of what has been, but never more can be.

Earthly desires, aspirations, and affections, how soon they depart! Like summer-flowers, when winter is near, they wither and die. Yet in the far future, in the life which is to come, they fix for ever the condition of that spirit which gives them birth. Would you make that future happy and glorious? Do well the work which God has given you. The first and great work of every soul is, to attain the perfection which by the Gospel is made possible to man, and of which Christ Himself is the great Exemplar. Man enters the world undeveloped, both physically and spiritually. The condition of the soul, like that of the body, depends very much upon the training it receives, and especially upon its use of Divine grace. To develop that soul, and make it morally perfect, is the great life-work of every one.

The perfecting of your own soul in all that is good, and true, and beautiful, will be required at your hands, not those of others. Are you growing in charity, purity, and holiness? That is your mission. Happy the man who, himself following after excellence, can, by his own light, direct and encourage others also.

Not that any one unaided by Divine help can achieve anything noble or great; but help is promised, both for ourselves, and in our efforts for others. Scripture declares that to all who ask sincerely the Holy Spirit shall be given. But, alas! the very loftiness of the standard seems often to retard our progress. "Perfection—who can attain it?" Human nature of itself cannot. It may be very natural, but is it right, therefore, to despond? The higher you aim, the loftier position will you gain. Whoever earnestly seeks for something great or excellent, though he fail, yet is he better for it, and far more worthy than the man who never strives at all.

"Better than fame is still the wish for fame,"

says one who knew what both were. Better the strife than the conquest, the battle than the victory, the work than the reward; for in the strife, the battle, and the work, are the strength, the discipline, and the power to endure made ours. How often is that Parable of the Talents acted over and over again amongst us! Why should only those possessing five, or two, appear to use them, and those who have but one seem to forget they have any? If each would only find out what he has, and then make the best use of them, what a change would be visible! How many would find five where they thought there was only one!

To live wisely and well, let this be our great aim. Though earth's joys may be fleeting, and its friendships

transient; yet, for those who "endure to the end," there remains a lasting crown of joy, whose brightness shall continue throughout the ages of eternity.

H. A. L.

ENGLISH HOMES.

NO. IV.

FEMALE EDUCATION is one of the great questions of the day. God, at the creation of woman, revealed His own purposes respecting her. She was the completion of His works. Amid Eden's beauties, man, in the image of God, walked solitary and alone. "All the forms of life surrounding were far beneath him." "Earth's flowers would bloom in vain, and the sun's brightness would enwrap him in vain, without a being like himself to share his thoughts and his joys." Hence God made woman; made her *from* man, and made her *for* man. "Her origin seemed to dignify both her husband and herself." Was not, then, the first woman the type of true womanhood? Was not woman's position in relation to Adam, God's own intention of her relation to man through all time? She is subordinate to him, but not inferior; dependent, but not servile. "She was intended to be his companion; to help him, not to rival him; to lighten his cares amid the jostlings of time, not to be his mere plaything." True as beautiful is the language of one deeply impressed with her worth: "Her influence restrains and subdues our passions, and soothes our temper when chafed and irritated; her kind words animate us under disappointment; her constant fortitude and undying faith are our refuge when slander assails us; her society is our refreshment when weary; her gentleness is our nurse in sickness; her quick eye to perceive the wants of others is our sight when vision fails; her ready and

self-denying services compensate for the infirmities of age, and are both feet and hands to us when the 'keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves;' her soft hand smooths, while her sympathizing tears wet, our pillow; and her kiss dismisses us from, even as it introduces us into, the world. She is first to take us by the hand at our coming, and the last to bid us farewell when we go. She is the nurse of both our childhoods; she is the queen of our homes; she is the friend of our hearts."

Woman's nature, as constituted by God, is in beautiful accord with His designs respecting her relative position, and furnishes one of the most striking illustrations of His wisdom. Throughout God's universe, His character and perfections appear in the adaptation of every creature to the circumstances in which it was to be placed, and the purposes for which it was made. Standing on the lowest platform of human observation, it is clear that every being is suited to the position, locality, or element it was intended to occupy. The rose and the lily were not designed for the rugged heights where the cedar grows; and the lamb was not formed for the ice-mountains where the polar bear roams at large. The physical frame of woman proves her, apart from other considerations, to be fitted for *home*. There is a difference of constitution, both physical and moral, which adapts her to be the help-mate for man. "With a greater delicacy of fibre and nerve, less robustness of organism, and a quicker pulsation of heart, she was never intended for the stern roughnesses of life." She is also out of her place when occupying professional and prominent places in society, while her entire nature proclaims her adapted to adorn and make happy the domestic circle.

and to this her education should have respect.

No reader of the "Christian Miscellany" will doubt that true religion, which consists not in mere attachment to a creed or party, but in the regulation of the heart and life by the pure truths and principles of God's book, is an indispensable requisite of female training. This is absolutely necessary to elevate and bless woman. Without this she may glitter with jewels and possess the greatest attractions, and yet be nothing lastingly estimable for this life; much less for that higher life which is yet to come. To God she owes faith, love, and obedience; and for rendering these she is sweetly endowed. This is the grand charm of home, intended as it is to be a little haven from the storms of life, a retired world of joy and love, of innocence and peace, where woman may receive the gratification of all her deepest aspirations, and man find in her a companion and a friend.

"What is woman, what her smile?
Her look of love, her eye of light?
What, if she in her heart revile
The blessed Saviour? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
Or linger in her curls of jet;
The light spring flowers may scarcely
bow
Beneath her feet,—and yet, and yet
Without this choicest grace she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity."

Without philosophizing on this subject, the following passage, from the pen of one who had studied female life in all its aspects, may be given as worthy of the attention of parents who are considering the education of their daughters. "If it be correct that her sphere is not the high and public places of the earth, but the quiet, consecrated domain of home, then it follows that her true training is that of the heart, in habits of tenderness, prac-

tical wisdom, patience, and all those graces which adorn the home-circle. Of primary importance is the principle of *individual* responsibility; that the character is formed by each one for *herself*, and not by *another*. Man will forgive a hundred faults of the understanding, rather than one of the heart. Life is real. It is a matter-of-fact existence; not a dream, not a romance, but a reality. The trials of the best woman, during her sojourn on earth, will call forth the exercise of all her virtues; and though the dawn of life may be ushered in brightly and beautifully, and the crimson streaks in the eastern sky may give hopes of a sunny day; yet we are 'born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards.' Youth must depart, and strength be enfeebled; and the night clouds of affliction gather thickly around: age creeps on with slow and solemn tread, and brings with it sorrow, and trouble, and tears. Each year has its winter; each life its season of trial and gloom. . . . 'Tis not enough, amid her failings and weaknesses, to say, 'O, it is my natural temper; it is my disposition,' &c. Varieties of disposition will ever exist; but no *man* likes variety simply in that which is disagreeable."

We fear that much of the modern philosophy respecting education must be regarded as false in theory, if it is to be tested by results. It is in the family that a true training for life must be secured. It is a misfortune if a boarding-school education, notwithstanding its many advantages, tends to unfit, rather than prepare, girls for life; if the daughters of English families form erroneous views of their duties, and of the position which they are destined to occupy; if those who leave simple but comfortable homes, which have been created by a father's industry and a mother's thrift, to realize the benefits of a boarding-school train-

ing, return disgusted with the homeliness of their parents, proud of their own attainments, pert and haughty in their demeanour, exacting in their requirements, devoid of their original simplicity, and dissatisfied with everything about them. Music, and drawing, and elegant manners are not sufficient to make a family happy. Ability and inclination for home-duties are still the want of thousands of England's daughters, even in the present age of advancement. In our original family of seven was one of that so-called "old-maiden" type, who was worth more than gold, notwithstanding some rigid notions of hers. She is right in saying to the younger sisters and nieces around her, "Do you wish to be realities in the world? If so, then never take pride in saying you never did house-work; never tell your friends that you are not obliged to work. Home-duties are woman's highest honours. It is the sphere which God has appointed for her labours, and it redounds most greatly to her praise when she pursues them." Sound advice this.

In a word,—education should aim to fit woman for home; to give her those views of life that will lead her to value order, economy, and neatness; to acquire habits of industry and usefulness, and to exercise a benign care over servants, and all whom Providence may place beneath her rule. To be idle is to be servile; for it is bowing down mind to matter, and bending the intellectual to the corporeal. But to be usefully employed is honourable; and God has so linked happiness with industry, that those who are in pursuit of the one can only find it by taking the other as a guide. Modern tendencies are too much opposed to *self-reliance* and *individuality* of thought and purpose. Home should be the most attractive spot on earth, beautified by all that is fasci-

nating, but made lovely by all that accords with the dictates of common sense and practical wisdom.

There are thorns, however, even on the rose; and there are thorns in the family-garden. "We cannot work well together, for he never understands me," was the language of a disputatious sister respecting a disputatious brother.—In our next paper we will look at some of the *little things* which, to a marvellous extent, lessen the happiness of English firesides.

Bolton.

J. F. M.

THE TRUE FOUNDATION.

FAITH transfers my attention from myself wholly and absolutely, and fixes my attention, reliance, and trust, wholly, absolutely, and exclusively, on another, even Christ. In believing on Christ I am, therefore, not to consider what I am, what I have done, or how I feel, as reasons why I should be rejected or discouraged, but what Christ is, and what He has done as my Saviour. Whether I am the worst or the best of men, or whether I am joyous or sad, is nothing to my faith, as the faith of a sinner in his Saviour. In believing, as in looking, I lose sight of self, and see only Him, and I wholly rely on His covenant-blood. Moral goodness cannot aid my faith, nor can faith be hindered by forsaken sin. I take refuge in the Atonement by confiding wholly and only in Him who died for me,—“the Just for the unjust,”—that He might bring me to God. I am thus to be accounted just in relation to law, which is honoured by Him in the salvation of a believer as much as in the punishment of the unbeliever. Christ can thus save me, that is certain; and He declares that, if I believe in Him, I shall be saved.

But is my faith consistent with itself? I have seen that in believing

my attention is to be directed from myself to Him; but I find myself to be constantly contemplating, not so much His all-perfect righteousness, as my own unrighteousness. Without intending to doubt His sufficiency, I really make my own unworthiness a reason for distrust and fear. Because I doubt whether I am a true Christian, I am really doubting His ability or willingness to save me. But believing that I am a true Christian would not be believing on Him. Can it be of any consequence to my acceptance with God what I am, if I am a true penitent and a true believer? I nullify my faith in Christ by thinking that I am not good enough to be forgiven, and that I should have a better hope of mercy if I were a better man. I am desiring "to do, to be, and to suffer," that there may be a righteousness in me by which I may be able the more confidently to hope in Him. He does not withhold mercy from me on account of my unworthiness: shall I, then, make it a reason for doubting His mercy? If I say that I am too unworthy to be forgiven, it is as though I said that I am too poor to receive a gift, too hungry to eat, or too thirsty to drink. Christ is my only foundation; but, in seeking to be righteous before I receive "the righteousness of faith," and in order to obtain it, am I not attempting to lay another foundation in myself? The sinner is not welcomed at the mercy-seat because he is worthy, nor is the least sinner forgiven more readily than the greatest; for Christ forgives, not because we love Him, but because He loves us. He offers me "gold tried in the fire," but I am desiring first to become rich, that I may be qualified to receive it; and, while He offers it as a gift, I am acting as though I would receive it partly as a debt. He would save me as one who is guilty, and yet I am seeking to be

saved by being good. He would have mercy, but my erring spirit would have merit. But all this is egotism, not faith; and in all this I have been seeking self, and not Jesus. I have only wandered in attempting to make myself fit to draw nigh. To be saved as a sinner, I have sought first to be a saint, and have been taking Christ's work into my own hands, in the hope that it may be the more readily done; but until He saves me I cannot be better, and can only beworse. "If righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain;" "but to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."—*Christian Spectator*.

"SUNDAY, OR NO SUNDAY?"

(Concluded from page 332.)

The world has never yet been without a Sabbath.—Man was created towards the evening of the sixth day: and when, at eventide, (Gen. i. 31,) the next day began, God "rested from all His work which He had made." Man's first day on earth, therefore, was a Sabbath. Before a day of labour was allowed him, the example of a day of rest was set before him. The Almighty caused that his earliest, brightest, and therefore most clearly-defined, remembrance should be a day of rest. The consecration of one-seventh of our time was sanctioned by the example of the Highest. Why did He thus rest? The Almighty knew that man would need recreation and recruiting; and so, by the most solemn sanction of His own act, He made the special observance of one day in seven a sacred tradition and an abiding law.

The institution of the Sabbath, then, was contemporary with the creation of the human race. The Sabbath is not a gift to a nation,

but to human kind. The division of time by weeks, and the mention of the Sabbath before the law was given on Sinai, prove that down through the Patriarchal times it must have been observed, though not equally by all. As in this age multitudes forget its claims, so, in those early days of the world, many rebellious, "fast-living" men forgot them. Nimrod, perhaps, hunted on the Sabbath; and possibly the builders of Babel worked seven days a week till the confusion of tongues came. But they who feared God observed the day. It was an institution still. And when God was giving to the Jews their code and charter, He said, "Remember the Sabbath-day," as though He had said, "I do not now abolish that which has all along existed. None of your national peculiarities absolve you from the duty of observing it. Keep it still, even with a greater strictness than before; for it is your privilege and duty, as it was those of your fathers." Let no man, then, call the Sabbath a national peculiarity,—a Jewish custom.

The world now needs the Sabbath, not less, but more, than ever.—The world never moved so fast as to-day. It would seem as if the business of centuries were now compressed into a year. Men buy and sell as by lightning. They and their goods are dragged from place to place at a speed which would have startled their grandfathers. The invention of machinery has cheapened many manufactures,—has thus brought them within the reach of persons by whom they were formerly unattainable, and so has created a new world of buyers; while this increased demand, acting reflexively, forces the wheels of supply to whirl faster than ever. And so competition is the order of the day. Then, if, when men's lives and occupations were slower and quieter than ours,

the Sabbath was necessary for them, how much more do we need it? If the old shepherd-patriarchs felt it a relief and a joy, how much more eagerly should we hail its return? More than ever before the world now needs the Sabbath, to save the over-wrought brain, and to soften hearts that are only too apt to become callous under the six-days' contact with the busy world.

Men can do more work, in the long run, with a Sabbath than without it.—This is true of the very beasts. In a state of nature indeed they need no Sabbath, for half their time is spent in rest. But when an animal, like the horse, is broken in,—begins, that is, to work and to live an artificial life,—it begins to need a day of rest. I was told in Manchester, that a great omnibus-proprietor there found that his horses could do twelve miles a day seven days in the week, but that sixteen miles a day could be got out of them for six days, if they might rest on the seventh. They could do ninety-six miles in the week with a Sabbath, against eighty-four without one. Just so with men. Wilberforce used to declare that he should have broken down hopelessly, in the busiest parts of his Parliamentary career, if the Sabbath had not come to relieve and refresh him; and that he knew many who had fallen prematurely in public life, whose years might have been lengthened if they would have spared the Sabbath for rest. And if an experiment on a large scale is demanded, it may suffice to ask what nations have been foremost in whatever demands enterprise, application, and endurance? The three great commercial nations have been, and are, the Jewish, the British, and the Anglo-American. But these are the three nations which, more than all others, have held the Sabbath sacred.

But, if one man has a right

to a Sabbath, all have.—Therefore it is wrong for any man either to compel or to tempt another to give up his Sabbath. Of course we must interpret this in a reasonable spirit. There are some things which must be done on the Sunday, and the doing of them will necessitate a certain amount of work. Such cases come under the principle enunciated by Christ, when He said, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." But when we have drawn a circle round what is strictly necessary, and therefore allowable, with respect to all else the statement holds good, that he does wrong who compels or tempts a fellow-man to give up the Sabbath. We are all masters and servants in turn. The lawyer is servant to his client, the doctor to his patient, the tradesman to his customer, the railway-clerk and porter to the traveller. And, if it be wrong, as undoubtedly it is, for the millionaire to give his butler and footman unnecessary work in the preparation of a luxurious dinner, it is not less wrong, though more excusable, for the workman to keep his wife at home to cook a special feast. If it be wrong for "my lady" to employ her coachman in driving her round the park, it is not less wrong, though more excusable, for John Smith to employ the railway-porter by indulging himself with a cheap trip.

For, if they who wish are to enjoy the Sabbath, all must be compelled to observe it.—If there is to be a general rest-day, its observance must be enforced by law. We are a great social machine. We cannot, if we would, act independently of our neighbours. Now, the opening of museums and lecture-halls would not only employ a considerable number of men, actually engaged about the various premises, but would drag into the vortex of Sabbath-labour great num-

bers who would not be able to resist the current created by the central influence. If the Museum be opened, the confectioner's shop will be forced to supply the sight-seers with refreshment; the umbrella-maker cannot refuse to provide them with shelter from sudden showers; the hosier will be anxious to tempt so many by-passers with gloves and neckties; the railway, the omnibus, and the cab will be required to bring the more distant visitors. Each place opened would infallibly lead to the opening of another, until all that world which lives by providing amusement or its accessories, would be kept busy on the Sunday. If sacred music may be performed in St. Martin's Hall, why not in Covent-Garden Theatre? If sacred music may be performed, then why not secular? If the theatre may be opened, why not the music-hall? If the music-hall, why not the public gardens? Admit that certain public entertainments may be had by paying for them on the Sunday evenings, and you cannot consistently refuse to all amusements what you allow to some, even though these be greatly superior to the average. And then,—

The Sabbath given to amusement would soon be stolen for work.—A press of business comes upon a great establishment. On the Saturday evening the proprietor says to his young men, "What shall you be doing to-morrow night?" If the reply is, "Going to church," there are not very many masters who would dare to say, "I wish you would stay in, and help to get this business out of hand." But if the response to his question be, "Going to St. Martin's Hall to hear the music," or, "Going to the Haymarket to see the comedy," he would very readily say, "O! put that off till Monday, and help us through to-morrow night." A master dares ask hours for work which were intended,

for amusement, when he dares not ask those consecrated to religion. It is the sacredness of the day which now gives it its speciality. Besides, if men went to the theatre on Sunday evening, they would not long go to church on Sunday morning. Frenchmen, at least, do not. At first, Sunday would be passed between the morning's idleness and the evening's amusement; but soon the Sunday morning would be engaged for work, and sometimes the evening for pleasure. If the evening be given to spending money, the morning cannot be refused for earning it. And if the shopkeepers become busy on Sunday, the manufacturers cannot long be idle. If the shopman is willing to sell on the Lord's day, why should not the carpenter mend his door, and the glazier his window? If the draper retail calico on Sunday, why should not the mill-owner manufacture it? If once the Sabbath be abandoned as a sacred and legal institution, it must inevitably become a seventh day of work, no more distinguished from Saturday than Saturday is from Friday.

What is it, then, to which the movement on which we have commented points and tends? Simply "A Sabbathless England,"—a French Sunday on this side the Channel. Sunday in England is a blessed day yet. As one lies awake in the early morning, there is a quiet in the air, such as no other day possesses. The bells ring pleasantly under a sky purer than Saturday's, for the ordinary veil of smoke is withdrawn. No shuttle flies athwart the loom, the roaring of the forge is silenced, and the closed windows of the shops challenge attention to the purpose for which the day is given. True, there is Sabbath-breaking enough; but, for the most part, it is hidden from respectable eyes, and those exceptional tradesmen who do business on the

Lord's day, put half their shutters up, as though ashamed of their conduct. Meanwhile a million of children are grouped round ten thousand teachers, listening to the story of Joseph, or David, or of Him, greater than either, who died upon the cross; and families are seated together in God's house, neither the old man in his experience, nor the young man in his ambition, thinking it necessary to leave God's worship to women and children. On this day work is being done for eternity: but not for the future only; for the spirit of this day's content and calmness is carried into the next week's labours, and the gleam of the one Sabbath's rest and joy dies not out of memory and heart before the eve of the next comes on.

Instead of this, shall we accept the Frenchman's Sunday? When work must be done as usual,—when the workman can see wife and children no more than on any other day,—when the Sabbath-school is all but an impossibility,—when worship is a mockery left to women,—when the work at last ceases towards evening, only to give place to a more wearying revelry,—when, from end to end of Sunday, there is not a hint of rest here, or an influence preparing for rest hereafter?

If Englishmen are prepared to accept this, then God have mercy on them, for they will need it sorely! If they are not willing to accept it, let them watch well the enemies of their Sabbath, and be prepared to do their duty boldly when the day of struggle comes.

THE TWO HANDLES.

AN ancient philosopher says, "Every cup has two handles; one *white* and the other *black*; and either may be presented, according to the disposition of the host, towards his guest."

The ancient philosopher referred to gives this illustration. A carrier man, or, in modern language, a carman, was seen in a green lane, in the suburb of Athens, plucking the grass, and giving it to his horse. This was the simple *fact*, without any colouring. However, a *black handle* was put to it. For one person, who saw the man, and what he was doing, went into the city, and told an acquaintance this tale :—"I have seen a shameful sight; a man who had been sent to the city with parcels, from a distant place, though he had money given him to purchase provender for his horse, had improperly squandered away his money, and resorted to the expedient of plucking grass to refresh his horse sufficient for the homeward journey." This was the *black handle* of the occurrence, as it conveyed the report of the action accompanied with the indirect accusation of the double offence of dishonesty to his employer and cruelty to his horse.

Another person, an eye-witness of the same fact, and who knew the man and his circumstances, went into Athens, and said to a friend :—"I have seen Anthrippon, poor fellow! he is too poor to buy provender for his horse, and, instead of resting himself while his horse was feeding at the inn, he was working hard, cropping the finest of the grass, and taking good care that the beast might be well fed at small expense, that he might save the money to provide the necessaries for his large and afflicted family." This was the same narrative with the *white handle*; and this embraced the true statement of the condition of the man, and the virtuous motives by which he was actuated.

Now let every reader judge himself, and see whether or not he is prone to present, or to take, everything by the *black handle*. It is a disposition altogether contrary to that charity, or

Christian love, which "suffereth long, and is kind; is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." A man of ingenuous spirit, while earnest for the truth, will always try to take things by the *white handle*.

JOPPA.

JOPPA (now called Jaffa) is the principal seaport in Palestine. Its antiquity is very great. Mention is made of it in connexion with the division of the country amongst the Israelites, which took place in the days of Joshua, the immediate successor of Moses.

Its use as a seaport dates as far back as the building of the temple of Solomon; the wood employed in the erection of which was conveyed hither from Lebanon, and thence to Jerusalem. And when the sacred edifice was repaired, and the cedars of Lebanon were again called into requisition, they were landed at the same place; from which it would seem to have been the direct route of communication between the woody mountain and the holy city.

Its commercial importance, at the present day, is small. Compared with that of many modern seaports, it is insignificant. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering the standstill habits of the inhabitants of the land. The appearance of the town from the sea is somewhat imposing, built, as it is, upon the slope of a hill. The houses rise, one after another, in tiers, according to the elevation of the ground, presenting a beautiful aspect. The pleasing impression which they make at first sight is owing more to this than to their actual form; for they are entirely destitute of architectural beauty, and there is a manifest want of due regard to matters of ordinary comfort and convenience.

The suburbs, however, are really charming. The soil is rich, and its produce abundant. The chief fruit is the orange, which grows in profusion. Orange-gardens extend for several miles round the town, amply repaying the labour and expense bestowed upon them by the beauty they exhibit, the fragrance they diffuse, and the profit they realize. Each garden contains a neat and commodious building, which answers the twofold purpose of a dwelling-house and a storehouse. In the centre of the rooms, on the ground-floors of these buildings, is a channel, through which water is conveyed to a large reservoir. The streams thus formed are exceedingly refreshing during the heat of summer; and at this season the gardens are places of favourite resort.

The population of Joppa, like that of most of the noted towns in the Holy Land, is liable to fluctuation; and is so from the same causes,—the influx and efflux of pilgrims. The ordinary residents are estimated at from ten to twelve thousand.

But an interest centres in Joppa of another kind. It was the scene of several remarkable events in the life of St. Peter. One of these was, his restoring to life a Christian woman. "This woman was full of good works:" (Acts ix. 36:) works of mercy and charity; works specially designed to benefit others; by relieving their necessities, soothing their sorrows, and lessening their cares. What noble deeds are these! They exert an influence which no others can equal. Happy they, then, who, like Dorcas, are "full of good works." The Lord Jesus, who knew how to estimate such things at their proper value, said of one who had wrought "a good work" upon Himself, "Whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also *this*, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

(Matt. xxvi. 13.) What a testimony is this to the worth of a good deed!

Works of good-will have a "record on high" as well as here. An angel said to Cornelius, in a vision, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." (Acts x. 4.) The Divine Being regards prayers, united with alms, with satisfaction and complacency; and, at the last day, He will give expression of His gracious approval in the open bestowal of His rewards.

But it should be observed, that moral actions are the only things which He will then "honour." He will not take the least notice of the achievements of mere art, or science, or genius. The pyramids of Egypt, whose colossal size and strength have been the wonder of ages; and "the temple of the great goddess Diana" at Ephesus, with its massive and magnificent pillars, "each the gift of a king;" these, and other renowned works of men, will confer no title to commendation at the final judgment. But it is otherwise with acts of piety. Whilst no mention will be made of achievements of a scientific or a literary character, however illustrious in point of genius, skill, or learning, at the day of general reckoning, works stamped with the seal of Christian excellence will be rewarded by God Himself. "Whosoever," our Lord affirms, "shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." (Matt. x. 42.)

Dorcas fell sick, and died. Her death was followed, as a matter of course, by the customary preparations for interment. At this crisis, some of her Christian friends, who had heard that St. Peter was at Lydda, a town about nine miles distant, sent two men to request him to come to them without delay. With the promptitude which the

urgency of the summons required, and which, moreover, was a prominent feature of his mental constitution and religious life, he immediately started on the journey. On his arrival, which was anticipated by the mourners with feelings of peculiar interest, as the character of their message plainly intimated, he was at once conducted to the chamber of death. A touching scene then occurred. Around him gathered a number of the friends of the deceased, bathed in tears, "showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them." (Acts ix. 39.) These were affecting tokens of her tender sympathy and patient industry. After this exhibition of the goodness of her heart, and the beauty of her life, "Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise." (Ver. 40.) His prayer was answered, and his command obeyed; for "she opened her eyes," and "sat up." He then "gave her his hand, and lifted her up, and when he had called the saints and widows, presented her alive." (Ver. 41.) The fame of this miracle rapidly spread "throughout all Joppa;" and the result was, that "many believed in the Lord." (Ver. 42.)

Another memorable incident occurred at this place, in which Peter was specially concerned. After the event just narrated, "he lodged" for some time "with one Simon a tanner." (Acts x. 6.) It was while residing here that he went one day, —as he was, no doubt, in the habit of doing every day,—"up upon the housetop to pray about the sixth hour," which was the hour of noon. Whilst there, "he fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened;" and by a vision was taught that to the Gentiles, as well as to the Jews, the Gospel was sent. Almost at the same time with this, and closely related to it, other remarkable events took place.

In a town called Cæsarea, about thirty miles from Joppa, there resided a man named Cornelius, "a centurion of the band, called the Italian band." (Ver. 1.) He, like Peter, "saw a vision." The result was, that Peter was sent for; who, Divinely taught the import of the two visions, was led to declare his conviction, that God is "no respecter of persons." As if in confirmation of this truth, "the Holy Ghost fell" upon the people then assembled in the centurion's house.

Here we have the first instance of the Gospel being preached to Gentiles. Hitherto it had been preached only to Jews; but the time had now come when its glad tidings were to go forth to those outside their pale; and in this way it seemed fit to Him, who "does all things well," to introduce it among them. Peter, who first proclaimed it to the former, did the same to the latter. Both he and his hearers were specially prepared for the auspicious event; he, for the delivery of the Gospel message, and they, for its reception; and both were thus wrought upon by similar means, namely, visions.

These visions were intimately connected in the wise and gracious purposes of God. He designed by them to teach the fact that salvation is free for all; free for the Gentile as well as the Jew; and this they did most effectually. They wholly removed Peter's predilections in favour of the Jews, and his prejudices against the Gentiles. He henceforth looked upon all men as standing morally, and before God, on the same level; as being alike sinful, and alike interested in the redemption of Christ.

The town of Joppa remains a mere relic of what it once was; but its name is ever associated with the raising of the dead by one of the Apostles of our Lord, and by the glorious revelation made there by

Peter's vision, that in Christ there is
 "neither Jew nor Greek, . . . bond
 nor free." T. C.

THANKFULNESS FOR DAILY MERCIES.

JEREMY TAYLOR thus expressed
 his thankfulness in the midst of
 trial :—

I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me! They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse: and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirits, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them, too. And still I sleep and digest, and eat and drink; I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbours' pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights,—that is, in virtue, and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself. The best is left.

THE SPIRIT'S REST AT HOME.

Rest, *weary* spirit, rest!
 Nought can thy peace destroy,
 Or ever mar thy joy,
 Or stay thy loved employ;
 Rest, *weary* spirit, rest!

Rest, *anxious* spirit, rest!
 The cares of earth are o'er;
 They cannot grieve thee more,
 On heaven's blessed shore;
 Rest, *anxious* spirit, rest!

Rest, *fearful* spirit, rest!
 All battles now are won,
 The darkness all is done,
 Before heaven's cloudless Sun;
 Rest, *fearful* spirit, rest!

Rest, *troubled* spirit, rest!
 The clouds no more can lower,
 No more hath sin the power
 To vex thee one short hour;
 Rest, *troubled* spirit, rest!

Rest, *warring* spirit, rest!
 In happy, well-won peace,
 That never more can cease,
 Or ever know decrease;
 Rest, *warring* spirit, rest!

Rest, *eager* spirit, rest!
 With all God's fulness fill'd,
 With every tempest still'd,
 At home, as God hath will'd,
 Rest, *eager* spirit, rest!

Rest, *murmuring* spirit, rest!
 The burden borne so long,
 The strife so fierce and strong,
 Are now exchanged for song;
 Rest, *murmuring* spirit, rest!

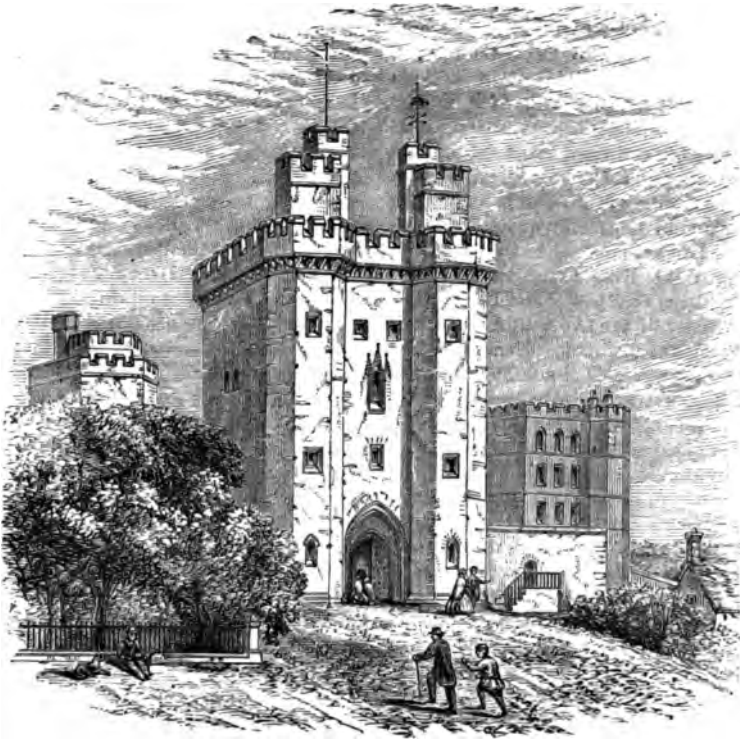
Rest, *doubting* spirit, rest!
 Fear can no more prevail,
 Nought now can faith assail,
 It never more shall fail;
 Rest, *doubting* spirit, rest!

Rest, *happy* spirit, rest!
 In fulness of pure joy,
 In bliss without alloy,
 Which nothing can destroy,
 Rest, *happy* spirit, rest!

E. A. R.

THE GATEWAY OF LANCASTER CASTLE.

AROUND this ancient gateway there still lingers a vague and mysterious tradition of the troubles that befell the good town of Lancaster five hundred years ago. The site of the castle itself is now nearly covered with modern buildings, for the accommodation of prisoners, the county and crown halls, *nisi prius* and crown courts, a residence for the governor, &c. The date of its erection is forgotten. Antiquarians, however, conjecture that it was built in the long reign of King Edward III.; that is to say, between the years 1327 and 1377. But soon after the decease of this King, a dispute broke out between two branches of his family, leading



(Lancaster Castle.)

to sanguinary conflicts for many years, and is known in history as "the Wars of the Roses." John of Gaunt, his third son, was Duke of Lancaster; Edmund, his fourth son, was Duke of York. The shield of Lancaster was distinguished by a *red rose*, and that of York by a *white rose*. Henry, the next Duke of Lancaster, became famous for the part he took in a constitutional resistance to the absolute government of King Richard II., whose treatment of the Parliament of England was far more offensive than that which afterwards cost Charles I. his life, and James II. his kingdom. The memorable revolution of 1399 was the consequence of Richard's tyranny; and, after that unhappy sovereign was deposed from the throne, and made prisoner in the Tower of London, the Parliament declared Henry of Lancaster to be King of England. Henry IV.

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was the first "Red Rose;" and the fifth, sixth, and seventh Henries were also "red roses." The first "white rose" appeared in the person of Richard, Duke of York, who rebelled against Henry VI., and fell in battle at Tewkesbury, in 1471; but his son Edward, Duke of York, avenged his death, made Queen Margaret his prisoner, assumed the crown, and reigned as Edward IV. This Edward died in 1483, leaving a child ten or eleven years old to take the title of King Edward V. This infant King, with a younger brother, was sent to the Tower of London, before he could be crowned, by their uncle-guardian, the Duke of Gloucester; who no sooner got the hapless infants into his power, than he basely pretended that they were not lawfully born; and soon after their imprisonment caused them to be smothered at night by ruffians. After

2 A

perpetrating several other murders, he was at length declared King, and figures in our history as Richard III. He it was whom Henry VII. met in battle in Bosworth-field, where he fell among the slain; and his carcase, stripped and mangled, was thrown into a ditch. Yet the factions were not extinct, and Parliament, weary of miseries brought upon England by the family-quarrel between the Lancastrians and the Yorkites, begged the King to marry Elizabeth, daughter of the "white rose" Edward IV., and sister of the two murdered princes. Elizabeth submitted. Henry made a poor husband, and but a mean King; but the feud expired, and the land had rest.

A full history of the Wars of the Roses has not been written, nor is it likely that it ever will be. When those wars began, in the reign of Henry VI., there were few persons competent to compose a history; and so complicated were the relations of the parties, and so intricate and covert were the plots, and so bewildering the countless incidents of craft and violence, that pens could not have been found to write them down. But much that would be essential to a full and intelligible history never was known, and careful historians are perplexed by the contradictions, the omissions, and the harsh improbabilities of much that was written. Then, again, there was no satisfactory public intelligence even of many great events. Common rumour, ever false, was all that could be heard beyond the immediate neighbourhood of their occurrence; written reports were almost utterly unknown; "general readers" there were none, nor was there a press in England until a very few years before the battle of Bosworth, when William Caxton came back from the Low Countries, and established one in Westminster.

It is true that the struggles of adverse factions aroused the Commons of England to some perception of their duty and responsibility, and were, in effect, the commencement of what may be considered the constitutional history of England; but there is a brighter memory suggested by the main entrance to Lancaster Castle. If that gateway was scared at the time supposed, it might

have been entered by Edward III., John Wycliffe, and Wycliffe's royal patron and defender, John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster. After that time the Lollards liberally sowed the seeds of truth in England, and added hundreds to "the noble army of martyrs." While the "Red Roses" and the "White" were struggling for ascendancy, those hardy pioneers of the Lord's host were laying open the way for the Reformation; which the last of them, Henry VIII., unwittingly contributed to bring about by the marriage of Prince Arthur first, and Prince Henry afterwards, to Catherine of Aragon. All the Kings of the House of Lancaster were so conducting a great national controversy as to prepare the sturdy son of the seventh Henry for breaking off the yoke of Rome from the neck of England. Since the peaceful departure of Wycliffe, and the triumphant martyrdom of Lord Cobham, not a morning sun has risen upon Lancaster Castle that has failed to witness the orisons of Christian households ascending heavenwards from many parts of our beloved country.

Not a winter has passed over it, which has not seen some advance of Gospel-piety in the homes of England; and, one brief reign excepted, that of bloody Queen Mary, some substantial accession to the amount of Christian knowledge, and Christian influence, in our favoured island, and thence extending, in the wide world of men. May no rude hand demolish it! Let it stand untouched, venerable with the impress of long time; not spoiled by any artificial restoration,—with nothing added to disturb the charm of sanctified historical remembrance.

The eminence on which the castle stands affords a prospect of vast extent, comprehending the hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland, the plain of South Lancashire, and the whole extent of the vale of the Lune, with the Irish Sea in the distance. R.

BE TRANSPARENT.

Those men commit a serious mistake who undertake to see what they really are not. Every man, sooner or later, is

understood—inevitably, and without fail. Then it is true, all the time, that God knows all things. If men realized this, how could they ever attempt to play false? Life is not circumscribed, in its scope and in its results, to the revolution of the hour, the duration of place, the bounds of mortality, the cycles and epicycles of time. Eternity is before us. It is distressing to see *men* wearing masks; attempting to *feign* what really they *are not*. Yet this is a very common thing. Alas! that it is ever seen in high or sacred places! Life is too often not only a masquerade of folly, but of pretence. Like the God who made them, so far as they manifest themselves, men should be transparent—*seem* what they really *are*.

At the mention of a man's name, not only the outlines of his person, but even the *man within* appears before us—the embodiment we have entertained of his *character*. It is, therefore, useless to disguise. The mask, sooner or later, drops off, or is forcibly removed. The man betrays himself in his speech, in his gait, in the glance of his eye, the quivering of the muscle, a thousand times a year, and when he little suspects it.

The business of men is with *men*. Other things being equal, and leaving Providence out of view, no man can obtain more than his proper credit for mind, education, moral worth, but at the expense of his neighbour. But such cannot be acquired by open seizure. That would be highway robbery. They must, then, be gotten by the jostle in the crowd of life, by the strife of mind, by false issues, by using them, if possible, for their purpose. Worldly men, therefore, study each other; their idiosyncrasies, their passions and prejudices. Such a man can be flattered: it is done. One can be bribed: he is secured. Another loves place: it is given to him. One is controlled by his prejudices: they are worked upon. Another loves in his soul to do good: a pretended opportunity is furnished. By such means are men swayed, and thrust hither and thither on the chess-board, by the solitary aspirant or the selfish party. One man would fain have it understood he is a "brave." He will bluster, and

declare, and with his accent, tone, gesture, cast of his countenance, enforce what he says. He is perhaps known by his acts to be one of the greatest cowards in the world. Another will fulminate and browbeat, and declare he hates oppression, and is one of the most disinterested of men. Give him power, and he would prove to be an audacious tyrant, as in fact he is; and woe to the race! Another wraps himself up, retires deeper and deeper into the supposed impenetrable *arcana* of his soul, and fancies he is not known. Perhaps he is not to some men—to most men. Alas! he is to God; and some *men* know him. He will be known by every one by and by. His deeds will speak for themselves. Generations are reviewed by their successors. The relation of individuals to the mass,—the true character of their acts,—is estimated; history is written; men have time for it, and will have ample materials for it. Every man who has acted a prominent part will have his appropriate niche.

On the other hand, it is doubtless equally true that other men suffer for a time, perhaps during their entire lives, perchance throughout all time, in the estimation of their fellow-men, because they are not truly known—are misunderstood. But truth will ultimately triumph; prejudice be overcome. Men often reverse their judgments, as they better understand each other. Let a man fear God, and work righteousness, and not be concerned about himself: God will take care of his character. "Let thine eyes look *right on*, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil."

Let your outer man exhibit your inner man. Be transparent, natural, true, honest; yet not rude, blunt, or uncourteous. Be the Christian "out and out."—*Christian Treasury*.

JEWISH DELUSION:

A MESSIANIC FAMILY.

SADAGORA, a small and excessively dirty Jewish town, is situated at a short distance

from Czernowitz, the capital of Bukowina, in the far east of the Austrian dominions. In the streets nearly all the people you meet are dressed in long caftans, with Polish hair-caps. They wear their hair long and curled, and their faces are almost all red and inflamed by the abuse of alcoholic drinks. Nevertheless, this town, obscure and filthy as it is, exercises over the Jewish population of that province and the surrounding country, an attraction as powerful as the most celebrated places of pilgrimage in Italy once exercised over the Popiah population of that peninsula. Its prestige is due to this: that there dwells there a family of which, as the Jews of that region believe, the Messiah is destined to be born.

This is not, however, the only Jewish family which is believed to be the favoured possessor of this privilege. Such families are to be found at Bellis in Galicia, at Kozk in Podlachia, at Kozienika in the district of Sandomir, and in several other Jewish towns of the Russian empire. The heads of these families are called "The Just," (*Tsaddikim*), and they exercise a considerable influence in the provinces where they dwell.

The origin of the family referred to does not go back to a very remote date. In the year 1666, a young fanatic named Sabbatäi-Tsébi, scarcely twenty-five years of age, proclaimed himself the Messiah of Israel. He deeply stirred the Jews of Europe, Asia, and Africa. When, to escape death, this pretender embraced the faith of Mahomet, thousands of Jews continued not the less to believe in him. Others, a smaller number, were angry and ashamed at having been abused and deceived, and threw themselves into the arms of the Church of Rome. The greater part, adopting a set of absurd notions, formed themselves into a sect which comprehends at least two-thirds of the Jews residing in the Slav countries. This sect, known under the name of the *Chusidim*, had, for its founder, a Jew of Podolia, called Ierolka, who pretended to have sprung from the family of David, to which Sabbatäi-Tsébi belonged, and which was destined to receive one day the immense honour

of giving birth to the promised Messiah. The present chief of the *Chusidim* lives at Sadagora, and bears the same name as his ancestor.

This saint of a novel kind is reckoned among the richest Jews of Poland and Russia, and that is saying a good deal; for it is well known of what enormous wealth certain Oriental Jews are the possessors. Enjoying from a distant period the reputation of working miracles, his family have been able, thanks to the credulity of the Jews in these countries, to amass, in the course of a century, a fortune of millions. Sadagora has become for the Jews of Poland, Russia, Bukowina, Moldavia, and Wallachia, the favourite place of pilgrimage. They make it a duty to visit, at least once in the course of their lives, the chief of the Messianic family; and they believe that they are wanting in the respect due to his exalted rank if they do not bring some tribute. The different members of this holy family, consequently, receive numerous gifts; and strangers who have visited Sadagora cannot be sufficiently loud in boasting of the splendour and magnificence of the palace of the future Messiah. Perhaps the beauty of the palace is set off with so much the more *éclat* that it is situated, as well as the elegant mansions of the sons and sons-in-law of Ierolka, near a town of such wretched appearance. There is no kind of grandeur or magnificence with which these edifices are not adorned. Among the apartments of the palace there is one called the Silver Hall, because its fittings-up and furniture are all of wrought silver, rich and elegant beyond imagination. The saloons are all hung with stuffs of Damascus and Constantinople, the gifts of fervent pilgrims, and in the immense park attached to the palace there are vast greenhouses of the most perfect kind.

Ierolka has married his daughters to the richest Jews of these countries; and one of the clauses of their contract of marriage binds the husbands to settle at Sadagora, and to build there a splendid residence in the vicinity of the palace. The ladies of the family constantly wear robes of velvet embroidered with silver, and the gentlemen wear caftans made of

the most costly materials. Their infants have French, German, English, or Russian nurse-maids; and governesses and tutors are kept for them as if they were children of royal blood.

As to Isrolka himself, he is surrounded with a certain number of secretaries, whose principal duties consist in receiving the offerings which are made to him, and in depositing them in a sure place. Each morning the ancestor of the future Messiah receives the pilgrims and strangers, to whom the day and the hour when they shall be able to see him has been assigned a long time in advance. These audiences never take place except in the presence of the principal secretary; for, as to himself, Isrolka commonly remains mute during the whole time of presentation. His part is limited, in most cases, to the accepting of the offering presented, and which must be of the value of twenty shillings sterling at least. When he prepares to go out, which is pretty often, all the town is informed of it, and the streets through which he passes are filled with dense crowds, as if he were the mightiest monarch in the world. It was formerly his practice to have a band of music following his carriage; but this kind of luxury was suppressed by order of the government.

There is a reverse of the medal. The possessor of these immense treasures—the venerated patriarch, of whom the Messiah is to be born; the elect vessel destined to receive the glory promised to Israel; the pretended shoot out of David's roots; the man whom the Israelites of these countries revere as the greatest of saints, and to whom they present the richest offerings—is nothing, after all, but a wretched idiot. In his look there is nothing which announces mental life, or suggests a thinking being. Although not yet by any means old, he cannot walk without being supported, neither can he utter anything but inarticulate sounds, intelligible only to the members of his family and his secretaries. Everything about him, in short, indicates a state of complete idiocy.

About fifty years ago the grandfather of Isrolka tried to play the king, in a small way, by having his carriage

followed by a body-guard of twenty Cossack horsemen. But one day he met the Emperor Nicholas, who ordered him to turn back. After some time he renewed his foolish attempt, and for this he was simply seized and shut up in the fortress of Kiew. Thanks to his numerous adherents and his immense riches, he accomplished his escape, and reached Sadagora, which is situated, as we have said, in the Austrian states. Nicholas claimed his extradition upon declaration that he was a Russian subject born. The power of money carried it over the power of the autocrat of all the Russias. Twelve countrymen of Bukowina, hired for the purpose, swore by their great gods that Isrolka was born at Sadagora, which was utterly false.

Isrolka was accused, some years ago, of having fabricated base money. That accusation arose from its being proved that false money had actually come out of his mansion. Such a thing could not be allowed to pass without being used to take down a personage who affected such loftiness. In spite of all that the Jews could do to avert it, Isrolka was arrested and put into irons. During his detention he was several times brought before the tribunals, but it was impossible to extract from him a word of any kind. He was perfectly mute all the time. His family and partisans plied every means to obtain his liberation. Happily the judge was a man of stern integrity, who would not deviate from the straight line of duty for all the treasures of Golconda. There was nothing for it but to engage high influence at the court of Vienna to solicit his promotion, in order to secure his departure from the province. That tactic having succeeded, the first act of his successor was to declare that, considering the entire want of proof, Isrolka was innocent of the crime laid to his charge. What it cost the friends of the patriarch to buy that denial of justice is not told.

"It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known My ways." — *Monthly Record*. (*The Free Church of Scotland*.)

"GOOD-NIGHT."

From Friendship's gentle lip 'tis sweetly
breathed;

Long after Love's soft footstep dies
away,

Its full, deep echo through the spirit
thrills,

And shadowy visions o'er the fancy
play.

When wearied nature seeks its calm
repose,

And tears and moody sorrow take
their flight;

When sweet unconsciousness the eyelids
close,—

Then dreams, low whispering, utter
forth, "Good-night."

And thoughts, thick clustering, float on
angels' wings

Around that hallow'd word, through
nether skies,

And, striking on the heart's most tender
strings,

They tell of parting griefs, and
streaming eyes;

Of broken unions, hearts asunder torn;

Of sever'd friends, whom love did
once unite;

Of death-bed pangs, and scatter'd hopes
forlorn;

All pealing forth the last, the long,
"Good-night."

It tells of joys enshrined in Love's fond
breast,

Of Hermon's precious dew and
gracious showers;

The balm of sympathy for souls distressed,
The calm, abiding peace of sunny
hours.

The rich, sweet melodies which ever
pour

Their ceaseless music through the
golden light;

Of tender friendships, pure affection's
lore,

Hand joined in hand, and breathing
forth, "Good-night."

It speaks of day far spent; its golden
hours

For ever past, and, 'mid the enshroud-
ing gloom,

The work undone, must still unfinish'd be,
Though sleeps the mortal dust within
the tomb.

Improve the time; toil on with might
and main;

Whate'er thy hand shall find, do with
thy might;

Devote to God the life ere darkness
reign,

And this shall usher in a long "Good-
night."

It pierces through the veil, 'mid seraphs'
songs,

Where night ne'er spreads its mantle
o'er the blest;

Where Hope on Joy's soft bosom lies
asleep,

And, lull'd with sweetest music, sinks
to rest;

Where friends united never, never part,
But bask in peace, beneath Immanuel's
light:

Above the winds and storms of earth
secure,

They never part, they never say,
"Good-night."

"Good-night," then, loved ones, I am
going home;

Prepare the bridal wreath, the Saviour's
mine:

O'er Canaan's living green I soon shall
roam,

And sing with angel-hosts the love
Divine.

A night there is, in regions dark and
drear,

But Jesus is my strength—it cannot
fright;

Reclining on His breast, I have no fear,
We soon shall meet again; "Good-
night, good-night." BRUCE.

WARNING AND ENCOURAGE-
MENT:

FROM AN ARMY-CHAPLAIN'S NOTE-BOOK.

"Poor fellow! so he enlisted, and died
in Guy's Hospital?" So spake a brother
Minister to me of one who had once
been under his pastoral care, but whose
life was very chequered and full of warn-
ing.

It was last autumn when I first saw
the young man. He had not then been
long in the army. He had marched to
our parade-services, and one Tuesday

night came to my class in great distress of soul, being deeply convinced of sin. Believing himself an apostate, he reproached himself for having alighted rare privileges, abused excellent opportunities, and brought discredit on the name and cause of Christ. In a distant part of the country he had been trained in Methodism, and professed to be "a sinner saved by grace." Being a young man of intelligence, and gifted with fluency of speech, he was employed as a Local preacher, and for a time seemed to do well. Since his death his MSS. have come into my hands. Several of them bear the marks of a thoughtful mind, and are the result of careful reading; among his papers, also, are large extracts from, and synopses of, several standard works.

Whilst connected with the Church of Christ, and occasionally engaged in preaching, he appears to have fallen through temptation. He lost, at least, two situations in consequence, and was degraded from his office in the Church. Outcast from his acquaintance, an exile from his family, having barely escaped the doom of a felon, he became a vagabond in London; until, bitten by hunger, homeless, friendless, he was glad enough to take the shilling, and enlist. He came to Chatham among a batch of recruits; and, as the rule of the army is, was compelled to declare himself of some religion, and attend Divine worship. Having enlisted under a false name,—assuming, in fact, that of one of our most excellent and prominent Ministers,—his whereabouts was unknown to his friends; and the probability is that, to this hour, his family knows nothing of his soldier-life, his sickness, or his death.

After a while he professed to find peace with God, through believing in the Lord Jesus Christ; and for some time continued with us in Church-fellowship. We watched over him with trembling. Seeing him in undue haste to enter into prominent posts of work, we were more tardy in appointing him to carry the standards than he wished; and we do not regret that, though others were willing to permit an unknown, untried man to preach from their pulpits, his own Church said, "Wait."

But the hand of God was laid on him before long. He lay sick unto death in hospital, at Chatham, for months. He was discharged from the army invalided. Anxiety of mind, adversity of circumstances, physical pain, brought on premature old age and complete prostration. He was admitted a patient of Guy's Hospital, and kept up a correspondence with me, or the "devout soldiers" of my class. His last letter, directed to two of the men, was as follows, written with a shaking hand:—

"Dear Brothers,—Can you read this? I am going home. Jesus is coming to meet me: all must pray for me. I may wear for a few weeks. I will get a young man to write to Mr. Kelly, and then you shall have all particulars.

"Yours,

"J. —."

Then, as a postscript, the hospital-chaplain had written:—"The above are the last few lines poor Mr. — has left. He died soon after, in faith and comfort, resting on the Lord."

His case is calculated to teach a lesson to young men. Profession of religion or active service will not save them from temptation, or the trouble that follows unholily yielding. A man may seek to escape from the punishment of sin, but will always fail; for God's laws are so constituted, that every sin carries its own scourge, and is its own lictor. Though at "evening-time" he had light, yet the consequence of his transgression was an embittered memory, estrangement from his friends, a solitary death, and a painful retrospect. His case, however, has a word of encouragement; the late comer finds a place in Christ and heaven; and earnest workers for the Lord may be hopeful; for there are yet some saved as brands plucked from the burning, and so as by fire.

Chatham.

C. H. K.

NOVEL-READING.

"WHATSOEVER ye do, do all to the glory of God," is an injunction binding on each one who bears the name of Christian. But we fear that some even

of those how have attached themselves to our own Society, forget that this precept applies as much to their choice of books as to other matters. We believe that many do not think of, or understand, the dangers resulting from reading works of fiction. Give us your serious attention, reader, whilst we bring the subject for a moment before you, and point out some of the evil effects of this pernicious habit.

The habit of reading fiction draws the mind from God. Utterly unfitting the soul for prayer, meditation, and reading the Scriptures, it engenders a levity of disposition little in accordance with the profession of religion. It renders the realities of life distasteful, and unfits you, as you are well aware, for the discharge of the important duties which God calls you to perform. Guilt and condemnation are thus brought upon your conscience, and the growth of your piety is retarded. *A novel-reader can never be an eminent Christian*; and, if persistently indulged in, the practice will ultimately destroy your religion altogether. The mind, feeding on what contains moral poison, cannot be in a healthy state. We are aware it is often argued that useful lessons are to be derived from novels, especially from those that are strangely named "religious novels;" but they teach no truths which cannot be obtained from purer and safer books. No lesson, however good, can compensate for the spiritual loss sustained by their perusal. If you are not really convinced of their injurious character, you have only to retire to your closet, and there, alone with God, and earnestly praying to be made willing to know the truth, ask yourself the following questions:—"Can I expect God's blessing to rest upon me whilst reading these books? Are they calculated to increase my faith, hope, and love? Am I by this practice honouring Christ? Am I better prepared for the class and the prayer-meeting?" Perhaps you think they do not injure you. Well, suppose it is so; still there are other considerations. "Abstain from all appearance of evil." You are, surely, not obeying this command, in the eyes of the worldling, who remarks, "So-and-so

reads novels, and he is a professor of religion,—he belongs to the Methodist Society." Besides, there may be a young convert, or a weak Christian, whose besetting sin is, or was, novel-reading; but who, fully aware of its evil tendency, is earnestly endeavouring to break it off, and who, perhaps, is looking to you for assistance: will you persist in what you fancy is no sin to you, even although it may prove the ruin of that striving one? Again, you are disregarding the injunction to "redeem the time;" and breaking that rule of our own Society, which, in your heart, you well approve, and which forbids "the reading any book which does not tend to the knowledge or love of God."

We wish our young readers especially to consider these things seriously, and in the light of the inspired Word. When convinced that you are wrong—and God grant that you may be—hesitate not a moment; but be determined to abandon works of fiction at once and for ever. Ask the forgiveness of your heavenly Father for the past; and solemnly promise, in His strength, never again to yield to the dangerous fascination. Listen not to the suggestions of Satan, who finds one of his grand snares for young Christians in the "religious novel!" When the habit is once broken, your piety will recover its healthy tone. You will not only feel the happy effects in your own soul, but, exercising an influence for good over those by whom you are surrounded, you will be more likely to become the honoured instrument of leading them to Jesus. MARION.

The Vale Farm.

THE SEA-CAPTAIN'S STORY.

THE sea-captain was a large, frank, noble-looking man. There was no one in the stage who could talk faster, laugh louder, or swear more fearfully. The stage was full, and all day they travelled together. Among other topics of conversation, the captain related an account of a terrible storm he had met with in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. When the storm came upon them unexpectedly, they made all haste to take in sail, to get the vessel

down from aloft, to get every boat and every movable thing lashed. How the storm swept over the waters, making the waves curl and quiver as if in a continued shudder! Everything was made taut and trim, the storm-sail set, the helm lashed, and then the men had done all they could. Surely and fast she drifted before the storm, towards the rocky shores of Labrador; but no human power could manage the vessel. All day and all night she drifted; and then, about sunrise, struck upon a little island. There, for a few moments, she was lifted over rocks, till at last a huge wave placed her on a great rock, where she swung and writhed. All knew that she must soon go to pieces; so they went to work to make a raft, hoping that, possibly, they might thus reach land. Hardly had they got it done, when the poor groaning vessel went all to pieces. The men shouted, "To the raft! to the raft!" Alas! the captain was the only one who reached it, and lashed himself to it. With many oaths, he told how awful the scene, how the poor fellows struggled, and tried to grasp the raft, but the waves dashed them off, to rise no more.

"And there," said the captain, "I was alone. Not a thing saved; not a mouthful of food, not a drop of water! For three days and three nights I was on that raft. I was nearly gone, when a ship came near. I had just strength enough to hold up my red flannel shirt, which they saw, and came to my relief. I was too much exhausted to stand, or even to speak. My life hung by a hair. But here I am, on my way home, having lost all I had in the world."

The passengers were much interested in the captain's narration, and one silent gentleman got them to contribute a handsome sum, he giving the largest part, which was delicately handed to the captain. He seemed very grateful, and showed a great sense of relief.

In going up a long hill, just before night, the passengers all got out and walked up the hill. It was then that the silent gentleman found himself walking alone with the captain.

"Captain, may I ask you a question, and not give offence?"

"Certainly, Sir, and I'll be happy to answer it."

"Well, Sir, when you were on that raft alone, during those long days and nights, didn't you solemnly promise the Lord that, if He would spare you and save you, you would live a different life, and serve Him?"

"None of your business, Sir!" said the captain, reddening, and drawing in his breath.

They got into the stage, and soon came to their lodging-village. The captain was silent, and so was his companion. The captain was to stop there, and turn off in a different direction. At daybreak the stage and the rest were to go on.

Just before the break of day there was a knock at the chamber-door of the silent man. He opened the door, having first kindled a light, and there stood the captain. His eyes were red and his face was flushed, and his bosom heaving. He took the hand of the gentleman, and sobbing, spoke as follows:—

"Sir, I treated you rudely yesterday. I come to ask your pardon. I did promise and vow to God on that raft that, if He would spare me, I would live a different life, and I would serve Him. O, what a sinner I am! I have not slept all night. Will you pray for me, and forgive me?"

The gentleman wept too, and promised all that he had asked; and then the stage drove up. They grasped each other's hands, and parted, never to meet again in this world. Will they meet in the next?—*Episcopal Recorder.*

ROME'S APPEAL TO AN ARCH-ANGEL.

AMONG the most lamentable exhibitions of human folly, and weakness, and anti-Christian error, which even Rome herself ever made, we may mention a proclamation just issued by the Cardinal-Vicar, calling for special services in honour of the archangel Michael. This is done with a view to obtain succour in the perils with which the Papacy is so seriously threatened.

With his own subjects, impatient for incorporation with the kingdom of Italy, and longing for the arrival of the time when the French army of occupation will

be withdrawn from Rome, and all hope of support from Austria abandoned, inasmuch as that power has been too much crippled in the late war to offer any help in support of the temporal power of the Pope, Pius IX. is in the utmost perplexity and alarm. The danger of the impending crisis has spread consternation on all sides, and the language used by Dr. Manning, the Roman-Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, in his recent pastoral, shows the apprehensions which are entertained. In this emergency his Holiness asks the faithful to join in supplicating the powerful aid of St. Michael, who is thus described: "The invincible St. Michael, archangel; the captain of the celestial phalanxes; the great support of Divine justice; the glorious conqueror of the earliest revolt,—that of the rebel angels; the defender of the Church of God under the Old and the New Testament dispensations; the patron of privileged souls at the tribunal of the inexorable Judge of the living and the dead; he, moreover, who is destined to confound and to enchain Lucifer in the consummation of the ages, for the eternal triumph of Jesus Christ, of His immaculate mother Mary, and His immortal Church."

How pitiable the spectacle of the head of a Church, numbering in her communion, throughout the world, perhaps two hundred millions of people, thus prostrate at the feet of an archangel! L.

THE LÜNEBURGER HEATH.

THE railway from Hanover to Harburg runs through a dull, uniform level, presenting monotonous scenery on each side; fields of thin grass, clumps of trees, a sandy soil lightly ploughed in narrow furrows, and occasional tracts of moor or down; but with many a choice bit of landscape a few miles off, both on the right and on the left. About two hours' ride from Hanover there is a wide range of country known as the Lüneburger Heath. It has a peculiar wild beauty of its own, and is proverbial for the strong home-love of its simple peasantry. It is like neither heath, nor moor, nor down, as they are in this country. Sometimes the rich purple bloom rolls away,

in long, swelling lines, unbroken for miles; sometimes the path leads through a wood; and then, again, the wood opens out in reaches of bright green meadow, or the heath sinks suddenly down into a quiet valley, where a clear stream winds through meadows and patches of timber. A little further, and the ground rises rapidly up to an eminence crowned with huge and knotty oaks; and then the heath stretches out a broad expanse again, fold after fold of purple, varied with light and shadow from the broad sky above. There is not a sound, nor a bird on the wing; yet it is not lonely, but solemn and still,—a scene where you may feel a touch of that mystery and joy of nature that the broad, free, silent spaces bring. The country is thinly peopled, and almost entirely by small yeomen and peasants. They live, for the most part, in scattered hamlets, which, perched upon slight eminences, and clustered round with trees, overlook the tillage-grounds, which extend to some distance from them into the heath.

Sometimes, instead of these clearings, on which the stranger stumbles with much suddenness and surprise, and which are often exceedingly picturesque in situation, there is a little village, lying down in the valley, with woods and water, and meadows so charmingly disposed about it, as to make one think it had been done for effect. The people are as distinct in their character as their country. They retain more of the old Saxon element than, perhaps, will be found elsewhere in Germany, exhibiting a sturdy, independent, self-reliant spirit, which distinguishes them from the common people of the Continent. Their attachment to home is as powerful as that of a Highlander or a Swiss.

One of these villages, called Hermannsburg, may be taken for a picture of the rest. It consists of an irregular street of pretty cottages, divided into two parts by the little river Oerze. It lies well sheltered by noble trees, crowned by the wooden spire of the church. The cottages lie far apart, with gardens between, and by-paths running from one to the other. Every house has the galloping horses of the old Saxons, or at least his head, perched upon the gable. Within these

is roominess and comfort, and that undefinable homeliness which is so rare out of Great Britain. No beggars, no loungers, no vagrants or ragged children, are to be seen.

About sixteen years ago the Lord, in His providence, sent to Hermannsburg a new pastor, Louis Harms. It is since then that the Lüneburger Heath has been talked of. Bred himself on the Lüneburger, and the son of its former pastor, the heath seemed to have influenced his character,—free, self-reliant, active, and independent. A hard reader, a honest, steady thinker, a man to succeed and be held in esteem, he began life as his father's assistant. Antiquarian in taste, he loved the old simple customs of the days gone by, both in religion and in common life. A scholar, and a man of capacity and refinement, he preached in the *patois* of his district, and made himself one with his flock. But his grand qualification for his sacred office was his exceedingly simple faith in God. He realized the nearness and confidence of sonship; and his spiritual intercourse with his Redeemer was apparently uninterrupted. He became indeed a power in the world by giving himself up to the power of God; for, as Christ is in the believer, so is he—"the power of God"—in Him.

He found the parish in an orthodox state, for Germany; but it was a cold, powerless orthodoxy, only one phase of the common death. In prayer, in preaching, in visiting, in example, Louis addressed himself to his work, and the Lord blessed his efforts.

Hermannsburg is now a Christian parish, the like of which, as a parish, is hardly to be found, perhaps, the world over. There is not a house that has not regular morning and evening family-worship. No one is absent from church but by reason of sickness. The population is small, and yet there are eleven thousand communicants in the year. The week-day services are as well attended as those on the Sabbath. The labourers have prayer in the fields, and the plough-boys and weeding-girls sing grand old hymns at their work. The people are like one Christian family. Their houses are neat; drunkenness and poverty are

unknown. As might be expected, these people have few quarrels. They are good farmers, good peasants.

In 1849 twelve of the people offered themselves to be trained as Missionaries by their faithful pastor. His chief charge to them was, "Pray diligently in your own room daily—daily—for the Holy Spirit." The east coast of Africa was fixed on as their mission-field, among the wild Gálas. "For means," the pastor says, "I knocked diligently in prayer: it was a time of conflict. I wrestled with God; and, as I rose from my knees, I said, with a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room, 'Forward now, in God's name!' and after that no doubt came into my mind."

A brig was built at Harburg—the "Candace." It was to carry the Gospel to the Ethiopians. The women and girls brought their offerings of knitting-work, the farmers buckwheat and rye; the orchards yielded up their fruit, the farm-yards fowls and pigs; even loads of besoms came from the heath. The little Missionary colony set out on the wide sea, and kept their Christmas-feast upon its bosom, German fashion, with wax-lights, apples, nuts, gingerbread-toys, Bible-pictures, little presents; and they sang and blew their trumpets over the Atlantic to usher in the day of the Nativity.

Twelve Missionaries were next ordained; the blind King of Hanover, his Queen and children, being present at the ordination by the Consistory of Hanover,—the "Candace" again doing duty for the mission. The good King talked freely with the Missionaries, and assured them that they should be remembered by him and his family in prayer. Forty-four persons left on this occasion, twelve of whom were Missionaries; the rest colonists, male and female. Twenty-one young men took their places in the training-house, to be ready to supply vacancies.

Seven years now pass away, and we next hear of eight stations, one hundred settlers, forty thousand acres of land, fifty baptized heathen,—from the Zulus to the Bechuanas, from the Orange River to Lake Ngami,—of a Mission-house and farm, with forty-five inmates; and of a

refuge-farm with twenty. They have their own ship, their own printing-press; and, best of all, "they continue with one accord in breaking of bread, and in prayer." One man of God was enabled to set all this going. "But where," it may be asked, "did he get the money?" for his doctrine was "that we should never beg but from God." Gifts at the communion-table he accounted answers to prayer. The Consistory offered help unasked; another answer to prayer. Plain yeomen have offered him five hundred crowns at a time. The pastor asked the silver and the gold from God; and God, whose it was, and in whose hand lay all hearts, disposed them to offer it. "This year," he says, "I needed double, and the Lord gave me double, and one hundred and forty [crowns] over." Zanzibar was the key of the position of this interesting mission, and New-Hermansburg the name of their chief settlement.

Here we must stop for the present. We will only add, that at length it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to say to the excellent pastor, Louis Harms, of Hermansburg, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

T.

PRESUMPTION OF UNBELIEVERS.

THE doctrine of the union of the Divine and human natures in the person of Emmanuel is beyond the grasp of human reason; but faith receives it, because it is clearly revealed: and for a man to reject a doctrine of revelation merely because it is beyond the grasp of his reason, is folly and presumption in the extreme; for it is saying, in effect, that nothing can be true which he cannot comprehend. Pitiful creature! As though his grain of intellect were the standard of mental capacity to the universe, and nothing could be grasped by the Infinite Intelligence which is beyond the reach of his finite powers! Such a one reminds us of the man who had lived all his days in his native valley, and was at length induced to climb one of the neighbouring hills, when, looking abroad on the extended landscape, he exclaimed, "Well, I did not think the world had been so large before!" And when we ascend to the summits of the everlasting hills, and view the scenery around in the strong light of eternity, we shall perceive the truth is far more extensive, and the intellectual universe more vast, than our utmost efforts of imagination had ever pictured them to be.—*Raffles*.

Memorials of the Departed.

WILLIAM ROSCOE, of Taddington, in the Bakewell Circuit, departed this life February 6th, 1866, in the eightieth year of his age. The writer of this brief memorial will not soon forget the impression produced on his mind when, entering for the first time a village-chapel, his eye rested upon the manly form of him "who now sleepeth." Seated on a raised platform, used as an orchestra, and fixed on the right side of the pulpit, he appeared no ordinary character. His broad, tall figure, slightly bent with age, —the look of cheerfulness which animated his healthy countenance,—his position, fronting the assembled congregation, and his rustic dress,—at once arrested attention. My subsequent knowledge of him only deepened my first impressions. He lived, and moved, and worked

among the people as a true-hearted patriarch; and he was well worthy of the offices and position which he so long sustained.

His age, the influence of which was augmented by piety, was of itself enough to win the esteem of those who knew him. The greater part of his life had been spent at Taddington, and he had seen most of the present generation grow up around him. The knowledge he had thus gained of the inhabitants, and of the history of surrounding places, added to the varied information he could impart, tended to increase his influence. His matured Christian experience likewise made him a power for good, and told greatly upon the minds of others. The strivings of the Holy Spirit had been felt from childhood; and from a

very early age he had been a joyous partaker of the grace which saves. Not one of those who knew him can remember the time when he was not a sincere and devoted Christian; or can point to a single instance of his faltering in the path to heaven. He received his first quarterly ticket in September, 1801. It contains the passage, "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another." How he prized these tickets may be inferred from the care with which he preserved them. Scarcely one is missing from the first quarter of his membership to the date of his death. Thus, from the time of his conversion, when only fifteen years of age, through a period of sixty-five years, he maintained his consistency, and, like Enoch, "walked with God."

As a Class-leader he will ever be remembered with gratitude. The regularity of his attendance, the orderly and solemn manner in which he conducted the meetings, the appropriateness of his counsels, the richness of his experience, added to his own consistency, contributed to endear him to the memory of every member of his class. They have lost in him a faithful adviser and an un-failing friend.

When he became a Local Preacher is doubtful. In a record, which he kept, of sermons preached by him, the first entry is dated July 10th, 1819. That this was not his first sermon is certain, for on several occasions he has been heard to say, that for upwards of fifty years he had been connected with the Local Preachers' Plan. Many of the places he visited were at great distances. It was no uncommon occurrence for him to walk thirty miles over hill and dale, through

bad roads and slippery paths, in all weathers. Having, on one occasion, walked some ten miles through a drizzling rain, some persons expressed surprise at his coming. He answered, "I should deem myself unfit for the office of Local Preacher, if I were un-faithful to my appointments." When, towards his latter days, his strength somewhat abated, so that he was unable to travel far, he was often found in the pulpit of the village-chapel; and was ever listened to with marked attention and respect.

It is not surprising that one whose life was so upright, whose labours in the Lord's vineyard were so abundant, and whose general character bespoke the sincere Christian, should enjoy, in the twilight of life, a holy calm. He had no fear of death; his faith in God remained unshaken to the last. His call was sudden. He had preached with his usual energy on Sunday evening, January 28th, 1866, selecting for his text, *Isai. lv. 6, 7*, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found," &c., and dwelling with loving earnestness upon the last clause, "And to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." He attended his class for the last time on the Thursday following. On Friday evening he was taken ill; and, on being advised by his medical attendant to prepare for death, he instantly replied, "I have all settled, both for this world and the next." On Tuesday evening, after walking a little in his room, he sat down upon the sofa, and, placing himself in a reclining posture, quietly breathed his last. Of him it may be said, "He ceased at once to work and live."

A. W.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers. Chiefly written by themselves. Edited, with an Introductory Essay, by THOMAS JACKSON. Third Edition, with additional Lives. Vol. VI. (London: Wesleyan Conference Office.) This volume completes the new edition of a col-

lection of biographies with which every Wesleyan Methodist should be familiar. No portraiture of Early Methodism is to be found comparable to that presented in Mr. Wesley's "Journal," and in these autobiographies, written at his request. Such, in spirit, must Methodism

continue to be, if it is to retain its well-won character and honours. No greater evil could we well be called on to deprecate than the rise of a race of Methodists unacquainted with the history of their own origin as a religious people. Heads of families, Leaders, and Ministers could take no more effective steps to preserve and extend Methodism, than to place the religious experience of its founders and first adherents before the minds of their respective flocks. Such seed is easily sown, but the harvest is incalculable. We congratulate the venerable editor on the completion of a task which, though it has been one of love, is not the least of many services rendered by him to the Christian Church. His introduction to the present elegant edition greatly enhances its value, and will adorn every future one. A copious general index, and one of persons, places, &c., accompany this volume. Can we suggest a more appropriate Christmas present to young people than these six volumes would be?—*Philip's Scripture Atlas*. Twelve Maps, coloured. By W. HUGHES, F.R.G.S. (London: Philip and Son, Fleet-street.) For a few pence we have here a series of beautiful little maps of all the countries which ordinary students of Scripture need to consult. Both the engraving and the colouring are neatly executed.—*The Wesleyan-Methodist Kalendar, and Daily Remembrancer*, for 1867, contains, as usual, in addition to such information as is

expected in every almanac, carefully compiled statistics and particulars concerning almost every department of Methodism. It may be had, as heretofore, in limp cloth, or in paper covers. With the Diary it makes a handsome and useful Pocket-Book, quite bulky enough for all ordinary purposes.—*The Koran and the Bible; or, Islam and Christianity*. By JOHN MUEHLERSEN ARNOLD, B.D. Second Edition. (London: Longmans.) We have here Mohammed and his creed succinctly placed before us by a competent hand. The growth of the dire delusion, which still sways one hundred and sixty millions of our fellow-beings, is one of the saddest chapters in the world's history. Mohammedanism is a power which, both politically and religiously, has yet to be fully confronted by a true civilization and a living Christianity. Hitherto missions to the Mohammedans have had but a very partial success. Yet the truth must be asserted until it shall prevail; and we shall be glad if this volume evokes such a spirit as that of Raymond Lully, who, in 1256, leaving Oxford, became a mendicant, studied Arabic, and went to the East as a Missionary to the Moslems; or that of Henry Martyn, who sacrificed his life in his single-handed conflict with bigotry and superstition. When will the Church find her faith strong enough to include even Mohammedanism distinctly within the sphere of evangelical aggression?

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bagshaw, Margaret,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	82	Oct. 12th, 1866.
Birkett, Mr. Joseph,	Alvingham,	Louth,	79	Mar. 19th, 1866.
Cooke, Mr. William,	Willingham,	Gainsborough,	83	May 22d, 1866.
Farrow, Maria,	Utterby,	Louth,	80	Oct. 2d, 1864.
Hobson, Ann,	Louth,	Louth,	65	April 28th, 1866.
Jackson, Ann,	S. Cockerington,	Louth,	52	Aug. 20th, 1866.
Simon, Edward,	N. Somercotes,	Louth,	23	April 5th, 1866.
Smith, Hannah,	S. Cockerington,	Louth,	79	Aug. 23d, 1866.

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